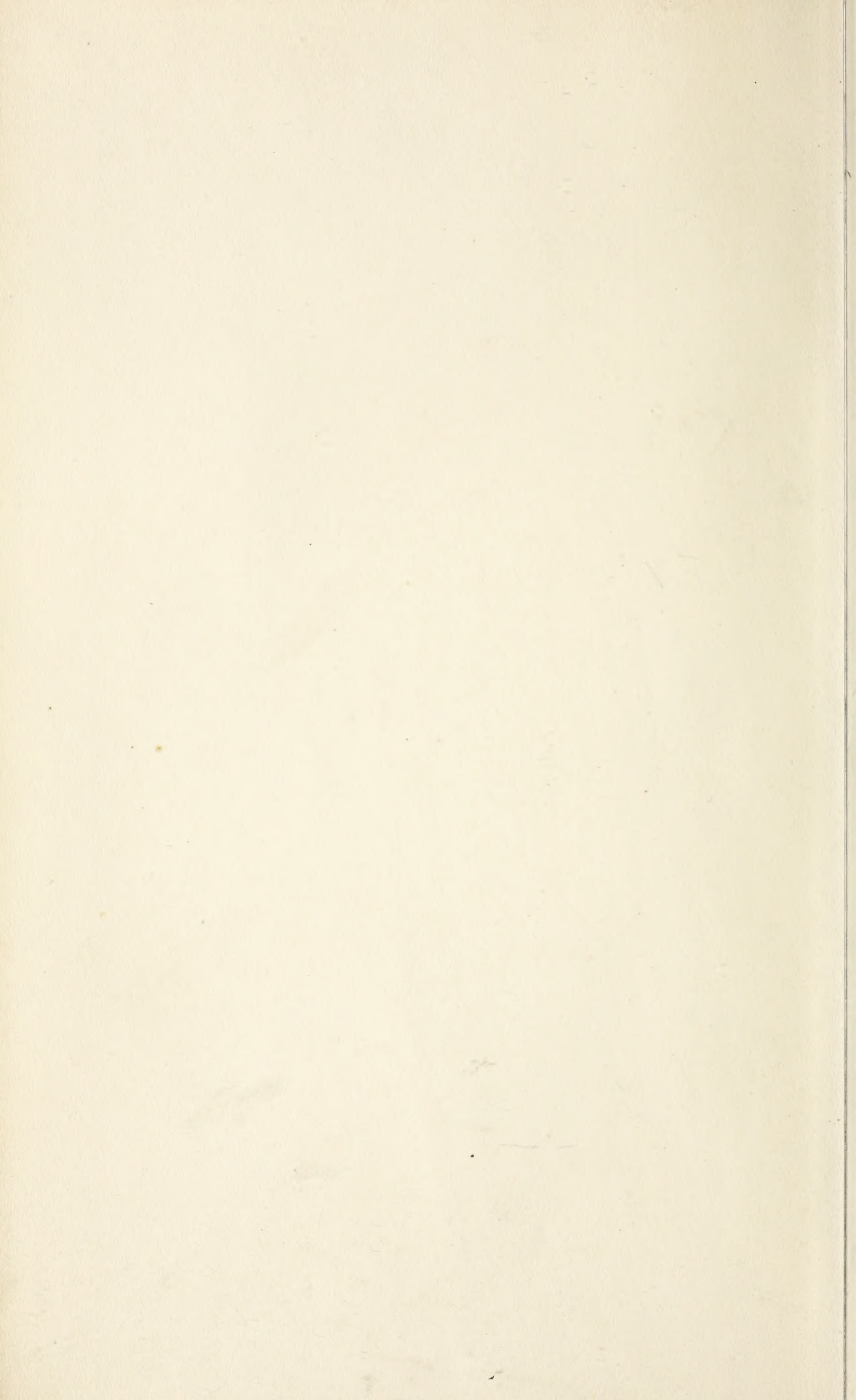





DAVID S. McKAY
GRADY

AUG 19 2003

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Painting by W. D. Stevens

See page 176

THE ROSE LADY IN HER GARDEN

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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An English Country Town and Country House

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THERE were so many pleasing places within easy reach of Bath that it was hard to choose among them, and Bath itself was so constantly pleasing that it was a serious loss to leave it for a day, for an hour. I do not know, now, why we should have gone first, when we gathered force to break the charm, to Bradford-on-Avon. If we did not go first to Wells it was perhaps because we balanced the merits of an eighth-century Saxon Chapel against those of a twelfth-century Cathedral, and felt that the chapel had a prior claim. Possibly, spoiled as we were by the accessibility of places in England, and relaxed as we were by the air of Bath, we shrank from spending five or six hours in the run to Wells and back when we could get to and from Bradford in little or no time. Wells is one of the exceptions to the rule that in England every place is within easy reach from every other, or else Bath is an exception among the places that Wells is within easy reach of. At any rate we were at Bradford almost before we knew it, or knew anything of its history, which there is really a good deal of.

The best of this history seems to be that when in the year 652 the Saxon King of Wessex overcame the Britons in a signal victory, he did not exterminate the survivors, but allowed them to become the fellow subjects of their Saxon con-

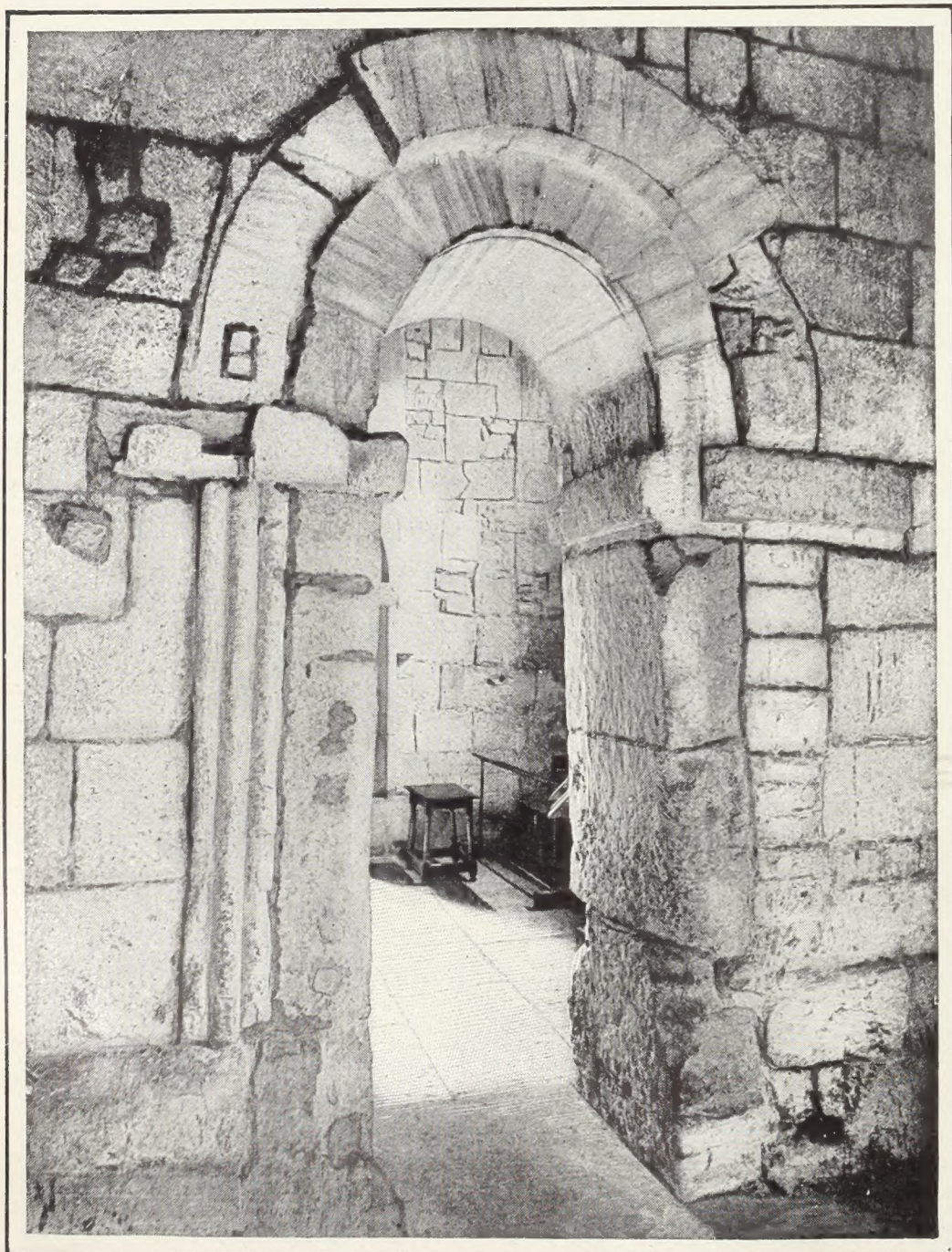
querors under his rule. Just how great a blessing this was it would not be easy to say at the actual distance of time, but it seems to have been thought a good deal of a blessing for a King of Wessex to bestow. To crown it, some fifty years later, a monastery was founded in Bradford, by St. Aldhelm, a nephew of the King. A chapel was built on the site of the uncle's battle with the Britons, and such as it was then such we now saw it, the vicar of the parish having not long ago rescued it from its irreligious uses as a cottage dwelling and a free school, and restored it spiritually and materially to its original function. It is precious for being the only old church in England which is wholly unchanged in form, and though very small and very rude it is pathetically interesting. It seemed somehow much older than many monuments of my acquaintance which greatly antedated it; much older, say, than the Roman remains at Bath, for it is a relic of the remote beginning of an order of things, and not the remnant of a fading civilization.

No doubt the Saxons who built it on the low hill slope where it stands, in a rude semblance of the Roman churches which were the only models of Christian architecture they could have seen, thought it an edifice of the dignity since imparted to it by the lapse of centuries. Without,

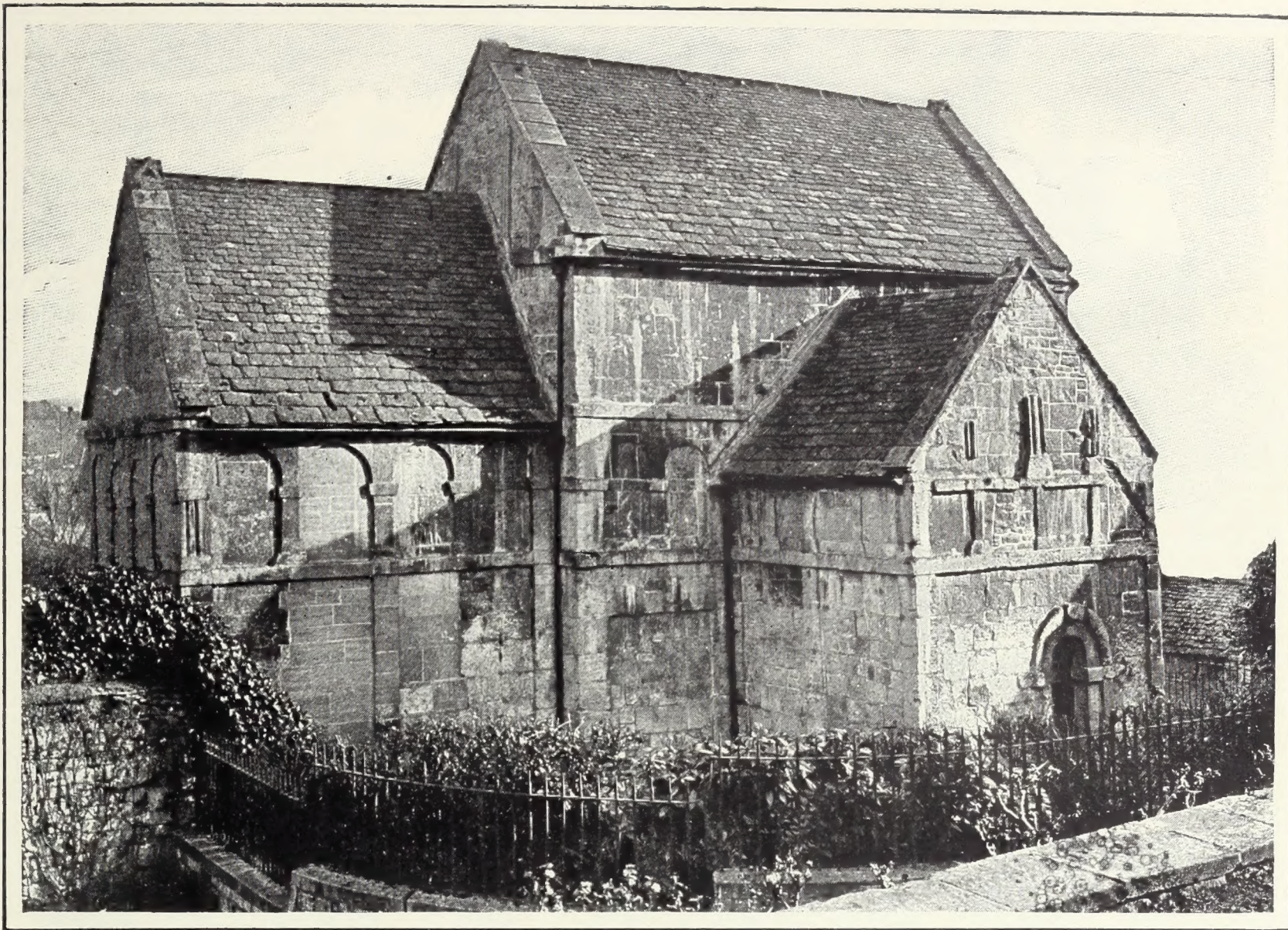
the grass grew close to its foundations in the narrow plot of ground about it, and the sturdy little fabric showed its Romanesque forms in the gray stone pierced by mere slits of windows, which gave so faint a light within that, after entering, one must wait a moment before attempting to move about in the cramped, dungeonlike space. With the simple altar, and the chairs set before it for worshippers, it gave an awful sense of that English continuity on which political and religious changes vainly break: the parts knit themselves together again, and transmit the original consciousness from age to age. The type of beauty in the child who sold us permits to see the chapel and followed us into it was in like manner that of the Saxon maids whose hulking fathers had beaten in battle the fierce, dark little Britons on that spot twelve hundred years before: the same blazing red cheeks, the same blue, blue eyes, the same sunny hair, which has always had to make up for the want of

other sunniness in that dim clime, falling round the fair neck. No doubt the snuffles with which the pretty creature suffered were also of the same date and had descended from mother to daughter in the thirty generations dwelling in just such stone-cold stone cottages as that where we found her. It was one of a row of cottages near the chapel, of a red-tiled, many-gabled, leaden-sashed, diamond-paned picturesqueness that I have never seen surpassed out of the theatre, or a Kate Greenaway picture, and was damp with the immemorial dampness that inundated us from the open door when we approached. What perpetuity of colds in the head must be the lot of youth in such abodes; how rheumatism must run riot among the joints of age in the very beds and chimney-corners! Better, it sometimes seemed, the greatest ugliness ever devised by a Yankee carpenter in dry and comfortable wood than the deadly beauty of such dwellings.

But there were actually some wooden houses in Bradford, or partially wooden, which the driver of our fly took us to see when he had otherwise exhausted the place. They had the timbered gables of the Tudor times when the English seemed to build with an instinct for domestic comfort earlier unknown and later lost; but otherwise Bradford was of stone, stony. It studded the slopes of its broken uplands with warts and knots of little dwellings, and had a certain foreignness, possibly imparted by the long abode of the Flemish cloth-workers whom an enterprising manufacturer invited to the place centuries before, and whose skill established its ancient industry in a finer product and a greater prosperity. Now, one reads, the competition of the same art in Yorkshire has reduced the weavers of Bradford to a fifth of their number



GLIMPSE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SAXON CHAPEL



SAXON CHAPEL AT BRADFORD

Wholly unchanged in form since it was built in the eighth century

fifty years ago. But the presence of the Flemings was so influential in the seventeenth century that they had a quarter of their own, and altogether there were intimations in Bradford so Continental, the raw rainy day of our visit, that I thought with a little sun on it there were moments when it might have looked Italian.

Perhaps not, and I do not mean that in its own way it was not delightful. We wandered from the station into it by a bridge over the Avon that was all a bridge could be asked to be by the most exacting tourist, who could not have asked more, midway, than a guard-house which had become a chapel, and then a lock-up, and finally an object of interest purely. When we had got well into the town, and wanted a carriage, we were taken in charge by the kindest policeman that ever befriended strangers. If not the only policeman in Bradford, he was the only one on duty, and his duty was mainly, as it seemed, to do us any pleasure he could. He told us where we could find a fly, and not content with

this, he went in person with us to the stable-yard, and did not leave us till he had made a boy come out and promise us a fly immediately. We could only thank him again and again, and vainly wish that we might do something for him in return. But what can one do for a policeman except offer him a cigar? And if one does not smoke!

The stable-boy seemed a well-grown lad in that character, but when he put on a metal-buttoned coat and a top-hat, and coachman's boots in honor of us, he shrank into the smallest-sized man. It seemed the harder, therefore, that when he proposed to bow us into the fly with fit dignity, and pulled open the door, it should come off its hinge and hang by its handle from his grasp. But we did what we could to ignore the mortifying incident, and after that we abetted him in always letting us out on the other side.

His intelligence was creditable to him as a large boy, if not as a small man, and but for him we should not have seen those timbered houses which were in a street dreadfully called, with the Eng-



KINGSTON HOUSE, BRADFORD
Built by Giovanni of Padua, about 1600

lish frankness which never spares the sensibilities of strangers, The Shambles. With us shambles are only known in tragic poetry; in real life they veil their horror in delicate French and become *abattoirs*; but as that street in Bradford was probably The Shambles in 652, the year of the great Saxon victory over the Britons, it was still so called in the year of our visit, 1904. We did not complain; the houses were not so wooden as we could have wished for the sake of the rheumatism and snuffles within, but they must have been drier than houses entirely of stone. Besides we had just come warm from the Italian aspect of one of the most charming houses I saw in England, and we did not really much mind the discomfort of others. The house was that Kingston House, world-famous for having been reproduced in papier-mâché at the last universal Exposition in Paris, which a wealthy cloth-manufacturer had had built for himself about 1600 by Giovanni of Padua, and it was full

of beautiful Italian feeling in an English environment. Masses of cold, cold evergreen shrubs hide it from the street, but at the moment the rain was briefly intermitting, and we surprised it, as it were, in a sort of reverie of the South under an afternoon sky hesitating from gray to blue. At this happy instant the place was embellished by a peacock, sweeping with outspread tail the farthest green of a long velvet lawn, and lending the splendor of his color to a picture richly framed by a stretch of balustrade. The house, with English shyness (which it surely might have overcome after being shown as the most charming house in England), faced away from the street, toward a garden which sloped downward from it, toward a dovecote with pigeons in red and mauve cooing about its eaves and roofs, mingling their deep-throated sighs with the murmur of a mill somewhere beyond the Avon.

There were other beautiful and famous houses not far from Bradford, but

our afternoon was waning, and we consoled ourselves as we could with the old Barton Barn, which was built 200 years after King Ethelred had given the manor to the abbess of Shaftesbury, and became locally known as the tithe-barn from its use in receiving the dues of the church in kind during the long simple centuries when they were so paid. It is a vast, stately structure, and is now used for the cow-barn of a dairy-farmer, whose unkempt cattle stood about, knee-deep in the manure, with the caked and clotted hides which the West of England cattle seem to wear all winter. It did not look such a dairy as one would like to get milk from in America, but if we could have that old cow-barn, without the cows, at home, I think we might gainfully exchange our neatest and wholesomest dairy for it. The rich superabundance of the past in England is what always strikes one, and the piety with which the past is preserved and restored promises more and more of antiquity. I am sure the Barton Barn at Bradford is only waiting for some public-spirited magnate who will yet drive the untidy kine from its shelter, clean up, and sod and plant its yard, and with the help of some reverent architect renew it in the image of its prime, and stock it as a museum with the various kinds of tithes which in the ages of faith the neighboring churls used to pay into it for the comfort of the clergy here, and the good of their own souls hereafter.

When we got well away from the tithe-barn we felt the need of tea, and we walked back from the station where our large boy, or little man, had put us down, to the shop of a greengrocer, which is probably the most twentieth-century building in Bradford. It is altogether of wood, and behind the shop, where the vegetables vaunted themselves in all the variety of cabbage, there is a clean little room, with the walls and roof sheathed in matched and painted pine, like those of a seaside shell at home. In this cheerful place, two rustics, a man and a boy, were drinking tea at the only table, but at our coming they politely choked down all the tea that was in their cups, and in spite of our entreaties hurried out with their cheeks bulged by what was left of their bread and butter. It was too

bad, we protested, but our hostess maintained that her late guests had really done, and she welcomed us with a hospitality rendered precious by her dusting off the chairs for us with her apron: I do not know that I had ever had that done for me before, and it seemed very romantic, and very English. The tea and bread and butter were English too, and excellent, as they almost unfailingly are in England, no matter how poor the place where they are supplied. In a morsel of garden under the window some gillyflowers were in bloom, and when we expressed our surprise, the kind woman went out and gathered some for us: they bloomed pretty well all the winter, there, she said; but let not this give the fond reader too glowing an idea of the winter's warmth in the West of England. It only proves how sturdy the English flowers are, and how much raw, damp cold they can stand without turning a petal.

Before our train went, we had time to go a longish walk, which we took through some pleasant, rather new, streets of small houses, each with its gardened front yard hedged about with holly or laurel, and looking a good, dull, peaceful home. It may really have been neither, and life may have been as wild, and bad, and fascinating in those streets as in the streets of any American town of the same population as Bradford. There was everything in the charming old place to make life easy; good shops, of all kinds, abundant provisions, stores, and not too many licensed victuallers, mostly women, privileged to sell wine and spirits. Yet, as the twilight began to fall, Bradford seemed very lonely, and we thought with terror, what if we should miss our train back to Bath! We got to the station, however, in time to cower half an hour over a grate in which the Company had munificently had a fire early in the day; and to correct by closer observation of an elderly pair an error which had flattered our national pride at the time of our arrival. In hurrying away to get the only fly at the station the lady had fallen down and the gentleman had kept on, leaving her to pick herself up as she could, while he secured the fly. Perhaps he had not noticed her falling, but we chose to think the inci-

dent very characteristically lower middle-class English; for all we knew it might be a betrayal of the way all the English treated their wives. Now the same couple arrived to take the train with us for Bath, and we heard them censuring its retard in accents unmistakably American! We fell from our superiority to our English half-brothers instantly; and I think the little experience was useful in confirming me in the resolution throughout my English travels to practise that slowness in sentencing and executing offenders against one's native ideals and standards which has always been the ornament of English travellers among ourselves.

The day that we drove out from Bath to a certain charming old house which I wish I could impart my sense of, but which I will at once own the object of a fond despair, was apparently warm and bright, but was really dim and cold. That is, the warmth and brightness were superficial, while the cold and dimness were structural. The fields on either side of the road were mostly level, though here and there they dipped or rose, delicately green in their diaphanous garment of winter wheat, or more substantially clad

in the grass which the winter's cold had not been great enough to embrown. Here and there were spaces of woodland, withdrawn rather afar from our course, except where the trees of an avenue led up from the highway to some unseen mansion. To complete the impression you must always, under the tender blue sky, thickly archipelagoed with whity-brown clouds, have rooks sailing and dreamily scolding, except where they wake into a loud clamor among the leafless tops surrounding some infrequent roof. There are flights of starlings suddenly winging from the pastures, where the untidy cows are grazing, and the sheep are idling over the chopped turnips, and the young lambs are shivering with plaintive cries. Amidst their lamentations the singing of birds makes itself heard; the singing of larks, or the singing of robins, Heaven knows which, but always angelically sweet. The bare hedges cross and recross the fields, and follow the hard, smooth road in lines unbroken save near some village of gray walls and red roofs, topped by an ancient church. In the background, over a stretch of embankment or along the side of a low hill, sweeps a swift train of little English cars,

with a soft whirring sound, as unlike the giant roar of one of our expresses as it is unlike the harsh clatter of a French *rapide*. The white plumes of steam stretch after it in vain; break, and float thinner and thinner over the track behind.

There were, except in the villages, very few houses; and we met even fewer vehicles. There was one family carriage, with the family in it, and a sort of tranter's wagon somewhere out of Hardy's enchanted pages, with a friendly company of neighbors going to Bath inside it. At one exciting moment there was a lady in a Bath chair driving a donkey violently along the side of the road. A man slashing and wattling the lines of hedge, or trimming the turf beside the foot-path, left his place in literature, and



EDWARD III. TOWER AT SUTTON COURT



SUTTON COURT, ONE OF ENGLAND'S HISTORIC COUNTRY HOUSES

came to life as the hedger and ditcher we had always read of. Beneath the hedges here and there very "rathe prim-roses" peered out intrepidly, like venturesome live things poising between further advance and retreat. The road was admirable, but it seemed strange that so few people used it. The order in which it was kept was certainly worthy of constant travel, and we noted that from point to point there was a walled space beside it for the storage of road-mending material. At home we should dump the broken stone in the gutter near the place that needed mending, or on the face of the highway, but in England, where everything is so static, and the unhurried dynamic activities are from everlasting to everlasting, a place is specially provided for broken stone, and the broken stone is kept there.

The drive from Bath to our destination was twelve miles, and the friend who was to be our host for the day had come as far on his wheel to ask us. It was the first of many surprises in the continued use of the bicycle which were destined to confound strangers from a

land whose entire population seemed to go bicycle-mad a few years ago, and where now they are so wholly recovered that the wheel is almost as obsolete as the russet shoe. As both the wheel and the russet shoe are excellent things in their way, though no American could now wear the one or use the other, the English continue to employ them, and they fail so wholly to understand why either should have gone out with us that one becomes rather ashamed to explain that it was for the same reason that they came in, merely because everybody had them.

Our friend had given us explicit directions for our journey, and it was well that he did so, for we had two turnings to take on that lonely road, and there were few passers or dwellers whom we could ask our way. We really made the driver ask it, and he did not like to do it, for he felt, as we did, that he ought to know it. I am afraid he was not a very active intelligence, and I doubt if he had ever before been required to say what so many birds and flowers were. I think he named most of them at random, and as we drew near the end of our journey he grew



AN INTERIOR: SUTTON COURT

more anxiously complicated in the knowledge of our destination which he acquired. But he triumphed finally in the successive parleys held to determine the site of a house which had been in its place seven or eight hundred years, and might, in that time, have ceased to be a matter of doubt even among the further neighbors. It was with pride on his part and pleasure on ours that suddenly and most unexpectedly, when within a few yards of it, he divined the true way, and drove into the courtyard of what had at times been the dower-house, where we were to find our host and guide to the greater mansion.

As this house is a type of many old dower-houses I will be so intimate as to say that you enter it from the level of the ground outside, such a thing as underpinning to lift the floor from the earth and to make an air-space below being still vaguely known in England, and in former times apparently unheard of. But when once within you are aware of a charm which keeps such houses in the inviolate form of the past; and this one was warmed for us by a hospitality

which refined itself down to the detail of a black cat basking before the grate: a black cat that promptly demanded milk after our luncheon, but politely waited to be asked to the saucer when it was brought. From the long room which looked so much a study that I hate to call it differently, the windows opened on the shrubberies and lawns and gardens that surround such houses in fiction, and keep them so visionary to the comer who has known them nowhere else that it would be easy to transgress the bounds a guest must set himself, and speak as freely of the people he met there as if they were persons in a pleasant book. Two of them, kindred of the manor-house and of the great house near, had come from three or four miles away on their wheels. Our host himself, the youngest son of the great house, was a painter, by passion, as well as by profession, and a reviewer of books on art, such as plentifully bestrewed his table and forbade us to think of the place in the ordinary terms as a drawing-room. It seemed to me so characteristic of the convenient in-

sular distances that here, far in the West, almost on the Welsh border, he should be doing this work for a great London periodical, in as direct touch with the metropolis as if he dwelt hard by the Park, and could walk in fifteen minutes to any latest exhibition of pictures.

When he took us after luncheon almost as long a walk to his studio, I fancied that I was feeling England under my feet as I had not before. We passed through a gray hamlet of ten or a dozen stone cottages, where, behind or above their dooryard hedges, they had gradually in the long ages clustered near the great house, and a little cottage girl, who was like a verse of Wordsworth, met us, and bidding us good day, surprised us by dropping a curtsy. It surprised even our friends, who spoke of it as if it were almost the last curtsy dropped in England, and made me wish I could pick it up, and put it in my notebook, to grace some such poor page as this: so pretty was it, so shy, so dear, with such a dip of the suddenly weakening little knees.

We were then on our way to see first the small gray church which had been in its place among the ancient graves from some such hoary old as English churches dream of in like places all over the land, and make our very faith seem so recent a thing. It was in a manner the family chapel, but it was also the spiritual home of the lowlier lives of village and farm, and was shared with them in the reciprocal kindness common in that English world of enduring ties. There for ages the parish folk had all been christened, and all married, and all buried, and there in due time they had been or would be forgotten. The edifice was kept in fit repair by the joint piety of rich and poor, with the lion's share of the expense rightfully falling to the rich, as in such cases it always does in England; and within and without the church the affection of the central family had made itself felt and seen ever since the Christian symbols were first rudely graven in the stone of the square church-tower.

The name of the family always dwelling in that stately old house whither we were next going had not always been the same, but its lineage and its spirit had been the same. An enlightened race

would naturally favor the humane side in all times, and the family were Parliamentary at the time England shook off the Stuart tyranny, and revolutionist when she finally ridded herself of her faithless Jameses and Charleses. In the archives of the house there are records of the hopes vainly cherished by a son of it who was then in New York, that our own revolt against the Georgian oppression might be composed to some peaceful solution of the quarrel. It was not his fault that this hope was from the first moment too late, but it must be one of his virtues in American eyes that he saw from the beginning the hopelessness of any accommodation without a full concession of the principles for which the colonies contended. In the negotiation of the treaty at Versailles in 1783 he loyally did his utmost for his country against ours at every point of issue, and especially where the exiled American royalists were concerned. Our own commissioners feared while they respected him, and John Adams wrote of him in his diary, "He pushes and presses every point as far as it can possibly go; he has a most eager, earnest, pointed spirit."

This was the first baronet of his line, but the real dignity, the honor of the house has been that of a race of scholars and thinkers. Their public spirit has been of the rarer sort which would find itself most at home in the literary association of the place, and it has come to literary expression in a book of singular charm.

In the gentle wisdom of sympathies which can be universal without transcending English conditions, the *Talk at a Country House*, as the book modestly calls itself, strays to topics of poetry, and politics, and economics, and religion, yet keeps its allegiance to the old house we were about to see as a central *motif*. It was our first English country house, but I do not think that its claim on our interest was exaggerated by its novelty, and I would willingly chance finding its charm as potent again, if I might take my way to it as before. We came from the old church now by the highroad, now through fringes of woodland, and now over shoulders of pasturage, where the lesser celandine delicately bloomed, and the primrose started from the grass,

till at last we emerged from under the sheltering boughs of the tall elms that screened the house from our approach. There was a brook that fell noisily over our way, and that we crossed on a rustic bridge, and there must have been a drive to the house, but I suppose we did not follow it. Our day of March had grown gray as it had grown old, and we had not the light of a day in June, such as favored an imaginary visitor in *Talk at a Country House*, but we saw the place quite so much as he did that his words will be better than any of my own in picturing it.

"The air was resonant with rooks as they filled the sky with the circles in which they wheeled to and fro, disappearing in the distance to appear again, and so gradually reach their roosting trees. . . . I might call them a coruscation of rooks. . . . On my left I saw . . . the old battlemented wall, and a succession of gables on either side . . . and one marked by a cross which I knew must be the chapel. . . . The old, battlemented wall had a flora of its own: ferns, crimson valerian, snapdragons, and brier-roses . . . and an ash and a yew growing on the battlements where they had been sown no doubt by the rooks. And as I passed through an archway of the road, the whole house came in view. It was not a castle nor a palace, but it might be called a real though small record of what men had been doing there from the time of the Domesday Book to our own."

As we grew more acquainted with it, we realized that at the front it was a building low for its length, rising gray on terraces that dropped from its level in green, green turf. Some of the long windows opened down to the grass, with which the ground floor was even. Above rose the Elizabethan, earlier Tudor, and Plantagenet of the main building, the wings, and the tower of the keep. The rear of the house was enclosed by a wall of Edward II.'s time, and beyond this was a wood of elms, tufted with the nests of that eternal chorus of coruscating rooks. At first we noticed their multitudinous voices, but in a little while they lost all severalty of sound, like waves breaking on the shore, and I fancied one being so lulled by them that one would miss them when

out of hearing, and the sense would ache for them in the less soothing silence.

The family was away from home, and there were no reserves in the house, left in the charge of the gardener, as there must have been if it were occupied. But I do not hope to reproduce my impressions of it. I can only say that a sense of intellectual refinement and of liberal thought was what qualified for me such state as characterized the place. The whole structure within as well as without was a record of successive temperaments as well as successive times. Each occupant had built up or pulled down after his fancy, but the changes had left a certain physiognomy unchanged, as the mixture of different strains in the blood still leaves a family look pure. The house, for all its stateliness, was not too proud for domesticity; its grandeur was never so vast that the home circle would be lost in it. The portraits on the walls were sometimes those of people enlarged to history in their lives, but these seemed to keep with the rest their allegiance to a common life. The great Bess of Hardwicke, the "building Bess," whose architectural impulses effected themselves in so many parts of England, had married into the line and then married out of it (to become, as Countess of Shrewsbury, one of the last jailers of Mary Queen of Scots), and she had left her touch as well as her face on its walls, but she is not a more strenuous memory in it than a certain unstoried dowager. She, when her son died, took half the house and left half to her daughter-in-law, whom she built off from herself by a partition carried straight through the mansion to the garden wall, with a separate gate for each.

In her portrait she looks all this and more; and a whole pathetic romance lives in the looks of that lady of the first Charles's time who wears a ring pendent from her neck, and a true-lovers' knot embroidered on the black over her heart, and who died unwedded. Where the pictures asserted nothing but lineage they were still very interesting. They were of people who had a life in common with the house, wives and mothers and daughters, sons and husbands and fathers, married into it or born into it, and all receiving from it as much as they imparted to it, as if it shared their consciousness that

it was the home of their race. We have no like terms in America, and our generations, which are each separately housed, can only guess at the affection for the place of their succession which the generations of such an English house must feel. It would be easy to overestimate the feeling, but in view of it I began to understand the somewhat defiant tenderness with which the children of such a house must cherish the system which keeps it inalienably their common home, though only the first-born son may dwell in it. If there were no law to transmit it to the eldest brother they might well in their passion for it be a law unto themselves and put it in his hands to have and hold for them all.

In my own country I had known too much graceless private ownership to care to offer the consecrated tenure of such an ancestral home the violence of unfriendly opinions of primogeniture. But if I had been minded to question the principle, I am not sure that this house and all its dead and living would not have heard me at least tolerantly. In England, with the rigid social and civic conformity, there has always been ample play for personal character; perhaps without this the inflexible conditions would be insufferable, and all sorts of explosions would occur. With full liberty to indulge his whim a man does not so much mind being on this level or that, or which side of the social barrier he finds himself. But it is not his whim only that he may freely indulge; he may have his way in saying the thing he thinks, and the more frankly he says it the better he is liked, even when the thing is disliked. These are the conditions, implicit in everything, by which the status, elsewhere apparently so shaky, holds itself so firmly on its legs. They reconcile to its contradictions those who suffer as well as those who enjoy, and dimly, dumbly, the dweller in the cottage is aware that his rheumatism is of one uric acid with the gout of the dweller in the great house. Every such mansion is the centre of the evenly distributed civilization which he shares, and makes each part of England as tame, and keeps it as wild, as any other. Hut and hall must stand or fall together, for the present, at least; and where is it that there is any longer a future?

It seems strange to us New-Worldlings, after all the affirmation of history and fiction, to find certain facts of feudalism (mostly the kindlier facts), forming part of the status in England as they form no part of it with us. It was only upon reflection that I perceived how feudal this great house was in its relation to the lesser homes about it through many tacit ties of responsibility and allegiance. From eldest son to eldest son it had been in the family always, but it had descended with obligations which no eldest son could safely deny any more than he could refuse the privileges it conferred. To what gentlest effect the sense of both would come, the reader can best learn from the book which I have already named. This, when I had read it, had the curious retroactive power of establishing the author in a hospitable perpetuity in the place bereft of him, so that it now seems as if he had been chief of those who took leave of us that pale late afternoon of March, and warned us of the chill mists which shrouded us back to Bath. As we drove along between the meadows where the light was failing and the lambs plaintively called through the gloaming, we said how delightful it had all been, how perfectly, how satisfyingly, English. We tried again to realize the sentiment which, as well as the law, keeps such places in England in the ordered descent, and renders it part of the family faith and honor that the ancestral house should always be the home of its head. I think we failed because we conceived of the fact too objectively, and imagined conscious a thing that tradition has made part of the English nature, so that the younger brother acquiesces as subjectively in the elder brother's primacy as the elder brother himself, for the family's sake. We fancied that in their order one class yielded to another without grudging and without grasping, and that this, which fills England with picturesqueness and drama, was the secret of England. In the end we were not so sure. We were not sure even of our day's experience; it was like something we had read rather than lived; and in this final unreality, I prefer to shirk the assertion of a different ideal, which all the same I devoutly hold.

Rose Lady

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

THE man-on-the-wall leant comfortably back against the crooked arm of a tree and made tinkly noises on his mandolin. Also, at intervals he sang, though he had no singing voice. He had the air of one who waits, and, from time to time, he cocked an anxious eye towards the big white house with the green shutters, which sat grandly at the top of the rose-garden on that side of the wall to which the man did not belong. After something like a half-hour of this, the man drew a sudden breath and his hand paused over the long-tortured strings of the mandolin. He said "Ah!" very slowly, and after a bit he said "Ah" again, and so began again to make tinkly noises, not too loud.

A slim young person in a flappy hat came out from one of the porches of the big house and wandered down into the rose-garden. She was pink and white and yellow and blue—not very much blue: two eyes, and one large turquoise at the front of her girdle; the yellow was hair. Everything else was pink and white. The person had a Japanese basket hung on one arm, and she carried a pair of garden-shears in her hand, so it was plain that the time of some of the roses had come.

The man-on-the-wall had an unmannerly desire to ask her how she could distinguish between the roses and herself, but he reflected that this would never do, and so held his tongue.

The pink and white person cut a great many roses—looking at each one with her head on one side before she attacked it—and she put them in the Japanese basket, where they leant up against her arm and looked as if they liked it very much—as almost any one would have done. Also, as she worked, I regret to say, she whistled, which is doubtless unmaidenly, but, to a very few people, astonishingly becoming.

It must have been quite ten or fifteen

minutes before she became aware that there was music in her neighborhood. She stood up, sniffing it, as it were, with her silly little nose on high, and looked slowly about her. At last, seemingly as a final resort, she looked overhead to the top of the lofty wall, and, for a very brief instant, stared, dropping the garden-shears at her feet. Then she picked up the shears again and turned haughtily away, but in that very brief instant the man-on-the-wall had seen a swift wave of crimson go up from round throat to yellow hair, and he knew that she knew.

He was singing a foolish little song called "Rose, my Rose of Love," but his heart began to sing it so very much better than his tongue could that he stopped for very shame and only went on making tinkly noises on the mandolin.

But the pink and white young person marched straight up through the rose-garden to the big house at its top, and there burst into a shaded room where an elderly lady with a merry face sat reading *Nos Petits Cœurs* and drinking lemon-squash. The young person set her basket of roses down with quite a bump.

"Who do you think has taken that cottage down beyond the rose-garden?" she demanded fiercely. The nice elderly lady blinked over her glasses, and said,

"I can't think."

"Well, it's that *man* who followed us all over Venice," said the young person, stamping her foot, "and from Venice to St. Moritz, and from St. Moritz to Paris. That's who it is!"

The elderly lady put down her book and screamed with laughter.

"Oh, I could love that young man!" she said, when she was able to gasp. "I could love him! Fancy following you here!" But the pink and white person stamped her foot again, and she was very pink now.

"I never heard of such insolence!" she cried. "I never dreamt of it! There

he was sitting on top of that garden wall and playing a mandolin—a *mandolin*! I should have—thrown stones at him if I hadn't thought he'd laugh. The *insolence*!"

The elderly lady screamed again and wiped her eyes. When she could speak, she said:

"You might as well order your trousseau at once, you know. He'll marry you, that young man will. You mark my words."

The pink young person became speechless with rage. But after a time she said:

"Well, it simply means that I can't go into my own garden, that's all. I suppose the creature has a legal right to sit on his wretched wall if he wants to. I shall keep to the house. Thank Heaven, I am to go to the Farings at the end of the week!" She left the room with her head well up, but the nice elderly lady chuckled over her lemon-squash for quite an hour or more.

"I must find out who he is," she said once. And later on:

"I like him." She laughed once more. "He knows what he wants, that young man," she said. "Upon my word, he deserves encouragement."

The next day, the man-on-the-wall sat for two hours in his place and wrung tinkly noises from the mandolin. No one came into the rose-garden.

"And those roses simply praying to be cut!" said the man, indignantly.

The big white house turned a blank and shuttered face to him and he shook his fist at it.

But at the end of the two hours he gave a sudden laugh. The blind in one of those tight green shutters clicked, hung open for a moment, and closed again with a vicious slap. The man-on-the-wall remained where he was for another hour. Then he went home to lunch.

The next day exactly the same thing occurred.

"Oh, I can wait!" said the man-on-the-wall. "I'm young. I can wait."

On the fourth day she was among the too-long-neglected roses when he climbed to his place on the wall-top. His heart skipped a beat, but he settled comfortably back against the crooked tree branch and

began to torture the mandolin. Also, he sang over and over again the first verse of "Rose, my Rose of Love," in what was meant to be a melodious undertone.

The pink and white person must have heard, but she did not look up. She went among the great nodding blossoms like Samson among the Philistines, and the Japanese basket must have squeaked with protest. She slew with a fine air of aloofness, but once or twice she put up a pink hand and patted her hair to make sure that it was quite right.

"And no woman," said the man-on-the-wall, "ever does that unless she knows somebody is looking."

It must have been sheer abrasion of the nerves that made her at last wheel about to face him. Certainly her voice had no gentle ring.

"Don't you know more than one verse of that?" she cried as one exasperated beyond endurance.

"Oh yes," said the man-on-the-wall, politely. "I know five more—six in all. I sang that one over and over to make you ask about it. You see, if I'd spoken to you first it would have been rude, but it's all right for you to speak to me. And now," he said, "we know each other—at last."

The pink and white young person looked at him fixedly for some moments. Then—she seems to have been a most undisciplined person—she stamped on the ground and went away, up through the garden to the house. Her small nose was high in the air, and she walked fast, but you cannot possibly look very haughty in a flappy hat. So the man-on-the-wall merely laughed. But after he had done laughing, he said, sentimentally,

"Bless her little pink heart!" and went about his business—if he had any.

But the young person of whose heart he spoke went into the same big shaded room where sat the same elderly lady reading another book, and threw down her garden-shears with a vicious crash.

"That—wretched creature on the wall," she said, "is insufferable! There must be some way of getting rid of him."

The elderly lady chuckled.

"You'll never get rid of him, my dear," said she, "until you marry him. So you might as well go straight out and do it now. That young man is in the habit

of getting what he wants. Do you care to know who he is? I've been making a few inquiries."

"No, thank you, Aunt Arabella," said the young person hastily. "I don't care to know anything more about him. I know quite too much already. I know that he exists and haunts my garden wall. Luckily, I shall be gone in two days. Were there any letters?"

"Two for you," said the elderly lady, and concealed some emotion in her glass of lemon-squash.

The young person opened one of the letters, and shortly thereafter emitted a wail of dismay.

"Oh, Aunt Arabella!" she cried, "the Farings can't have me! They've been called to town. This is dreadful! Where can I go?"

"Go?" said the elderly lady, still wrestling with her emotion. "Why should you go anywhere? Isn't Red Rose good enough for you?"

"With that—creature on the garden wall?" the girl demanded. "Oh, is everybody against me? Think of some nice place for me to go, Aunt Arabella. I won't stay here. I *won't*. It's humiliating."

The elderly lady took up her book.

"I don't understand all this rage," she complained. "All about one poor young man, too! You used to think him very good-looking when he was hovering about in the middle distance at Venice and in Switzerland. What's wrong with him now?"

"Everything is wrong," said the pink young person, haughtily. "And I am quite sure you are mistaken, Aunt Arabella, about my thinking him—good-looking. I barely noticed him at all—and then only to feel annoyed." She went out of the room, and the elderly lady grinned widely behind her.

"Why," said the pink and white young person to the man-on-the-wall, "oh, why do you spend your days up there playing a mandolin and glowering at me? Haven't you anything better to do?"

He shook his head.

"No one has anything better to do," said he. "There isn't anything better."

She passed that over with a little crinkly frown.

"*Why* do you do it?" she persisted.

"Because I'm going to marry you," said the man-on-the-wall, "and I think we ought to see something of each other first."

The pink young person looked at him fiercely, pressing her lips very tight together, and she started to stamp on the ground, but thought better of it.

"It is a great pity," she said, "that you did not live in the day when they knocked them on the head with a club and dragged them off by the hair. Those methods would so well have suited you."

"Oh, I'm far too gentle to knock anybody on the head with a club," said the man. "I should like to have lived when they wore tights and velvet cloaks and sang serenades to a mandolin under the lady's tower window."

The pink and white young person glanced at the mandolin.

"I think," she said, cruelly, "that you would have found the club a more effective instrument."

That should have floored him, but, somehow, it didn't. He had not even the grace to blush.

"Club or serenade," he said stubbornly, "I've got to make you care about me, somehow. I've simply got to do it. If you could only help me out a bit, now!"

That time she did stamp on the ground, but the man-on-the-wall only shook his finger at her and said:

"Temper! Temper!"

"You're exceedingly impertinent!" she said, and stared up at him in a sort of helpless fury.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Truly, I'm sorry. I give you my word that I'm not a half bad sort if you don't prod me. Somehow, just now I'm— Well, you see, I'm a bit nervous. You see, I can't seem to think of anything but how important it is that I should make you care about me. I wish I knew how. I've known about it—I mean, I've known that I'd got to make you marry me ever since that first night in Venice, when my gondola bumped yours in front of the Grand Hotel, and I made the people in the music-barge sing *O Sole Mio* because I'd heard you say to your friends that you wanted to hear it.

"It began then, the first moment I saw you, and I knew how it had got to

end. D'you know I searched Venice over, from the Giudecca to Murano, trying to find somebody who could present me to you? And when you went to the Engadine I did the same thing there. Of course there was no one. In Paris I found that the Tommy Carterets knew you, but when we looked you up you'd gone. So I followed on here. Of course you see how very serious it is."

The pink and white person had listened without a word, the flappy hat hiding her face, but, at the end, she looked up with polite surprise.

"Dear me!" she said. "Fancy your having been in Venice and St. Moritz and Paris when we were! I wonder we didn't see you. There are so many travellers about, though! One sees so many strange faces."

The man-on-the-wall sank back in his seat with a smothered groan.

"You are not feeling well?" inquired the pink young person.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said gloomily. "It was only a blow my vanity got just then." He shook his head again, somewhat like a bull. "I've got to do it, though," he said, "somehow I've got to do it."

"If I were you," said the girl, rather soberly, "I should drop it and do something else."

"I shall drop it when I'm dead—maybe," said the man-on-the-wall.

She put up her eyebrows.

"Oh, well," said she, "of course I cannot have you forcibly removed from that place of yours. I suppose you have a right there. I shall simply have to keep out of the garden. I was to have gone away to-day, to the Farings, in Westchester, but it happens they can't have me, so I must remain here."

"God bless the Farings!" said the man-on-the-wall with deep emotion. "God bless 'em, say I!"

The pink and white young person turned away and went up through the roses to the big house beyond.

She was there the next day, though. She was there almost as soon as the man had climbed to his watch on the ramparts. And though what she directed towards him was certainly not an actual smile, nor yet a distinct sign of greet-

ing, it bore something new and different—mere expectation fulfilled, perhaps. In any case, it flooded his being with a sudden great rapture.

He said, "Good morning, Rose Lady!" And a glimmer of a pink smile came to her.

"I cannot forever growl at you," said she. "Good morning!" She explained farther: "I do not mean by that that I approve of your—your—insolence in speaking as you have done or—or anything. I say good morning to you just because I should say it to the butcher's boy or to a tramp or to a stranger out in the village road."

He shook his head at her.

"Oh, I quite understand," he said, "that you don't wish to express any feeling of affection towards me. I quite understand that. Nevertheless, I thank you for your 'good morning.'"

Undoubtedly the man could not sing, but there were certain tones in his speaking voice. People had loved him for it. Even the pink and white young person seems to have felt that it was good, for she looked up once, swiftly, and then down again, and her very beautiful face was softer. But the man couldn't see that. "Are you ever going to ask me to come down into your garden?" he said. The girl made a quick exclamation.

"Certainly *not*!" she cried. "I ask only my—friends, the people I like very much, to come into my garden. You forget that we do not even know each other, and that I—disapprove of your actions and—and words very much indeed. We can never be friends, and so I shall never ask you to come down among my roses."

She looked up to him a bit anxiously.

"You won't—add that to your other—you won't come here of your own accord?" she said. "You wouldn't do that?"

"No," said the man with a sudden gravity. "I shall not come into your garden until you ask me to come. You are quite safe there. I'm not altogether a—barbarian—with a club." He looked down into her face for a long time, and the young person found herself unable to stir her eyes. "How your roses must love you, Rose Lady!" he said at last.

She gave a little uncertain laugh, which was meant for scorn, and went away from him up to the house.

The elderly lady, addressed as Aunt Arabella, was there with a book and a lemon-squash. "When are you going to be married, child?" she demanded.

The pink and white young person burst into a sort of wail.

"I'm not going to be married ever—ever!" she cried. "Why are you so horrid, Aunt Arabella? I wish he'd go away. I don't want to marry him. I don't want to marry anybody. Why is everybody against me so? I tell you I want to be free for years and years and years. I'm afraid of him, that creature on the garden wall. He's so abominably patient and sure. I hate him. I wish I could find some way of getting rid of him. I don't want to love anybody."

The wail turned itself into April tears, and the young person dashed from the room.

"A-a-ah!" said the elderly lady, nodding over her lemon-squash. She wagged a wise old head. "He's getting on, that young man!" said she.

The pink and white young person stood among her roses and twisted her hands together with an air almost of embarrassment.

"There is something," she said, "which I have concluded you ought to know. Not that you have the dimmest shadow of a *right* to know anything about my private affairs, but still—I do not wish to appear before you in any false light. I do not wish to seem to—listen to things that I oughtn't to listen to. I think you ought to know that I'm—married, that I'm a married woman."

The perfect stillness above her endured so long that at last she had to look up. When she had seen the face of the man-on-the-wall she looked quickly away again.

"It was best to tell you," she said, a little breathless and in haste. "There seemed no other way to—stop you from saying things. I felt that you ought to know."

He was silent yet for so long that once more she had to look up, and, when she had looked, a bit of red came into her cheeks, and her eyes took on an odd frightened expression.

"I don't believe it," he said, in the end—very low. "It isn't—true. I tell you

it *can't* be true." His voice rose and began to shake. "After all—all my—after everything!" he cried. "I won't believe it. There isn't so much—cruelty in the world. Why, the Carterets told me that you were a girl! They told me your name. All the people in the neighborhood here call you by a girl's name. It isn't true. You're trying to—chaff me."

The girl nodded her head desperately.

"Yes, I'm married," she said, not looking up at him. "No one—very few people know. Only my aunt and—and a few. There are reasons for keeping it secret. My—husband is away." She thrust out a slim pink hand.

"You see," she said, "I don't even wear my ring, but I'm married. Oh, I'm married! And now," she said, piteously, "now you'll—stop, won't you? Now that you see I have no right to listen to—things, you'll stop saying them, won't you? You mustn't say them, you see!"

The man stirred on his wall-top, and once more she had to look up to him.

"No!" he said, in a very weary voice, and he shook his head. "No, I—mustn't say them any more. You're—rid of me, Rose Lady."

"Oh, fool to care so much!" he said. He turned his eyes down to her where she stood in the morning sunlight.

"How you must have laughed for very scorn!" he said. "I have cut a sorry figure before you, have I not? Have you the heart to forgive me, Rose Lady? Have you the heart to do that? I don't deserve forgiveness, for I have been a brutal fool. I have tried to knock you down with my club and drag you away by the hair. But—you see, I cared so very, very much."

The girl looked up and away again.

"You cannot possibly have—cared," said she, "in so absurdly short a time. Such things don't occur. They're stories in a book."

"Who told you that, Rose Lady?" asked the man-on-the-wall, sadly. "It isn't true. I loved you in the first moment I saw you, as I have already said. Oh yes, people can care all in a moment. I know that."

"Oh," he said, "I had dreamed such dreams for—you and me! Such mad, foolish, sweet dreams about what you and I should do when I'd made you care for me and—marry me!"



Painting by W. D. Stevens

"GOOD-MORNING, ROSE LADY," HE SAID

"And through it all, I've only been a crazed dreaming fool. Can you forgive me before I go?"

"Oh yes, I—forgive you," she said in a little hurried whisper. "I'm not—angry, not very angry. It was all a—mistake. I hope you'll be happy wherever you go—as I am."

"I think I must go up to the house—now," she said. "I think my aunt—wants me to—read to her. Good-by!"

The man swung his feet down to the ladder on his own side of the wall. There was very good blood in him, and he smiled, though his heart hurt him badly.

"Good-by, Rose Lady!" he said. "I sha'n't see you again, but I hope you'll be as happy all your life long. God bless you." Then he went down the ladder and out of sight.

The pink young person went back through her roses with lagging steps.

"Well, I'm rid of him!" she said, winking hard. "I shall have some—peace now. I'm glad I—said it. I shall be rid of him forever. He's—very good-looking," she said. "And he's nice. He's nicer than anybody I ever knew. Yes, he is! But I don't care. I want to be left alone. I don't want to like any one for years and years. I'm glad I said what I said—glad!"

She went indoors and practised Chopin's *Marche Funèbre* at the piano to show how glad she was.

The whole of the next morning she spent in her garden. The roses were in a lamentable condition, she decided, and, now that there was no fear of intrusion, they must be attended to.

They had been duly sprinkled with the dawn, but she said they needed water, and, though the sun was on them, drenched them with painstaking care. That occupied at least an hour.

Afterwards she cut the day's supply for the house, keeping well away from the foot of the garden where rose a certain lofty wall. When that was done, it seemed to her that some of the shrubs needed tying up; so she did that, and, in the process, acquired a surprising number of angry scratches about the

arms. She did not look towards the wall, but even through the flappy hat it forced itself upon her, bleak and bare like a snow-capped range of mountains.

The pink and white young person went wearily into the house and had a headache alone in her own room, so that she need not appear at the luncheon-table.

In the afternoon she slept—occasionally—but rose often and peered out through the blind in her shutter to see if the day was fine. In the evening she played the piano fiercely for some hours, and the elderly lady addressed as Aunt Arabella retired to the farthestmost fastnesses of the house in futile quest of peace.

The next day passed in much the same fashion. But with the coming of dark, a white young person stood in the moonlight at the foot of that high wall down below the rose-garden and tried not to cry.

"Oh, man-on-the-wall!" said the white young person, wringing her hands. "Please hear me, man-on-the-wall!"

He could not have been very far away, for at once there came a scrambling sound, and the man was in his old place, looking down at her.

He said, "Rose Lady!" in a shaking whisper, and the girl stared up at him speechless for a long time.

At last she said,

"Will you—come down into my garden?" He waited an instant, then he set his hands to the wall's coping, and vaulted down to her where she stood in the moonlight. He was a rather big young man. She had still to look up to him. "Oh!" said the white young person in a little wail, and she wrung her hands again. "Oh, if you had not heard me!" she said.

"I should have heard you call, Rose Lady," said he, "if I had been across the world—or dead."

She looked up at him and down and away. "I—lied," she said, in a very small, shamed voice. "I told you a horrid lie. I—wanted you to go away. I wanted—not to have to care about you. Oh," she said, "can't you let a little girl alone, to play in her own garden, without coming and—and— Can't you?"

"*Rose Lady! Rose Lady! Rose Lady!*" said the man against the Rose Lady's lips.

A Painting by J. W. Alexander

ONE of the conditions imposed upon every artist is that he idealize his subject. If his picture makes no appeal to our sentiment, he remains but a painter of sign-boards. While idealizing, however, he must recognize the value of material things portrayed, else his craftsmanship is poor. Perfect balance between the two is rare, for in every artist there is a predominance either of spirit or of matter, and whatever his brush sets forth must be an expression of himself.

The picture entitled "A Flower" exemplifies Mr. Alexander's talent in its striking characteristics. There is the beauty and poetry of his theme, with the cold and unsatisfying interpretation. Not that an artist should be merely literal and exact; but Mr. Alexander's contempt for details makes him impatient with the exactions put upon his brush to secure due expression. He feels the constraint of his craft and its established conventions and has made a new technique for himself, which, generally, is not equal to the felicity of his thought. In his emancipation from Academic formulæ, and his longing to escape the commonplace, his brush-work is a little harsh. His composition always evinces a keen appreciation of the beauty of sculpturesque line, which he employs with mysterious significance. With him poetic sentiment and the spirit of modernity show no inconsistency. He sees beneath the dull crust of life, and familiar things take on a new and finer meaning. Like the tone of a bell, his theme sets undulating in the mind a ghostly after-tone that murmurs on indefinitely. Of such an artist it may be said that he reveals himself, and hence is able to minister to the needs of the world by quickening our sensibility and exalting our moods; by setting the imagination vibrating he vitalizes with feeling both brain and heart.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"A FLOWER"; BY J. W. ALEXANDER

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting



THE ADVANCE-GUARD OF A HOMEWARD-BOUND GĀRFLA

Days and Nights with a Caravan

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

WESTWARD from the green valley of the Nile to where the blue waves of the Atlantic curl in on its sands, stretches the vast orange-yellow belt of the Great Desert, the "Sahra" of the Arabs. Although partly walled in from the Mediterranean on the north by the classic Atlas, along the coast of Tripoli its sea of gold blends green with the sapphire of the Middle Sea.

The port of Tripoli, low-lying and white, shimmering under a hot African sun in her setting of palm-gardens, is the natural gateway to the Sahara, the focus of the three great caravan routes which stretch away south. The Sahara is not a deserted tract of level sand. Its sun-scorched surface of sand-hills and oases, mountain ranges and plateaus, greater in area by some half-million miles than the United States and Alaska

combined, is peopled by three to four millions of Berbers, Arabs, and Blacks, with a few Turkish garrisons in the north. By way of Ghadames, Ghat, and Murzuk, through the Fezzan to Lake Tchad, go the caravan trails, and then far away south again—south to that country called Sudan, Land of the Blacks. Here its teeming millions form the great negro states of Bambara, Timbuctoo, and Hausaland in the west; Bornu and Baghermi around Lake Tchad; Wadai, Darfur, and Kordufan in the east, extending from Abyssinia to the Gulf of Guinea.

Of these trails, their trade and the men who escort the heavily loaded gārflas (caravans), little enough has been said; still less of the innumerable dangers which constantly beset them as they creep their way across the burning, desolate wastes on their long journeys to

the great trade marts of the Sudan: Timbuctoo, Kano, Kannem, Bornu, and Wadai.

Southwest from Tripoli twenty days' journey as the camel travels, on the direct route from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, lies the little sun-baked town of Ghadames, which has figured largely in the history of the caravan trade with the interior. From Ghadames also runs the route to the Sudan by way of Ghat; so, by reason of her location, Ghadames erected fonduks (caravansaries) and became a stopping-place for gārflas; and her merchants, pioneers of the gārfla trade.

Many years ago they established themselves in the town of Tripoli, with agents at Ghat and the big trading posts in the far Sudan. To these, gārflas conveyed periodically large consignments of goods, which were exchanged for ivory, ostrich feathers, and gold-dust, to be sold in Tripoli and eventually, in the form of finished products, to enhance the wealth and display of Europe. Through their superior intelligence and honesty, the merchants of Ghadames enjoyed for many years a monopoly of the trade which they had created.

But the Tripoli merchants could not indefinitely withhold their hands from a trade within their grasp, and upon which, to a great extent, the commercial prosperity of their own city depended. However, it was not until some thirty years ago that they seriously entered into competition with the Ghadamsi. At times large profits are reaped, but frequently enormous losses are entailed—not so much through the rise and fall of the European market as through the dangers *en route*, in which attacks and pillage by desert robbers, and reprisals to make good losses incurred by tribal warfare, play no small part. The merchants who fit out a gārfla must stand all losses, consequently great care is given to

the selection of both the camels which carry the valuable merchandise and the men who accompany them.

The tall and swift riding-camel known as the mehari is seldom met with in northern Tripoli. The finest male draught-camels, the jamal, costing from \$50 to \$60 apiece, with a carrying capacity of about three hundredweight, are used for transport. From consumption or the effects of the long strain, scores often die by the way and many others at the end of the "voyage." The wages of the men for conducting a return cargo are sometimes as high as five thousand dollars. Not only must the gārfla sheiks have great courage and endurance, but must be trustworthy traders, and shrewd diplomats of no small calibre. Many of the Sultans and chiefs, particularly the Touaregs, through whose territories lie the gārfla routes, exact not only homage but tribute from the gārfla sheiks. To bring this tribute within a reasonable sum and



RAIS MOHAMMED GAWAHJE, LEADER OF THE CARAVAN



FONDUK-EL-TAJURA, THE FIRST HALTING-PLACE

secure a safe-conduct requires extraordinary skill and tact. The opportunities for dishonesty afforded the gārfla men are many, and occasionally men and goods are never heard from again.

Groaning, grunting, wheezing, and bubbling, the last camel of the caravan was loaded. His driver, a Black from Hausa, took an extra hitch in a rope; in silhouette against the lurid afterglow the camel moved through the Tripoli fonduk gate, a hair-mattress on stilts.

With my own Arabs I brought up the rear. Another long shadow merged itself into those of my horses and men, and a keen-eyed, well-armed Arab, Rais Mohammed Gawahje, leader of the caravan, b'slaamed to my Arabs and rode on. No fiery barb carried this man of the desert, but a pattering little donkey. Soon he was lost among the camels and the dust.

Passing through the suburb of Sciara-el-Sciut we were well into the oasis of Tripoli; not the typical pictured oasis with a spring and a few feathered palms, but an oasis extending a five-mile tongue of date-palms along the coast at the edge of the desert. Under their protecting shade are gardens and the wells by which they are irrigated. In this oasis lies the

town of Tripoli. Beyond this oasis the Turks object to any stranger passing, lest he may be robbed or killed by scattered tribes which the Turkish garrisons cannot well control. Permission granted, safety over part of my route was doubly secure, for Hadji Mufta the Arab had spoken to his friend Gawahje, and I was assured of all the hospitality and protection which these nomads could offer—that is, after we had broken bread together. Mohammed Gawahje was among the most trusted of these leaders, having at times conveyed large sums of money along the dangerous coast routes to Bengazi.

The make-up of this gārfla, as is usual with those bound for the interior, had required months of preparation, and was composed of many smaller ones, which had delayed their time of departure in order to take advantage of the protection afforded by numerical strength. In its heavy loads were packed the heterogeneous goods generally taken, consisting of cotton and wool, cloth, waste silk, yarn, box rings, beads, amber, paper, sugar, drugs, and tea, of which British cotton goods formed more than fifty per cent. of the value. Besides these it carried some native products. Every

autumn caravans arrive from the interior and return with dried dates; for, among the tribes of the Fezzan, Tripoli dates form the chief article of diet, and, in the oases of the desert, dates chopped with straw are used as fodder.

So one August night I found myself a part of a Saharan gārfla, one of the vertebræ of a monster sand-snake which wormed its way through the oasis of Tripoli toward the Great Desert. The distorted shape of the moon bulged over the horizon through a silent forest of palm groves; the transitional moment between twilight and moonlight passed, the dew had already begun to cool the night, and the gārfla had struck its gait.

Across the moonlit roadway the long shadows of the date-palms lifted and wriggled over the dun-colored camels and their heavy loads, over trudging little donkeys, goats, and sheep, over the swarthy figures of men. Some were heavily covered in their brown baracans, some half naked, a law unto themselves, its power vested in their crooked knives, knobbed clubs, and long flintlocks, whose silvered trimmings caught the moon-glint as in the distance they scintillated away like scattered fireflies.

Silently the great snake moved on, save as some hungry camel snatched at the cactus hedge and gurgled a defiant protest as its driver belabored it about the head; or as the oboes and tom-toms in barbaric strains broke the stillness of the night. Then, to ease the march or soothe the restless animals, the gārfla men from time to time would take up the wild peculiar chant, with its emphasized second beat, and the songs of brave deeds in love or war would echo through the palm groves far off on the desert sands. We passed Malāha, a chott (dried lake) where salt is obtained. About midnight the gārfla halted.

"Fonduk-el-Tajura," remarked one of our men. "Here we make our first halt." Serving as places of rest and protection and in some cases supply-depots, the importance of fonduks to gārflas and the trade is inestimable. These plain, walled, rectangular enclosures are often surrounded by the palm and olive gardens



SAND-BILLOWS OF THE GREAT DESERT

of the keeper, who may supply fresh fruits, vegetables, and other domestic products. Fonduk-el-Tajura was typical of those found throughout North Africa. The impatient beasts, hungry and eager to seek relief from their heavy loads, tried to jam through the single portal wide enough for but one camel and its burden. All was dust and confusion. Amid yells, curses, and "hike hikes," the drivers sought to extricate their animals or save the goods from being torn from the loads. The interior of the fonduk was a square open enclosure bordered by a covered arcade as a protection for the men in the rainy season. When all were in, the heavy doors were closed and barred against marauders. All about me the great beasts were dropping to the earth, remonstrating and groaning as vigorously as when they were loaded. The packs taken off, their saddles were carefully removed and scoured with sand, for the hump must be kept clean, healthy, and free from saddle-sores. Arabs declare that the camel feeds on his hump, and it is a



A GĀRFLA IN CAMP

fact that when near the limit of his endurance the hump seems to furnish nourishment by gradually being absorbed into his system, sometimes disappearing altogether; consequently, to the Arab, the hump is the barometer of the camel's condition.

The camels were soon given their green fodder, which, at fonduks, generally consists of fōoa (madder-top roots) or barley, the ksūb (guinea corn), or bishna (millet), while that cheapest and almost indispensable food, the date, finds its way to the mouths of men and beasts. The mainstay of the gārfla men is dried dates and bread made with guinea corn. On long voyages the day's fare is often consumed on the march, and halts at such times are made only to rest and feed the camels. At fonduks or oases longer stops are made; there groups of men may be seen squatting about a big wooden bowl of bazine or coos-coos, their national dishes, made chiefly of cereals.

The quick-moving form of Gawahje appeared here and there with the manner of a man used to command, and after he had brought informal order out of the confusion, I had an opportunity to meet my host. Under the portal of the

fonduk a charcoal fire glowed red in an earthen Arab stove. About it in the candle-light we seated ourselves—Rais Gawahje, the fonduk-keeper, my dragoman El-Ouachi, and myself. To Gawahje my dragoman presented my gifts, seven okes of sugar cones and fifteen pounds of green tea. Some of the tea was immediately brewed and mixed half with sugar and a touch of mint. We drank the syrupy liquid and broke bread together, and then Gawahje inquired after my health.

From my bed on the single stone seat at the side of the entrance I looked through an open door across the passageway to the only room of the place, used as a prayer-chamber, in which was the kibleh.* In the dim light of the oil-lamp indistinct forms of several devout Moslems knelt or prostrated themselves before Allah, droning their prayers. Out in the fonduk enclosure all was quiet now save for the peaceful chewing of cuds, or an occasional sound as a camel swallowed or a cricket chirped. The moonbeams shooting their silvery shafts lit up portions of the farther wall.

* The sacred niche which indicates the direction of Mecca.

The soft breath of the silent night blew gently from the south through the feathered tops of the date-palms, and pulling my blanket over me I feel asleep.

A low cry from outside awakened me and pandemonium broke loose among the dogs. Cautiously drawing aside a small panel covering a peep-hole, the keeper, after a brief conversation, satisfied himself that all was well, and as the heavy doors swung open, another caravan entered. The first beasts came through like a maelstrom. Half awake in the semi-darkness I dodged the swing of a long neck as one of the vicious brutes attempted to bite me in passing, while several Arabs dragged aside a badly crushed comrade.

Invariably the desert thief lurks about the fonduks in the small hours of the morning, watching an opportunity to prey on any belated traveller as he approaches, or to rob the fonduk. With the help of a companion he scales the wall outside, and by a rope drops noiselessly down in some dark corner of the square enclosure, or near a corner he scrapes a hole in the wall large enough for him to pass through. This is not difficult. A quart

or two of vinegar occasionally applied not only assists in disintegrating the wall of sun-dried bricks, but renders his work noiseless as he digs with his knife. Inside he sneaks among the men and camels, keeping always in the shadow, stealing here a baracan, there a gun or whatever it may be, and frequently, unobserved, retreats as he entered.

After a scant three hours' sleep a lantern flashed in my face, Gawahje passed and the fonduk was soon astir. The camels once more took up their heavy burdens and passed out. The last to leave was Gawahje. At the entrance he and the keeper kept tally of his animals, after which he paid the fonduk fee of ten paras, or two cents per head for camels and donkeys and a nominal sum for goats and sheep. The charge for my horses was twenty paras apiece.

The gardens had long since disappeared, and the lanelike roads lost themselves in the sand which carpeted the palm groves through which we now travelled. The night dew which nourishes the desert's scattered plant life lay heavy jewelled on bent blades of rank grass and sand-lilies. The date-palms through violet



SAHARA—AN OASIS AMONG THE DUNES



GRAND MOSQUE OF OUARGLA, IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA

ground mists showed indistinct and softened against the brilliant rose-dawn of day. They ended, and suddenly in the orange-gold of the morning sunlight the sand billows of the mighty Sahara rolled away south over the horizon.

For days we travelled over these hills of sand, sometimes wind-blown into all kinds of queer wave formations and shapes, sometimes over endless level reaches; obliterated by the shifting sand, great sections of the *gārfla* routes are mere directions, the only guides the sun and the stars. Through regions where grows the tall rank grass, and in oases, the routes are traceable by hard-packed sand. In the dry season at times they pass over stony wadees (dried river-beds) containing only rippling heat-waves. In the rainy season these wadees are transformed to roaring torrents and often sweep away men and beasts at the fords. Through deep defiles the trails worm their way to high plateaus, where above the sand level they wriggle along in parallel camel-paths with their innumerable connections. Up over the rocky mountainous routes, among the parched thorny shrubs, patches of halfa, and poisonous

milk-plants, they become very much worn, sometimes to a depth of ten or twelve feet below the level of the ground, where they interlace like the bewildering paths of a maze.

During the season of the warm rains, which sink into the porous surface until they are arrested at no great depth, vast subterranean sheets of water are formed, which could almost anywhere be brought to the surface by sinking artesian wells. Many streams flow inland, where they are lost in the sand or the salt lakes. At this time whole sections of the parched desert seem almost overnight to have changed to another land. Mountains and valleys blossom, and the banks of the wadees seem afire with the flaming oleander. By these streams or springs are the oases where date-palms and gardens are planted, and Arab houses, fonduks, or towns are built which determine the course of the caravan routes. At intervals are wells for the use of the *gārfla*. A great danger lies in missing these wells. One very hot summer some men nearly reached the gardens of Tripoli, but could go no farther. When found they could only say, "ma! ma!" (water). It was

given them, and they drank, and died straightway.

I watched our gārfla wind around or zigzag over the hills of sand, breaking and linking itself together again as it crawled its slow pace of three miles an hour. It marched in irregular order, characteristic of the Arabs, stringing out for miles, but closing in together for protection against attack as night approached. The Arab usually refrains from riding the jamal, for every pound of weight and its adjustment on these great beasts must be considered; and even an Arab has to ride a jamal but an hour or two to appreciate the luxury of walking.

Through the most dangerous districts the men were distributed the length of the caravan, with a strong rear-guard—for it is from this point that an attack by an enemy is most feared. As the sun gets high, most of the men muffle themselves in their heavy woollen baracans to keep out the heat, and transfer their long flintlocks from across their shoulders to the packs of the animals. Between eleven and three o'clock occurs the midday rest. Tents are rarely if ever carried by gārflas. Instead the camels are unloaded and lie down; the men repose under a tentlike covering, using their baracans propped up a few feet with a stick, war-club, or gun. Under these in the suffocating heat their owners snatch the only rest of the day, for, generally speaking, they travel twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four.

We moved south. Passing caravans became scarce. A dust-cloud would appear in the distance, grow large, and a caravan of Bedouins, those nomads of the desert, in all their barbaric paraphernalia would pass by, eying us suspiciously with unslung guns, calling to their savage wolf-hounds or holding them in leash in order to avoid a conflict with our gārfla dogs. For many of their tribal

wars and feuds have started under less provocation than a dog-fight.

Sometimes I would ride forward with my dragoman, anticipating a longer rest by reaching a fonduk several hours ahead of the slowly moving gārfla. On one of these occasions, as we ascended a sand-hill, the advance-guard of a homeward-



HADJI ALI, KEEPER OF THE FONDUK

bound gārfla suddenly loomed up before us. Eleven months before, they had started from the great trade mart of Kano, the first caravan to arrive from there for two years, owing to the general insecurity of the roads. Three months they had held over at Zinder and a month at both Air and Ghat. It took us all the afternoon to ride by the twelve hundred and twenty camels. They carried a thousand loads of Sudan skins from the famous dye-pits of Kano, destined to find their way to New York for the manufacture of gloves and shoes; two hundred loads of ostrich feathers, and ten loads of ivory, besides odd lots of rhinoceros horns, gum arabic, and

wax, valued altogether at over two hundred and five thousand dollars. Ostrich eggs, worked leather, and basket-work dangled from the loads. Here and there the skin of a leopard or cheetah, shot on the way, was thrown across a pack or hung from the shoulders of some big negro. Black women there were, too, slaves or concubines for some of the rich town Moors or Turks. As the *gārfla* neared Tripoli runners would be sent ahead, and there would be great rejoicing among the men who had waited several years for the arrival of their goods.

I well remember one day in mid-August; the mercury stood at 155 degrees in the sun. I do not know what it registered in the shade, for there was none save our own shadows. As the sun wore round behind us I shifted the broad band of my woollen cholera-belt to my back, and cast my own shadow to protect as far as possible the neck and head of my horse, for the poor beast was suffering terribly from the heat.

All day we rode in this furnace, and the brave fellows trudged barefooted in the scorching sand. At intervals I heard a rumble like distant thunder, which proved to be only the sighing of the *gibli* (southeast wind) through the vent in the top of my sun-helmet. Strange as is the fascination of the desert, yet one feels its monotony keenly; he notices with avaricious interest anything which will relieve him from the intense heat overhead and the everlasting wriggling heat-waves of the sun-glare underneath. So for hours at a time I watched the formation of camel footprints in the sand. Sometimes the feet of the great beasts would kick over the shining dung-beetles, the black scarabeus, or would scuff through and destroy the beautiful point-lace patterns of the lizard tracks, left by their toy-like designers as they scurried away and mysteriously disappeared beneath the sand. As the afternoon wore on I would doze in my saddle, to wake up with a jump as I jammed against a *jamal*, or the muzzled mouth of a "biter" swung sharply against my head.

Tall, sun-tanned Arabs, and big negroes black as ebony, formed the escort of the *gārfla*. Many of the latter first saw Tripoli when they were driven up from

the Sudan under the crack of the slave-whip. Rarely complaining in the intense heat, they moved forward, long guns slung across their backs and often native fans in their hands. Usually the men go barefooted; sometimes over stretches of soft sand they wear broad-soled desert slippers, and on rocky ground sandals are worn. Most of the Blacks have their tribal marks, a certain number of deep slashes across the cheeks and temples, made by their parents with sharp stones when they were children. As one Black trudged along beside me his splendid calf muscles played underneath three stripes cut in the black skin.

Early one morning I had ridden some miles in advance of the *gārfla*. Save for the soft scuff of my horse's hoofs and the stretching of my leather trappings, a great silence hung over the untrammelled sand-hillocks, and their blue-pervaded, mysterious shadows lengthened. A rounded top here and there broke the silver moon as it mellowed toward the horizon. Suddenly my horse shied, nearly unseating me. Instinctively I searched the sky-line of hilltops. Had it not been for the black spot of a head I might not have noticed the gray baracaned figure of a desert thief who, in his sleep, rolled out of his sandy lair. Startled, he sat bolt upright, and for a second stared blankly at me. He reached for his long gun which lay by his side, but I covered him with my revolver and there he sat until out of range and sight. The fellow had been left by his comrades, who were probably in the vicinity. This trick of burrowing under the sand beside the course of an oncoming *gārfla* is often resorted to. As the *gārfla* passes, the thieves rise out of the earth, make a quick onslaught, and then rapidly retire, taking with them what booty they can lay hands on, and frequently stampeding some of the camels.

Occasionally these vultures also resort to the tactics of a sneak-thief, and choose a time at night when a fast-moving caravan overtakes a slower one. During the confusion caused by the mixing-up of men and animals in passing, the thief falls in from the rear and naturally is taken by either party to be a member of the other *gārfla*. Then, pilfering anything he can seize from the loads, he falls back

to the rear and drops out of sight behind a sand-hill.

Lightly blowing in the face of the south-bound *gārflas*, there springs from the southeast a gentle wind, the *gibli*, which playfully twirls little eddying whiffs of sand into miniature whirlwinds. In this manner it may blow for days, evaporating the water in the goatskin bags, and sometimes terminating in a terrible sand-storm. Then, when the *jamal*, craning their long necks, sniff high in the air and utter a peculiar cry, the *gārfla* men know well the ominous signs; far off on the horizon, creeping higher and higher, the sky of blue retreats before a sky of brass.

To the hoarse cries and curses of the men as they try to hobble the fore legs of the excited camels are added uncanny guttural groanings of the *jamal*, the braying of the asses, and the pitiful bleating of goats and sheep. High in the air great flames of sand reach out, then the lurid sand-cloud, completely covering the sky, comes down upon the *gārfla*. In the confusion some of the water-bags are broken and the precious liquid disappears in the sand. Turning tail and driving down before the blast go some of the unhobbled camels, maybe carrying a driver with them, never to be heard of again.

In the deep-yellow gloom the *gārfla*, back to the storm, lies huddled together; the men, wrapped up completely in their *baracans* on the leeward side of the camels, hug close to the goatskins of water. The whole air is surcharged with suffocating heat and fine powdered sand-dust, which finds its way even as far as Malta and Sicily. It penetrates everywhere, inflames the eyes, and cracks the skin of the already parched tongues and throats of the *gārfla* men. The torment at times is indescribable, and some poor devil, like the camels, will run maddened into the hurricane.

The sand-storm lasts from a few hours to six or seven days, and during it the men lie thus, occasionally digging themselves to the surface as they become partially covered with sand. Frequently all the remaining water dries up. At such times camels are often sacrificed for the sake of the greenish water which may be obtained from the honeycomb cells of

the *reticulum*, a mature camel yielding about five or six quarts; and, strange as it may seem, this water is cooler than that carried in goatskins. The storm over, a surviving *gārfla* of emaciated men and animals staggers on to the nearest oasis or town, over plains which before were sand-hills, and sand-hills which now are plains.

The first stop of any length made by the *gārflas* on their southward march is at Murzuk with its eleven thousand inhabitants, that desolate capital of the Fezzan—Murzuk the horror of Turkish exiles, where a man is fortunate if the deadly climate takes away only his senses of smell and taste. Here a thorough rest is given to camels and men. Fresh supplies are obtained, the gaps in the ranks filled out, and again the wearisome march is resumed. Some fifteen hundred miles south of the coast they pass over the undefined boundary-line of Tripoli through the dangerous country of the Touaregs and the Damerghous.

From time immemorial, slaves suffering inconceivable torments have been brought across the Sahara from the Sudan, for those regions extending from Abyssinia to the Gulf of Guinea have furnished an almost inexhaustible supply. Particularly from the Central Sudan the slave-trader has gathered in his human harvest to the chief depots of Timbuctoo in the west and Kuka in the east.

You will find an occasional Arab who will tell you of a route heretofore unmentioned, a secret route known only to the Senusi, a large fraternity of Moslems located in Tripoli who make proselyting wars and expeditions from Wadai to their capital. Along this route never less than fifteen caravans cross the desert every year, which bring about ten thousand slaves alive to tell the tale; and they estimate that forty thousand victims fall on the march. Once on the secret route you cannot lose your way, for it is lined with human bones. Many of these slaves were formerly embarked for Turkey, and there seems to be little doubt that slaves are still conveyed to Canea and Salonica, Constantinople and Smyrna.

Arriving late one night at a *fonduk* we found the place already so crowded that when our *gārfla* was in, men and

animals were literally jammed together. The filth and vermin in the place, not to mention the sickening odors, disturbed not the sons of Allah. The great doors were bolted; I slept outside under the olive-trees with my men in the gardens of Hadji Ali, the keeper, preferring the external annoyance of thieves. They disturbed us twice during the night, and a white wolf-hound entered my camp under the direction of his master, getting away with a pair of my men's desert slippers. To make up much-needed rest I delayed my start next morning to some five hours behind the *gārfla*.

As the sun rose high, I found Hadji Ali seated outside the *fonduk* adjusting a new flint in his pistol. This done, he gazed long at the weapon, and his wrinkled, scarred old face softened as when a man looks upon a thing he loves. Many journeys across the Sahra with the *gārfla* had sapped his wiry arms of their youthful strength, and the ugly scar over his left eye was a trophy of his last voyage three years before, which had nearly landed him in the fields of the blessed. Under the shade of an olive-tree Hadji Ali told me the story.

"You must know, Arbi [master], that we were a *gārfla* thirteen thousand camels strong, proceeding north to Tripoli from Kano, which was many months behind us. The escort and transport were principally men of Aïr and their animals. Three years before, Sadek, one of their chiefs, was slain by Moussa, a brother of the Sultan of Damerghou. Two years after, the slayer in turn was killed by the men of Aïr.

"As we entered the country of the Damerghous our guards were doubly watchful and our camels tied one to the other. All through the wild country, when in camp, we formed a square with the animals, the men and guards being inside. We were strong and not afraid, and did not intend to pay either tribute or homage for passing through the territory. It was at the end of the dry months, and some of the wells contained no water. We were all weak and suffering, and a number of our men had the sleeping-sickness. We made haste to reach the wells of Farok, not two days'

journey from Damerghou itself. We had almost reached them when narrow ravines obliged us to fall one behind the other. Suddenly from ambush the men of Damerghou furiously attacked us in great numbers. The character of the country prevented us from bringing our men together. We fought hard and well, but Allah willed. Two hundred and ten were killed on both sides, amongst whom were twelve Tripolitans, some of them being among the most famous *gārfla* leaders of Tripoli. Twelve thousand camel-loads of guinea corn destined for Aïr, one thousand camel-loads of ostrich feathers, ivory, Sudan skins, and mixed goods, with the entire transport, fell into the hands of the Damerghous.

"Near the end of the fight, Arbi, a big man, broke through my guard with his two-edged sword. It was night when I came to myself and I had been stripped of everything. With great effort I reached the wells of Farok. Near where I fell I found half buried in the sand my pistol with its charge unfired—but that is another story."

The total value of these goods lost, including the animals of burden, amounted to more than \$800,000, and the wells of Farok, where the capture occurred, lie in an air-line about 1905 kilometres southwest of Tripoli.

The opening of new routes southward and deflection of trade in that direction still lessen the prospect of inducing it to return to the shores of Tripoli, and except as regards Wadai and part of the Sudan the bulk of the trade may be said now to be lost to Tripoli. Tribal feuds on caravan routes unexpectedly change favorable aspects and disconcert traders.

Long before the royal caravan of the Queen of Sheba, with its heavy embroidered trappings, brought gifts to Solomon; long before that Semitic nomad Abraham came out of Ur—caravans had crept their patient, steady way across the hot sands and deserts of the East. But the days of the Tripoli caravan trade are numbered, and the single wire of telegraph line which has already found its way to Murzuk is but the forerunner to herald the coming of the iron horse into the land of the *gārfla*.

The Mystery at Zeke's

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

WHEN little Mollie Worthington rolled up her sleeves and took in hand a rolling-pin of exceptionally ominous dimensions, her four husky mining-camp suitors stirred uneasily upon their seats and underwent a vague, instinctive alarm.

They were sitting here in Mollie's cabin with a sort of truce between them, each determined to outstay his neighbor and thereby create an opportunity for wooing the plump young widow. Now, however, not even the beauty of Mollie's pretty elbows could quite reduce the sense of impending disaster which each and all experienced as she gripped that bread-tool firmly in her hand and turned to scan their faces, one by one. That something was coming, all the men were thoroughly convinced. It came without delay.

"Frank Peters," said Mollie incisively, "what date is this lovely afternoon?"

Mr. Peters seized his great mustache with both his hands and groomed it savagely.

"Why—May the—somethingth, 1868," he stammered, awkwardly, attempting a smile that looked sadly in need of a tonic. "Why was you askin'?"

"Just for your own pretty sake," answered Mollie, standing the rolling-pin on end on the table. "I want you to put down the date the best way you can, for this is the day you git fired. You may be dyin' to remember it when you're married to some other woman, some day."

Peters stared at her dumbly for a moment. Then he said,

"Ain't this a kind of clammy way to give me the bounce, with these here fellows settin' 'round grinnin' at the joke?"

"Oh, they're goin' to git the same, right away," said Mollie with delightful candor and cheer. "I don't want you all goin' off together. Savvy?"

"You don't have to hit *me* with no kitchen club," asserted Peters. "Hope

you'll git married to a strong, nervy man, some time—that's all!" He took up his hat and departed.

The three remaining suitors writhed where they sat. Each had a feeble hope that he might, at least, be the last to be told to decamp. It was laughing Bud Ingalls who was next excused. He burst into most hilarious merriment as he went, for such was his means of expressing all his emotions, from woe to genuine amusement.

Of the two men still awaiting calamity, one was Patrick McFarlan, a red-headed Irish teamster, and the other was Thomas Fulton, sometime sheriff of the camp ten miles away, but now once more a common mining-man, ready alike for riches or for poverty.

"Now, then, it's the Blarney stone to go next," said Mollie, inexorably. "And, Mr. McFarlan, don't burn the door-frame up at the top while you're walkin' out."

McFarlan's head grew hot without delay.

"T' hell wid the dure, then," he answered, as he clapped on his hat. "I'm throwin' ye out of me heart that fast that ye niver got in at all entoirely!"

He slammed the door so emphatically that Mollie gasped for breath. Thomas Fulton settled firmly on his three-legged stool. He waited in silence.

Mollie faced him bravely for nearly a minute, then her brown eyes faltered before his dancing gaze, and the crimson crept swiftly up from her throat, across her cheeks, to the very roots of her hair.

"Well," she said, turning her back and making brisk pretence of preparing for work, "have you put down the date, Mr. Fulton?"

"No," said her suitor, calmly. "I was figurin' up and sort of mentally jottin' down a date like, say, about June the third—which I think comes along on a Sunday."



Drawn by Leon Guipon

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, TOM!" SHE CRIED

"June the third?" repeated Mollie. "And that's the date of what?"

"Date of our marriage—if things go right," said Thomas, his eyes grown more merry than before. "You didn't think I was scared at you bouncin' the boys, I should hope? My kind of love is dif'rent. You ain't reckonin' on throwin' out such a nugget of love as mine?"

"You shut up, Tom Fulton," said Mollie, resuming control of her various emotions. "I won't have you talkin' love to me any more, and you know it! Have you learned any trade since you spoke to me before? You know you ain't?"

"Ain't I a miner?" said Tom, unabashed. "Ain't that a trade?"

"No, it ain't a trade—it's a game. It's playin' blind man's buff," said the sturdy young widow, whacking the table with her rolling-pin. "Bein' sheriff ain't a trade, and gittin' married ain't a trade—they're all just takin' chances. And you can't come here makin' love to me till you know something better than any of the lot, by way of a business."

"Well, I'm willin', ain't I?" answered Fulton, rising to approach her. "And besides, Mollie, you love me."

"Keep your distance, Tom!" she cried at him suddenly. "Don't you come a step closer! I say I ain't a-goin' to marry you or let you come around here any more—unless you settle down and do something sensible to earn an honest livin'!"

"You ain't goin' to ask me to sew pants and shirts again, are you, Mollie?" Tom inquired, anxiously. "It don't fol-ler that a man which can thread a needle and sew on a button kin make a suit of clothes."

"I told you before that you and me could set up in business, makin' all the men's shirts for both these minin'-camps," said Mollie, relenting not a whit from her decisiveness. "If you ain't the man to learn a trade and start a business, why, don't play you're man enough to come 'round askin' me to be your wife. And you needn't stay 'round here any longer this afternoon, anyway. You put on your hat and skeedaddle, and think things over nice and quiet."

"But what about the way I love you?" Tom insisted. "If I make a strike in the mine—"

"Can you make a strike while you're standin' here gassin'?" said Mollie. "If you want to talk to me, you make the strike first, or else begin a-learnin' to make shirts!"

Tom went away from the cabin, convinced that the heart of a woman and the heart of a mountain were very much the same—hard mining, and both disposed to hoard their gold with arts mysterious and deep. He left the little mining-camp that nestled here in the mountains and walked far out upon the more important road that led to the larger camp beyond, where his mine and his habits measured the all he could summarize as life.

It was fully ten miles from Ruby Rock and Mollie's cabin to his own mud shack in Gray Horse Gulch, but he faced the distance carelessly and trod in the sand of the winding road with the easy grace that strength alone bestows. Nevertheless, it was almost dusk when he topped the final hill that overlooked the town, and there he came upon a wagon, halted at the summit where two roads had their junction.

In the bed of the wagon stood a piece of freight, entirely muffled in rags and sacks and wound about with pieces of rope that served both to keep its covering upon it and to lash it securely to the seat.

Fulton glanced at this article, then at the driver, who was down in the road lifting a hoof of one of his horses.

"Why, hullo, Black!" said Tom, in his heartiest manner. "Home, hey? What's your load?"

The driver placed the horse's hoof upon the earth and faced Fulton deliberately.

"Evenin', Tom," he drawled. "Yep—I'm back. Care to ride?"

"Might as well," said Tom.

They climbed up together and occupied the seat. Then Fulton asked,

"Have you got some newfangled minin' machinery wrapped up in these here sacks?"

"Nope—I've got a mystery," answered Black. "I've fetch'd in a mystery. Never nothin' like it into camp before, and I'm goin' to sell it here to-night." To his horses he added, "Giddap!"

"Goin' to sell the camp a mystery?"

echoed Fulton, thoroughly puzzled. "It ain't a sort of ghost?"

"You keep your shirt on. Wait and see," replied the driver. "When I say it's a mystery, why, that's what it is. And I'll bet it would make a ghost look knock-kneed and white around the gills to see it comin' here to Gray Horse Gulch."

"No! And where you goin' to take it?" Tom inquired, wrought to intense curiosity. "When you goin' to undress it?"

The horses were trotting briskly into camp. Black headed straight past the stable and on down the one business thoroughfare.

"Goin' to sell it after supper, right in front of Zeke's saloon," was his answer to Fulton's question. "And the whole durn town can come and bid her up."

He halted his wagon, a moment later, before the saloon in question, then proceeded calmly to unhook his horses and send them away to the stable. A crowd of men assembled promptly, and with Black and Fulton both declaring the swaddled freight to be a mystery, to be sold after dinner to the highest bidder, the interest spread with amazing alacrity.

Nearly every man in town was on the scene in half an hour. The word had gone forth that a mystery, mayhap a ghost, duly caged or bottled, had been fetched to the very door of Zeke's saloon, where it stood in a wagon elaborately covered with rags and ropes.

A gambler, bold and audacious, ran his fingers over the mystery and pinched it where he could.

"It's got legs like bones without no meat or skin on," he announced. "If it's just a dead skeleton, why, a skeleton ain't no ghost, and he won't fetch no fancy figures."

Those who felt of the mystery agreed that its legs were indeed hard and bony. The excitement increased. Zeke himself came forth from his place of drink and gambling. He was a pale-faced gambler, with an air of poise and self-assurance upon him that made him almost striking. His cold gray eyes betrayed no particular interest when half a dozen acquaintances informed him of all that was known concerning the mystery, but

he silently appraised the value, in saloon patronage, of the wagon and its contents, and immediately agreed with Black that the hour after supper would be early enough to reveal the facts with regard to the muffled piece of freight.

Black went calmly away to his supper. Fulton ate at a restaurant, and hastened again to the scene in front of Zeke's. Meantime speculation had been rife. The roped parcel had been guessed in twenty different manners. No two opinions as to its character coincided, but all were agreed the thing was doubtless something gruesome.

When the hour arrived for Black to unveil his parcel, the tension in the gathered throng of miners, teamsters, and gamblers had reached a point where farther delay would only have incited violence to the swaddling ceremonies in which the freight was wrapped. The saloon was deserted. Zeke, with his bar-keepers, his faro and keno dealers and even his Chinese roustabout, had joined the crowd in the meagre light which the lamps of the sidewalk afforded.

Black climbed deliberately into his wagon, and taking his pipe from his mouth, knocked out the ashes and placed the thing in his pocket, after which he drew a knife and commenced to cut the ropes about his parcel.

There was absolute silence in the crowd. Expectancy chained all attention on the mystery. Black paused at his work when the sacks and rags were ready to fall from the object in the wagon.

"Boys," said he, "I picked up this here mystery over to Emigrant Loop. Picked up four, in fact, and sold the others down along the road. They're mighty valuable rackets." He closed his knife and put it into his pocket with exasperating slowness.

"Well—what is it?" demanded a voice.

"Now, hold on," admonished Black, reluctant to forego his moment. "I said I picked up four of these here mysteries and sold all but this one. And so I did." He paused, and added gravely: "Boys, them four mysteries was fetched out to the diggin's acrost the plains by two young married folks and the young bride's mother, which reckoned on makin' a stake by peddlin' the things in the

mines. They started with a load of the rackets and lost most all the herd. And the young husband feller got sick and died, and the girl done the same when come her baby, and the old lady was left alone, and these here mysteries was all she had, and I'm sellin' 'em off to raise her the dust to git back home, down East. And this one's the last there is fer sale, and it goes to the man who stacks up the biggest pile."

Once more he paused impressively, then laid his hand upon the all but falling rags.

"This here contrivance, boys," he announced dramatically, "is a sewin'-machine!"

With that he flung off the sacks and rags with effective haste—and the painted iron legs, the wheel, and the polished wooden case of the mechanism stood revealed to the thoroughly astounded audience.

"A sewin'-machine? Oh, hell!" said a miner near the wagon.

"Sewin'-machine!" echoed nearly every man in the crowd, and a chorussed guffaw relieved the unusual tension.

"Mystery?—you bet she's a mystery!" said a teamster in the group.

"And how do we know it ain't a thrashin'-machine?" demanded a small individual, whose one delight was contention.

"It might thrash you," replied a neighbor. "I've saw these here sewin'-machines a dozen times already."

"So have I," declared another. "I've run 'em. Sew like greased lightnin'. Them and steam-engines and printin'-presses got invented all together."

"Mystery? Hell of a mystery! Where's the bones and skull?" demanded a scornful gambler, who had hoped for a startling sensation. "This here is a stacked deck. Black, you'll have to stand the drinks fer this little game!"

"Didn't I say I fetched this here to sell?" inquired Black. "It cost more'n one hundred dollars, down East, and I'm goin' to take the money back to that old lady, stranded in this dog-gone State, or bust, and all you fellers have got to do is to bid up the price like miners which ain't fergot to be men! How much am I offered fer this patent-invented machine? It's guaranteed down-east

made, and so bran' new you could scrape off the bran to feed the cow, and all fixed up ready to darn socks and sew on your buttons or sew up the pocket of every mis'able skinflint into camp."

He took off the cover. The light from the polished steel wrought a singular fascination on the men.

"By gosh! I don't exactly need no sewin'-machine at the shop," said the blacksmith, "but I'd like to go her a mess fer luck. I'll give you five dollars to leave me alone with it jest about ten minutes."

"Well—I'll do that much myself," said a miner. "Me and machinery is friends. I never yet seen the wheels and things I couldn't figure out and run."

"I took a clock all apart myself one time, and me only a boy," vouchsafed another. "I'll bet I could make that racket hum and spit out fire and smoke in about two shakes."

"Yep—well, that's all right," said Black, from the wagon, "but this ain't no game of five-dollar ante. This machine is here fer sale. The mother of the little wife that died—why, boys, she needs the dust."

A miner who had been a silent spectator pushed back his hat.

"I'll bid her up to fifty dollars for the sake of folks down East," said he. "But I'll pass along the machine to be sold again and raise more money."

"That's about the talk," agreed a gambler in the throng. "I'll add twenty-five myself, and take no holds on the mystery."

The bidding ceased. Above the silence that ensued was heard a voice: "I'd like to give five to run it half an hour. Couldn't we fix up a game to try our hand fer—"

"Here!" interrupted Zeke, proprietor of gambling-hall and bar, "I'll give you two hundred dollars fer the racket, just as she stands, and no more bidding. Is that a go?"

"Say! You bet it's a go!" cried Black from his stand. "She's yours right on the spot, and—"

"Fetch her in," said Zeke, in his way of business. "Don't talk no more, but fetch her in and git your money. We'll start a bran'-new gamblin' game to-night."

Excited anew and aroused once more

to consuming curiosity, the men fairly swarmed upon the wagon, in their eagerness to snatch the machine and convey it at once to the brilliantly lighted saloon where its owner presided.

In less than a minute it was carried and rolled to a place of prominence, between two layouts for gambling, and there a throng of stalwarts, who had suddenly developed a genius for mechanics, gathered about it to explain its use and the reasons and functions of levers, wheels, and screws.

"Now, then, hands off the game till she's ready," ordered Zeke, advancing through the crowd. "Where's Charlie Swan? Here, Swan, you oil her up ready fer business. We'll see how much these fellers can sew. Boys, this sewin'-machine is a newfangled racket for betting. It's a dollar a minute to tackle the wheels, and the house pays three to one if you make her go and sew fer ten minutes straight. Even money you can't make her sew one inch of rag. Five to one you can't make her sew a foot of cloth. Ten to one you can't make her sew on a button. House supplies all the fixin's and axle-grease. Players barred after half an hour, to give the next man a chance."

"Say!" said a voice. "Say—this is livin'!"

"Me first!" cried a miner. "I claim first whack, and here's five dollars fer a starter!"

"Here, second!" "What's the matter with me?" cried others in the crowd.

"One at a time. The game is goin' to be open all night, right along," announced the proprietor. "Don't git excited. Here, let Swan git close enough to oil her up."

Swan was a modest engineer. He knew enough to open a drawer where the extras had been placed by a provident hand, and finding oil in a proper can, concluded his labors with commendable promptness.

"I guess she's ready," he said, as he arose from the stool provided for a seat—"ready to sew, or raise some little hell."

Meantime Zeke had procured a bolt of snow-white muslin from a near-by store, and having torn off strips the size of a towel, now came forward with an armful of material for the game.

"Where's the man who was sweatin' to spend his five?" he asked. "Here, Blisters, it was you that spoke up so nervy."

"Wal—of course—if any one else feels cheated," said Blisters, whose nerve was oozing from him rapidly, "why, don't let me interfere. I kin wait."

"You're scared," accused a gambler. "You ain't game."

As a matter of fact, a tendency towards caution had afflicted all the brag-garts heretofore so eager to assail the machine. Blisters became pale.

"Oh, I'll tackle the racket," he said, courageously. "It's a long time since I seen a sewin'-machine, that's all. And they're jest like women—no two of 'em ever alike, and some of 'em no man on earth could ever git to run."

He paid his five dollars, accepted a piece of cloth from Zeke, and slowly took his place before the machine.

Absolute silence reigned in the room. He turned the driving-wheel slowly, placed his feet upon the treadle, and saw the needle-bar give three or four spasmodic stabs in quick succession before anything had been expected.

"He's got the trick," said a voice. "Old Blisters ain't no fool."

Enormously encouraged, Blisters gathered his cloth in his awkward hands and set the driving-wheel in motion rapidly. But his muslin refused to enter beneath the needle till he thought to lift the feeder-foot, when the sharp steel prod promptly caught him through the finger and drew forth gore and oaths.

His nerve was up, however, and he went at the task of sewing with a wild determination to conquer or to die. He perspired. He stuffed the muslin to its place, he spun the wheel, he broke the thread and knew nothing of what had happened, but for ten minutes wrought like a fiend, all the while his friends were instructing, suggesting, correcting and encouraging his labors.

"Here," said Zeke, interrupting the struggle at its most exciting climax, "you owe me five dollars more. Come up with the spon or give some other man a show."

Blisters arose, his face contorted with emotions, all violent.

"I was just gittin' onto her tricks,"

THE MYSTERY AT ZEKE'S.

he said. "I can fix her next time just like fallin' off a house."

Eager to profit by Blister's mistakes, half a dozen men made a rush to attack the game. It was Fulton, however, who secured the seat. He had seen a machine five years before. He threaded the needle, tore away a snarl of thread from the bobbin, adjusted a new piece of muslin and began.

Two stitches he actually sewed. Then his clumsy feet reversed the wheel, the thread was snapped, and his triumph was ended. He too sweated and invited nervous prostration. He too snarled up everything snarlable, including his wits, and nearly went mad in an effort to achieve results. When he reeled away, defeated, the knowing observers about him had amended their former mechanical deductions and were now more eager than before to exhibit their prowess. Every one could see precisely where the other fellow had committed his blunders.

The game waxed even more intense with the next man's frantic efforts to sew. He performed very prodigies of error. He so thoroughly involved the cloth and mechanism that it seemed as if only an axe could suffice to part them.

After him a new victim offered himself to the silent mechanism's diabolism. When he had finished, his mind was on the brink of lunacy—yet he knew he should conquer at the next assault.

Those early machines, in the hands of the gentlest, most persuasive operator of the temperless sex, were the most outrageously exasperating devices ever fashioned in steel. They were utterly depraved. This machine at Zeke's was a thing of diabolical temperament. It tempted and fascinated every man in the place; it flirted with each new victim with a novel mechanical coquetry for every minute, but it sewed not three stitches in succession for all the fine frenzy and passion expended upon it, and broke nearly every spirit there.

By three o'clock in the morning, a worn-out, haggard group of men were all that remained in the place. On the floor were heaps of grimed and tortured rags, with snarls of thread in all directions. Zeke had taken in five hundred dollars, and the machine was merely warmed to the business.

On the following day there were men in plenty about the useful contrivance, the majority content to look it over and marvel at its powers of defeating utility. Not one of the victims felt satisfied to surrender, however, and none was so poor as to be minus a good and sufficient excuse for his failure to make the "critter" sew.

"If only I could take her all apart," said the man who had once dissected a clock, "I'll bet I'd make things look dif'rent."

"Yep," agreed a listener, "and a little giant powder, touched off in under her stomach, would make her look putty near as pretty."

Fulton essayed to sew again that afternoon. The mechanism held him with a deadly sort of fascination. He expended twenty dollars in a vain endeavor to retrieve the pride and money lost the previous night, and emerged from the conflict at last like a soul escaped from the heats and torments of Hades.

That evening there were victims in plenty who immolated themselves upon the shrine of this mechanical monstrosity, which devoured money, vitality, patience, perspiration, oil and gore at the price of half a dozen miserably abortive stitches which none could recognize as a needle's legitimate progeny.

Time after time the bewildered Fulton resumed the attack. He exhausted every resource to make the contrivance sew. Zeke, meantime, was coining money on his purchase. It was truly amazing what a versatile device that machine was proved to be. There were hundreds of ways in which it could run wrong. It was oiled till it dripped with these juices of persuasion. It had spat out tangles of thread for every tangle of oaths expended in its presence. That the thing was indeed a mystery, all were thoroughly agreed.

When Fulton's money was gone he stood about the torment for two whole days, marvelling more and more at the ingenuity of its stubbornness. Then Black, who had fetched it to camp, returned once more to Gray Horse Gulch. Fulton lured him aside.

"Say, Tim," said he, "I don't s'pose you took no lessons on sewin'-machines from the poor old lady you sold it



Drawn by Leon Guipon

"GOOD BOY! GOOD BOY!" THEY ROARED

THE MYSTERY AT ZEKE'S.

for, hey?—just by way of takin' an interest?"

"Nope," said Black. "I didn't s'pose nobody would ever want 'em to sew. A good old needle is so durn much handier and surer."

"Y-e-s, I guess it is," assented Fulton. "Funny, though, that you could sell the other three. There ain't been no one but Zeke git up a sewin'-machine gamble, has there?"

"Nope; that takes brains," answered Black. "One was bought from the store I sold it to by that little widder, Mollie Worthington, down to Ruby Rock, and you bet she's goin' to make it earn its livin'. She didn't buy it to play on like no pianner."

"Mollie—Mollie Worthington?" repeated Fulton. "Well—I'll be—"

"Yep," said Black; "and they say, now she's got it, she wouldn't marry the richest galoot in the country."

Fulton said no more. He returned to Zeke's to stare at the mechanism with others who had met with loss and humiliation in the game, and who now regarded the polished device as they might have regarded a beautiful woman who had attracted, then scorned their attentions.

Zeke advanced the odds on the game, but there was no one with skill sufficient to win so much as a dollar. That same afternoon the news went around that Fulton had gone away to raise another stake. That he meant to return and break the bank behind the machine, was the boast that all his friends repeated.

For five long days the unsubdued machine stood all but deserted at Zeke's. One or two miners were put to rout by the triumph of inventive genius, but all were awaiting Fulton's return, he having become, as it were, the leader of the mechanism's victims. It was nine o'clock when he came, one night, looking haggard and worn, but calm and self-reliant. He stopped at the bar for a drink to steady his nerves, and a crowd quickly gathered about him.

"Goin' to take some sass out of that there buckin' bronco of a sewin'-machine?" asked a teamster, anxious to see the mechanism tamed. "If she don't git her spirit broke pretty soon she'll never be no use in the world."

"I don't know whether to touch the

brute or not," said Fulton, sauntering slowly towards the contrivance. Secretly, however, he was crazy to engage in the struggle.

"Here," said Zeke, who had found the interest in sewing sadly diminishing, "I'll raise the odds and give you a show. I'll give you twenty minutes by the clock to sew a chunk of cloth two feet long and bet you ten to one you don't make her come to the scratch."

"Well—I don't know," said Fulton, suppressing his excitement. "I ain't got much money. Will you cover all I've got?"

"All you've got, and accommodate your friends," said Zeke.

"Well," said Tom, "I s'pose I'll have to tackle her again—and go broke."

He took his place before the machine and received a piece of muslin from the gambler's hand.

"I'll put up twenty dollars fer a starter," he said. "But—darn her soul—she's a terror."

He placed his money on a table near at hand. A great crowd gathered about him. He began to commit all his former blunders on the mechanism, with every evidence of distress upon his countenance.

For five precious minutes the struggle waged, and not a stitch had been produced. Fulton was sweating. His face was tense and white.

"Fifty dollars more that I fetch her yet," he said, raucously.

The money was up, and again the wheel was spinning, the levers were throbbing, and the needle was punching empty holes in the snow-white muslin pushed across the plate.

Not a man in the place misunderstood the meaning of the snarl of thread which Fulton presently snatched away from the shuttle and threw upon the floor. Nearly ten of his minutes were gone and not a stitch could he show.

"I'll fetch her yet!" he cried in desperation. "A hundred dollars says I'll fetch her yet!"

"Git it up," responded Zeke, satisfied by the cheerful deviltry of the machine. "Put up all you've got."

For a third time Fulton wrought in madness to achieve results. At the end of the bout he had nothing to his

credit, and only seven minutes of time remaining.

"Every bean in my wad!" he bawled in a frenzy. "One hundred and fifty—my pile!"

"Good boy!" "Dead game!" "By lordie! Git in!"

The expressions flung in thickly.

"Cover it all," said Zeke. "Seven minutes left now by the clock."

Fulton was seen to change, peculiarly. He opened a drawer, whipped out a shuttle that was filled with new thread, slipped it adroitly into place, touched the tension with deft, certain fingers and again made ready for the crucial encounter with the thing of steel. One or two men noted this surer manipulation. The excitement increased tremendously. Intensity marked every face.

With cloth in hands that took on ways of mastery, Fulton touched the wheel anew. It revolved, broke his thread and defeated him utterly. Almost instantly he made ready again, but the mechanism, long accustomed to revolt at various errors, now balked by habit.

Two minutes, packed with emotion, sped away. Only five remained. Slowly the wheel was urged around. Down over the work leaned Fulton, in all the travail of production. Up and down played the needle, and a stitch was left behind. Faster went the treadle then, and two, five, seven tiny stitches, pretty as links in a fairy's chain, were welded of the thread through the muslin.

One of the miners made a strange sound of laboring. Fulton was dumb.

Faster and faster danced the needle, and at every stroke it forged a link in the dainty cable of stitches. Six inches, a foot—a foot and a half of the perfect sewing was there in the cloth—and a murmur of excitement and awe shook the air.

In glad obedience, at last, the mechanism fairly hummed the song of industry, and from under the needle sped the cloth as if the levers, wheels, and bars rejoiced in the mastery come to enslave their functions.

Enough to win the game was done, but Fulton still drove the wheel like mad. He spun the cloth in curves and turns, and the needle sped through and through it at his bidding. He smiled at last in triumph amounting to glory, for the conquered device was writing a word in the muslin by his will.

"Good boy! Good boy! Good boy!" roared a chorus of voices in the place.

And his twenty minutes having gone, Fulton arose, snatched the cloth from the hold of the two frail threads and flung it down as a victor flings his spoils.

For fifteen minutes, after Zeke had paid out the stake which Fulton had won, there was drinking, shouting, and hilarity in the place. Then Fulton escaped and struck across the hills to Ruby Rock.

When something like order was restored, the gambler, Zeke, fetched forth an axe and stood regarding the sewing-machine with doubt and mistrust in his eyes.

"Now that she's got to running," said he, "she'll never know how to stop. She'll let anybody sit here and sew."

Dispassionately he raised the axe and crashed it down upon the mechanism. It was shattered hopelessly.

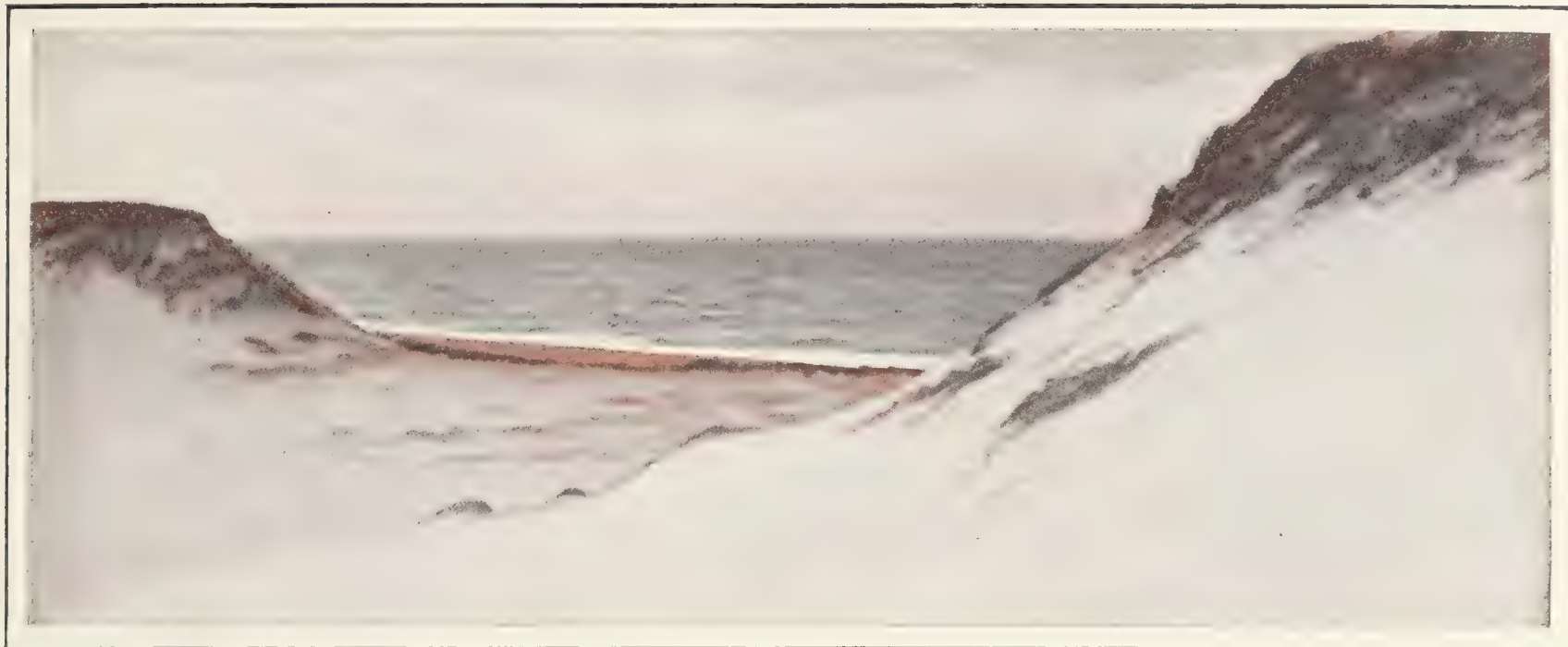
"Take it away," said he. "I reckon we're pretty near even."

In his hand he still held the well-stitched piece of muslin by which Tom Fulton had won a golden stack of coins. In awe he stared at the fairy chain of stitches which Cupid himself might have fashioned. For the first time his gaze went following the curves of "writing" which the needle had left in the cloth.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he said at the end, for the sewed-in word was "Mollie."

Then Black came hurling himself in at the door, his whole being big with news.

"Old Fulton's goin' to be married!" he cried. "The weddin's all fixed to come off down at Ruby Rock, and the day's the third of June!"



The Habits of the Sea

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOR the toilers of the sea there will be seashore labors that come as part of the day's work, but for us, whose workshops are on the dry land, the ideal occupation, when we escape from them to the seashore, will be to do nothing. That is an employment that, faithfully pursued in its due season, is richly productive of benefits, and it is one of the most appreciated merits of the seashore that it encourages and extenuates the do-nothing attitude, and by its charms and wiles and changes, and the shifting panorama of its spectacles, beguiles the do-nothing looker-on into wholesome forgetfulness of his own inactivity. The sea, being never idle itself, easily persuades its visitor that it is doing all that is necessary to be done, and that the only duty that an observer need concern himself about is the easy one of visual inspection. If he has a mind to test the sea's temperature from time to time by dipping himself into it, that is well enough, and will tend to discipline his energies and lull them back into a receptive state; and if his mind, even at its idlest, insists upon working just a little, there are always the habits of the sea to be studied. That will not

tire him, nor prejudice any of the benefits of his repose, for the sea's habits are enough like human habits to be interesting, and enough unlike them to be restful and refreshing by contrast.

Consider the punctuality of the tides. Human punctuality is apt to be more of a virtue than of a grace. It is compatible with unlovely qualities, prone to self-assertion and severe expectation. There are saintly people who are punctual out of pure consideration for others, but the more prevalent sort of punctual people like as little to be kept waiting as to be late themselves. The tides are irresistibly punctual, but with a redeeming idiosyncrasy. They are an hour late every day. They never come, they never go, until they get ready. Ships and bathers and boatmen and clam-diggers may wait for them or not, as they will. They care not. They wait for no man, nor ask any man to wait for them. And yet the tides are responsible and to be depended on. You can set a clock by them. The hands on their dial are the anchored sail-boats that swing around when the tide turns. And while they are responsible, they are not tiresomely exact. They conspire together



THE TIDES SWEEP IN AND OUT

with the winds and the moon, the signs of the zodiac, the seasons and the almanac-makers, and sweep in much farther and then out much farther some days than others. That is one of the details that make their habits so much more soothing and inspiring than the habits of the man who turns the same corner at precisely thirteen minutes after eight every morning. The punctual man of business is a nicely adjusted cog in a supplementary machine. The tides, too, are parts of a machine. They are great fly-wheels revolving majestically in the power-house of the earth. Man's punctuality is a bit wearisome, though not nearly as wearisome as the lack of it; but the tides, splendidly subordinate to the mind that drives the universe, share and impart something of the majesty of that life-giving will. They are not tiresome, but restful. They soothe. They tell of law that is neither petty nor partial; of

order tranquil in the sublimity of the might that directs it; of design executed without intervention of imperfect human tools.

The sea is orderly, of course. What is ordered is orderly by natural consequence, but the sea is orderly after its own fashion, not with overnice, pernickety methods, but on a large, indulgent scale that leaves a clean, decent beach most of the time. It makes no complaint of the shiftlessness of folks who leave things around where they shouldn't be left. Drop newspapers on the beach if you like, or banana-skins, clam-shells, almost anything except broken glass. It will be gone with the next tide, and no fuss made about it. Nothing will be left but a few shreds of clean seaweed, and maybe a periwinkle's shell, with or without its tenant. Anything that will float will go, and there comes in the sea's power to discipline and train the shore people. Indulgent as it is in cleaning

up after them and smoothing out their tracks and carrying off their rubbish, it gives them no whit of encouragement to be heedless or to impose on its good nature. It is only their servant when they respect the terms of its service. Leave a boot loose within its reach, out it goes on the preoccupied tide, along with the newspapers and the banana-skins. Indifference to the sea will not do. Its regularities are to be respected; also its irregularities. It makes no scruple of having moods and fits of temper. For days together it is bland, soothing, accommodating, serviceable. Then it yawns, is bored by being so long pleasant, rumples its hair, thrashes about, sweeps up and down the coast, looking for sailboats to blow ashore, and like as not slams them on to the rocks. *Varium et mutabile*, and yet constant, too. Shore-dwellers are apt to be philosophers. What wonder, with such a companion and such

a training! If the fisherman's wife is less kind to him one day than another, how can he have the face to grumble at it, he who lives in daily contact with a creature moodier than any woman, and yet so grand a creature, with such depths, such powers, such irresistible charms, such vast benevolences. The fisherman ought surely to accept it as part of the scheme of the universe that even a dinner-plate should now and then be thrown at his head. That is the way the sea treats him. He ought, an imperturbable man, to dodge the plate and still be thankful for his dinner, and hope to get it more amiably served when the moon changes.

But more likely he sulks. None of us treat one another with the large charity and composure we can command in the face of forces that compel it. We are prone to resent the whims of people who like us better one day than another.



LAW, TRANQUILITY, DESIGN

We don't remember how much better pleased with ourselves we are some days than others. If we find our own society edifying on Tuesday and are deadly tired out of it on Friday, why need it displease us that others betray symptoms of the same variation of sentiment? When the sea is unkind we make no moan about it. We know it will feel different presently.

It is typical of the robust indifference of the sea to what we think of it that it leaves on its shores and beaches so many loose stones of sizes handy for us to hurl. Were you ever conscious of that horseman's prejudice against rolling stones in the road which makes it repugnant to his conscience to leave a dangerous one unlifted behind him? He thinks of a possible horse stumbling over it in the dark, maybe, and constrained by the responsibility which truly civilized beings feel for the decent maintenance of all the

details of the apparatus of civilization, he stops and throws the dangerous stone out of the road. I have even known that habit of mind to compel a conscientious citizen to stop and scrape up broken glass out of the highway for fear that it would harm the rubber tires of passing automobiles; and that notwithstanding that to him automobiles were a nuisance and an oppression.

An analogous carefulness helps to make us solicitous about our conduct, and chary with a civilized reluctance of leaving behind us on the great highway injurious words or actions, mean or greedy behaviors, neglected chances to do our fellows friendly or helpful turns. Such things are stones in the road, likely to bother us if we pass that way again, liable even to be thrown at us. It is not mere selfishness which makes us wary of such leanings and thoughtful to leave behind us a clean path, unfurnished with



THE SEA IS ORDERLY ON A LARGE, INDULGENT SCALE



MANY LOOSE STONES OF HANDY SIZES ARE LEFT ON THE BEACH

missiles. It is a preference, intelligent and honorable, even though it is prudent, for good living and a fair record.

No such preference or scruple bothers the sea. It leaves stones of all handy and unhandy sizes sticking out of the sand. It had as lief dig them out as bury them. You may hurl them back at it ever so angrily if you choose. It does not care. Hard words and discipline are nothing to it. Its reputation is nothing to it, for it is not civilized, but an untamable creature that does as it likes.

It is untamable, good tempered or bad

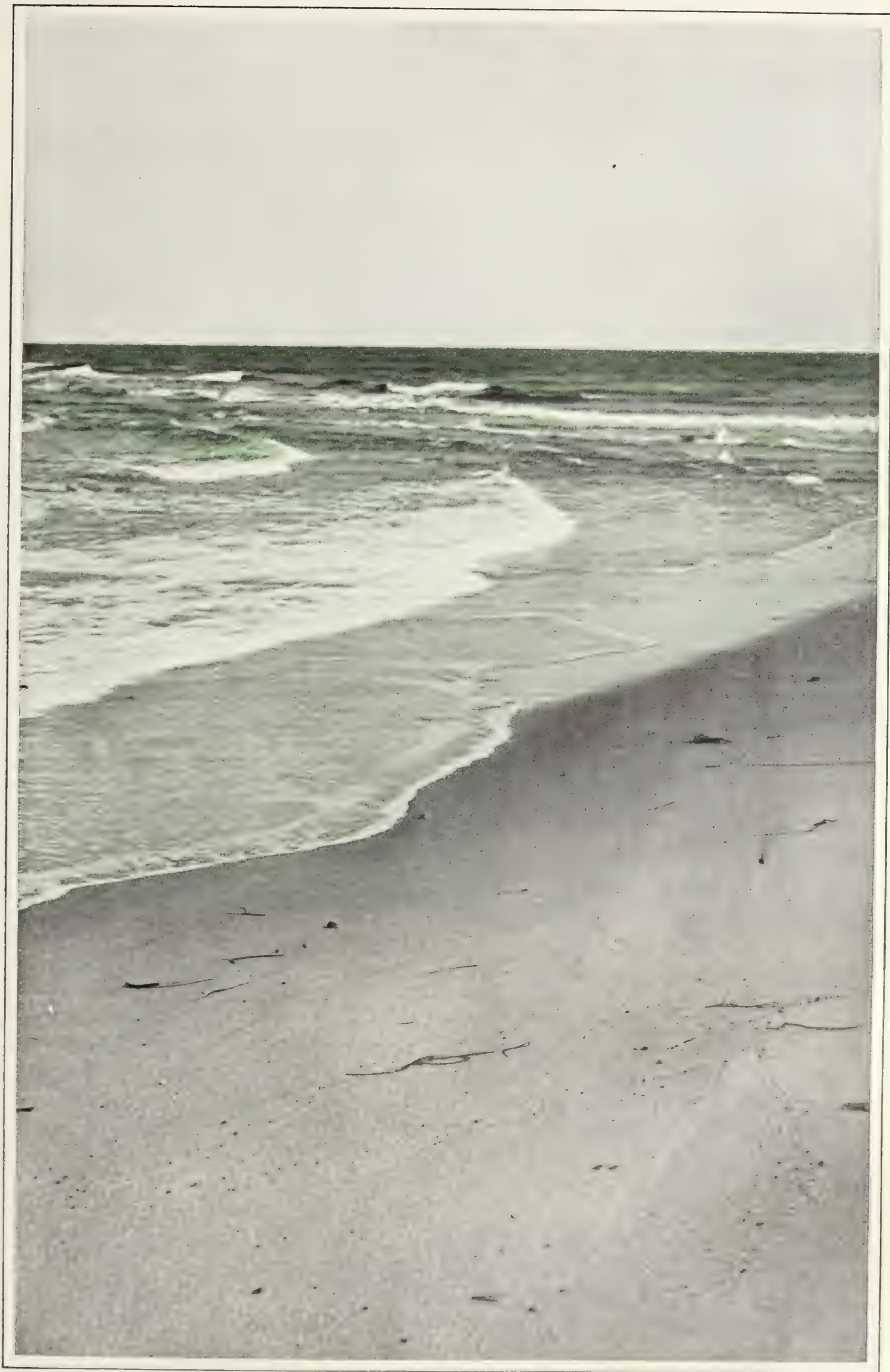
tempered as the mood strikes it, and quite indifferent about what may be the consequences of its fits of angry energy. In that respect it is happily unlike most of us who are liable to have our liberties restricted for atrocious misbehavior, and are wont to use a decent caution about turning our tempers loose. And yet the sea's tempers and our own have some curious points in common. There is respectable authority for the theory that the tempers of the sea and a large proportion of the irritations of us human creatures have the same causes. They are atmospheric. We all know about the

rheumatic people whose bones ache and whose tempers creak for days before a storm. When the storm finally breaks, they limber up at once and feel better; but something in the preliminary airs—waves of ether, electrical disturbances, one cross-grained atmospheric influence or another—rasps their nerves and strains their powers of self-control. And it is observed that these preliminary distresses come oftentimes in weather that to the eye makes an excellent appearance. Fine-looking days may be full of crotchets and cross words, and rainy ones be temperamentally amiable. Moreover, we hear curious things nowadays about light and its effects on human creatures—that the short rays of it are full of mischievous potentiality; that sunlight—that great germicide—may kill out of us more germs than we can spare; that the different races and complexions of men are nicely adjusted to certain allowances of

sunlight, the blond races to the least, the yellow races to more, and the blacks to most of all. They warn us—the scientific gentlemen do—that when it happens in the course of race migrations that a race gets too far out of the zone to which it is adapted there will be the mischief to pay in the course of time with that race. Black people and blond, we are told, cannot flourish and develop equally well in the same zone. Observation of the habits of the sea makes our minds more credulous of such assurances. The sea, to be sure, can stand all climates, is left out in all weathers, endures all atmospheric fluctuations, all kinds of sunlight, short rays and blistering heat, and still survives. Survives! Yes, but with what vicissitudes of temper and behavior! When we remember that the unseen and unmeasured forces that keep the ocean moving, and stir it up to obstreperous demonstrations, are working



THE SEA TAKES CARE OF ITSELF



ONE POWERFUL AND ACTIVE CREATURE THAT WE HAVE NOT GOT TO TRAIN



A COMFORTABLE NEIGHBOR, AS NEIGHBORS GO

all the time on us too, we get a little better idea of how the perpetual alchemy of nature works upon mankind.

And what did they say to us last spring, after the raging of Vesuvius had been followed by the earthquake that dealt with San Francisco as no great city had been dealt with for centuries? "Sun-spots!" they said to us, and explained that for many months the sun had been far more than usually blotched, and had been training fearsome batteries of electrical artillery in our direction. These electrical missiles had penetrated to the hot interior of the orb whose surface we embellish, and made it hotter,

and its swellings and subsequent contractions had made mischief on the lines of the great faults in the terrestrial crust, giving Naples the horrors, and by the aid of fire wiping most of the material part of San Francisco out of existence. And what of the effect of these disastrous celestial intermeddlings upon the sea and upon mankind? The winter record of the sea had been disastrous and destructive far beyond common. A huge percentage of the sailing-vessels had had to have new topmasts, and the marine-insurance companies were low-spirited about their losses. And was there a coincident distraction in the

minds of men? Well, was there not? The spirit of unrest in our country was matter of constant remark. Here in America, in Europe, in Asia, the old order has been shaken by assaults, in some cases violently changed, in many cases seriously threatened. A celestial disturbance, a combative sea, restless men, agitation of the nations—they have all come together. Maybe there was more in the venerable science of astrology than we incredulous moderns suspect. If the sea has not like passions with ours, at least its emotions may possibly be traced to the same remote celestial causes as some of ours.

No doubt consideration of the impulsiveness of the sea may lawfully breed in us increased respect for such a measure of self-control as men have attained. We do behave ourselves, after a fashion, even when there is an exasperating surplus of short rays in the sunlight. We do not run amuck, even though our own rheumatic bones ache and our sciatical neighbor has jumping pains. That is because we are sentient creatures, and the sea is not. We are worked upon by all the strains and stimulants that coerce the sea, but though we are affected we are not quite coerced. There is a counter-force inside of us. We think. The sea, in spite of its idiosyncrasies, is the greatest tool in the world; the better tool because it is unintelligent. The power to think makes creatures more efficient, but after they have learned to think, you have to let them think. A certain proportion of them are bound to want to think for themselves and act accordingly, and immediately that happens, their usefulness as tools is impaired, in spite of the development of their efficiency. The first-fruit of independent thought is tumult. The later fruit, in favorable instances,

is civilization. The process of developing men from the condition of tools to the condition of thinking units is perpetually going on in the world, with inevitable resulting disturbance. The great wholesale example of it just now is Russia, but all over the globe the same process is on exhibition in its various stages. An appalling job it is, the most consoling thought about it being that it seems to be the chief end of mundane existence; the work to which humanity is geared, and to the gradual accomplishment of which it is constrained, willing or unwilling, to bend whatever strength it has.

Let us be thankful that we have not got to send the sea to school and teach it to think. The sense of restfulness it gives us, as we contemplate it, comes a good deal, I suspect, from our feeling that here is one powerful and active creature that we have not got to train. It will take care of itself, and we can take care of ourselves and not bother about it. It will never want to vote, never blame us for misrule, never shame us with evidences of our selfishness and neglect. Restless as it is, turbulent and untamable, it is a comfortable neighbor, as neighbors go. Really, is there anything else on the earth that takes care of itself? The mountains have forest fires and need land-laws and game-laws. The very air may be polluted with smoke and smells, the cataracts are water-power and can be stolen, the forests are merchandise, the plains are real estate; but the sea is not property, not perishable, not damageable. It is the one thing that balks greed and laughs at abuse; the one thing whereof there is enough to go around, and in which no successful effort need be feared to claim a monopoly.



The Simple Life of Genevieve Maud

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

GENEVIEVE MAUD reclined in a geranium-bed in an attitude of unstudied ease. On her fat body was a white dress, round her waist was a wide blue sash, perched on one side of her head was a flaunting blue bow, and in her heart was bitterness. It was dimly comforting to lie down in all this finery, but it did not really help much. She brooded darkly upon her wrongs. They were numerous, and her cherubic little face took on additional gloom as she summed them up. First, she had been requested to be good—a suggestion always unwelcome to the haughty soul of Genevieve Maud, and doubly so this morning when she saw no alternative but to obey it. Secondly, there was no one to play with—a situation depressing to any companionable being, and grindingly so to one who considered all men her peers, all women her unquestioning slaves, and all animals grateful ministers to her needs in lowlier fields of delight.

These delusions, it must be admitted, had been fostered during the four short but eventful years of Genevieve Maud's life. Her method of approach had been singularly compelling; old and young paused not to argue, but freely stripped themselves of adornments she fancied, and animals, from the kitten she carried round by one ear to the great St. Bernard she half strangled in recurring moments of endearment, bore with her adoringly, and humbly followed the trail of cake she left behind her when she tired of them and trotted off in search of fresh attractions. These were usually numerous; and had they been rarer, the ingenuity of Genevieve Maud would have been equal to the test. There were no social distinctions in her individual world. But one short year ago she had followed a hand-organ man and a monkey to a point safely distant from too-observant relatives and servants; there, beside the chattering monkey, she had sung and

danced and scrambled for pennies and shaken a tambourine, and generally conducted herself like a *débutante* mænad.

It had been a great success from the point of view of Genevieve Maud and the organ-man and the monkey, but when the rapture of her abandon was at its height a passing neighbor, attracted by the throng, had rescued the child and borne her home.

That had been a glorious day. She recalled it now smoulderingly, resentfully. Different, indeed, was the tragic present. No one to play with—that was bad enough. But there were still worse conditions. She was not even allowed to play by herself! Rover had been banished to a neighbor's, the kitten had been lent generously to the Joyce children, her human playmates had been warned off the premises, and Genevieve Maud had been urged to be a dear little girl and keep very, very quiet because mamma was sick. As if this was not enough, fate drove its relentless knife and gave it a final twist. Far back in a corner of the garden where she lay, almost hidden by the drooping branches of an old willow, sat her two sisters, Helen Adeline and Grace Margaret, highly superior beings of a stately dignity even beyond their ripe ages of eleven and nine years. They were too old to play with little girls, as they had frequently mentioned to Genevieve Maud, but they were not wholly beyond the power of her spell, and there had been occasions when they had so far forgotten themselves as to descend to her level and enjoy doll tea-parties and similar infantile pleasures. To-day, however, they were of a remoteness. Their plump backs were turned to her, their heads were close together, and on the soft afternoon breeze that floated over the garden were borne sibilant whispers. They were telling each other secrets—secrets from which Genevieve Maud, by reason of her tender years, was irrevocably shut out.

Genevieve Maud sat up suddenly in the flower-bed as the full horror of this truth burst upon her, and then briskly entered into action designed to transform the peace and quiet of the scene. Her small fat face turned purple, her big brown eyes shut tight, her round mouth opened, and from the small aperture came a succession of shrieks which would have lulled a siren into abashed silence. The effect of this demonstration, rarely long delayed, was instantaneous now. A white-capped nurse came to an up-stairs window and shook her head warningly; the two small sisters rose and scurried across the lawn; a neighbor came to the hedge and clapped her hands softly, clucking mystic monosyllables supposed to be of a soothing nature; neighboring children within hearing assumed half-holiday expressions and started with a rush to the side of the blatant afflicted one. Surveying all this through half-shut eyes and hearing the steady tramp of the oncoming relief corps, an expression of triumphant content rested for an instant on Genevieve Maud's face. Then she tied it up again into knots of even more disfiguring pattern, took another long breath, and apparently made an earnest effort to attract the attention of citizens of the next township. "I'm tired!" was the message Genevieve Maud sent to a sympathetic world on the wings of this megaphonic roar.

The trained nurse, who had rushed down-stairs and into the garden, now reached her side and drastically checked Genevieve Maud's histrionism by spreading a spacious palm over the wide little mouth. With her other hand she hoisted Genevieve Maud from the flower-bed and escorted her to neutral ground on the lawn.

"'Tired!'" repeated the irate nurse as the uproar subsided to gurgles. "Heavens! I should think you would be, after that!" Helen Adeline and Grace Margaret arrived simultaneously, and the older child took the situation and the infant in hand with her best imitation of her mother's manner.

"I am so sorry you were disturbed, Miss Wynne," she said, "and poor mamma, too. We will take care of Genevieve Maud, and she won't cry any more. We were just making some plans for her future," she ended, loftily.

The mouth of Genevieve Maud, stretched for another yell, was arrested in its distension. Her small ears opened wide. Was she, after all, in the secret? It would seem so, for the nurse, seemingly satisfied and with a scarcely concealed smile, left the three children alone and went back to her patient, while Helen Adeline at once led her small sister to the choice retreat under the willow.

"We are going to talk to you, Genevieve Maud," she began, "ve-ry seriously, and we want you to pay 'tention and try to understand." This much was easy. Mamma usually opened her impressive addresses in such fashion.

"'Pay 'tention and try to understand,'" echoed Genevieve Maud, and grinned in joyful interest.

"Yes, really try," repeated Helen Adeline, firmly. Then, rather impatiently and as one bearing with the painful limitations of the young, she went on:

"You're so little, Maudie, you see, you don't know; and you won't know even if we tell you. But you are a spoiled child; every one says so, and mamma said the other day that something should be done. She's sick, so she can't do it, but we can. We've got to take care of you, anyhow, so this is a good time. Now what it really is, is a kind of game. Gracie and I will play it, and you are going to—to—well, you are going to be the game."

Genevieve Maud nodded solemnly, well satisfied. She was in it, anyhow. What mattered the petty details? "'Going to be the game,'" she echoed, as was her invariable custom, with the air of uttering an original thought.

Helen Adeline went on impressively.

"It's called the simple life," she said, "and grown-up folks are playing it now. I heard the minister an' mamma talking about it las' week for hours an' hours an' hours. They give up pomps an' vaneries, the minister says, an' they mustn't have luxuries, an' they must live like nature an' save their souls. They can't save their souls when they have pomps an' vaneries. We thought we'd try it with you first, an' then if we like it—er—if it's nice, I mean, p'r'aps Gracie an' I will, too. But mamma is sick, an' you've had too many things an' too much 'tention, so it's a good time for you to lead the simple life an' do without things."

Genevieve Maud, gazing into her sister's face with big, interested eyes, was vaguely, subconsciously aware that the new game might halt this side of perfect content; but she was of an experimental turn and refrained from expressing any scepticism until she knew what was coming. In the mean time the eyes of her sister Grace Margaret had roamed disapprovingly over Genevieve Maud's white dress, the blue sash that begirded her middle, the rampant bow on her hair. Katie had put on all these things conscientiously, and had then joyfully freed her mind from the burden of thought of the child for the rest of the afternoon.

"Don't you think," Grace Margaret asked Helen Adeline, tentatively, "sashes an' bows is poms?"

Helen Adeline gave the speaker a stolid, unexpressive glance. She acquiesced.

"Let's take 'em off," went on the younger and more practical spirit. "Then we won't never have to tie 'em for her, either, when they get loose."

They stripped Genevieve Maud, first of the sash and bows, then of the white gown, next of her soft undergarments, finally, as zeal waxed, even of her shoes and stockings. She stood before them clad in innocence and full of joyful expectation.

"All these fine clothes is poms an' vanerties," remarked Helen Adeline, firmly. "The minister said so when he was talking with mamma 'bout the simple life, an' Gracie and I listened. It was very interestin'."

She surveyed the innocent nudity of her little sister, "naked but not ashamed," with a speculative glance.

"Katie will be glad, won't she?" she reflected aloud. "She says there's too much washing. Now she won't have to do any more for you. Don't you feel better an' happier without those poms?" she asked Genevieve Maud.

That young person was already rolling on the grass, thrusting her little toes into the cool earth, exulting in her new-found sartorial emancipation. If this was the "new game," the new game was a winner. Grace Margaret, gazing doubtfully at her, was dimly conscious of an effect of incompleteness.

"I think she ought to have a hat," she

murmured at last. Helen Adeline was good-naturedly acquiescent.

"All right," she answered, cheerfully, "but not a pumpy one. Papa's big straw will do." They found it and put it on the infant, whose eyes and face were thereby fortunately shaded from the hot glare of the August sun. Almost before it was on her head she had slipped away and was running in and out of the shrubbery, her white body flashing among the leaves.

"We'll have our luncheon here," announced Helen Adeline, firmly, "an' I'll bring it out to save Katie trouble. Maudie can't have rich food, of course, 'cos she's livin' the simple life. We'll give her bread off a tin plate."

Grace Margaret looked startled.

"We haven't got any tin plate," she objected.

"Rover has."

Grace Margaret's eyes dropped suddenly, then rose and met her sister's. An unwilling admiration crept into them.

"How will Maudie learn nice table manners?" she protested, feebly. "Mamma says she must, you know."

"Folks don't have nice table manners when they're livin' simple lives," announced Helen Adeline, loftily. "They just eat. I guess we won't give her knives an' forks an' spoons, either."

Grace Margaret battled with temptation and weakly succumbed.

"Let's give her some of the rice pudding, though," she suggested. "It will be such fun to see her eat it, 'specially if it's very creamy!"

Of further details of that luncheon all three children thereafter declined to speak. To Genevieve Maud the only point worthy of mention was that she had what the others had. This compromise effected, the manner of eating it was to her a detail of indescribable unimportance. What were knives, forks, spoons, or their lack, to Genevieve Maud? The tin plate was merely a gratifying novelty, and that she had been in close communion with rice pudding was eloquently testified by the samples of that delicacy which clung affectionately to her features and her fat person during the afternoon.

While they ate, Helen Adeline's active mind had been busy. She generously gave her sisters the benefit of its working without delay.

"She mus'n't have any money," she observed, thoughtfully, following with unseeing eyes the final careful polish the small tongue of Genevieve Maud was giving Rover's borrowed plate. "No one has money in the simple life, so we must take her bank an' get all the money out an'—"

"Spend it!" suggested Grace Margaret, rapturously, with her first inspiration. Helen Adeline reflected. The temptation was great, but at the back of her wise little head lay a dim foreboding as to the possible consequences.

"No," she finally decided, consistently. "I guess it mus' be given to the poor. We'll break the bank an' take it out, an' Maudie can give it to the poor all by herself. Then if any one scolds, *she* did it! You'll enjoy that kind an' noble act, won't you, Maudie?" she added, in her stateliest grown-up manner.

Maudie decided that she would, and promptly corroborated Helen Adeline's impression. The soft August breeze fanned her body, the grass was cool and fresh under her feet, and her little stomach looked as if modelled from a football by her ample luncheon. She was to be the central figure in the distribution of her wealth, and wisdom beyond her own would burden itself with the insignificant details. Genevieve Maud, getting together the material for large and slushy mud pies, sang blithely to herself, and found the simple life its own reward.

"We'll leave her with her dolls," continued Helen Adeline, "an' we'll hunt up deservin' poor. Then we'll bring 'em here an' Maudie can give 'em all she has. But first"—her little sharp eyes rested discontentedly upon Genevieve Maud's family—six little dolls reposing in a blissful row in a pansy-bed—"first we mus' remove *those* pomps an' vanerties."

Grace gasped.

"Take away the dolls?" she ejaculated, dizzily.

"No, not edzactly. Jus' take off all their clothes. Don't you think it looks silly for them to have clothes on when Maudie hasn't any?"

Grace Margaret agreed that it did, and at once the mistake was rectified, the clothing was added to the heap of Genevieve Maud's clothing, and a pleasing

effect of harmony reigned. The little girls regarded it with innocent satisfaction.

"I s'pose we couldn't really take her dolls," reflected Helen Adeline, aloud. "She'd make an awful fuss, an' she's so good an' quiet now it's a pity to start her off. But her toys *mus'* go. They're very expensive an' they're pomps an' vanerties, I know. So we'll take 'em with us an' give 'em to poor children."

"You think of lots of things, don't you?" gurgled Grace Margaret, with warm admiration. Her sister accepted the tribute modestly, as no more than her due. Leaving Genevieve Maud happy with her mud pies and her stripped dolls, the two sought the nursery and there made a discriminating collection of her choicest treasures. Her Noah's Ark, her picture-books, her colored balls and blocks, her woolly lambs that moved on wheels, her miniature croquet set, all fell into their ruthless young hands and, as a crowning crime, were dumped into the little go-cart that was the very apple of Genevieve Maud's round eyes. It squeaked under its burden as the children drew it carefully along the hall. They carried it down-stairs with exaggerated caution, but Genevieve Maud saw it from afar, and, deeply moved by their thoughtfulness, approached with gurgles of selfish appreciation. The conspirators exchanged glances of despair. It was the intrepid spirit of Helen Adeline that coped with the distressing situation. Sitting down before her victim, she took Maudie's reluctant hands in hers and gazed deep into her eyes as mamma was wont to gaze into hers on the various occasions when serious talks became necessary.

"Now, Genevieve Maud," she began, "you mus' listen an' you mus' mind, or you can't play. Ain't you havin' a good time? If you don't want to do what we say, we'll put your clothes right straight on again an' leave you in the midst of your pomps an' vanerties: an' then—what 'll become of your soul?" She paused impressively to allow this vital question to make its full appeal. Genevieve Maud writhed and squirmed.

"But," continued Helen Adeline, solemnly, "if you do jus' as we say, we'll let you play some more." The larger issue was temporarily lost sight of this

time, but the one presented seemed to appeal vividly to Genevieve Maud.

"Let Genevieve Maud play some more," she wheedled.

"And will you do everything we say?"

"Do everything you say," promised Genevieve Maud, recklessly.

"Very well,"—this with a fidelity in its imitation to her mother's manner which would have convulsed that admirable and long-suffering woman could she have heard it. "An' first of all we mus' give away your toys to poor children."

The mouth of Genevieve Maud opened. Helen Adeline held up a warning hand, and it shut.

"They're *pomps*," repeated the older sister, positively, "an' we'll bring you simple toys if poor children will exchange with us."

This was at least extenuating. Genevieve Maud hesitated and sniffed. In the matter of being stripped, toys were more important than clothes.

"If you don't, you know, you can't play," Grace Margaret reminded her.

"Awright," remarked Genevieve Maud, briefly. "Give toys to poor chil'ren."

They hurriedly left her before her noble purpose could do so, and Genevieve Maud, left to her own resources, made unctuous mud pies and fed them to her family, with considerable satisfaction to herself, but with marring effects on the dolls who received this diet in their complexions. Grace Margaret and Helen Adeline returned in triumph within the hour and laid at the feet of their small victim modest offerings consisting of one armless rubber doll, one dirty and badly torn picture-book, and one top, broken.

"These is simple," declared Helen Adeline, with truth, "an' the poor Murphy children has your pomps, Maudie. Are you glad?"

Genevieve Maud, surveying doubtfully the nondescript collection before her, murmured without visible enthusiasm something which was interpreted as meaning that she was glad. As a matter of fact, the charm of the simple life was not borne in upon her compellingly. The top she accepted until she discovered that it would not go. The rubber doll she declined to touch until Grace Margaret suggested that it had been in a hospital and had had its arms amputated

like Mrs. Clark's son Charlie. Deeply moved by the pathos of this tragic fate, Genevieve Maud added the rubber doll to her aristocratic family, whose members seemed to shrink aside as it fell among them. The picture-book Genevieve Maud declined to touch at all.

"It's dirty," she remarked, with an air of finality which effectually closed the discussion. By this time she was not herself an especially effective monument of cleanliness. The rice pudding and the mud pies had combined to produce a somewhat bizarre effect, and the dirt she had casually gathered from the paths, the flower-beds, and the hedges enlivened but did not improve the ensemble.

"She ought to be washed pretty soon," suggested Grace, surveying her critically; but to this tacit criticism Helen Adeline promptly took exception.

"They don't have to, so much," she objected, "when it's the simple life. That's one of the nice things."

With this decision Genevieve Maud was well content. Her tender years forbade hair-splitting and subtle distinctions; the term "accumulated dirt" or "old dirt" had no significance for her. She could not have told why she rejected the Murphy child's thoroughly grimed picture-book, yet herself rolled happily about in a thin coating of mud and dust, but she did both instinctively.

Her attention was pleasantly distracted by subdued cries from the street beyond the garden hedge. Three Italian women, all old, stood there gesticulating freely and signalling to the children, and a small ragged boy on crutches hovered nervously near them. Helen Adeline jumped to her feet with a sudden exclamation.

"It's the poor!" she said, excitedly. "For your money, Genevieve Maud. I told them to come. Get the bank, Gracie, an' she mus' give it all away!"

Grace departed promptly on her errand, but there was some delay in opening the bank when she returned—an interval filled pleasantly by the visitors with interested scrutiny of the shameless Genevieve Maud, whose airy unconsciousness of her unconventional appearance uniquely attested her youth. When the money finally came, rolling out in pennies, five-cent pieces, and rare dimes, the look of good-natured wonder in the old black

eyes peering wolfishly over the hedge changed quickly to one of keen cupidity, but the children saw nothing of this. Helen Adeline divided the money as evenly as she could into four little heaps.

"It's all she has," she explained, grandly, "so she's got to give it all to you, 'cos riches is poms an' ruins souls. Give it, Genevieve Maud," she continued, magnanimously surrendering the centre of the stage to the novice in the simple life.

Genevieve Maud handed it over with a fat and dirty little paw, and the women and the lame boy took it uncritically, with words of thanks and even with friendly smiles. Strangely enough, there was no quarrelling among themselves over the distribution of the spoils. For one golden moment they were touched and softened by the gift of the baby hand that gave its all so generously. Then the wisdom of a speedy disappearance struck them and they faded away, leaving the quiet street again deserted. Helen Adeline drew a long breath as the bright gleam of their kerchiefs disappeared around a corner.

"That's good," she exclaimed, contentedly. "Now what else can we make her do?"

The two pair of eyes rested meditatively on the unconscious little sister, again lost to her surroundings in the construction of her twenty-third mud pie. Not even the surrender of her fortune beguiled her from this unleavened joy of the simple life. "We've made her do 'most everything, I guess," admitted Grace Margaret, with evident reluctance. It appeared so, indeed. Stripped of her clothing, her money, and her toys, it would seem that little in the way of earthly possessions was left to Genevieve Maud; but even as they looked again, Grace Margaret had an inspiration.

"Don't they work when they have simple lives?" she asked, abruptly.

"Course they work."

"Then let's have Genevieve Maud do our work!"

There was silence for a moment—silence filled with the soul-satisfying enjoyment of a noble conception.

"Grace Margaret Davenport," said Helen, solemnly, "you're a smart girl!" She exhaled a happy sigh, and added: "Course we'll let her! She must work.

She can water the geraniums for you an' the pansies for me, an' gather up the croquet things for me an' take them in, an' fill Rover's water-basin, an' get seed for the birds, an' pick up all the paper an' leaves on the lawn."

It is to be deplored that the active and even strenuous life thus outlined did not for the moment appeal to Genevieve Maud when they brought its attractions to her attention. The afternoon was fading, and Genevieve Maud was beginning to fade too; her active little feet were tired and her fat legs seemed to curve more in her weariness of well-doing; but the awful threat of being left out of the game still held, and she struggled bravely with her task, while the two arch-conspirators reposed languidly and surveyed her efforts from beneath the willow-tree.

"It 'll be her bedtime pretty soon," suggested Helen Adeline, the suspicion of a guilty conscience lurking in the remark. "She can have her bread and milk like she always does—that's simple 'nuff. But do you think she ought to sleep in that handsome brass crib?"

Grace Margaret did not think so, but she was sadly puzzled to find a substitute.

"Mamma won't let her sleep anywhere else, either," she pointed out.

"Mamma won't know."

"Annie or Katie will know—p'r'aps."

The "p'r'aps" was tentative. Annie and Katie had taken full advantage of the liberty attending the illness of their mistress, and their policy with the children was one of masterly inactivity. So long as the children were quiet they were presumably good and hence, to a surety, undisturbed. Still, it is hardly possible that even their carelessness would fail to take account of Genevieve Maud's unoccupied bed, if unoccupied it proved to be.

"An' cert'inly papa will know."

Helen Adeline's last hope died with this sudden reminder. She sighed. Of course papa would come to kiss his chicks good night, but that was hours hence. Much could be done in those hours. Her problem was suddenly simplified, for even as she bent her brows and pondered, Grace Margaret called her attention to an alluring picture behind her. Under the shelter of a blossoming white hydrangea lay Genevieve Maud fast asleep. It was

a dirty and an exhausted Genevieve Maud, worn with the heat and toil of the day, scratched by bush and brier, but wonderfully appealing in her helplessness—so appealing, that Helen Adeline's heart yearned over her. She conquered the momentary weakness.

"I think," she suggested, casually, "she ought to sleep in the barn."

Grace Margaret gasped.

"It ain't a simple life sleepin' in lovely gardens," continued the authority, with simple but thrilling conviction. "An'—wasn't the Infant Jesus born in barns?"

Grace Margaret essayed a faint protest.

"Papa won't like it," she began, feebly.

"He won't know. Course we won't let her *stay* there! But just a little while, to make it finish right—the way it ought to be."

The holding up of such lofty ideals of consistency conquered Grace Margaret—so thoroughly, in fact, that she helped to carry the sleeping Genevieve Maud not only to the barn, but even, in a glorious inspiration, to Rover's kennel—a roomy habitation and beautifully clean. The pair deposited the still sleeping innocent there and stepped back to survey the effect. Helen Adeline drew a long breath of satisfaction. "Well," she said, with the content of an artist surveying the perfect work, "if that ain't simple lives, I don't know what it is!"

They stole out of the place and into the house. The shadows lengthened on the floor of the big barn, and the voices of children in the street beyond grew fainter and finally died away. Lights began to twinkle in neighboring windows. Rover, returning from his friendly visit, sought his home, approached its entrance confidently, and retreated with a low growl. The baby slept on, and the dog, finally recognizing his playmate, stretched himself before the entrance of his kennel and loyally mounted guard, with a puzzled look in his faithful brown eyes. The older children, lost in agreeable conversation and the attractions of baked apples and milk toast, forgot Genevieve Maud and the flying hours.

It was almost dark when their father came home, and after a visit to the bedside of his wife, looked to the welfare of his children. The expression on the faces of the two older ones as they sud-

denly grasped the fact of his presence explained in part the absence of the third. Mr. Davenport had enjoyed the advantages of eleven years of daily association with his daughter Helen Adeline.

"Where is she?" he asked, briefly, with a slight prickling of the scalp.

In solemn procession, in their nighties, they led him to her side; and the peace of the perfumed night as they passed through the garden was broken with explanations and mutual recriminations and expressions of unavailing regret. Rover rose as they approached and looked up into his master's eyes, wagging his tail in eager welcome.

"Here she is," he seemed to say. "It's all right. I looked after her."

The father's eyes grew dim as he patted the dog's fine head and lifted the naked baby in his arms. Her little body was cold, and she shivered as she awoke and looked at him. Then she gazed down into the conscience-stricken faces of her sisters and memory returned. It drew from her one of her rare spontaneous remarks.

"Don't yike simple lives," announced Genevieve Maud, with considerable firmness. "Don't yant to play any more."

"You shall not, my babykins," promised her father, huskily. "No more simple life for Genevieve Maud, you may be sure."

Later, after the hot bath and the supper which both her father and the trained nurse had supervised, Genevieve Maud was tucked cozily away in the little brass crib which had earlier drawn out the stern disapproval of her sisters. Her round face shone with cold cream. A silver mug, full of milk, stood beside her bed, on her suggestion that she might become "firsty" during the night. Finding the occasion one of unlimited indulgence and concession, she had demanded and secured the privilege of wearing her best nightgown—one resplendent with a large pink bow. In her hand she clasped a fat cookie.

Helen Adeline and Grace Margaret surveyed this sybaritic scene from the outer darkness of the hall.

"Look at her poor perishin' body full of comforts," sighed Helen Adeline, dismally. Then, with concentrated bitterness, "I s'pose we'll never dare to even *think* 'bout her soul again!"

William Dean Howells

BY MARK TWAIN

IS it true that the sun of a man's mentality touches noon at forty and then begins to wane toward setting? Dr. Osler is charged with saying so. Maybe he said it, maybe he didn't; I don't know which it is. But if he said it, and if it is true, I can point him to a case which proves his rule. Proves it by being an exception to it. To this place I nominate Mr. Howells.

I read his *Venetian Days* about forty years ago. I compare it with his paper on Machiavelli in a late number of *Harper*, and I cannot find that his English has suffered any impairment. For forty years his English has been to me a continual delight and astonishment. In the sustained exhibition of certain great qualities—clearness, compression, verbal exactness, and unforced and seemingly unconscious felicity of phrasing—he is, in my belief, without his peer in the English-writing world. *Sustained*. I intrench myself behind that protecting word. There are others who exhibit those great qualities as greatly as does he, but only by intervalled distributions of rich moonlight, with stretches of veiled and dimmer landscape between; whereas Howells's moon sails cloudless skies all night and all the nights.

In the matter of verbal exactness Mr. Howells has no superior, I suppose. He seems to be almost always able to find that elusive and shifty grain of gold, the *right word*. Others have to put up with approximations, more or less frequently; he has better luck. To me, the others are miners working with the goldpan—of necessity some of the gold washes over and escapes; whereas, in my fancy, he is quicksilver raiding down a raffle—no grain of the metal stands much chance of eluding him. A powerful agent is the right word: it lights the reader's way and makes it plain; a close approximation to it will answer, and much travelling is done in a well-enough

fashion by its help, but we do not welcome it and applaud it and rejoice in it as we do when *the* right one blazes out on us. Whenever we come upon one of those intensely right words in a book or a newspaper the resulting effect is physical as well as spiritual, and electrically prompt: it tingles exquisitely around through the walls of the mouth and tastes as tart and crisp and good as the autumn-butter that creams the sumac-berry. One has no time to examine the word and vote upon its rank and standing, the automatic recognition of its supremacy is so immediate. There is a plenty of acceptable literature which deals largely in approximations, but it may be likened to a fine landscape seen through the rain; the right word would dismiss the rain, then you would see it better. It doesn't rain when Howells is at work.

And where does he get the easy and effortless flow of his speech? and its cadenced and undulating rhythm? and its architectural felicities of construction, its graces of expression, its pemmican quality of compression, and all that? Born to him, no doubt. All in shining good order in the beginning, all extraordinary; and all just as shining, just as extraordinary to-day, after forty years of diligent wear and tear and use. He passed his fortieth year long and long ago; but I think his English of to-day—his perfect English, I wish to say—can throw down the glove before his English of that antique time and not be afraid.

I will go back to the paper on Machiavelli now, and ask the reader to examine this passage from it which I append. I do not mean, examine it in a bird's-eye way; I mean search it, study it. And, of course, read it aloud. I may be wrong, still it is my conviction that one cannot get out of finely wrought literature all that is in it by reading it mutely:

Mr. Dyer is rather of the opinion, first luminously suggested by Macaulay, that Machiavelli was in earnest, but must not be judged as a political moralist of our time and race would be judged. He thinks that Machiavelli was in earnest, as none but an idealist can be, and he is the first to imagine him an idealist immersed in realities, who involuntarily transmutes the events under his eye into something like the visionary issues of reverie. The Machiavelli whom he depicts does not cease to be politically a republican and socially a just man because he holds up an atrocious despot like Cæsar Borgia as a mirror for rulers. What Machiavelli beheld round him in Italy was a civic disorder in which there was oppression without statecraft, and revolt without patriotism. When a miscreant like Borgia appeared upon the scene and reduced both tyrants and rebels to an apparent quiescence, he might very well seem to such a dreamer the savior of society whom a certain sort of dreamers are always looking for. Machiavelli was no less honest when he honored the diabolical force of Cæsar Borgia than Carlyle was when at different times he extolled the strong man who destroys liberty in creating order. But Carlyle has only just ceased to be mistaken for a reformer, while it is still Machiavelli's hard fate to be so trammelled in his material that his name stands for whatever is most malevolent and perfidious in human nature.

You see how easy and flowing it is; how unvexed by ruggednesses, clumsinesses, broken metres; how simple and—so far as you or I can make out—unstudied; how clear, how limpid, how understandable, how unconfused by cross-currents, eddies, undertows; how seemingly unadorned, yet is all adornment, like the lily-of-the-valley; and how compressed, how compact, without a complacency-signal hung out anywhere to call attention to it.

There are thirty-four lines in the quoted passage. After reading it several times aloud, one perceives that a good deal of matter is crowded into that small space. I think it is a model of compactness. When I take its materials apart and work them over and put them together in my way I find I cannot crowd the result back into the same hole, there not being room enough. I find it a case of a woman packing a man's trunk: he can get the things out, but he can't ever get them back again.

The proffered paragraph is a just and fair sample; the rest of the article is as compact as it is; there are no waste words. The sample is just in other ways: limpid, fluent, graceful, and rhythmical as it is, it holds no superiority in these respects over the rest of the essay. Also, the choice phrasing noticeable in the sample is not lonely; there is a plenty of its kin distributed through the other paragraphs. This is claiming much when that kin must face the challenge of a phrase like the one in the middle sentence: "an idealist immersed in realities, who involuntarily transmutes the events under his eye into something like the visionary issues of reverie." With a hundred words to do it with, the literary artisan could catch that airy thought and tie it down and reduce it to a concrete condition, visible, substantial, understandable and all right, like a cabbage; but the artist does it with twenty, and the result is a flower.

The quoted phrase, like a thousand others that have come from the same source, has the quality of certain scraps of verse which take hold of us and stay in our memories, we do not understand why, at first: all the words being the right words, none of them is conspicuous, and so they all seem inconspicuous, therefore we wonder what it is about them that makes their message take hold.

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

It is like a dreamy strain of moving music, with no sharp notes in it. The words are all "right" words, and all the same size. We do not notice it at first. We get the effect, it goes straight home to us, but we do not know why. It is when the right words are conspicuous that they thunder—

The glory that was Greece and the grandeur
that was Rome!

When I go back from Howells old to Howells young I find him arranging and clustering English words well, but not any better than now. He is not more felicitous in concreting abstractions now.

than he was in translating, then, the visions of the eye of flesh into words that reproduced their forms and colors:

In Venetian streets they give the fallen snow no rest. It is at once shovelled into the canals by hundreds of half-naked *facchini*; and now in St. Mark's Place the music of innumerable shovels smote upon my ear; and I saw the shivering legion of poverty as it engaged the elements in a struggle for the possession of the Piazza. But the snow continued to fall, and through the twilight of the descending flakes all this toil and encounter looked like that weary kind of effort in dreams, when the most determined industry seems only to renew the task. The lofty crest of the bell-tower was hidden in the folds of falling snow, and I could no longer see the golden angel upon its summit. But looked at across the Piazza, the beautiful outline of St. Mark's Church was perfectly pencilled in the air, and the shifting threads of the snowfall were woven into a spell of novel enchantment around the structure that always seemed to me too exquisite in its fantastic loveliness to be anything but the creation of magic. The tender snow had compassionated the beautiful edifice for all the wrongs of time, and so hid the stains and ugliness of decay that it looked as if just from the hand of the builder—or, better said, just from the brain of the architect. There was marvellous freshness in the colors of the mosaics in the great arches of the façade, and all that gracious harmony into which the temple rises, of marble scrolls and leafy exuberance airily supporting the statues of the saints, was a hundred times etherealized by the purity and whiteness of the drifting flakes. The snow lay lightly on the golden globes that tremble like peacock-crests above the vast domes, and plumed them with softest white; it robed the saints in ermine; and it danced over all its work, as if exulting in its beauty—beauty which filled me with subtle, selfish yearning to keep such evanescent loveliness for the little-while-longer of my whole life, and with despair to think that even the poor lifeless shadow of it could never be fairly reflected in picture or poem.

Through the wavering snowfall, the Saint Theodore upon one of the granite pillars of the Piazzetta did not show so grim as his wont is, and the winged lion on the other might have been a winged lamb, so gentle and mild he looked by the tender light of the storm. The towers of the island churches loomed faint and far away in the dimness; the sailors in the rigging of the ships that lay in the Basin wrought like phantoms

among the shrouds; the gondolas stole in and out of the opaque distance more noiselessly and dreamily than ever; and a silence, almost palpable, lay upon the mutest city in the world.

The spirit of Venice is there: of a city where Age and Decay, fagged with distributing damage and repulsiveness among the other cities of the planet in accordance with the policy and business of their profession, come for rest and play between seasons, and treat themselves to the luxury and relaxation of sinking the shop and inventing and squandering charms all about, instead of abolishing such as they find, as is their habit when not on vacation.

In the working season they do business in Boston sometimes, and a character in *The Undiscovered Country* takes accurate note of pathetic effects wrought by them upon the aspects of a street of once dignified and elegant homes whose occupants have moved away and left them a prey to neglect and gradual ruin and progressive degradation; a descent which reaches bottom at last, when the street becomes a roost for humble professionals of the faith-cure and fortune-telling sort.

What a queer, melancholy house, what a queer, melancholy street! I don't think I was ever in a street before where quite so many professional ladies, with English surnames, preferred Madam to Mrs. on their door-plates. And the poor old place has such a desperately conscious air of going to the deuce. Every house seems to wince as you go by, and button itself up to the chin for fear you should find out it had no shirt on,—so to speak. I don't know what's the reason, but these material tokens of a social decay afflict me terribly: a tipsy woman isn't dreadfulest than a haggard old house, that's once been a home, in a street like this.

Mr. Howells's pictures are not mere stiff, hard, accurate photographs; they are photographs with feeling in them, and sentiment, photographs taken in a dream, one might say.

As concerns his humor, I will not try to say anything, yet I would try if I had the words that might approximately reach up to its high place. I do not think any one else can play with humor-

ous fancies so gracefully and delicately and deliciously as he does, nor has so many to play with, nor can come so near making them look as if they were doing the playing themselves and he was not aware that they were at it. For they are unobtrusive, and quiet in their ways, and well conducted. His is a humor which flows softly all around about and over and through the mesh of the page, pervasive, refreshing, health-giving, and makes no more show and no more noise than does the circulation of the blood.

There is another thing which is contentingly noticeable in Mr. Howells's books. That is his "stage directions"—those artifices which authors employ to throw a kind of human naturalness around a scene and a conversation, and help the reader to see the one and get at meanings in the other which might not be perceived if intrusted unexplained to the bare words of the talk. Some authors overdo the stage directions, they elaborate them quite beyond necessity; they spend so much time and take up so much room in telling us how a person said a thing and how he looked and acted when he said it that we get tired and vexed and wish he hadn't said it at all. Other authors' directions are brief enough, but it is seldom that the brevity contains either wit or information. Writers of this school go in rags, in the matter of stage directions; the majority of them have nothing in stock but a cigar, a laugh, a blush, and a bursting into tears. In their poverty they work these sorry things to the bone. They say:

" . . . replied Alfred, flipping the ash from his cigar." (This explains nothing; it only wastes space.)

" . . . responded Richard, with a laugh." (There was nothing to laugh about; there never is. The writer puts it in from habit—automatically; he is paying no attention to his work, or he would see that there is nothing to laugh at; often, when a remark is unusually and poignantly flat and silly, he tries to deceive the reader by enlarging the stage direction and making Richard break into "frenzies of uncontrollable laughter." This makes the reader sad.)

" . . . murmured Gladys, blushing." This poor old shop-worn blush is a tiresome thing. We get so we would rather

Gladys would fall out of the book and break her neck than do it again. She is always doing it, and usually irrelevantly. Whenever it is her turn to murmur she hangs out her blush; it is the only thing she's got. In a little while we hate her, just as we do Richard.

" . . . repeated Evelyn, bursting into tears." This kind keep a book damp all the time. They can't say a thing without crying. They cry so much about nothing that by and by when they have something to cry *about* they have gone dry; they sob, and fetch nothing; we are not moved. We are only glad.

They gravel me, these stale and overworked stage directions, these carbon films that got burnt out long ago and cannot now carry any faintest thread of light. It would be well if they could be relieved from duty and flung out in the literary back yard to rot and disappear along with the discarded and forgotten "steeds" and "halidomes" and similar stage-properties once so dear to our grandfathers. But I am friendly to Mr. Howells's stage directions; more friendly to them than to any one else's, I think. They are done with a competent and discriminating art, and are faithful to the requirements of a stage direction's proper and lawful office, which is to inform. Sometimes they convey a scene and its conditions so well that I believe I could see the scene and get the spirit and meaning of the accompanying dialogue if some one would read merely the stage directions to me and leave out the talk. For instance, a scene like this, from *The Undiscovered Country*:

" . . . and she laid her arms with a beseeching gesture on her father's shoulder."

" . . . she answered, following his gesture with a glance."

" . . . she said, laughing nervously."

" . . . she asked, turning swiftly upon him that strange, searching glance."

" . . . she answered, vaguely."

" . . . she reluctantly admitted."

" . . . but her voice died wearily away, and she stood looking into his face with puzzled entreaty."

Mr. Howells does not repeat his forms, and does not need to; he can invent fresh ones without limit. It is mainly the repetition over and over again, by the third-

rates, of worn and commonplace and juiceless forms that makes their novels such a weariness and vexation to us, I think. We do not mind one or two deliveries of their wares, but as we turn the pages over and keep on meeting them we presently get tired of them and wish they would do other things for a change:

" replied Alfred, flipping the ash from his cigar."

" responded Richard, with a laugh."

" murmured Gladys, blushing."

" repeated Evelyn, bursting into tears."

" replied the Earl, flipping the ash from his cigar."

" responded the undertaker, with a laugh."

" murmured the chambermaid, blushing."

" repeated the burglar, bursting into tears."

" replied the conductor, flipping the ash from his cigar."

" responded Arkwright, with a laugh."

" murmured the chief of police, blushing."

" repeated the housecat, bursting into tears."

And so on and so on; till at last it ceases to excite. I always notice stage directions, because they fret me and keep me trying to get out of their way, just as the automobiles do. At first; then by and by they become monotonous and I get run over.

Mr. Howells has done much work, and the spirit of it is as beautiful as the make of it. I have held him in admiration and affection so many years that I know by the number of those years that he is old now; but his heart isn't, nor his pen; and years do not count. Let him have plenty of them: there is profit in them for us.



Blossom-Tide

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

THROUGH the forlorn and tangled wilderness
That was my garden once, you went with me;
I knowing well how bleak and flowerless
A place it was, for your dear eyes to see.

In after-hours I marvelled that no word
Of withered leaves and paths long overgrown,
Or musing wonder and regret, I heard;
So I returned again to it, alone.

And all its ways are fair with tender green;
The hedges bloom around my garden-close.
Here, where you smiled, the sweet white lilies lean,—
And where your lips met mine, a perfect rose!

Radium and Life

BY C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E.

TIME was when men thought that ordinary "dead" matter was "inert" and "gross" and "brute": and that the difference between living matter and lifeless clay depended upon the fact that the former was vivified and informed by a mysterious entity called life.

The old materialism accepted the one view, and the old vitalism the other. Here and there a man of insight denied the truth of both propositions alike, but it was not until quite the latter times that the old materialism and the old vitalism became hopelessly untenable. It is perhaps radium the revealer that has opened our eyes. In the first place it has shown us that, Plato notwithstanding, matter is not brute nor inert nor gross. Radium itself is a form of matter, yet it displays the most potent and ceaseless and stupendous activities with which the mind of man has yet made acquaintance. I use the last adjective advisedly, and not without memory of the flying stars, whose motion is stupendous merely on account of its magnitude, whereas radioactivity impresses us because of its quality, transcending anything heretofore conceived. Space fails me for the present elaboration of this high argument.

For our present purpose let us take it merely that the old materialism is no longer tenable. But since we must now regard matter—even "lifeless" matter—as the seat of incessant, manifold, potent, and seemingly self-caused activities, our attitude towards the problem offered us by living matter must undergo a profound alteration.

The old vitalism was never tired of pointing the contrast between the spontaneous activities of living matter, and the dull, gross, impotent inertia of dead matter. But when we have revised our notion of dead matter, when once, for instance, we have looked through a spin-

thariscopes,* we listen to the vitalist as they listen who hear a twice-told tale. He tells us, for instance, in the definition of St. Thomas Aquinas, that *life is self-movement*, and bids us contrast the spontaneous motion of a fly with the evident immobility of the window-pane; but we have looked into the window-pane as well as through it, have looked with the eye of the mind, opened to that which the bodily eye can never see, and we know that the window-pane itself is the seat of a thousand activities, apparently as spontaneous as the fly's, and certainly no less important because of less obvious magnitude. Thus we find more incredible than ever the vitalist's assertion of a "vital force," mystic, wonderful, which he postulates as necessary for the explanation of the phenomena displayed by living matter. What have he and his definitions to say to the spinthariscopes—in which we see "dead radium" displaying what suggests eternal life. He is as obsolete as the materialist of thirty years ago; he assumes the non-existent, he ignores the actual, and we will have none of him.

That is the position of thinking men to-day. More and more do they hesitate to believe that there is a difference in kind between living and so-called lifeless matter. If anything in the world is alive, is not radium alive? But whilst we may hold some such philosophic creed, we have our trials of faith, like all who claim to that which is beyond immediate demonstration; for despite our opinions as to the ultimate identity between the living and the lifeless, despite our generalizations concerning continuity in nature, despite our assertion that in the last resort *tout est miracle*, as Pasteur said, and that therefore we have no need for special miracles, we find ourselves confronted with what would appear to

* See the author's article, "Radium the Revealer," in this Magazine for June, 1904.

be a yawning abyss between living organisms and inorganic nature—an abyss which will comfortably accommodate all our generalizations, without gaping one iota the less therefor. If what is generally understood by spontaneous generation be a myth, if *omne vivum ex vivo* be true, if no living thing ever arises from lifeless matter, if every organism, lowly or exalted, owes its being to a living parent, if there is indeed this great gulf fixed between the living and the lifeless, if we cannot bridge it nor deny its existence, and if we accept the unequivocal assertions of physics and geology that the earth was once incapable of sustaining what we call life—then indeed the vitalists must be right; and since it only alters the *locale* of our problem to suppose with Lord Kelvin that the first germs of life were borne to this planet on a meteorite from the “moss-grown ruins of another world,” we must believe that, despite our engaging generalizations, there must be an absolute distinction, a difference of essence as the schoolmen would have said, between organic and inorganic nature.

Thus radium and its revelations would seem to have led us merely from one difficulty to another. Though it clearly showed us that the old conceptions of matter were bred of mysticism or ignorance, and that even inorganic matter is in a sense very much alive, yet it had done nothing to demonstrate that what every one admits to be living matter can be evolved by natural processes, and in our own times, from what is usually described as lifeless matter. Radium may have taught us that the difference between the two kinds of matter, so far as we can judge, is only one of degree; but, nevertheless, if living organisms never arise *de novo*, but always and necessarily from living parents, if no known device will ensure the development of admittedly living things in materials from which all admitted life has been excluded, then it would appear that the distinction made by the vitalists is a real one, dependent not—as we are inclined to assert—upon a difference in degree, but upon a difference in kind.

The reader, however, must have already become acquainted with the outstanding facts of the recent experiments

conducted by Mr. Butler Burke at the Cavendish Laboratory of the University of Cambridge, the methods and results of which I have had the opportunity of carefully studying. In a word, Mr. Burke appears to have shown that organisms which, could they claim the ordinary parentage of organisms, would certainly be regarded as alive, are developed in sterilized bouillon when this is exposed to the action of a small quantity of a salt of radium. My purpose in the present article is by no means to enter at any length into the details of Mr. Burke's experiments, but rather to consider one or two salient points in the history, and especially what may be called for convenience the philosophy, of this controversy. The first and most striking of these points, as it seems to me, is the historical contrast, already noted, between the old conceptions which gave rise to vitalism and the crude materialism, and the new conceptions, profoundly altering our view of matter and utterly disorganizing the accepted definitions of life.

Ignoring, then, the various arguments as to possible contamination of Mr. Burke's test-tubes, imperfect sterilization, and the like, let us consider the second point upon which it is the purpose of this article to insist: the question of the definition of life. St. Thomas Aquinas had no difficulty in framing a definition; he accepted the conception of matter which his great master Aristotle had in turn derived from his master Plato. Once given this conception of matter as inert and impotent, the conception of life can easily be defined. But we have changed, and our definition of life daily becomes more dubious, more obscure, more ill-defined. Let us consider the case by taking the concrete illustration of Mr. Burke's radiobes.

In the first place, radiobes certainly do not *wriggle*; the movement they display is not at all of the kind that was in the mind of Aquinas, nor of the kind that is in the mind of the child who argues that because a mechanical toy jumps it is alive. Movement, indeed, they display, but it is not movement of translation from place to place, but the movement of what I will certainly call growth, and the movement of what it seems necessary to call reproduction.

But crystals grow, and we must therefore dismiss the question of movement from our definition. We might turn to sentiency as our criterion, spontaneous movement having failed us—how signally, let the contrast between these quiet radiobes and the hurry-scurry of radium attest. But a little consideration will show that sentiency as a criterion of life is inadequate. If one cares to employ terms of sentiency, they can be applied alike to two lovers rushing into one another's arms, or to two atoms, one of carbon and one of oxygen, rushing together to form carbonic oxide. Similarly, if it be desired to exclude sentiency, the lovers' ecstasy, and the atomic union, can alike be described in mechanical terms. Controversialists still persist in changing the metaphor, either one way or the other, according as they desire to prove that everything is mechanical, or that everything is conscious; but anything can be proved by metaphor, and in the search for Truth there is little place for symbolism and none for its abuse. We must entirely exclude the idea of sentiency or consciousness from our definition of life, as we have already excluded the idea of self-movement. We need not waste our time in arguing that life is the "sum of the forces that resist death." We may dismiss that helpful suggestion of the great vitalist. Nor do I think that enough help is afforded by the famous definition of Schelling that "life is the principle of individuation or the power which unites a given all into a *whole*." Individuation Mr. Burke's radiobes certainly display; but so do crystals.

Mr. Burke himself, perhaps because he is not a biologist, is acquainted with the biological thinking of Herbert Spencer—yet to be discovered by biologists in general—and he has summoned to his aid in this matter what is by far the most profound and philosophic definition of life ever framed: "the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations." In the light of this definition Mr. Burke's radiobes must be regarded as alive, for they not merely grow, not merely divide, but they divide in a fashion indistinguishable, so far as can be made out, from the division of admittedly living organisms. Their

behavior at this point in what one is inclined to call their life history answers with the utmost precision to the description of the vital character as seen by Herbert Spencer.

Are these radiobes, then, certainly alive? Ere we answer the question, let us consider the reputed behavior of an atom of radium. It is the theatre of the most complicated activities, which constantly modify the internal relations of its parts. But the atom of radium has an environment: if we consider any entity we please, the rest of the universe is its environment. Now in the case we are considering, as in every other case, the environment—that which is "external" in Spencer's definition—has its own relations; and to deny that these external relations must affect the internal relations of the atom we are considering is to deny that that atom is part of a truly named universe. As far as I can see, the case of the radium atom, as described by the physicists of to-day, answers to the definition of life conceived by Herbert Spencer; whence I am inclined to infer, not that the definition is worthless, but rather that it expresses merely a character found in all the cosmic activities, but in a higher degree accordingly as we ascend from the inorganic to the organic, and from the lowliest forms of life to the highest yet evolved. In other words, it appears to me that there is no *differentia* of life, as Aquinas would say, that can be maintained to-day.

Meanwhile the controversies continue, some people saying that radiobes are alive, and others that they are not alive. Why these differences of opinion? Why but because men have no agreement as to the definition of life? If only that is alive which wriggles, a radiobe is not alive; if only that is alive which feels, it has yet to be shown that a primitive form of sentiency is not omnipresent in matter; if only that entity is alive which changes its internal relations in accordance with corresponding changes in its surroundings, it has yet to be shown that any entity sufficiently distinct to answer to the definition I have already quoted from Schelling does not exhibit this adjustment. And so it goes; it is impossible to say that radiobes are alive

or not alive. The very question already begs a previous and infinitely more important question. We must define life, and since no one need accept any one else's definition of life, nor need adhere to his own any longer than he pleases, we are likely never to reach any possibility of returning a definite answer to the particular question concerning Mr. Burke's radiobes.

But that particular question is not worth answering: it should never have been put, for when we come to look into the matter we find that it is meaningless. Radiobes are alive or not alive just according as you hold this or that notion of life; and there is no good reason for holding one notion rather than another. Vitalists, new and old, may be challenged to produce a definition of life which cannot be shown to be applicable alike to a man, an oak, a star, a stone, or an atom. This seems a bold thing to say, and especially so when we remember the existence of the unquestioned fact called Death. If life is universal, there can be no death. A full discussion of this argument would lead us too far afield, but I am bound to note its importance, and must merely observe that the conception of death may be analyzed, and seems to yield the idea not of destruction or annihilation, but of *disintegration*, an immeasurably different thing. Some of my friends say to me, "This is all very well; but why not tell us plainly whether you attach any meaning at all to the word life? and, if you do, are these radiobes alive or are they not?" I answer that I do attach a meaning to the word life, and that whilst it seems impossible to discern any element of truth whatever in the definition of Aquinas, and whilst there is no proof that in the last resort sentiency is a criterion, yet I would say that to me life is *a relative term*, containing an idea which is represented in the definitions of Schelling and of Spencer. Not only, however, in what are commonly called living things, but everywhere I seem to see, in some measure, the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations: everywhere I see, in some measure, the principle of individuation. Both of these processes seem to me to be implied in the original definition of

universal evolution framed by its discoverer, Herbert Spencer. Moreover, it seems to me that there are degrees in the perfection of this continuous adjustment and this individuation, degrees of wide variation.

In this sense, whilst all things are alive, they vary in the perfection and the measure of their life; and a bacillus, for instance, displays less life than a man, but more life than a crystal. If this conception be valid, it should be possible for us to discover, somewhere, entities which fill in the gap between, let us say, a crystal of carbonate of lime and the bacillus of tuberculosis. If each of these represents a stage in an orderly and continuous evolution, uninterrupted by miracle since all is truly miraculous, there should surely be traces somewhere discoverable of stages that lie between these two. That there is a great gap between them no one will dispute, and least of all the champions of biological orthodoxy. Now it seems to me that radiobes, together with certain other bodies that might be named, perform this great service of providing us in large measure with those missing links the inconspicuousness of which (whether owing to their brief duration or to some other cause) has furnished a greater difficulty in relation to this tremendous question than the absence of the so-called "missing link" in the strikingly and significantly analogous case of the relation of the highest of all known organisms to those organisms which lie next in order beneath him, but which seem to be separated from him by many stages, unrepresented in the categories of the naturalist.

If these considerations should maintain their claim to be sound, Mr. Burke and his radiobes will have done far more for science, and for divine philosophy herself, than was asserted even by the most ignorant of his commentators. Obviously he has told us nothing as to the origin of life, because in the first place his experiments offer no correspondence at all to the conditions which must have obtained on this planet, hundreds of millions of years ago, when its temperature became low enough to permit of the existence of water in liquid form, and the formation of those first entities

which corresponded to what we are pleased to distinguish as living matter. In the second place, there is no evidence, though the likelihood of it cannot be entirely excluded, that salts of radium were present upon this cooling earth of æons ago, in any proportion comparable to that of the radium in Mr. Burke's test-tubes. More important still, it is evident that even should Mr. Burke carry out his proposal to prepare tubes of sterilized gelatin inoculated with sterilized earth, and have them examined at intervals of two or three thousand years, and even should these tubes display to posterity living organisms generated by the influence of the radioactive earth upon the beef gelatin—the experiment would still leave men unsatisfied. Its success would not explain the origin of life in the past, and would not explain the origin of life in the present, if we assume that spontaneous generation is no myth, but is constantly occurring everywhere to-day. His experiment would be irrelevant, since not only the experimenter but also his beef gelatin are themselves products of life. This most serious criticism cannot be met by the argument that chemists can now build up substances not dissimilar to beef gelatin, by laboratory manipulation of their very elements, for there were neither laboratories nor chemists upon the earth ten thousand, let alone five hundred million years ago; and, moreover, the processes by which chemists, in defiance of the old vitalism which asserted that organic compounds can be formed only

by the action of living matter, succeed in synthesizing artificial albumens, differ as the poles from the methods by which these organic compounds are built up by that wisest and oldest of chemists, living protoplasm.

These considerations make it evident that Mr. Burke, even though the utmost be conceded to him—far more, indeed, than he claims for himself—has not demonstrated or explained the origin of life. What he has accomplished, however, is signal enough: he has gone far to show that spontaneous generation occurs in the world to-day, as Dr. Charlton Bastian has maintained for a third of a century in the teeth of universal opposition. And he has given us in radiobes an illustration of entities—I do not know, indeed, why I should not call them organisms—which serve to demonstrate the essential continuity between inorganic and organic nature: a continuity denial of which is denial of the meaning, the lesson of all the knowledge that man has accumulated since he began to think. Hence I maintain that life must be looked upon, henceforth, as *a relative term*, and I will maintain, further, that whoso believes the universe to be a universe indeed and no multiverse must think with me.

It must surely be evident that since the discovery of radium and radioactivity the problem of life has definitely entered upon a new phase. There seems to be scarcely any department of natural inquiry wherein we may not fitly speak of radium the revealer.

The Haunted Moon

BY JOHN B. TABB

STILL closer doth she cowl with night
 Her visage white
 To hide her from the spectre gray
 Of yesterday,
 Deep-buried in its sepulchre
 To all but her.

The Torch of Life

BY ALICE BROWN

“MR. HARRY has come, miss,” said the maid, hurrying in, with deepened color, to announce a name dedicated in that household to general worship.

Miss Evelyn May, Harry’s great-aunt, given over to a mild enjoyment of the sunny morning-room, laid down her book and turned upon the woman a face of amazed interrogation.

“Harry? Not Harry! He is in France.”

“Mr. Harry, miss. He’s down in the library. The boat got in at five.”

“Show him up,” said the old lady. There was a warm excitement in her look. “Or, no. Tell him to wait there. I’ll come down.” She rose, shook out her draperies, and turned to the tall glass. This was in many respects an amazing old woman. For one thing, she had resolved early that, although she wrote books, she would never incur the odium earned by a slattern sisterhood. She had been softly pretty in youth, and a fresh good health had lasted her like a magic mantle. Her age was exquisite in its care and finish. All her appointments were significantly fine, yet with no specious hint in them of a desire to push back the hands a point upon the dial. They were of no type save that of beauty. Her small face still held a tinge of pink, her pompadoured hair shone with a lovely lustre, and her white house-dress was a wonder of old lace. The look she gave herself now was critical, not admiring, and she turned away from the glass the moment its use had been accomplished. Then, holding up her draperies in one delicate hand, she went down to the library, where impatiently, in the morning sunshine, Harry was awaiting her. He met her at the door, and kissed both her hands before accepting her proffered welcome. He was tall and brown, with a free glance warm with all the confidence of youth.

“Well, my own child,” said Miss Evelyn, following him to the sofa, where they sat side by side, holding each other’s hands like playmates, “what are you here for?”

“I got in this morning, Aunt Ev.” He said it imploringly. “Don’t scold me.”

“Scold you! I didn’t want you to stay over there. You went for fun. Haven’t you had it?”

“I mean, don’t wonder, don’t think anything is odd. They’ll be here in half an hour.”

“They?”

“I’ve made some friends. I’m bringing them to see you.”

“People you met on the steamer?”

“No, no, Aunt Evelyn,—in France. A French gentleman and—his daughter.” The beautiful ingenuousness of his face, its air of quick appeal, stirred and enlightened her.

“Oh,” she breathed, corroboratively, “his daughter.” Then she laid the other hand on his. “Dear child,” she said, “I’m so glad.”

He was eager to repudiate her approval in its first fulness.

“No,” he insisted, “don’t be glad, not altogether glad—yet. You see, we don’t yet—her grandfather and I—quite hit it off.”

“Her grandfather? Hasn’t she anything nearer?”

“No. She’s in his charge. He approves of me. He likes me, man to man; but he wanted her to marry in France, and so he’s come with me to—well, to look me up, you know. I think he’s nervous about the whole thing. He wants to do his utmost to break it off without taking the responsibility of doing it. He won’t really do it, because he’s a good fellow, and she—well, she won’t let him.”

“No,” said Miss Evelyn, in the most delicately comprehending vein, “I see. She wouldn’t let him.”

The young man gave an awkward little laugh, yet there was a proud assurance in his bearing.

"She's a nice girl, Aunt Evelyn," he said, answering her tone.

"But she isn't over here, too?" suggested Miss Evelyn, interrogatively.

He nodded, his eyes quite glowing with reminiscence of the voyage with her—six days and seven moonlit nights of fun and rhapsody.

"What does she come for? You say she doesn't want to break it off?"

Again he laughed, remembering the Frenchman's unprofitable resistance in the face of a girl's decision.

"He never thought of her coming. She would do it."

"That sounds American. What's her name, dear?"

"Angélique." He gave the name the circumflex of a caress. "Angélique de Trouville."

"Trouville!"

"Yes." His answer to her glance was one of pride. "You've hit it, Aunt Ev. It's the poet's granddaughter."

"Armand de Trouville!" Her voice had the sweep of meanings too manifold for the compass of one word. It made the name eloquent in rich suggestion.

The young man nodded in his pride in having done so admirably toward satisfying her instincts with his own.

"Armand de Trouville," he repeated—"the man that wrote the lyrics. The man that other Frenchman came over here to lecture about when I was in college. Yes, if you please. And I should say he'd be here inside of ten minutes." She looked a blankness of wonder that made him laugh and then consider her. He patted her hand affectionately. "Don't flinch, Aunt Ev," he counselled. "He's a big gun, but no bigger than you. He knows about you, too. I got your books for him, and he read 'em on the steamer. He longs to see you."

The bell rang below, and they continued staring. The woman was white with some unexplained intensity of feeling; the young man quivered with impatience to meet his happy fate. He listened.

"Mary's taking them into the red room," he said. "Angélique is with him." Then, catching the expression of

her face, he added hastily: "But she sha'n't come up. I'll go down and take her to walk while he has his interview."

She smiled a little then. "Is that what modern French girls do?" she asked. "Go to walk alone with young men in strange cities? They didn't do that in the novels."

"Angélique will." He nodded in hilarious confidence. "He won't let her, but she will." Again he put her hands hastily to his lips and hurried out of the room as Mary entered with a card. A moment later Mary appeared again, after her return down-stairs, ushering in Monsieur de Trouville.

Evelyn May had in the mean time not given a thought to her looks or the turbulence of her mind. This was not so much a meeting with a distinguished caller as an incredible spiritual experience, one that might be the commonplace of paradise, but not of earth. She was standing when he entered the room, ready to greet him with a fine composure. He was exactly what she had expected to find him, save that the lustre of the eyes, the point of light in them, was something that even the faithful sun could not produce. He was tall, well poised, and graceful, with a composure of his own. He was spoken of as a giant among Frenchmen, but his size, to her partial mind, contributed to his simplicity and gentleness. The profile, beautiful enough for a coin, the close gray mustache, the iron-gray hair, she was prepared for them all through portraiture, and yet the reality of the man brought her a wistful sense of satisfaction close upon the pangs of youth. He bowed over her hand, and pronounced her full name with "Mademoiselle" prefixed; and then, ceremoniously waiting until he had seen her placed, and even bringing a footstool for her, in quick divination, he seated himself and leaned forward to say, with a sudden smile, and in faultless English made piquant by the slightest accent:

"Your books are beautiful."

"So is your English," she returned, smiling back at him with a sense of old acquaintanceship.

"My mother was an Englishwoman. She had been on the stage. Then, too, I was at Oxford."



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

SHE WENT TO OFFER HIM HER TWO POOR LITTLE BOOKS

"I know."

"You know?" He raised his eyebrows.

"We all know everything about you, monsieur. An author as famous as you lives under glass."

"And you?"—he drew her again into kinship. "Do these clever American people know about you also? Your family tree, what you have for breakfast?"

She met his banter with a laugh.

"Pretty nearly. But there are a great many like me. No one is like you."

He rose to make his bow.

"I thank you, mademoiselle," he said, with the humility she expected of him. Then, as he seated himself, it seemed to be to settle to conclusions barring railery. "I find in you," he continued, with a judicial firmness, looking past her as if he sought an impersonal attitude of mind forbidding intimate interchange,— "I find in your books an extraordinary beauty. They are simple. They are true. If I could have written in English, I should have liked to do them, word for word."

She was breathing faster. Her face had taken on a flush that filled its lines and softened it to a transcript of what it had been years before. She spoke rapidly, her hands accenting the words and speaking with her.

"Listen, monsieur. It is as if you did write them. Forty years ago I had not heard of you. Forty years! How recklessly we speak of years when we are old! Thirty-nine years ago I heard of you for the first time. I was discontented, sad. I was writing books, and nobody wanted them. Then I read your *Souvenir*. It made me over. At once I had hope, courage. The blood came tingling back into my veins. The sun shone in at the window, the birds sang—monsieur, I was alive." Involuntarily she was adopting a style of speech alien to her own. It was as if she tried to make herself more intelligible, not to his ear, but to his mind through little remembered notes, echoes from his own fluent style.

He had caught the fire of her revelation.

"Then," said he, "I will tell you what happened. Your second book came out just before my next one, but they might have been written by the same hand. Not in the style, but the intention. And

so it followed. You have not written as many books as I, but in your essays and my verse we have gone step and step, hand in hand. Is it not so, mademoiselle?"

She answered gently and with a quiet pride, a little smile curving the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, I know that is so! I have always known it."

"I didn't know it until last week, when I began to read your books with—what shall I tell you?—with a boredom, an exasperation, I cannot describe. You were a species I hate—a woman that meddles with the arts to please her vanity, to stultify her heart. Oh, I know, mademoiselle, those women are not all so. There were the great ones. My homage to them. My homage to you also, mademoiselle—to you also."

Again he got up to make his bow, and she rose also and accepted it with a curtsy she never remembered having tried before. But it came naturally. She had a double consciousness of being herself and also a lady in a long hall in France, with garlands upon the wall, and other ladies and other courtly gentlemen, and mirrors all about them reduplicating their graces and their charm. It had all happened before, though perhaps only in her mind, where he had dwelt so long.

"But you knew it," he said, as they again sat regarding each other. "You knew we were twin workfellows?"

"Oh yes!" Again she spoke quietly. "I read you. Everybody did, you were so great. You couldn't have read me possibly. There was never more than one edition of me for any book, and nobody bought that. The likeness between what we said was so great that if your books had come out first, I shouldn't have published mine. Fortunately, in point of time, you kept a step behind me."

"You knew it," he repeated. The tone held an ingenuous reproach. He followed it with the climax: "And you did nothing! If I had been the one to know, I should have come to find you."

"Ah," she breathed, in an involuntary betrayal beyond anything she had imagined in her dreams of what might happen if she should meet him in some other life, "I went and I did not find you."

"You came to France?"



"NO," HE SAID. "DON'T MAKE THAT MISTAKE "

She clasped her hands upon her knee, swaying in her slenderness like a girl. She spoke reflectively, judging from point to point how much to tell.

"I am seventy years old, monsieur."

"That is nothing," he interrupted, gallantly. "I am seventy-one. I am young. We are very young, both of us."

"I am seventy years old. When I read your *Souvenir* and it illuminated my life, I felt perhaps older than I do now. I had loved a man. I thought I loved him, but I presently found out that it was not the man; it was his youth, reinforcing my youth. When I found out what it was to him, I—" She shrugged

her shoulders in a quick distaste. "I do not think of this, monsieur," she continued, with a proud glance at him. "It is tawdry to me, and I do not accept anything tawdry for my life. But at that time it soiled the whole earth. Then I read your book. I said, Here is somebody great enough to guide me. I began to think your thoughts. I walked in the path you had hewn out. Presently my life was reconstructed. You had made me."

"But France," he urged. His eyes also spoke. They had gained in their luminous intensity. They beckoned, they insisted with a force that was the very gentleness of power. "You came to France?"

"I went to France. By that time I fancied I knew you very well. I spent a month in Tours."

"In Tours? A mile away from me!"

She smiled, in wistful memory.

"I waited a week, monsieur. I asked no one about you, and then, in the beginning of your fame, fewer personalities were broadcast about authors than at present, when every farthing dip has its reflector. I knew only that you lived on a beautiful road—ah, yes, I remember the name," she interrupted him, as he was about to form the word. "I walked there every day, only never so far as your château. But one day, after I had been there a week, I started out, my two poor little books in my hand, to make an offering to you. I reached your gate, my feet faltering under me. There was a high garden wall. Before I could ring, I heard a voice behind the wall. It was a woman—singing."

"My wife! It must have been my wife."

"Yes, monsieur. You were married. I had known that, of course, before. Your wife was Lisette, of the Opéra—La Belle Lisette."

"But why did you not ring? Or—you were not admitted?"

"I did not ring, monsieur."

"Why?"

"I don't know," she answered, simply. "I turned back to Tours, and the next week I went home."

He got up and paced the floor from window to window, snatching a glance from each, as he approached it, at the

bright American sky. That day there was no veiling atmosphere. It seemed to him without, as within, a world of clear, bright revelation.

"What year was that?" he asked her, turning suddenly.

She told him.

"My wife left me the next January," he said, curtly. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Everybody heard of it, in France, in America, in England. I was well known enough by that time to have it count." He sat down, and remained there in silence, his hands hanging loosely clasped between his knees, his eyes upon the floor. Presently he looked up at her. "I have not spoken of it," he said, simply, "to any one, till now."

She shook her head, and again there was silence between them, broken at length by his voice, abruptly shaken.

"Have you known about her since?"

"No."

"She died, in Hungary, six years after they went away together. They were happy, I think. She regretted nothing, not even her child. He was with her to the last."

"You had her child?" she ventured.

"Yes. She grew up a kind, stolid creature. She took back to our peasant ancestry. Then when Angélique was born, she died."

"Ah, Angélique! We were to talk of Angélique."

"Dear mademoiselle!" He laughed outright. "How far Angélique seems from the loves and heart-breaks of old years!"

"Yet it is the same," she protested, loyally, with a quick thought of Harry. "It is just the same."

"The spring renews itself, you think. Yet you know as well as I that even the spring is different sometimes. They tell me—your Harry told me—that your American autumn is sometimes yellow, sometimes soft and sere. So with the spring, mademoiselle—so with the spring. Tell me,"—he fixed his eyes upon her in keen interrogation,—“when you knew my wife had left me, were you sorry?"

"I was very sorry. My heart ached for you. I was afraid it would cripple you, your genius, your beautiful art."

"Did it cripple me?"

"No, monsieur. It changed you, but it did not cripple you."

"How was I changed?"

"You were harder. It was the hand of iron that wrote, not the supple, human hand;—ah, Monsieur de Trouville, you clung through everything to your old ideals, but you were no longer confident that they would wear. You used to say, Life is thus. Now you said, Life should be thus. You had lost confidence that it could be."

"You knew me well," he brooded. "You knew me well."

"That was in the essays, where you spoke with voluntary authority; but in your poems the spirit took possession of you and kindled the old flame. I used to smile, monsieur, over the difference. I used to laugh sometimes in triumph, as a mother might over a son who couldn't escape his heritage, and say to myself, 'It is not lost yet.'"

He beat the table beside him, for a moment, with an impatient hand. His brows were clouded. They smoothed out with the conclusion of his thought.

"I will tell you," he said, "some things I have not told anybody. I give you the key, mademoiselle, but only because you have it already—one exactly like it. The great quickener of life, in one form or another, is what we call love."

"Yes, I know."

"It has many forms; but its ecstasy is the love between men and women. That is the blossom, the topmost blossom on the tree of life, remote, defended by a thousand natural impulses. It is the torch, always kept burning and passed along from mother to daughter, from father to son. I felt that love, mademoiselle. I thought I felt it. But when I found it had been in her nothing but the quick warm instinct that comes also to the birds, when I found she could settle on another branch, so that she found it safe,—I, too, ceased to love, mademoiselle. I was not more constant than she." He looked at her with the questioning face of a child who has done what may have been wrong, though he has no way of estimating how wrong it is. "You are disappointed in me?" he asked, entreatingly, at length. "You would like it better if I could say I had clung to my dream, even after she broke it for me?"

She shook her head. There were tears in her eyes, and she found it better not to answer him directly.

"I know what you felt, then," she said, "what you resolved to feel. You said: 'It is not possible for that dream ever to come true, for any man, for any woman. Years from now, if there are giants on the earth, it may come true, or in some place where there are angels; but not here with us.'"

"So I stopped seeking," he said, confirmingly. "If I had believed there was a mate for me, do you think I should have rested till I found her?"

"No," she answered, in a low tone, "you would not have rested. But perhaps it is better that you gave up that quest and starved your heart and wrote your books."

He got up and stood towering before her. "No," he said,—“no. Don't make that mistake. It may be better for us to be cut and pruned; but if we can, if there is the sap in us, it is also better that we should answer to the knife, and put out blossoms on new branches. No, child,—no. Starve till you get the food you need, and then eat it. Don't push it away from you because you have got used to starving. When I think of a new heaven and a new earth—" He paused, and she took up the prophecy.

"I know. You think of them peopled by beautiful beings whose desires can be satisfied because they run in one channel with the law. Yes, and so do I."

"But you think with me that it is not possible now, as the world is to-day?"

She pondered for a moment, wondering, he could see, with that prescience of her that was as natural now as any familiar habit of his life, if she could trust her real Frenchman as she had been wont to trust the man inhabiting her dreams. The decision made, she looked up at him, frankly smiling.

"No, monsieur," she said, "I do not think that at all."

"I knew it. I saw it in your books. You are ending your life with the same belief in the passion of love that you had when you were twenty."

She corrected him gently.

"Not the same, monsieur. A greater belief and better grounded."

"But you have not—" He stopped, and she filled out the broken sentence.

"No, I have not married. But I have lived. I have looked on. I have seen the bud of love flower into quiet loyalty. I have seen pleasure lost in humble service."

"Also, you have seen the bud blighted, and young liking lost in self-love or—deceit."

"Yes! But it is all—ah, monsieur, it is only another of the choices we are given." She paused a moment and looked at him as if she begged indulgence for the enormous egotism of her importunity, and his eyes reassured her. For him, she knew at last, as for her, the warmth of their mutual comprehension had melted the rigidities of speech, and made their interchange as fluent as pure thought.

"Nothing was ever so generous," she hurried on, "as the Maker of this earth. 'Take it,' He said. 'Use it, or deface it. Plant flowers, or let it go to rack. Do anything you like—and take the consequences.' Monsieur,"—her voice faltered a little,—"that is how it is with love. It is an immense choice, the greatest one of all. We can make something beautiful, or something tawdry."

"But if we begin with a mistake?"

"Then we must be patient—or maybe plant again."

"I did not plant again. And you—"

She looked past him, smiling, wondering if it mattered whether he understood. Again he was walking back and forth from window to window. At length he stopped in front of her.

"Have you had," he asked, "a happy life?"

"The last part of it. The first was tempestuous, full of hungers and discontent. But since then—since I have been old, monsieur, I have been happy."

"Why?"

She pondered. Presently she looked up at him in a smiling candor.

"I am not sure. Perhaps it is that after we have really given up the earth, we look back upon it and know that if we kept one great loyalty we had enough."

"And that you did. You kept your one great loyalty."

"Yes, monsieur."

Still he was looking down at her, and when he spoke his voice held that wistful

tenderness devoted from of old to the worship of women and children.

"What finger beckoned me to you! What strange wind blew me here at last!"

She looked up at him whimsically, though her eyes had tears in them.

"Angélique, monsieur. It was Angélique."

"Yes. I came over in a fit of irritation. I hoped I should find him—your Harry—undesirable in some way. I wanted Angélique to marry in her own country. I thought it would be safer—a practical alliance—than this spring passion."

"They are coming, I think," she interrupted him. "I hear voices in the hall."

He was smiling at her. His eyes were wet.

"They must marry," he said, "the boy and girl. You will like Angélique. She has the best of her mother in her and the best of me. I had meant to stay here a week only—" He paused, facing a doubt, an indecision that might have been fostered by a younger heart.

But the woman finished for him, gravely.

"That is right, monsieur. You will go back next week, and take her with you. If they care enough, they can wait, six months, a year. Then he can go to France."

"They shall marry," he confirmed himself, musingly. "We will pass along the torch to them. They shall finish what we have begun."

She nodded gratefully.

"I say what we began," he went on. "But it was you alone. You knew me. You kept your hand on me and steadied me, all these years. It is only now I know you."

"It is the same thing, monsieur. One hand can keep the fire burning, if it is faithful."

There were light steps on the stairs, and a gust of laughter was borne in to them as if it floated like a cloud of flower incense from a procession of the spring. The woman rose to meet her guests. Monsieur de Trouville put out his hand, and she gave hers frankly. He spoke in haste, because the lilting voices were so near: "It is your gift to them—the flaming torch."

The Awakening of Helena Richie

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XXXI

"**P**ERHAPS she feels that it would be better for David to be—in different surroundings."

"But Willy! Wednesday night she told me that I must be sure and bring him back to her by Saturday. What has happened between Wednesday and Saturday?"

"Very likely nothing has happened between Wednesday and Saturday. But perhaps she has just made up her own mind."

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar; and after a while he added, "'Um."

Monday morning he went up to the Stuffed Animal House. But Mrs. Richie sent word down-stairs that she wasn't well; would he be so kind as to excuse her and to keep David a little longer? Sarah, when she gave the message, looked as mystified as Dr. Lavendar felt. "I always thought she was just wrapped up in that there boy," she told Maggie; "and yet she lets him stay away two days after he gets home!" Dr. Lavendar, poking on with Goliath up the hill to Benjamin Wright's, had very much the same feeling: "Queer! I wish Willy wasn't bottled up; of course he knows what it means. Well; if I wait, she'll explain it herself."

But many days were to pass before Helena made any effort to explain. And meantime Dr. Lavendar's mind was full of something else: old Benjamin Wright was running down-hill very rapidly.

In certain ways he seemed better; he could talk—and swear—quite fluently. "He sayed to me, this mawnin'," Simmons told Dr. Lavendar, "'Simmons, you freckled nigger,' he sayed, 'in the name of Lot's wife, who salted my porridge?' He spoke out just as *plain!*" Simmons detailed this achievement of the poor, dulled tongue, with the pride

of a mother repeating her baby's first word. Then he simpered with a little vanity of his own: "He was always one to notice my freckles," he said.

Benjamin Wright, lying in his bed with his hat on, noticed other things than Simmons's freckles, and spoke of them, too, quite distinctly. "My boy, S-Sam, is a good boy. He comes up every day. Well, Lav-Lavendar, sometimes I think I was—at fault?"

"I know you were, Benjamin. Have you told him so?"

"Gad-a-mercy! N-no!" snarled the other. "He would be too puffed up. Won't do to make young people v-vain."

He "took notice," too, Simmons said, of the canaries; and he even rolled out, stammeringly, some of his favorite verses. Yet, in spite of all this, he was running down-hill; he knew it himself, and once he told Dr. Lavendar that this business of dying made a man narrow. "I th-think about it all the time," he complained. "Can't put my mind on anything else. It's d-damned narrowing."

Yet William King said to Dr. Lavendar that he thought that if the old man could be induced to talk of his grandson, he might rally. "He never speaks of him," the doctor said, "but I am sure he is brooding over him all the time. Once or twice I have referred to the boy, but he pretends not to hear me. He's using up all his strength to bear the idea that he is to blame. I wish I could tell him that he isn't," the doctor ended, sighing.

They had met in the hall as William was coming down-stairs and Dr. Lavendar going up. Simmons, who had been shuffling about with a decanter and hospitable suggestions, had disappeared into the dining-room.

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "why don't you tell him? Though in fact,

perhaps he is to blame in some way that we don't know? You remember, he said he had 'angered the boy'?"

"No; that wasn't it," said William.

Dr. Lavendar looked at him with sudden attention. "Then what—" he began, but a lean, freckled shadow in the dining-room doorway, spoke up:

"Maybe he might 'a' made Marster Sam's Sam mad, suh, that night; maybe he might 'a'. But, that weren't no reason," said Simmons, in a quivering voice, "for a boy to hit out and give his own grandfather a lick. No, suh; it warn't. An' call him a liar!" Dr. Lavendar and William King stared at each other and at the old man, in shocked dismay. "His grandfather used words, maybe, onc't in a while," Simmons mumbled on, "but they didn't mean no mo'n skim-milk. Don't I know? He's damned me for forty years, but he'll go to heaven all the same. The Lawd wouldn't hold it up agin' him, if a poor nigger wouldn't. If He would, I'd as lief go to hell with Mr. Benjamin as any man I know. Yes, suh, as I would with you yo'self, Dr. Lavendar. He was cream kind; yes, he was! One o' them pore white-trash boys at Morison's Shanty Town, called me 'Ashcat' onc't; Mr. Wright he cotched him, and licked him with his own hands, suh! An' he was as kind to Marster Sam as if he was a baby. But Marster Sam hit him a lick. No, suh; it weren't right—" Simmons rubbed the cuff of his sleeve over his eyes, and the contents of the tilting decanter dribbled down the front of his spotted old coat.

"Simmons," said Dr. Lavendar, "what had they been quarrelling about?"

But Simmons said glibly, that 'fore the Lawd, he didn't know.

"He does know," said Dr. Lavendar, as the man again retired to his pantry. "But, after all, the subject of the quarrel doesn't make any difference. To think that the boy struck him! That must be a satisfaction to Benjamin."

"A satisfaction?" William repeated, bewildered.

But Dr. Lavendar did not explain. He went on up-stairs, and sat beside the very old man, listening to his muffled talk, and saying what he could of commonplace things. Once Benjamin Wright asked about Mrs. Richie:

"That female at the S-Stuffed Animal House—how is she? Poor cr-creeter; pretty creeter! Tell her—"

"What, Benjamin?"

"Nothing." And then abruptly, "It was my fault. I made him angry. Tell her."

He did not refer to her again; nor did he speak of the boy, except at the very end. The end came the week that David was staying at the Rectory; and perhaps Dr. Lavendar's pitying absorption in that dreary dying, made him give less thought to the pleasure as well as the perplexity of the child's presence; though certainly, when he got back from his daily visit at The Top, he found David a great comfort. Dr. Lavendar stopped twice that week to see Mrs. Richie, but each time she sent word that she was engaged, would he excuse her? "Engaged," in the sense of not wishing to see a neighbor, was a new word in Old Chester. Dr. Lavendar did not insist. He went on up the hill to that other house, where, also, there was a deep preoccupation which Benjamin Wright had called "narrowing"; but here he was not shut out. He always stopped to say a friendly word to Simmons, sniffing wretchedly about among the cages in the dining-room, and then went on up-stairs.

On this October afternoon the old servant sneaked up at his heels and sliding into the room behind him, as noiselessly as a shadow, settled down on his hunkers close to the bedside. Once he put up a lean yellow hand, and patted the bedclothes; but he made no more claim to attention than a dog might have done. Dr. Lavendar found his Senior Warden in the sick-room. Of late Samuel had been there every day; he had very little to say to his father, not from any lingering bitterness, but because, to poor Samuel, all seemed said—the boy was dead. When Dr. Lavendar came in he glanced at the bed, and then, with a start, at the heavy middle-aged figure sitting listlessly at the bedside. Samuel nodded solemnly.

"A matter of hours, William says. I shall not go home until it's over."

"Does he hear you?" said Dr. Lavendar, in a low voice, leaning over to look into the gray face.

"Oh, no;" said Samuel.

The dying man opened one eye and looked at his son. "How much you know!" he said, then closed it again.

"Are you comfortable, Benjamin?" Dr. Lavendar asked him. There was no reply.

Samuel's face reddened. "You can't tell when he hears," he said. It was then that Simmons put out his hand and patted the bedclothes over the old feet.

They sat there beside him for an hour before Benjamin Wright spoke again; then William King came in, and stood looking down at him.

"He'll just sleep away," he told the son.

"I hope he is prepared," said Samuel, and sighed. He turned his back on the big bed with the small figure sliding down and down towards the foot-board, and looked out of the window. The boy had not been prepared!

Suddenly, without opening his eyes, Benjamin Wright began:

"*'Animula vagula blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?'*

What do *you* think, Lavendar?"

"It will return to God, who gave it," said Dr. Lavendar.

There was another silence; until he wakened to say, brightly, "Simmons, you freckled nigger, you'd better wring their necks, now, I guess."

"No, suh," came a murmur from the shadow on the floor, "I'm a-goin' to take care of 'em fine. Yes, suh, I'll chop their eggs small; I sho'ly will."

The dying hand began to wander over the coverlet; his son took it, but was fretfully repulsed; then Dr. Lavendar made a sign, and Simmons laid his thin old hand on it, and Benjamin Wright gave a contented sigh. After a while he opened that one eye again, and looked at Dr. Lavendar; "Isn't it cus-customary on such occasions, to—admonish?" he said, peevishly; "you ain't doing your duty by me, Lavendar."

"You don't need admonition, Benjamin. You know what to do."

Silence again, and after a while a broken murmur: "'I here forget . . . cancel all grudge, repeal thee . . .'" then distinctly and quietly he said: "Sam, will you forgive me?"

Samuel Wright nodded; he could not

speak at first, and Simmons lifted his head and looked at him, fiercely; then he swallowed several times, and said, with ponderous dignity: "Certainly, father. Certainly," and Simmons fell back into the shadows.

"Of course," murmured Benjamin Wright, "if I g-get well, it needn't hold, you know."

After that he seemed to sleep a little, until, his eyes still closed, he said, "The boy slapped my face. So it's all right."

Samuel started up from his chair at the bedside, shocked and protesting.

"Gad-a-mercy!" said Benjamin Wright, fretfully, opening his eye and looking at him—"that makes us square! Don't you see?"

There was a long silence. Once Dr. Lavendar spoke to him, and once William King touched his wrist, but he seemed to sleep. Then abruptly, and quite clearly, he spoke:

"'Crito, I owe a cock to Æsculapius.' . . . Lavendar?"

"Yes, Benjamin?"

"But the debt is paid. Hey? I got the receipt."

"He is wandering," said Samuel.

"Father, what do you want?"

But he did not speak again.

CHAPTER XXXII

HELENA had asked Dr. Lavendar to keep David, out of abject fear of William King. The doctor had granted her until Sunday to give him up without explanations; if she had not done so then, he must, he said doggedly, "tell." In sending the child to the Rectory she had not given him up; she had only declared a truce. She had tied Dr. King's hands and gained a breathing-space in which to decide what she must do; but she used to watch the hill road every morning, with scared eyes, lest he should stop on his way up to Benjamin Wright's to say that the truce was over. David came running joyously home two or three times, for more clothes, or to see the rabbits, or to hang about her neck and tell her of his journey. Upon one of these occasions, he mentioned casually that "Alice had gone travelling." Helena's heart stood still; then beat suffocatingly in her throat while she drew the story piecemeal from the child's lips.

"She said," David babbled, "that he didn't know you. An' she said—"

"And where was he—Mr. Pryor, all this time?" she demanded, breathlessly. She opened and shut her hands, and drew in her breath, wincing as if in physical pain; across all the days since that meeting of the Innocents, she felt his anger flaying her for the contretemps. It brought home to her, with an aching sense of finality the completeness of the break between them. But it did more than that. Even while she cringed with personal dismay, she was groping blindly towards a deeper and a diviner despair: Those two young creatures were the cherubims at the east of the garden, bearing the sword that turned every way! By the unsparing light of that flashing blade the two sinners, standing outside, saw each other; but the one, at least, began to see something else: the glory of the garden upon which, thirteen years ago, she had turned her back! . . .

Helena did not ask any more questions. David, lounging against her knee, chattered on, ending with a candid and uncomplimentary reference to Mr. Pryor; but she did not reprove him. When, having, as it were, displayed his sling and his bag of pebbles, he was ready to run joyously back to the other home, she kissed him silently and with a strange new consciousness of the everlasting difference between them. But that did not lessen her passionate determination that William King should never steal him from her! Yet how could she defeat her enemy?

A week passed, and still undecided, she wrote to Dr. Lavendar asking further hospitality for David: "I want to have him with me always, but just now I am a little uncertain whether I can do so, because I am going to leave Old Chester. I will come and ask you about it in a few days."

She took the note out to the stable to George and bade him carry it to the Rectory; as she went back to the empty house, she had a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Smith's jewel-like eyes gleaming redly upon her from the gloom of the rabbit-hutch, and a desolate longing for David made her hurry indoors. But there the silence, unbroken by the child's voice, was unendurable; it seemed to turn the

confusion of her thoughts into actual noise. So she went out again to pace up and down the little brick paths between the box borders of the garden. The morning was still and warm; the frost of a sharp night had melted into threads of mist that beaded the edges of blackened leaves and glittered on the brown stems of withered annuals. Once she stopped to pull up some weed that showed itself still green and arrogant, spilling its seeds from yellowing pods among the frosted flowers; and once she picked, and put into the bosom of her dress, a little belated monthly rose, warm and pink at the heart, but with blighted outer petals. She found it impossible to pursue any one line of thought to its logical outcome; her mind flew like a shuttlecock between a dozen plans for William King's defeat. "Oh, I must decide on something!" she thought, desperately. But the futile morning passed without decision. After dinner she went resolutely into the parlor, and sitting down on her little low chair, pressed her fingers over her eyes to shut out any possible distractions. "Now," she said, "I will make up my mind."

A bluebottle fly buzzing up and down the window dropped on the sill, then began to buzz again. Through the Venetian blinds the sunshine fell in bars across the carpet; she opened her eyes and watched its silent movement,—so intangible, so irresistible; the nearest line touched her foot; her skirt; climbed to her listless hands; out in the hall the clock slowly struck three; her thoughts blurred and ran together; her very fears seemed to sink into space and time and silence. The sunshine passed over her lap, resting warm upon her bosom; up and up, until, suddenly, like a hot finger, it touched her face. That roused her; she got up, sighing, and rubbing her eyes as if she had been asleep. No decision! . . .

Suppose she should go down into the orchard? Away from the house, she might be better able to put her mind on it. She knew a spot where, hidden from curious eyes, she could lie at full length in the grass, warm on a western slope. David might have found her, but no one else would think of looking for her there. . . . When she sank down on

the ground and clasped her hands under her head, her eyes were level with the late-blossoming grass, that stirred a little in an unfelt breath of air; two frosted stalks of goldenrod, nodded and swung back and nodded again, between her and the sky. With absent intentness, she watched an ant creeping carefully to the top of a head of timothy, then jolting off at some jar that she could not feel. The sun poured full upon her face; there was not a cloud anywhere in the unfathomable blue stillness. Thought seemed to drown in seas of light, and personality dwindled until her pain and fright did not seem to belong to her. She had to close her eyes to shut herself into her own dark consciousness:

How should she keep her child?

The simplicity of immediate flight she had, of course, long ago abandoned; it would only postpone the struggle with William King. That inflexible face of duty would hunt her down wherever she was, and take the child from her. No; there was but one thing to do: parry his threat of confessing to Dr. Lavendar that he had "made a mistake" in advising that David should be given to her, by a confession of her own, a confession which should admit the doctor's change of mind without mentioning its cause, and at the same time hold such promises for the future that the old minister would say that she might have David. Then she could turn upon her enemy with the triumphant declaration that she had forestalled him; that she had said exactly what he had threatened to say,—no more, no less. And yet the child was hers! But as she tried to plan how she should put it, the idea eluded her. She would tell Dr. Lavendar thus and so: but even as she marshalled her words, that scene in the waiting-room of the railroad station ached in her imagination. Alice's ignorance of her existence became an insult; what she was going to say to Dr. Lavendar turned into a denunciation of Lloyd Pryor; he was vile, and cruel, and contemptible! But these words stumbled, too. Back in her mind, common sense agreed to Lloyd's silence to his daughter; and, suddenly, to her amazement, she knew that she agreed, not only to the silence, but to his objection to marrying her. It would be an

offence for her to live with Alice! Marriage, which would have quieted this new tormenting sense of responsibility and made her like other people, would not have lessened that offence. It came over her with still more acute surprise, that she had never felt this before. It was as if that fire of shame which had consumed her vanity the night she had confessed to William King, had brought illumination as well as burning. By its glare she saw that such a secret as she and Lloyd held between them would be intolerable in the presence of that young girl. Lloyd had felt it—here she tingled all over:—Lloyd was more sensitive than she! Ah, well, Alice was his own daughter, and he knew how almost fanatical she was about truth; so he was especially sensitive. But Dr. King? He had felt it about David: "whether you married this man or not would make no difference about David." She thought about this for a while in heavy perplexity.

Then with a start she came back again to what she must say to Dr. Lavendar: "I will promise to bring David up just as he wishes; and I will tell him about my money; he doesn't know how rich I am; he will feel that he has no right to rob David of such a chance. And I will say that nobody could love him as I can." Love him! Had she not given up everything for him, sacrificed everything to keep him? For his sake she had not married! In this rush of self-approval she sat up, and looked blindly off over the orchard below her at the distant hills, blue and slumbrous in the sunshine. Then she leaned her head in her hands and stared fixedly at a clump of clover, green still in the yellowing stubble. . . . She had chosen her child instead of a convention which, less than a month ago, she had so passionately desired; a month ago it seemed to her that, once married, she could do no more harm, have no more shame. Yet she had given all this up for David! . . . Suddenly she spurred her mind back to that talk with Dr. Lavendar: she would promise—anything! And planning her promises, she sat there, gazing with intent, unseeing eyes at the clover, until the chilly twilight drove her into the house.

It was not until Saturday that she dared to go to the Rectory. It was early in the afternoon, just as the Collect Class was gathering in the dining-room. She had forgotten it, she told Mary, as she closed her umbrella on the door-step. "Can I wait in the study?" she asked, uncertainly;—there was time to go back! The task of telling part of the truth to this mild old man, whose eye was like a sword, suddenly daunted her. She would wait a few days,—she began to open her umbrella, her fingers blundering with haste,—and then retreat was cut off. Dr. Lavendar, on his way to the dining-room, with Danny at his heels, saw her; she could not escape.

"Why, Mrs. Richie!" he said, smiling at her over his spectacles. "Hi, David, who do you suppose is here? Mrs. Richie!"

David came running out of the dining-room; "Did you bring my slag?" he demanded.

And she had to confess that she had not thought of it; "You didn't tell me you wanted it, dear," she defended herself, nervously.

"Oh, well," said David, "I'm coming home to-morrow, and I'll get it."

"Would you like to come home?" she could not help saying.

"I'd just as lieves," said David.

"Run back," Dr. Lavendar commanded, "and tell the children I'm coming in a minute. Tell Theophilus Bell not to play Indian under the table. Now, Mrs. Richie, what shall we do? Do you mind coming in and hearing them say their Collect? Or would you rather wait in the study? We shall be through in three-quarters of an hour. David shall bring you some jumbles and apples. I suppose you are going to carry him off?" Dr. Lavendar said, ruefully.

"Oh," she faltered in a sudden panic, "I will come some other time," but somehow or other, before she knew it, she was in the dining-room; very likely it was because she would not loosen the clasp of David's little warm careless hand, and so her reluctant feet followed him in his hurry to admonish Theophilus. When she entered, instant silence fell upon the children. Lydia Wright, stumbling through the catechism to Ellen Dale who held the prayer-book and prompted, let

her voice trail off and her mouth remain open at the sight of a visitor; Theophilus Bell rubbed his sleeve over some chalk-marks on the blackboard;—"I am drawing a woman with an umbrella," he had announced, condescendingly; "I saw her coming up the path,"—but when he saw her sitting down by Dr. Lavendar, Theophilus skulked to his seat, and read his Collect over with unheeding attention.

Then the business of the afternoon began, and Helena sat and listened to it. It was a scene which had repeated itself for two generations in Old Chester; the fathers and mothers of these little people had sat on these same narrow benches without backs, and looked at the blackboard where Dr. Lavendar wrote out the divisions of the Collect, and then looked at the sideboard, where stood a dish of apples and another of jumbles. They, too, had said their catechism, announcing in singsong chorus that they heartily thanked their Heavenly Father that He had called them to this state of salvation; and Dr. Lavendar had asked one or another of them, as he now asked their children, "What meanest thou by this word Sacrament?" "What is the inward and spiritual grace?" That afternoon, when he swooped down on David, Helena squeezed her hands together with anxiety; did he know what was the inward and spiritual grace? Could he say it? She held her breath until he had sailed triumphantly through:

"*A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness,*" and so on. When he had finished, she looked proudly at Dr. Lavendar, who, to her astonishment, did not bestow a single word of praise!

"And yet," said Helena to herself, "he said it better than any of them, and he is the youngest!—David said it very well, didn't he?" she ventured, in a whisper.

Dr. Lavendar made no answer, but opened a book; on which there was a cheerful scuffling as the children jostled each other in their efforts to kneel down in the space between the benches; when all was still, Dr. Lavendar repeated the Collect. Helena dropped her face in her hands, and listened:

"*Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all*

their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Amen!" said the children, joyfully; and, scrambling to their feet, looked politely at the sideboard. David, who played host on these occasions, made haste to poke the apples at Mrs. Richie, who could not help whispering to him to pull his collar straight; and she even pushed his hair back a little from his forehead. The sense of possession came over her like a wave, and with it a pang of terror that made her lips dry; at that moment she knew the taste of fear in her mouth. When Dr. Lavendar spoke to her, she was unable to reply.

"Well, now, Mrs. Richie," he said, "I expect these little people can eat their apples without us; can't you, chick-abiddies?"

"Yes, sir!" said the children, in eager chorus, eying the apples.

"You and I will go into the study for a while," said Dr. Lavendar.

She followed him speechlessly . . . the time had come.

Dr. Lavendar, hospitable and fussy, drew up a horsehair-covered chair with ears on each side of the back, and bade her sit down; then he poked the fire, and put on a big lump of coal, and asked her if she was sure she was warm enough? "It's pretty chilly; we didn't have weather as cold as this in October when I was your age."

"Dr. Lavendar," said Helena;—and at the tremor in her voice he looked at her quickly, and then looked away;—"in regard to David—"

"Yes; I understand you are not sure that you want to keep him?"

"Oh, no! I am sure. Entirely sure!" She paused, uncertain what to say next. Dr. Lavendar gave her no assistance. Her breath caught in an unsteady laugh. "You are not smoking, Dr. Lavendar! Do light your pipe. I am quite used to tobacco smoke, I assure you."

"No," said Dr. Lavendar, quietly; "I will not smoke now."

"In regard to David," she began; and gripped her hands tight together, for she saw with dismay that they were shaking. She had an instant of angry surprise at her own body. It was betraying her to the silent, watching old man on the other side of the fire. "I want him;

but I mean to leave Old Chester. Would you be willing to let me take him away?"

"Why," said Dr. Lavendar, "we shall be very sorry to have you leave us; and, of course, I shall be sorry to lose David. Very sorry! I shall feel," said Dr. Lavendar, with a rueful chuckle, "as if I had lost a tooth! That is about as omnipresent sense of loss as a human critter can have. But I can't see that that is any reason for not letting you take him."

"You are very kind," she murmured.

"Where are you going, and when do you go?" he asked, easily; but he glanced at those shaking hands.

"I want to go next week. I—oh, Dr. Lavendar! I want David; I am sure nobody can do more for him than I can. Nobody can love him as I do! And I think he would be pretty homesick for me, too, if I did not take him. But—"

"Yes?"

She tried to smile; then spread her handkerchief on her knee, and folded it over and over with elaborate self-control. "Dr. King thinks—I ought not to have him. He says," she stopped; the effort to repeat William King's exact words drove the color out of her face. "He says he made a mistake in advising you to give David to me. He thinks—" she caught her breath with a gasp;—"I am not to be trusted to—to bring him up."

She trembled with relief; the worst was over. She had kept her promise, to the letter. Now she would begin to fight for her child: "You will let me have him? You will!— Please say you will, Dr. Lavendar!"

"Why does Dr. King think you are not to be trusted?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Because," she said, gathering up all her courage, "he thinks that I—that David ought to be brought up by some one more—more religious, I suppose, than I am. I know I'm not very religious. Not as good as everybody in Old Chester; but I will bring him up just as you want me to. Any way at all you want me to! I will go to church regularly; truly I will, Dr. Lavendar; truly!"

Dr. Lavendar was silent. The lump of coal in the grate suddenly split and fell apart; there was a crackling leap of flames, and from between the bars a spurt of bubbling gas sent a whiff of acrid smoke puffing out into the room.

"You will let me have him, won't you? You said you would! If you take him away from me—"

"Well?"

She looked at him dumbly; her chin shook.

"The care of a child is sometimes a great burden; have you considered that?"

"Nothing would be a burden if I did it for David!"

"It might involve much sacrifice."

"I have sacrificed everything for him!" she burst out.

"What?"

"There was something," she said, evasively, "that I wanted to do very much; something that would have made me—happier. But I couldn't if I kept David; so I gave it up."

Dr. Lavendar ruminated. "You wanted David the most?"

"Yes!" she said, passionately.

"Then it was a choice, not a sacrifice, wasn't it, my dear? No doubt you would make sacrifices for him, only in this matter you chose what you wanted most. And your choice was for your own happiness I take it,—not his?"

She nodded doubtfully, baffled for a minute, and not quite understanding. Then she said, "But I would choose his happiness; I have done some things for him, truly I have. Oh, little things, I suppose you would call them; but I wasn't used to them and they seemed great to me. But I would choose his happiness, Dr. Lavendar. So you will let me keep him?"

"If you think you ought to have him, you may."

"No matter what Dr. King says?"

"No matter what Dr. King says. If you are sure that it is best for him to be with you, I, at least, shall not interfere."

Her relief was so great that the tears ran down her face. "It is best!"

"Best to be with you," Dr. Lavendar repeated, thoughtfully; "Why, Mrs. Richie?"

"Why? Why because I want him so much. I have nothing in the whole world, Dr. Lavendar, but David. Nothing."

"Other folks might want him."

"But nobody can do as much for him as I can! I have a good deal of money."

"You mean you can feed him, and clothe him, and educate him? Well; I could do that myself. What else can you do?"

"What else?"

"Yes. One person can give him material care about as well as another. What else can you do?"

"Why—" she began, helplessly; "I don't think I know just what you mean?"

"My friend," said Dr. Lavendar, "are you a good woman?"

The shock of the question left her speechless. She tried to meet his eye; quailed, half rose: "I don't know what you mean! What right have you to ask me such a question—"

Dr. Lavendar waited.

"Perhaps I don't think about things, quite as you do. I am not religious; I told you that. I don't do things because of religion; I believe in—in reason, not in religion. I try to be good in—my way. I don't know that I've been what you would call 'good.'"

"What do I call 'good'?"

At which she burst out that people in Old Chester thought that people who did not live according to convention were not good. For her part, convention was the last thing she thought of. Indeed, she believed there was more wickedness in convention than out of it! "If I have done anything you would call wrong, it was because I couldn't help it; I never wanted to do wrong. I just wanted to be happy. I've tried to be charitable. And I've tried to be good—in my way; but not because I wanted to go to heaven, and all that. I—I don't believe in heaven," she ended, with terrified flippancy.

"Perhaps not," said Dr. Lavendar, sadly; "but, oh, my child, how you do believe in hell!"

She stared at him for one broken moment; then flung her arms out on the table beside her, and dropped her head upon them. Dr. Lavendar did not speak. There was a long silence; suddenly she turned upon him, her face quivering; "Yes! I do believe in hell. Because that is what life is! I've never had any happiness at all. Oh, it seemed so little a thing to ask—just to be happy. Yes, I believe in hell."

Dr. Lavendar waited.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

AT THE TREMOR IN HER VOICE HE LOOKED AT HER INTENTLY

"If I've done what people say isn't right, it was only because I wanted to be happy; not because I wanted to do wrong. It was because of Love. You can't understand what that means! But Christ said that because a woman loved much, much was to be forgiven! Do you remember that?" she demanded, hotly.

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar; "but do you remember Who it was that she loved much? She loved Goodness, Mrs. Richie. Have you loved Goodness?"

"Oh, what is the use of talking about it?" she said, passionately; "we won't agree. If it was all to do over again, perhaps I— But life was so dreadful! If you judge me, remember—"

"I do not judge you."

"—remember that everything has been against me. Everything! From the very beginning. I never had anything I wanted. I thought I was going to be happy, but each time I wasn't. Until I had David. And now you will take him. Oh, what a miserable failure life has been! I wish I could die. But it seems you can't even die when you want to!"

For a moment she covered her face with her hands. Then she said: "I suppose I might as well tell you. Mr. Pryor is not— . . . After my baby died, I left my husband. Lloyd loved me, and I went to live with him."

"You went to live with your brother?" Dr. Lavendar repeated, perplexed.

"He is not my brother."

There was silence for a full minute. Then Dr. Lavendar said, quietly, "Go on."

She looked at him with hunted eyes. "Now, you will take David away. Why did you make me tell you?"

"It is better to tell me." He laid his old hand on hers, clenched upon the table at her side. The room was very still; once a coal fell from the grate, and once there was the soft brush of rain against the window.

"It's my whole life. I can't tell you my whole life. I didn't ever want to be wicked; all I wanted was to be happy. And so I went to Lloyd. It didn't seem so very wrong. We didn't hurt anybody. His wife was dead.—As for Frederick, I have no regrets!" she ended, fiercely.

The room had darkened in the rainy October twilight, and the fire was low;

Dr. Lavendar could hardly see her quivering face.

"But now it's all over between Lloyd and me. I sha'n't see him ever any more. He would have married me, if I had been willing to give up David. But I was not willing."

"You thought it would make everything right if you married this man?"

"Right?" she repeated, surprised; "why, of course. At least I suppose that is what good people call right," she added, dully.

"And you gave up doing right, to have David?"

She felt that she was trapped, and yet she could not understand why; "I sacrificed myself," she said, confusedly.

"No," said Dr. Lavendar; "you sacrificed a conviction. A poor, false conviction, but such as it was, you threw it over to keep David."

She looked at him in terror; "It was just selfishness, you think?"

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar.

"Perhaps it was," she admitted. "Oh, how frightful life is! To try to be happy, is to be bad."

"No; to try to be happy at the expense of other people, is to be bad."

"But I never did that! Lloyd's wife was dead;—Of course, if she had been alive"—Helena lifted her head with the curious pride of caste in sin which is so strongly felt by the woman who is a sinner;—"if she had been alive, I wouldn't have thought of such a thing. But nobody knew; so I never did any harm,"—then she quailed; "at least, I never meant to do any harm. So you can't say it was at anybody's expense."

"It was at everybody's expense. Marriage is what makes us civilized. If anybody injures marriage we all pay."

She was silent.

"If every dissatisfied wife should do what you did, could decent life go on? Wouldn't we all drop down a little nearer the animals?"

"Perhaps so," she said, vaguely. But she was not following him. She had entered into this experience of sin, not by the door of reason, but of emotion; she could leave it only by the same door. The high appeal to individual renunciation for the good of the many, was entirely beyond her. Dr. Lavendar did not press it any further.

"Well, anyhow," she said, dully, "I didn't get any happiness—whether it was at other people's expense or not. When David came, I thought, 'now I am going to be happy!' That was all I wanted: happiness. And now you will take him away."

"I have not said I would take him away."

She trembled so at that, that for an instant she could not speak. "Not take him?"

"Not if you think it is best for him to stay with you."

She began to pant with fear. "You mean something by that. I know you do! Oh, what do you mean? I cannot do him any harm!"

"Woman," said Dr. Lavendar, solemnly, "*can you do him any good?*"

She cowered silently away from him.

"Can you teach him to tell the truth, you, who have lived a lie? Can you make him brave, you, who could not endure? Can you make him honorable, you, who have deceived us all? Can you make him unselfish, you, who have thought only of self? Can you teach him purity, you, who—"

"Stop! I cannot bear it."

"Tell me the truth: can you do him any good?"

That last solemn word fell into profound silence. There was not a sound in the still darkness of the study; and suddenly her soul was still, too . . . the whirlwind of anger had died out; the shock of responsibility had subsided; the hiss of those flames of shame had ceased. She was in the centre of all the tumults, where lies the quiet mind of God. For a long time she did not speak. Then, by and by, her face hidden in her arms on the table, she said, in a whisper:

"No."

(And after the fire, the still small Voice.)

CHAPTER XXXIII

DR. LAVENDAR looked at the bowed head; but he offered no comfort. When she said, brokenly, "No; I can't have him. I can't have him," he assented; and there was silence again. It was broken by a small, cheerful voice:

"Mary says supper's ready. There's milk toast, an'—"

Dr. Lavendar went as quickly as he could to the door; when he opened it he stood between the little boy and Helena. "Tell Mary not to wait for me; but ask her to give you your supper."

"An' Mary says that in Ireland they call clover 'shamrocks'; an'—"

Dr. Lavendar gently closed the door. When he went back to his seat on the other side of the table, she said, faintly, "That was—?"

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar.

"Oh," she whispered, "I knew I would have to give him up. I knew I had no right to him."

"No; you had no right to him."

"But I loved him so! Oh, I thought, maybe, I would be—like other people, if I had him."

After a while, with long pauses between the sentences, she began to tell him. . . .

"I never thought about goodness; or badness either. Only about Lloyd, and happiness. I thought I had a right to happiness. But I was angry at all the complacent married people; they were so satisfied with themselves! And yet all the time I wished Frederick would die so that I could be married. Oh, the time was so long!" She threw her arms up with a gesture of shuddering weariness; then clasped her hands between her knees, and staring at the floor, began to speak. Her words poured out, incoherent, contradictory, full of bewilderment and pain. "Yes; I wasn't very happy, except just at first. After a while I got so tired of Lloyd's selfishness. Oh—he was so selfish! I used to look at him sometimes, and almost hate him. He always took the most comfortable chair, and he cared so much about things to eat. And he got fat. And he didn't mind Frederick's living. I could see that. And I prayed that Frederick would die.—I suppose you think it was wicked to pray that?"

"Go on."

"It was only because I loved Lloyd so much. But he didn't die. And I began not to be happy. And then I thought Lloyd didn't want to talk to me about Alice. Alice is his daughter. It was three years ago I first noticed that. But I wasn't really sure until this summer. He didn't even like to show me her picture. That nearly killed me, Dr. Lavendar. And once, just lately, he told

me her 'greatest charm was her innocence.' Oh, it was cruel in him to say that! How could he be so cruel!" she looked at him for sympathy; but he was silent: "But underneath, somehow, I understood; and that made me angry,—to understand. It was this summer that I began to be angry. And then I got so jealous: not of Alice, exactly; but of what she stood for. It was a kind of fright, because I couldn't go back and begin again. Do you know what I mean?"

"I know."

"Oh, Dr. Lavendar, it is so horrible! When I began to understand, it seemed like something broken—broken—broken! It could never be mended."

"No."

... Sometimes, as she went on, he asked a question, and sometimes made a comment. The comment was always the same: when she spoke of marrying Frederick to get away from her bleak life with her grandmother, she said, "Oh, it was a mistake, a mistake!"

And he said, "It was a sin."

And again: "I thought Lloyd would make me happy; I just went to be happy; that was my second mistake."

"It was your second sin."

"You think I am a sinner," she said; "oh, Dr. Lavendar, I am not so bad as you think! I always expected to marry Lloyd. I am not like a—fallen woman."

"Why not?" said Dr. Lavendar.

She shrank back with a gesture of dismay. "I always expected to marry him!"

"It would have been just the same if you had married him."

"I don't understand you," she said, faintly.

"From the beginning," he said, "you have thought only of self. You would not have been redeemed from self by gaining what would have made you more satisfied with yourself."

She thought about this for a few minutes in a heavy silence. "You mean, getting married would not have changed things, really?"

"It would have made the life you were living less harmful to your fellow creatures, perhaps; but it would have made no difference between you two."

"I thought I would be happier," she said.

"Happier!" said Dr. Lavendar; "what sort of happiness could there be in a

marriage where the man could never respect the woman, and the woman could never trust the man!"

"I hadn't thought of it that way," she said, slowly. And then she began again. . . . Once Dr. Lavendar interrupted her to light the lamp, for the study was dark except for the wink of red coals in the grate; and once he checked her, and went into the dining-room to bring her a glass of wine and some food. She protested, but he had his way, and she ate and drank before going on with her story. When she told him, brokenly, of Sam Wright, Dr. Lavendar got up and walked the length of the study. But he made no comment—none was needed. When she ended, there was a long pause. Suddenly she clasped her hands on the top of her head, and bowed her forehead almost to her knees. She seemed to speak as if to herself:

"Not worthy; not worthy." . . . Then aloud; "*I give him up*," she said. And stretched out empty arms.

She rose, and began to feel about for her cloak that had fallen across the arm of her chair. But she was half blind with weeping, and Dr. Lavendar found it for her and gently put it over her shoulders.

"I will go away," she said, "but I may see him again, mayn't I? Just once more, to say good-by to him."

"Yes," he said.

"I'll send his little things down to you to-morrow, Dr. Lavendar. Oh,—his dear little things!"

"Very well."

He lighted a lantern for her, but made no offer to see her home, or to send his Mary along as an escort. Yet when he let her go away into the rainy darkness, he stood in the doorway a long while, looking after her. Then he went back to the study, to pace up and down, up and down. Twice he stopped and looked out of the window, and then at the clock. But each time he put the impulse aside. He must not interfere.

It was almost midnight before he took his lamp and went up-stairs; at David's door he hesitated, and then went in. The little boy was lying curled up like a puppy, his face almost hidden in his pillow, but his cheek glowing red under the soft thatch of hair. Dr. Lavendar,

shading his lamp with one hand, looked down at him a long time. On the wall behind him and half-way across the ceiling, the old man's shadow loomed wavering and gigantic, and the light, flickering upon his face, deepened the lines of age and of other people's troubles. By and by he stooped down, and gently laid his old palm upon the little head.

When he lifted himself up his face was full of peace.

CHAPTER XXXIV

"WILLIAM," said Dr. Lavendar, "you may tell me anything I ought to know about Mrs. Richie."

The doctor looked at him with a start, and a half-spoken question.

"Yes; she told me. But I want to ask you about the man. She didn't say much about him."

This was Sunday evening; David had gone to bed, and Danny had climbed up into Dr. Lavendar's chair, and been gently deposited on the hearth-rug. "No, Daniel; not to-night, sir. I've got to have my chair just this once." William had come in for his usual smoke, but he had been more than usually silent. When Dr. Lavendar gave his calm permission, the doctor's wretched perplexity of the past month could hardly find words. He said, first of all,

"David? Of course you will take him away. It will break her heart!"

"A broken heart is not such a bad thing, Willy. Our Heavenly Father does not despise it."

"Dr. Lavendar, why can't she keep him? She'll never see that scoundrel again!"

"Do you think a woman with such a story is fit to bring up a child, William?"

The doctor was silent.

"She thinks not, herself," said Dr. Lavendar.

"Does she?" William King said; and a minute afterwards fumbled in his coat tails for his pocket-handkerchief. "What is she going to do?" he asked, huskily.

"She feels that she had better leave Old Chester."

"Do you think so, sir?"

Dr. Lavendar sighed. "I would like to have her here; I would like to take care of her, for a while. But I don't think she could stand it; on your account."

"My account!" William King pushed his chair back, and got on his feet; "Dr. Lavendar, I—I—"

"She would feel the embarrassment of your knowledge," said the old man.

Dr. King sat down. Then he said, "I am the last man to judge her."

"Beginning at the eldest, even unto the last," murmured Dr. Lavendar. "Shame is a curious thing, William. It's like some of your medicines. The right amount cures. Too much kills. I've seen that with hard drinkers. Where a drunkard is a poor, uneducated fellow, shame gives him a good boost towards decency. But a man of education, William, a man of opportunity—if he wakes up to what he has been doing, shame gives him such a shove he is apt to go all round the circle, and come up just where he started! Shame is a blessed thing,—when you don't get too much of it. She would get too much of it here. But—" he stopped and smiled; "sin has done its divine work, I think."

"Sin?"

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar, cheerfully; "have you ever noticed that every single human experience—except, perhaps, the stagnation of conceit; I haven't found anything hopeful in that yet; but maybe I shall some day!—but, except for conceit, I have never known any human experience of pain or sin that could not be at the gate of heaven. Mind! I don't say that it always is; but it can be. Has that ever occurred to you?"

"Well, no," the doctor confessed; "I can't say that it has."

"Oh, you're young yet," Dr. Lavendar said, encouragingly. "My boy, let me tell you that there are some good folks who don't begin to know their Heavenly Father, as the sinner does who climbed up to Him out of the gutter."

"A dangerous doctrine," William ruminated.

"Oh, I don't preach it," Dr. Lavendar said, placidly; "but I don't preach everything I know."

William was not following him. He said, abruptly, "What are you going to do with David?"

"David is going to stay with me."

And William said again, "It will break her heart!"

"I hope so," said Dr. Lavendar, sol-

emly. How he watched that poor heart, in the next few days! Every afternoon his shabby old buggy went tugging up the hill. Sometimes he found her walking restlessly about in the frosted garden; sometimes standing mutely at the long window in the parlor, looking for him; sometimes prostrate on her bed. When he took her hand—listless one day, fiercely despairing the next,—he would glance at her with a swift scrutiny that questioned, and then waited. The pity in his old eyes never dimmed their relentless keenness; they seemed to raid her face, sounding all the shallows in search of depths. For with his exultant faith in human nature, he believed that somewhere in the depths he should find God. It is only the pure in heart who can find Him in impurity, who can see, behind the murky veil of stained flesh, the very face of Christ declaring the possibilities of the flesh!—but this old man sought, and knew that he should find Him. He waited and watched for many days, looking for that recognition of wrong-doing which breaks the heart by its revelation of goodness that might have been; for there is no true knowledge of sin, without a divine and redeeming knowledge of righteousness! So, as this old saint looked into the breaking heart, pity for the sinner who was base deepened into reverence for the child of God who might be noble. It is an easy matter to believe in the confident soul; but Dr. Lavendar believed in a soul that did not believe in itself!

It seemed to Helena that she had nothing to live for; that there was nothing to do except shiver back out of sight, and wait to die. For the time was not yet when she should know that her consciousness of sin might be the chased and fretted Cup from which she might drink the sacrament of life; when she should come to understand, with thanksgiving, that unless she had sinned, the holy wine might never have touched her lips!

In these almost daily talks with Dr. Lavendar, the question of the future was beaten out: it was a bleak enough prospect; it didn't matter, she said, where she went, or what became of her. "If I was only one of the people who want to do things!" she told him, with a sort of wistful cynicism. "But I don't. I have no

story-book desires. I don't want to go and nurse lepers!—but I will, if you want me to," she added, with quick and touching simplicity.

Dr. Lavendar smiled, and said that nursing lepers was too easy. He had suggested that she should live in a distant city;—he had agreed at once to her assertion that she could not stay in Old Chester. "I know some nice people there," he said; "Ellen Bailey lives there; she's Ellen Spangler, now. You've heard me speak of her? Spangler is a parson; he's a good fellow, but the Lord denied him brains to any great extent. But Ellen is the salt of the earth. And she can laugh. You'll like her."

"But what will I do when I get there?"

"I think Ellen may find something to keep you busy," he said, cheerfully; "and, meantime, I'll make a suggestion myself: study Hebrew."

"Hebrew!"

"Or Arabic; or Russian; it doesn't matter which; your mind needs exercise."

"When you said Hebrew, I thought you meant so I could read the Bible."

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar, "I think King James's version is good enough for you; or anybody else. And I wouldn't want you to wait until you can read backwards, to read your Bible. No; I only meant that you need something to break your mind on. Hebrew is as good as anything else."

She meditated on this for a while; "I begin to understand," she said, with her hesitating smile; and Dr. Lavendar was mightily pleased, for he had not seen that smile of late.

Sometimes they talked about David, Mrs. Richie asking questions in a smothered voice; but she never begged for him. That part of her life was over. Dr. Lavendar sometimes brought the child with him when he and Goliath climbed the hill for that daily visit; but he always took him back again. Indeed, the Rectory was now definitely the little boy's home. Of course, Old Chester knew that the Stuffed Animal House was to lose its tenant, and that David had gone to live with Dr. Lavendar. "I wonder why she doesn't take him with her?" said Old Chester; and called to say good-by and hint that Mrs. Richie must be sorry to leave the little boy behind her?

Helena said, briefly, yes; she was "sorry." And Old Chester went away no wiser than it came. William King, wise and miserable, did not call. His wife said that she would say good-by for him, if he was too busy to go up the hill.

"It seems to me you've been very busy lately," she told him; "I've hardly had a glimpse of you. I only hope it will show on your bills. It is very foolish, William, to take patients so far back in the country; I don't believe it pays, considering how much time it takes. But I'll tell Mrs. Richie you send your respects, and say good-by for you."

"You needn't mind," said the doctor.

Mrs. King went to make her adieux the very next day. Her manner was so cordial that Helena was faintly surprised; but, as Martha told Dr. Lavendar, cordiality did not mean the sacrifice of truth to any false idea of politeness.

"I didn't tell her I was sorry she was going," Martha said, standing by the roadside in the chill November wind, talking into the buggy, "because, to speak flatly and frankly, I was not. I consider her example in Old Chester not of the best. She is not a good housekeeper. I could tell you certain things—however, I won't. I never gossip. I just said, very kindly, 'Good-by, Mrs. Richie. I hope you'll have a pleasant journey.' That was all. No insincere regrets. That's one thing about me, Dr. Lavendar, I may not be perfect, but I never say anything, just to be pleasant!"

"I've noticed that," said Dr. Lavendar; "G'on, Goliath."

And Martha, in great spirits, told her William at tea that, though Dr. Lavendar was failing, she had to admit he could still see people's good qualities. "I told him I hadn't put on any airs of regret about Mrs. Richie, and he said he had always noticed my frankness."

William helped himself to gooseberry jam in silence.

"You do leave things so catcornered!" Martha observed, laying the thin silver spoon straight in the dish. "William, I never knew anybody so incapable as that woman. I asked her how she had packed her preserves for moving. She said she hadn't made any! Think of that, for a housekeeper. Oh, and I found out

about that perfumery. I just asked her. It's nothing but ground orris!"

William said he would like a cup of tea.

"I can't make her out," Martha said, touching the teapot to make sure it was hot; "I've always said she wasn't her brother's equal, mentally. But you do expect a woman to have certain feminine qualities; now the idea of adopting a child, and then deserting him!"

"She hadn't adopted him," William said.

"It's the same thing; she took him, and now she gets tired of him, and won't keep him. She begins a thing, but she doesn't go on with it."

"I suppose it's better not to begin it?" William said. And there was an edge in his voice that caused Mrs. King to hold her tongue. "Martha," the doctor said, after a while and with evident effort, "can you give me an early breakfast tomorrow morning? I've got to go back into the country, and I want to make an early start."

Helena Richie, too, meant to make an early start the next morning; it was the day that she was to leave Old Chester. The plan of going to the western city had gradually shaped itself, and while Dr. Lavendar was writing to those friends of his, and Helena corresponding with a real-estate agent, the packing-up at the Stuffed Animal House had proceeded. Now it was all done; Maggie and Sarah had had their wages, and several presents besides; the pony had been shipped from Mercer; the rabbits boxed and sent down to the Rectory; all was done;—except the saying good-by to David. But Helena told herself that she would not say good-by to him. She could not, she said. She would see him, but he should not know it was good-by. And so she asked Dr. Lavendar to send the child up to her the day before she was to go away;—by himself. "You'll trust him with me for an hour?" she said.

She meant to cuddle the child, and give him the "forty kisses" which, at last, he was ready to accept, and let him chatter of all his multitudinous interests. Then she would send him away, and begin her empty life. The page which had held a promise of joy, would be turned over; a new, dreary



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

THE STAGE WENT SAGGING AND RUMBLING DOWN THE ROAD

chapter, with no promise in it, would begin. . . .

David came in the afternoon. He was a little late, and explained his tardiness by saying that he had found a toad, and tying a string around its waist, had tried to play horse with it, up the hill. "But he wouldn't drive," David said, disgustingly; "maybe he was a lady toad; I don't know."

"Perhaps the poor toad didn't like to be driven," Helena suggested. David looked thoughtful. "David," she said, "I am going away. Will you write a little letter to me sometimes?"

"Maybe," said David. And slapped his pocket, in a great flurry; "Dr. Lavendar ga' me a letter for you!"

She glanced at it to see if it needed an answer, but it was only to ask her to stop at the Rectory before she left town the next morning.

"Tell Dr. Lavendar I will, darling," she said, and David nodded.

She was sitting before the parlor fire; the little boy was leaning against her knee braiding three blades of grass; he was deeply absorbed. Helena took his face between her hands, and looked at it; then, to hide the trembling of her lips, she hid them in his neck.

"You tickle!" said David, and wriggled out of her arms with chuckles of fun. "I'm making you a ring," he said.

She let him push the little grass circlet over her finger, and then closed her hand on it lest it should slip off. "You won't forget me, David, will you?"

"No," he said, surprised; "I never forget anything. I remember everything the magician did. An' I remember when I was born."

"Oh, David!"

"I do. I remember my brother's candy horse. My brother—was—was oh, seven or eight weeks older 'an me. Yes; I'll not forget you; not till I'm old. Not till I'm twenty, maybe. I guess I'll go now. We are going to have Jim Crow for dessert. Mary told me. I think you're prettier than Mary. Or Dr. Lavendar." This was a very long speech for David, and to make up for it he was silent for several minutes. He took her hand, and twisted the little grass ring round and round on her finger; and then, suddenly, his chin quivered. "I

don't like you. You're going away," he said; he stamped his foot and threw himself against her knee in a paroxysm of tears. "I hate you!"

It was so unexpected, and so entirely unlike David, that Helena forgot her own pain in soothing him. And, indeed, when she had said she would send him some candy—"and a false-face?" David blubbered;—"yes, dear precious!" she promised;—he quite cheered up, and dragging at her hand, he went skipping along beside her out to the green gate in the hedge.

"I'll stop at the Rectory in the morning," she said, when she kissed him, bravely, in the twilight; "so I'll see you again, dear."

"By!" said David. And he had gone.

She stood staring after him, fiercely brushing the tears away, because they dimmed the little joyous figure, trotting into the November dusk.

The morning broke, gray and cloudy. William King had had his early breakfast; of course he had! Rather than fail in a housekeeper's duty, Martha would have sat up all night. When the doctor started for that call back into the country, Helena was just getting into the stage at the Stuffed Animal House. Once, as the coach went jolting down the hill, she lowered the misted window and looked back—then sank into her seat and put her hands over her eyes. Just for a while, there had been a little happiness in that house.

They were half-way down the hill when Jonas drew in his horses so sharply that she made a quick effort to control herself; another passenger, she thought, shrinking back into her corner.

"I'll only detain you a minute or two, Jonas," William King said from the roadside. Jinny was hitched to the fence, and at the doctor's signalling hand, the stage drew up, with rattling whiffletrees. Then he opened the door and got in; he sat down on the opposite seat.

"I wanted to say good-by to you," he said; "but, most of all, I wanted to tell you that I—I have the deepest regard for you. I want you to know that. I wanted to ask you if you would allow me to call myself your friend? I have seemed unkind, but—" he took her hand in both

of his, and looked at her; his face twitched. "I implore you to believe me! I must not ask anything, or say anything, more than that. But I could not let you go away without asking your forgiveness—"

"My forgiveness!"

"—Without asking you to pardon me, and to believe that I—have nothing but—esteem; the most—the most—friendly esteem; you will believe that, won't you?"

"You are very good to me," she said, brokenly.

He was holding her hand so hard in his, that she winced with pain; instantly his harsh grasp relaxed, and he looked down at the white hand lying in his, soft, and fragrant, and useless as a flower; he said something under his breath; then bent down and kissed it; when he lifted his head, his face was very pale. "God bless you. God always bless you. Good-by!" And he was on the road again, shutting the coach door sharply. "Go on, Jonas!" he said. And Jonas gathered up the reins.

Alone, she put her hands over her eyes again; the tumult of the moment left her breathless and broken. She had hated him because he would have robbed her of David; and then, when she robbed herself of David, she had almost forgotten him; but now, when the chill of the future was settling down upon her, to have him say he was her friend brought a sudden warmth about her heart. There seemed to be some value to life, after all.

She had told Jonas to stop at the Rectory, and Dr. Lavendar met her at the front door. He explained that he wanted to have a last look at her, and make sure she was taking wraps enough for the long cold ride to Mercer. He reminded her that she was to write to him the minute she arrived, and tell him all about her journey, and Ellen Bailey,—"and Spangler, of course," Dr. Lavendar added, hurriedly. Then he asked her if she would take a package with her?

"Yes, with pleasure," she said, looking vaguely out into the hall. But there was no sign of David. "Where is the package, Dr. Lavendar?"

"I told Mary to give it to Jonas," he said. There was a moment's pause, and she looked at him dumbly.

"David?"

"He isn't here," Dr. Lavendar said, gently.

"Oh, Dr. Lavendar, tell him I love him! Will you tell him? Don't let him forget me! Oh, don't let him quite forget me."

"He won't forget you," Dr. Lavendar said. He took both her hands, and looked into her face. It was a long and solemn look, but it was no longer questioning; the joy that there is in the presence of the angels, is done with questioning.

"Helena," he said, "your Master came into the world as a little child. Receive Him in thy heart by faith, with thanksgiving."

She looked up at him, trembling, and without words; but he understood. A moment later he gave her his blessing; then he said, cheerfully, "I must not keep you any longer; come!" With Danny at his heels, he walked beside her down the garden path to the coach. It had begun to rain and the leather curtains flapped sharply in the cold wind. Jonas had buttoned the big apron up in front of him, and it was already shining wet; the steaming horses were pounding restlessly in the mud.

She did not look about her. With unsteady hands she pulled her veil down; then she said, faintly, "Good-by—" She hardly returned the friendly pressure of Dr. Lavendar's hand. She was so blinded by tears that she had stumbled into the stage before she saw the child, buttoned up to his ears in his first greatcoat, and bubbling over with excitement. Even when she did see him, she did not at first understand. She looked at him, and then at Dr. Lavendar, and then back at David, to whom it was all a delightful game which, the night before, Dr. Lavendar and he had got up between them. It served its purpose, for the child had no suspicion of anything unusual in the occasion.

"I'm the package!" said David, joyously.

The stage went sagging and rumbling down the road. For a long minute Dr. Lavendar stood in the rain, looking after it. Then it turned the corner and was out of sight. He drew a long breath. David had gone!

A minute later he and Danny went back to the empty house.

THE END.

Every Man for Himself

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

SURE enough, old man Toots came aboard the *Good Samaritan* at Mad Tom's Harbor to trade his fish—a lean, leathery old fellow in white moleskin, with skin boots, tied below the knees, and a cloth cap set decorously on a bushy head. The whole was as clean as a clothes-pin; and the punt was well kept, and the fish white and dry and sweet to smell, as all Newfoundland cod should be. Tumm's prediction that he would not smile came true; his long countenance had no variation of expression—tough, brown, delicately wrinkled skin lying upon immobile flesh. His face was glum of cast—drawn at the brows, thin-lipped, still; but yet with an abundant and incongruously benignant white beard which might have adorned a prophet. For Jim Bull's widow he made way; she, said he, must have his turn at the scales and in the cabin, for she had a baby to nurse, and was pressed for opportunity. This was tenderness beyond example—generous and acute. A clean, pious, gentle old fellow: he was all that, it may be; but he had eyes to disquiet the sanctified, who are not easily disturbed. They were not blue, but black with a blue film, like the eyes of an old wolf—cold, bold, patient, watchful—calculating; having no sympathy, but a large intent to profit, ultimately, whatever the cost. Tumm had bade me look Toots in the eye; and to this day I have not forgotten. . . .

The *Good Samaritan* was out of Mad Tom's Harbor, bound across the bay, after dark, to trade the ports of the shore. It was a quiet night—starlit: the wind light and fair. The clerk and the skipper and I had the forecastle of the schooner to ourselves.

"I 'low," Tumm mused, "I wouldn't want t' grow old."

The skipper grinned.

"Not," Tumm added, "on this coast."

"Ah, well, Tumm," the skipper jeered, "maybe you won't!"

"I'd be ashamed," said Tumm.

"You dunderhead!" snapped the skipper, who was old, "on this coast an old man's a *man*! He've lived through enough," he growled, "t' show it."

"'Tis accordin'," said Tumm.

"To what?" I asked.

"T' how you looks at it. In a mess, now—you take it in a nasty mess, when 'tis every man for hisself an' the devil take the hindmost—in a mess like that, I 'low, the devil often gets the *man* o' the party, an' the swine goes free. But 'tis all just accordin' t' how you looks at it; an' as for *my* taste, I'd be ashamed t' come through fifty year o' life on this coast alive."

"Ay, b'y?" the skipper inquired, with a curl of the lip.

"It wouldn't *look* right," drawled Tumm.

The skipper laughed good-naturedly.

"Now," said Tumm, "you take the case o' old man Toots o' Mad Tom's Harbor—"

"Excuse me, Tumm b'y," the skipper interrupted. "If you're goin' t' crack off, just bide a spell till I gets on deck."

Presently we heard his footsteps going aft. . . .

"A wonderful long time ago, sir," Tumm began, "when Toots was in his prime an' I was a lad, we was shipped for the Labrador aboard the *Wings o' the Mornin'*. She was a thirty-ton fore-an'-after, o' Tuggleby's build—Tuggleby o' Dog Harbor,—hailin' from Witch Cove, an' bound down t' the Wayward Tickles, with a fair intention o' takin' a look-in at Run-by-Guess an' Ships' Graveyard, t' the nor'ard o' Mugford, if the Tickles was bare. Two days out from Witch Cove, somewheres off Gull Island, an' a bit t' the sou'west, we was cotched in a switch o' weather. 'Twas a nor'east

blow, mixed with rain an' hail; an' in the brewin' it kep' us guessin' what 'twould accomplish afore it got tired, it looked so lusty an' devilish. The skipper 'lowed 'twould trouble some stomachs, whatever else, afore we got out of it, for 'twas the first v'y'ge o' that season for every man Jack o' the crew. An' she blowed, an' afore mornin' she'd tear your hair out by the roots if you took off your cap, an' the sea was white an' the day was black. The *Wings o' the Mornin'* done well enough for forty-eight hours; an' then she lost her grit, an' quit. Three seas an' a gust o' wind crumpled her up. She comes out of it a wreck—topmast gone, spars shivered, gear in a tangle, an' deck swep' clean. Still an' all, she behaved like a lady; she kep' her head up, so well as she was able, till a big sea snatched her rudder; an' then she breathed her last, an' begun t' roll under our feet, dead as a log. So we went below t' have a cup o' tea.

"Don't spare the rations, cook," says the skipper. "Might as well go with full bellies." The cook got sick t' oncet.

"You lie down, cook," says the skipper, "an' leave me do the cookin'." Will you drown where you is, cook," says he, "or on deck?"

"On deck, sir," says the cook.

"I'll call you, b'y," says the skipper.

"Afore long the first hand give up an' got in his berth. He was wonderful sad when he got tucked away. 'Lowed somebody might hear of it.

"You want t' be called, Billy?" says the skipper.

"Ay, sir; please, sir," says the first hand.

"All right, Billy," says the skipper. "But you won't care enough t' get out."

The skipper was next.

"You goin', too!" says Toots.

"You'll have t' eat it raw, lads," says the skipper, with a white little grin at hisself. "An' don't rouse me," says he, "for I'm as good as dead already."

The second hand come down an' 'lowed we'd better get the pumps goin'.

"She's sprung a leak somewheres aft," says he. Toots an' me an' the second hand went on deck t' keep her afloat. The second hand 'lowed she'd founder, anyhow, if she was give time, but he'd like t' see what would come o' pumpin', just

for devilment. So we lashed ourselves handy an' pumped away—me an' the second hand on one side an' Toots on the other. The *Wings o' the Mornin'* wobbled an' dived an' shook herself like a wet dog; all she wanted was a little more water in her hold an' then she'd make an end of it, whenever she happened t' take the notion.

"I'm give out," says the second hand, afore night.

"Them men in the fore-castle isn't treatin' us right," says Toots. "They ought t' lend a hand."

"The second hand bawled down t' the crew; but nar a man would come on deck.

"Toots," says he, "you have a try."

Toots went down an' complained; but it didn't do no good. They was all so sick they wouldn't answer. So the second hand 'lowed he'd go down an' argue, which he foolishly done—an' never come back. An' when I went below t' rout un out of it, he was stowed away in his bunk, all out o' sorts an' wonderful melancholy. "Isn't no use, Tumm," says he. "It isn't no use."

"Get out o' this!" says the cook. "You woke me up!"

"I 'lowed the fore-castle air wouldn't be long about persuadin' me to the first hand's sinful way o' thinkin'." An' when I got on deck the gale tasted sweet.

"They isn't treatin' us right," says Toots.

"I 'low you're right," says I, "but what you goin' t' do?"

"What you think?" says he.

"Pump," says I.

"Might's well," says he. "She's fillin' up."

"We kep' pumpin' away, steady enough, till dawn, which fagged us wonderful. The way she rolled an' pitched, an' the way the big white, sticky, frosty seas broke over us, an' the way the wind pelted us with rain an' hail, an' the blackness o' the sky, was *mean*—just almighty careless an' mean. An' pumpin' didn't seem t' do no good; for why? *we* couldn't save the hulk—not us two. As it turned out, if the crew had been fitted out with men's stomachs we might have weathered it out, an' gone down the Labrador, an' got a load; for every vessel that got there that season come home fished t' the gunwales. But we didn't



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

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"WE SLIPPED AWAY ON A SOFT, BLACK SEA"

know it then. Toots growled all night to hisself about the way we was treated. The wind carried most o' the blasphemy out t' sea, where they wasn't no lad t' corrupt, an' at scattered times a big sea would make Toots splutter, but I heared enough t' make me smell the devil, an' when I seed Toots's face by the first light I 'lowed his angry feelin's had riz to a ridiculous extent, so that they was something more 'n the weather gone wild in my whereabouts.

"What's gone along o' you?" says I.

"The swine!" says he. "Come below, Tumm," says he, "an' we'll give un a dose o' fists an' feet."

"So down we went, an' we had the whole crew in a heap on the fore-castle floor afore they woke up. Ecod! what a mess o' green faces! A per-feck-ly limp job lot o' humanity! Not a backbone among un. An' all on account o' their stomachs! It made me sick an' mad t' see un. The cook was the worst o' un; said we'd gone an' woke un up, just when he'd got t' sleep an' forgot it all. Good Lord! 'You gone an' made me remember!' says he. At that, Toots let un have it; but the cook only yelped an' crawled back in his bunk, wipin' the blood from his chin. For twenty minutes an' more we labored with them seasick sailors, with fists an' feet, as Toots had prescribed. They wasn't no mercy begged nor showed. We hit what we seen, pickin' the tender places with care, an' they grunted an' crawled back like rats; an' out they come again, head foremost or feet, as happened. I never seed the like of it. You could treat un most scandalous, an' they'd do nothin' but whine an' crawl away. 'Twas enough t' disgust you with your own flesh an' bones! Toots 'lowed he'd cure the skipper, whatever come of it, an' laid his head open with a birch billet. The skipper didn't whimper no more, but just fell back in the bunk, an' lied still. Toots said he'd be cured when he come to. Maybe he was; but 'tis my own opinion that Toots killed un, then an' there, an' that he never *did* come to. Whatever, 'twas all lost labor; we didn't work a single cure, an' we had t' make a run for the deck, all of a sudden, t' make peace with our own stomachs.

"The swine!" says Toots. "Let un drown!"

"I 'lowed we'd better pump; but Toots wouldn't hear to it. Not he! No, sir! He'd see the whole herd o' pigs sunk afore he'd turn a finger!"

"Me pump!" says he.

"You better," says I.

"For what?"

"For your life," says I.

"An' save them swine in the fore-castle?" says he. "Not *me*!"

"I 'lowed it didn't matter, anyhow, for 'twas only a question o' keepin' the *Wings o' the Mornin'* out o' the grave for a spell longer than she might have stayed of her own notion. But, thinks I, I'll pump, whatever, t' pass time; an' so I set to, an' kep' at it. The wind was real vicious, an' the seas was breakin' over us, fore an' aft an' port an' star-board, t' suit their fancy, an' the wreck o' the *Wings o' the Mornin'* wriggled an' bounced in a way t' s'prise the righteous, an' the black sky was pourin' buckets o' rain an' hail on all the world, an' the wind was makin' knotted whips o' both. It wasn't agreeable, an' by an' by my poor brains was fair riled t' see the able-bodied Toots with nothin' t' do but dodge the seas an' keep hisself from bein' pitched overboard. 'Twas a easy berth *he* had! But *I* was busy.

"Look you, Toots," sings I, "you better take a spell at the pump."

"Me?" says he.

"Yes, *you*!"

"Oh no!" says he.

"You think I'm goin' t' do all this labor single-handed?" says I.

"'Tis your own notion," says he.

"I'll see you sunk, Toots!" says I, "afore I pumps another stroke. If you wants t' drown afore night I'll not hinder. Oh no, Mister Toots!" says I. "I'll not be standin' in your light."

"Tumm," says he, "I got a idea."

"Dear man!" says I.

"The wind's moderatin'," says he, "an' it won't be long afore the sea gets civil. But the *Wings o' the Mornin'* won't float overlong. She've been settlin' hasty for the last hour. Still an' all, I 'low I got time t' make a raft, which I'll do."

"Look!" says I.

"Off near where the sun was settin' the clouds broke. 'Twas but a slit, but it



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

See page 263

"I SEED THE SHAPE O' MAN LEAP FOR MY PLACE"

let loose a flood o' red light. 'Twas a bloody sky an' sea—red as shed blood, but full o' the promise o' peace which follows storm, as the good God directs.

"‘I ’low,’ says he, ‘the wind will go down with the sun.’

"The vessel was makin' heavy labor of it. ‘I bets you,’ says I, ‘the *Wings o' the Mornin'* beats un both.’

"‘Time ’ll tell,’ says he.

"I give un a hand with the raft. An' hard work 'twas; never knowed no harder, before nor since, with the seas comin' overside, an' the deck pitchin' like mad, an' the night droppin' down. Ecod! but I isn't able t' tell you. I forgets what we done in the red light o' that day. 'Twas labor for giants an' devils! But we had the raft in the water afore dark, ridin' in the lee, off the hulk. It didn't look healthy, an' was by no means invitin'; but the *Wings o' the Mornin'* was about t' bow an' retire, if the signs spoke true, an' the raft was the only hope in all the brutal world. I took kindly t' the crazy thing—I ’low I did!

"‘Tumm,’ says Toots, ‘I ’low you thinks you got some rights in that raft.’

"‘I do,’ says I.

"‘But you isn't,’ says he. ‘You isn't, Tumm, because I'm a sight bigger 'n you, an' could put you off. It isn't in my mind t' do it—but I *could*. I wants company, Tumm, for it looks like a long v'y'ge; an' I'm 'lowin' t' have you.’

"‘What about the crew?’ says I.

"‘They isn't room for more 'n two on that raft,’ says he.

"‘Dear God! Toots,’ says I, ‘what you goin' t' do?’

"‘I'm goin' t' try my level best,’ says he, ‘t' get home t' my wife an' kid; for they'd be wonderful disappointed if I didn't turn up.’

"‘But the crew's got wives an' kids!’ says I.

"‘An' bad stomachs,’ says he.

"‘Toots,’ says I, ‘she's sinkin' fast.’

"‘Then I ’low we better make haste.’

"I started for'ard.

"‘Tumm,’ says he, ‘don't you go another step. If them swine in the fore-castle knowed they was a raft 'longside, they'd steal it. It won't *hold* un, Tumm. It won't hold more 'n two, an', ecod!’ says he, with a look at the raft, ‘I'm doubtin' that she's able for *that*!’

"It made me shiver. ‘No, sir!’ says he. ‘I ’low she won't hold more 'n one.’

"‘Oh yes, she will, Toots!’ says I. ‘Dear man! yes; she's able for two.’

"‘Maybe,’ says he.

"‘Handy!’ says I. ‘Oh, handy, man!’

"‘We'll try,’ says he, ‘whatever comes of it. An' if she makes bad weather, why, you can—’

"He stopped.

"‘Why don't you say the rest?’ says I.

"‘I hates to.’

"‘What do you mean?’ says I.

"‘Why, damme! Tumm,’ says he, ‘I mean that you can get off. What *else* would I mean?’

"Lord! I didn't know!

"‘Well?’ says he.

"‘It ain't very kind,’ says I.

"‘What would *you* do,’ says he, ‘if *you* was me?’ I give un a look that told un, an' 'twas against my will I done it.

"‘Well,’ says he, ‘you can't blame me, then.’ No more I could.

"‘Now I'll get the grub from the fore-castle, lad,’ says he, ‘an' we'll cast off. The *Wings o' the Mornin'* isn't good for more 'n half an hour more. You bide on deck, Tumm, an' leave the swine t' me.’ Then he went below.

"‘All right,’ says he, when he come on deck. ‘Haul in the line.’ We lashed a water-cask an' a grub-box t' the raft. ‘Now, Tumm,’ says he, ‘we can take it easy. We won't be in no haste t' leave, for I ’low 'tis more comfortable here. Looks t' me like more moderate weather. I feels pretty good, Tumm, with all the work done, an' nothin' t' do but get aboard.’ He sung the long-metre doxology. ‘Look how the wind's dropped!’ says he. ‘Why, lad, we might have saved the *Wings o' the Mornin'* if them pigs had done their dooty last night. But 'tis too late now—an' it's *been* too late all day long. We'll have a spell o' quiet,’ says he, ‘when the sea goes down. Looks t' me like the v'y'ge might be pleasant, once we gets through the night. I ’low the stars 'll be peepin' afore mornin'. It 'll be a comfort t' see the little mites. I loves t' know they're winkin' overhead. They makes me think o' God. You isn't got a top-coat, is you, lad?’ says he. ‘Well, you better get it, then. I'll trust you in the fore-castle, Tumm, for I knows you wouldn't

wrong me, an' you'll need that top-coat bad afore we're picked up. An' if you got your mother's Bible in your nunny-bag, or anything like that you wants t' save, you better fetch it,' says he. 'I 'low we'll get out o' this mess; an' we don't want t' have anything t' regret.'

"I got my mother's Bible.

"Think we better cast off?" says he.

"I did. The *Wings o' the Mornin'* was ridin' too low an' easy for me t' rest; an' the wind had fell to a soft breeze, an' they wasn't no more rain, an' no more dusty spray, an' no more breakin' waves. They was a shade on the sea—the first shadow o' the night—t' hide what we'd leave behind.

"We better leave her,' says I.

"Then all aboard!" says he.

"An' we got aboard, an' cut the cable, an' slipped away on a soft, black sea, far into the night. . . . An' no man ever seed the *Wings o' the Mornin'* again. . . . An' me an' Toots was picked up, half dead o' thirst an' starvation, twelve days later, by ol' Cap'n Loop, o' the Black Bay mail-boat, as she come around Toad Point, bound t' Burnt Harbor. . . .

"Toots an' me," Tumm resumed, "fished the Holy Terror Tickles o' the Labrador in the *Got It* nex' season. He was a wonderful kind man, Toots was—so pious, an' soft t' speak, an' honest, an' willin' for his labor. At midsummer, I got a bad hand, along of a cut with the splittin'-knife, an' nothin' would do Toots but he'd lance it, an' wash it, an' bind it, like a woman, an' do so much o' my labor as he was able for, like a man. I fair got t' *like* that lad o' his—though 'twas but a young feller t' home, at the time,—for Toots was forever talkin' o' Toby this an' Toby that—not boastful gabble, but just tender an' nice t' hear. An' a fine lad, by all accounts: a dutiful lad, brave an' strong, if given overmuch t' yieldin' the road t' save trouble, as Toots said. I 'lowed, one night, when the *Got It* was bound home, with all the load the salt would give her, that I'd sort o' like t' know the lad that Toots had.

"Why don't you fetch un down the Labrador?" says I.

"His schoolin'," says Toots.

"Oh!" says I.

"Ay,' says he; 'his mother's wonderful particular about the schoolin'.'

"Anyhow,' says I, 'the schoolin' won't go on for all time.'

"No,' says Toots, 'it won't. An' I'm 'lowin' t' harden Toby up a bit nex' spring.'

"T' the ice?" says I.

"Ay,' says he; 'if I can overcome his mother.'

"'Tis a rough way t' break a lad,' says I.

"So much the better,' says he. 'It don't take so long. Nothin' like a sealin' v'y'ge,' says he, 't' harden a lad. An' if you comes along, Tumm,' says he, 'why, I won't complain. I'm 'lowin' t' ship with Skipper Tommy Jump, o' the *Second t' None*. She's a tight schooner, o' the Tiddle build, an' I 'low Tommy Jump will get a load o' fat, whatever comes of it. You better join, Tumm,' says he, 'an' we'll all be t'gether. I'm wantin' you t' get acquainted with Toby, an' lend a hand with his education, which you can do t' the Queen's taste, bein' near of his age.'

"I'll do it, Toots,' says I.

"An' I done it—nex' March—shipped along o' Tommy Jump o' the *Second t' None*, with Toots an' his lad aboard.

"You overcome the wife,' says I, 'didn't you?'

"'Twas a tough job,' says he. 'She 'lowed the boy might come t' harm, an' wouldn't give un up; but me an' Toby pulled t'gether, an' managed her, the day afore sailin'. She cried a wonderful lot; but, Lord! that's only the way o' women.'

"A likely lad o' sixteen, this Toby—blue-eyed an' fair, with curly hair an' a face full o' blushes. Polite as a girl, which is much too polite for safety at the ice. He'd make way for them that blustered; but he done it with such an air that we wasn't no more 'n off the Goggles afore the whole crew was all makin' way for he. So I 'lowed he'd *do*—that he'd be took care of, just for love. But Toots wasn't o' my mind.

"No,' says he; 'the lad's too soft. He've got t' be hardened.'

"Maybe,' says I.

"If anything happened,' says he, 'Toby wouldn't stand a show. The men is kind to un now,' says he, 'for they doesn't lose nothin' by it. If they stood

t' lose their lives, Tumm, they'd push un out o' the way, an' he'd go 'ithout a whimper. I got t' talk t' that lad for his own good.' Which he done.

"'Toby,' says he, 'you is much too soft. Don't you go an' feel bad, now, lad, just because your father tells you so; for 'tis not much more 'n a child you are, an' your father's old, an' knows all about life. You got t' get hard if you wants t' hold your own. You're too polite. You gives way too easy. *Don't* give way—don't give way under no circumstances. In this life,' says he, "'tis every man for hisself. I don't know why God made it that way,' says he, 'but He done it, an' we got t' stand by. You're young,' says he, 'an' thinks the world is what you'd have it be if you made it; but I'm old, an' I knows that a man can't be polite an' live to his prime on this coast. Now, lad,' says he, 'we isn't struck the ice yet, but I 'low I smell it; an' once we gets the *Second t' None* in the midst, 'most anything is likely t' happen. If so be that Tommy Jump gets the schooner in a mess you look out for yourself; don't think o' nobody else, for you can't *afford* to.'

"'Yes, sir,' says the boy.

"'Mark me well, lad! I'm tellin' you this for your own good. You won't get no mercy showed you; so don't you show mercy t' nobody else. If it comes t' your life or the other man's, you put *him* out o' the way afore he has time t' put *you*. Don't let un give battle. Hit un so quick as you're able. It 'll be harder if you waits. You don't have t' be *fair*. 'Tisn't expected. Nobody's fair. An'—ah, now, Toby!' says he, puttin' his arm over the boy's shoulder, 'if you feels like givin' way, an' lettin' the other man have your chance, an' if you *can't* think o' yourself, just you think o' your mother. Ah, lad,' says he, 'she'd go an' cry her eyes out if anything happened t' you. Why, Toby—oh, my! now, lad—why, *think* o' the way she'd sit in her rockin'-chair, an' put her pinny to her eyes, an' cry, an' cry! You're the only one she've got, an' she couldn't, lad, she *couldn't* get along 'ithout you! Ah, she'd cry, an' cry, an' cry; an' they wouldn't be nothin' in all the world t' give her comfort! So don't you go an' grieve her, Toby,' says he, 'by bein' tender-hearted. Ah, now,

Toby!' says he, 'don't you go an' make your poor mother cry!'

"'No, sir,' says the lad. 'I'll not, sir!'

"'That's a good boy, Toby,' says Toots. 'I 'low you'll be a man when you grow up, if your mother doesn't make a parson o' you.'"

Tumm made a wry face.

"Well," he continued, "Tommy Jump kep' the *Second t' None* beatin' hither an' yon off the Horse Islands for two days, expectin' ice with the nor'east wind. 'Twas in the days afore the sealin' was done in steamships from St. John's, an' they was a cloud o' sail at the selfsame thing. An' we all put into White Bay, in the mornin', in chase o' the floe, an' done a day's work on the swiles [seals] afore night. But nex' day we was jammed by the ice—the fleet o' seventeen schooners, cotched in the bottom o' the bay, an' like t' crack our hulls if the wind held. Whatever, the wind fell, an' there come a time o' calm an' cold, an' we was all froze in, beyond help, an' could do nothin' but wait for the ice t' drive out an' go abroad, an' leave us t' sink or sail, as might chance. Tommy Jump 'lowed the *Second t' None* would sink; said her timbers was sprung, an' she'd leak like a basket, an' crush like a egg-shell, once the ice begun t' drive an' grind an' rafter—leastwise, he *thunk* so, admittin' 'twas open t' argument; an' he wouldn't go so far as t' pledge the word of a gentleman that she *would* sink.

"'Whatever,' says he, 'we'll stick to her an' find out.'

"The change o' wind come at dusk—a big blow from the sou'west. 'Twas beyond doubt the ice would go t' sea; so I tipped the wink t' young Toby Toots an' told un the time was come.

"'I'll save my life, Tumm,' says he, 'if I'm able.'

"'Twas a pity! Ecod! t' this day I 'low 'twas a pity. 'Twas a fine, sweet lad, that Toby; but he looked like a wolf, that night, in the light o' the forecastle lamp, when his eyes flashed an' his upper lip stretched thin over his teeth!

"'You better get some grub in your pocket,' says I.

"'I got it,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'I 'low *you've* learned! Where'd you get it?'

"'Stole it from the cook,' says he.

“Any chance for me?”

“If you’re lively,” says he. ‘The cook’s a fool. . . . Will it come soon, Tumm?’ says he, with a grip on my wrist. ‘How long will it be, eh, Tumm, afore ’tis every man for hisself?’

“Soon enough, God knowed! By midnight the edge o’ the floe was rubbin’ Pa’tridge P’int an’ the ice was troubled an’ angry. In an hour the pack had the bottom scrunched out o’ the *Second t’ None*; an’ she was kep’ above water—listed an’ dead—only by the jam o’ little pans ’longside. Tommy Jump ’lowed we’d strike the big billows o’ the open afore dawn an’ the pack would go abroad an’ leave us t’ fill an’ sink; said *he* couldn’t do no more, an’ the crew could take care o’ their own lives, which was what *he* would do, whatever come of it. ’Twas blowin’ big guns then—rippin’ in straight lines right off from Sop’s Arm an’ all them harbors for starved bodies an’ souls t’ the foot o’ the bay. An’ snow come with the wind; the heavens emptied theirselves; the air was thick an’ heavy. Seemed t’ me the wrath o’ sea an’ sky broke loose upon us—wind an’ ice an’ snow an’ big waves an’ cold—all the earth contains o’ hate for men! Skipper Tommy Jump ’lowed we’d better stick t’ the ship so long as we was able; which was merely his opinion, an’ if the hands had a mind t’ choose their pans while they was plenty, they was welcome t’ do it, an’ he wouldn’t see no man called a fool, if his fists was big enough t’ stop it. But no man took t’ the ice at that time. An’ the *Second t’ None* ran on with the floe, out t’ sea, with the wind an’ snow playin’ the devil for their own amusement, an’ the ice groanin’ its own complaint. . . .

“Then we struck the open.

“Now, lads,” yells Tommy Jump, when he got all hands amidships, ‘you better quit the ship. The best time,’ says he, ‘will be when you sees *me* go over-side. But don’t get in my way. You get your own pans. God help the man that gets in my way!’

“Tommy Jump went overside when the ice opened an’ the *Second t’ None* begun t’ go down an’ the sea was spread with small pans, floatin’ free. ’Twas near dawn then. Things was gray; an’ the shapes o’ things was strange an’ big

—out o’ size, fearsome. Dawn shot over the sea, a wide, flat beam from the east, an’ the shadows was big, an’ the light dim, an’ the air full o’ whirlin’ snow; an’ men’s eyes was too wide an’ red an’ frightened t’ look with sure sight upon the world. An’ all the ice was in a tumble o’ black water. . . . An’ the *Second t’ None* went down. . . . An’ I ’lowed they wasn’t no room on my pan for nobody but me. But I seed the shape of a man leap for my place. An’ I cursed un, an’ bade un go further, or I’d drown un. An’ he leaped for the pan that lied next, where Toots was afloat, with no room t’ spare. An’ Toots hit quick an’ hard. He was waitin’, with his fists closed, when the black shape landed; an’ he hit quick an’ hard without lookin’. . . . An’ I seed the face in the water. . . . An’, oh, I knowed who ’twas!

“Dear God!” says I.

“Toots was now but a shape in the snow. ‘That you, Tumm?’ says he. ‘What you sayin’?’

“‘Why didn’t you take time t’ *look*?’ says I. ‘Oh, Toots! *why* didn’t you take time?’

“‘T’ look?’ says he.

“Dear God!”

“What you sayin’ that for, Tumm?” says he. ‘What you mean, Tumm? . . . My God!’ says he, ‘what is I gone an’ done? Who *was* that, Tumm? My God! Tell me! What is I done?’

“I couldn’t find no words t’ tell un.

“‘Oh, make haste,’ says he, ‘afore I drifts away!’

“Dear God!” says I, ‘’twas Toby!’

“An’ he fell flat on the ice. . . . An’ I didn’t see Toots no more for four year. He was settled at Mad Tom’s Harbor then, where you seed un t’-day; an’ his wife was dead, an’ he didn’t go no more t’ the Labrador, nor t’ the ice, but fished the Mad Tom grounds with hook an’ line on quiet days. . . . an’ was turned timid, they said, with fear o’ the sea. . . .”

The *Good Samaritan* ran softly through the slow, sleepy sea, bound across the bay to trade the ports of the shore.

“I tells you, sir,” Tumm burst out, “’tis hell. *Life* is! Maybe not where you hails from, sir; but ’tis on this coast. I ’low where you comes from they don’t take lives t’ save their own?”

“Not to save their own,” said I.

He did not understand. . . .

Decisive Battles of the Law

THE COMMONWEALTH *VS.* BROWN—THE PRELUDE TO THE CIVIL WAR

BY *FREDERICK TREVOR HILL*

LOYALTY to the soil is the birthright of every Virginian and local pride is his second nature. For him the State has no rival save his county, and the county none but the city, hamlet, or acreage in which his home is enshrined. Nevertheless, if any one had predicted on the 19th of October, 1859, that the county-seat of Jefferson County was on the eve of world-wide recognition, even the stanchest local champion would have been puzzled by the prophecy, for there was absolutely nothing to indicate that the peaceful little village, which had slept in the Shenandoah Valley for more than half a century, would ever wake to find itself famous. Yet within twenty-four hours the eyes of the world were turned in its direction, following the wounded body of John Brown as it was borne to the county jail, and history had already transcribed the name of Charles Town upon its tablets.

Even after the event, however, it is doubtful if any Virginian would have admitted its historical significance.

A band of miscreants, inflamed by Abolition heresies, had invaded the Old Dominion State to incite re-

bellion among the slaves. As a natural consequence most of them had forfeited their lives on the spot, and the survivors had been delivered to the local authorities for speedy trial and execution; but, to the majority of Virginians, there was nothing in those facts which promised to confer distinction upon the seat of justice.

The first wild gust of rage and indignation against the raiders had spent itself in the ferocious slaughter of all but five of Brown's party at Harper's Ferry, but the State was still palpitating with furious excitement when Governor Wise assumed control of the situation,

and it was universally admitted that if he had entrusted the prisoners to the State instead of the Federal troops not one of them would have reached the jail alive. The prompt and determined action of the authorities in protecting their captives was, however, thoroughly understood, and intelligent public opinion throughout the State supported and practically enforced acquiescence in the government's policy. There had been enough, and more than enough, of summary punishment. Virginian honor was



JOHN BROWN IN 1857



THE ARRAIGNMENT

From a sketch made in the court-room by Porte Crayon; published in *Harper's Weekly*, November, 1859

to be vindicated thereafter by Virginian law administered with impressive dignity as a grim and terrible object-lesson to all beholders, and it was plainly intimated that any resort to mob violence would be severely dealt with.

This calm judicial programme did not, however, meet with universal approval. To the average citizen any one guilty of inciting the horror of a servile insurrection was an outlaw—a fiend in human shape—who had no rights which any white man was bound to respect, and the hotheads among the groups collected about the Carter House and every other local forum in Charles Town were in no mood for legal formalities or delay. Indeed, had it not been for the fact that the Grand Jury was already in session and the semiannual term of the Circuit Court about to open, it is extremely doubtful if the law would have been allowed to take its course. Under the existing circumstances, however, there was a general impression, even among lawyers, that Brown and his confederates could be indicted, tried, convicted, sentenced, and probably executed within a single day; but before it was discovered that this was impracticable under the Virginian code, which required

a preliminary examination on five days' notice, the prisoners had been secured against any immediate attack.

Those five days of enforced inactivity, however, were prolific of rumors and alarms of the most sensational character, and the military guard at the jail was increased in response to the rising popular excitement. At first it was reported that Brown's little company was merely the vanguard of a mighty Northern army sworn to invade and humiliate Virginia. Next it was rumored that the slaves throughout the State had been tampered with, and that a secret organization among them was planning a revolt of hideous and diabolical ferocity, especially designed to strike terror to the entire slaveholding population throughout the South. Again it was reported that preparations were being made on every side to effect a rescue of the surviving captives, and that the Abolitionists of the North were confident of defeating the administration of justice and laughing defiance at Virginian law.

Even if it had been possible to contradict all the vague reports in circulation it would have been idle to attempt the task. No Virginian could believe that

a mere handful of men would try what Brown had attempted without definite assurances of support. Instead of maintaining a dignified silence and allowing the outraged South to inform itself, however, the most powerful journals of the North played upon the fears and sensibilities of the community with impish ingenuity, and some of the most violent Abolitionists actually descended to practical jokes in their efforts to heighten the excitement and spread the alarm.

Under these circumstances it is not at all surprising that the once peaceful village soon assumed the appearance of an armed camp. Every other man on the highways carried a weapon of some description; lawyers, farmers, and other visitors hung about the piazzas and corridors of the hotel with rifles or shotguns in their hands and militia were to be encountered at every turn. The vague and awful rumors of each day resulted in long, sleepless nights, dread with all the unnamable possibilities of a black uprising, and when the 25th of October dawned Charles Town was already astir and gathering before the jail with eager expectation.

The civil and military authorities had, however, been upon the ground before the public, and the earliest arrivals found cannon posted before the courthouse and every approach to the building guarded by armed sentries. Indeed, the oldest inhabitants scarcely recognized the sleepy old village as they issued from their houses in the gray of that autumn

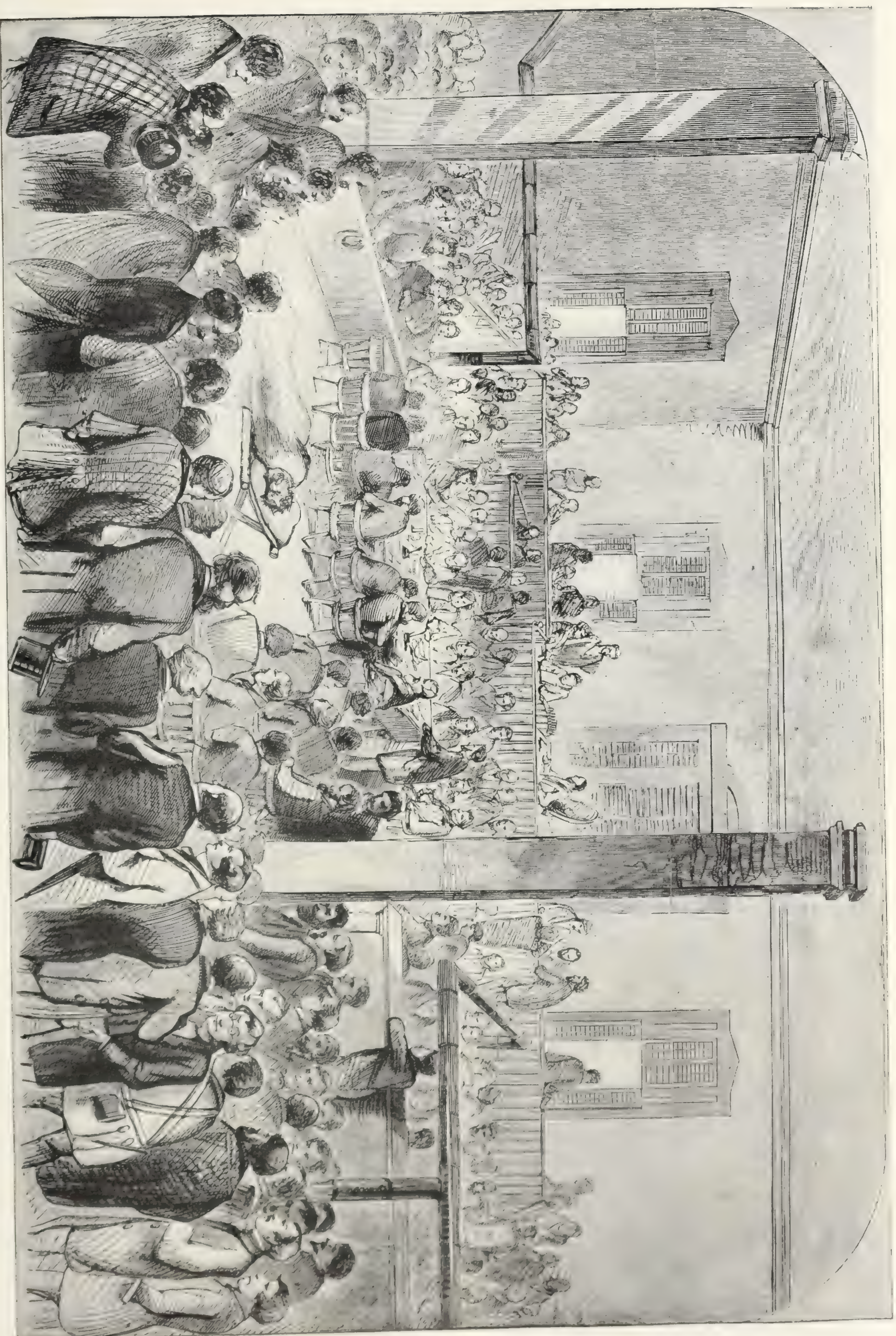
morning. Martial law had not been proclaimed, but the militia were evidently in complete possession, and on every side there were signs of sinister preparation. Even the crowds that began to gather in the early hours of the morning included comparatively few familiar faces, for strangers had been pouring into the village for days, and the

hotels, the post-office, and every other public meeting-place were already overrun with them. Newspaper representatives circulated among the groups gathered before the courthouse, button-holing the residents for items of local information, but except for their activity there was very little movement in the crowds which now hung about the centres of interest, discussing the situation, or whiling away the time by brushing the dry leaves about in listless search for fallen chest-



JOHN BROWN IN 1859

nuts. Here and there voices were raised in fierce denunciation of the prisoners, but for the most part the citizens conversed in low tones as they idled under the tall spreading trees, and a sullen quiet pervaded the atmosphere, hazy with the smoke of burning dry leaves and heavy with their pungent odor. Hour after hour passed uneventfully in this fashion, but at last the courthouse doors were opened. Only those nearest the entrance gained admittance, however, for the first eager rush was checked by the troops, and none but those who were identified to the sentries were permitted to pass thereafter.



THE TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN, AT CHARLES TOWN, VIRGINIA

From a sketch made in the court-room by Porte Crayon; published in *Harper's Weekly*, November, 1859

A long hour of waiting followed, and the excluded public hung patiently about the court-house steps, massed around the heavy white Corinthian columns supporting the portico, until the bell in the cupola began a deep-toned clanging. On ordinary court days this summons served to warn the lawyers and others gathered at the Carter House that the legal proceedings were about to open; and those having business with the law usually sauntered across the road to the court-house with characteristic deliberation. On this occasion, however, the Carter House was already deserted and the expectant throng immediately moved toward the jail. At the same moment a roll of drums answered the bell and a double file of soldiers issued from the

jail door, marching in column of twos on either side of the short path leading from the jail to the court-house, where they halted and faced each other. The rear rank of each file was then swung to the right-about, with fixed bayonets, and rifles loaded, capped, and cocked, and in another moment the command "Port arms!" rang out sharply in the still autumn air. Instantly the crowd surged about the troops, peering eagerly through their close ranks or craning down at them from the court-house steps; and as the soldiers brought their pieces to position, the sheriff emerged from the jail, accompanied by Captain Avis, the jailer, and two armed guards. There was a moment's delay, and then two other men appeared on the threshold, one of them partially supporting the other, an old, bareheaded man over six feet in height, his head swathed in blood-stained bandages, and his face as gray as his thick, wiry hair and long, unkempt beard, but whose piercing blue-gray eyes showed no trace of fear. Instinctively the soldiers braced themselves to withstand a rush if the crowd should attempt to hurl itself upon the manacled prisoner, but there was not a hostile movement of any kind, and scarcely a word of denunciation was flung at the old ring-leader as he tottered down the closely guarded aisle. Doubtless the pitifully feeble condition of the man and his fellow captives enforced the silence, and certainly their appearance was sufficiently wretched to move the most stony-hearted. Brown's body had been repeatedly pierced by sword-thrusts, and his head and face had been slashed by sabre-cuts almost beyond recognition; and Stephens, his second in command, had three musket wounds in his head, two in his breast, and one in an arm, to say nothing of a ghastly rip across his forehead made by a glancing ball.

The little procession crept slowly along the narrow path, for the prisoners could hardly stand and every step they took was plainly torture. Finally they reached the court-house steps, mounted them with evident anguish, and in a few moments John Brown and his confederates faced their formal accusers.

There was nothing very impressive about the scene which greeted the fierce



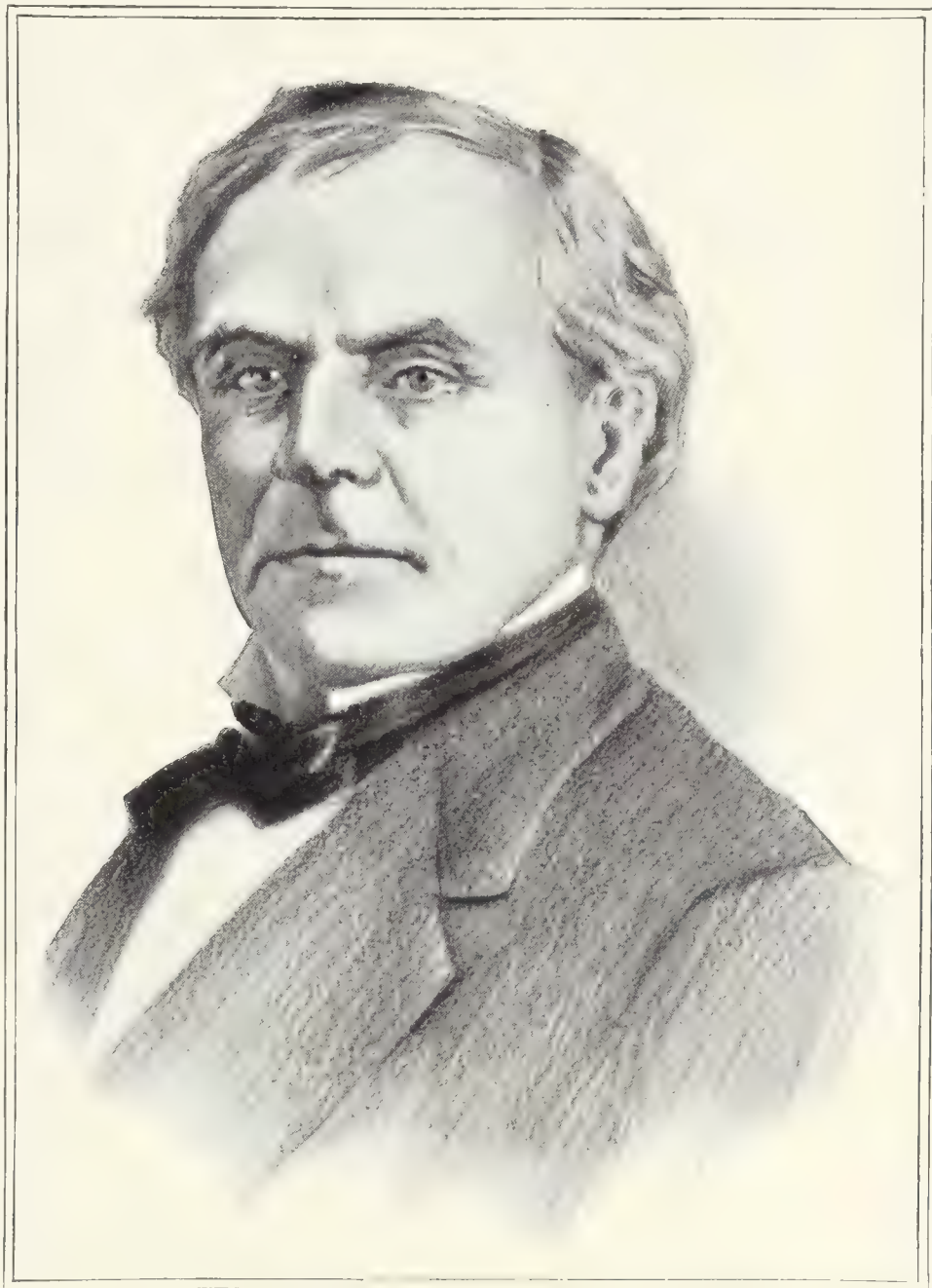
LAWSON BOTTs, DEFENDING JOHN BROWN

old campaigner as his restive eyes swept the crowded court-room. The majesty of the law at Charles Town lacked all the trappings which favor and heighten dignity. The plain, whitewashed walls smeared and stained with head and hand marks, the high, dirty, curtainless windows, the two hideous wood-stoves with their crude, black, crooked smoke-pipes, the bare, dirty floor strewn with peanut and chestnut shells, the stifling atmosphere heavy with the odor of stale tobacco smoke and the respirations of five or six hundred closely wedged spectators—none of the surroundings or conditions was calculated to command respect or to inspire heroism.

Every eye in the room centred on the shackled prisoner, and in the mass of faces turned toward him not even a fleeting expression of sympathy was anywhere discernible. No articulate demonstration of hostility had greeted his entrance, but the silence of those hundreds of men who glared at him from every nook and corner of the room was eloquent of the implacable hatred he had inspired. Against this ominous background, bristling with bayonets, and touched here and there with color in the motley uniforms of the militia, a few individuals loomed out of the murky atmosphere.

On the chairs behind the judicial desk sat eight justices of the peace, forming the Board of Magistrates, whose duty it was to examine the accused, dismiss them or hold them for the action of the Grand Jury. Some of them were men of character and standing in the community, and all of them were competent for their purely formal duties. Before the bench at the counsels' table sat a hard-faced, dissipated-looking man with a sharp, hooked nose, and a weak chin covered with a few days' growth of beard, his hair uncombed and tumbled and his clothes dirty and awry. This was Charles Harding, commonwealth's attorney—the driftwood of some political stream which had landed him upon Jefferson County

—sober for the instant, but incapable by habit, temperament, or education of conducting any but the most perfunctory of official duties. Near this legal wreck sat a man of singularly distinguished appearance, tall, handsome, alert, and



JUDGE RICHARD PARKER
Presiding at the Trial

vigorous—his clean-shaven refined face and clear intelligent eyes contrasting strangely with the coarse-grained individual beside him. This was Andrew Hunter, an able member of the Virginian bar, designated by Governor Wise as special prosecutor for the occasion, and destined, by reason of this appointment, to be the most important character in all Virginia for many a long day thereafter. Within the counsels' rail, and not far from these legal luminaries, sat a gentleman of the old school whose calm face, aristocratic bearing, and personal distinction marked him as a man apart; for Colonel Lewis Washington looked as though he might have stepped out of Trumbull's portrait of his great uncle

George, whose family had founded Charles Town almost half a century before.

Probably this distinguished Virginian was one of the very few that old Brown recognized in the blur of faces turned toward him as he tottered into the silent court-room, for the Colonel had been one of the slave-owners kidnapped as hostages just prior to the raid, and he and his captor had held much conversation during their enforced companionship. Indeed, the sword which Brown had "appropriated" for the occasion and proudly borne during the siege of the engine-house was an heirloom in the Washington family, being the blade which Frederick the Great had presented to the President, bearing the inscription, "From the oldest living General to the greatest."

But perhaps the most striking personality of all those projected from the dark human canvas was that of the tall military individual who stood near the bench—a rather pompous and self-important figure of a man, clothed in what appeared to be a uniform of some character and bearing an old-fashioned rifle in his clutch. A mass of luxuriant whiskers and a flowing mustache covered a large portion of this singular person's countenance, and his long, straight hair, brushed back into a species of double queue, was looped in some curious fashion so that the braided strands encircled his head and joined in a bow-knot in the centre of his forehead. This was no less a personage than Colonel J. Lucius Davis—a noted duelist—a relic of a passing period of Virginian chivalry, and, for the time being, military Majordomo and Sergeant-at-Arms.

Very little time was wasted in formally arraigning the prisoners at the bar. In rough and clumsy fashion Harding, the local prosecutor, opened the proceedings by demanding that the prisoners state whether they were represented by counsel or whether they wished counsel to be assigned them by the court. Every word, tone, and gesture of the coarse little administrator of the law indicated his attitude toward the business in hand. Quick work and no ceremony was to be the order of the day. This was his hour to swagger in the public eye, and he doubtless argued that the effect would be heightened by a display of official

austerity and roughness. Something of this must have been vaguely conveyed to the gaunt, haggard old man at whom the prosecutor aimed his inquiry, for with a supreme effort he rose from his chair, his blazing eyes directed not at the bench or at any particular individual, but comprehending the entire audience in their sweep. Even in his enfeebled condition he was still a magnificent figure—rough-hewn but Titanic—patriarchal but aggressive—his strongly Hebraic features showing passion, purpose, courage, and relentlessness in every line.

"Virginians!" he began, and his low well-modulated voice reached every corner of the court-room in the deathlike silence: "Virginians! I did not ask for quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. . . . If you seek my blood you can have it at any moment without this mockery of a trial. I have no counsel. . . . If we are to be forced with a mere form—a trial for execution—you might spare yourself that trouble. I am ready for my fate. . . . I beg for no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice drives you to practise. I ask again to be excused the mockery of a trial. I do not even know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the commonwealth. I have now little further to ask, other than that I may not be foolishly insulted."

The speaker swayed and sank into his chair again, but every word of his brief utterance was aimed at the pride of Virginia, and it found its mark. It was the courageous defiance of a man at bay, ready for death, but supremely conscious of his own dignity, and, for the instant, something akin to respect for the old fanatic kindled in the minds of his auditors. Indeed, if there had been, up to that moment, any thought of satisfying the public conscience with the form instead of the substance of a trial, that dramatic challenge disposed of it on the instant, and before the wondering whispers of the audience ceased Brown had, by sheer force of his personality, accomplished for himself what no lawyer could have secured him, namely, a fair field, if no favor.

With this effective prelude the formalities before the committing magistrates were immediately inaugurated and speedi-

ly concluded. Messrs. Lawson Botts and Charles J. Faulkner, of the local bar, were assigned as counsel for the accused, a perfunctory examination of witnesses was conducted by Harding, and the prisoners promptly held for the action of the Grand Jury, which, being already in session, quickly returned indictments for treason, inciting slaves to rebellion, and for murder, each offence being punishable with death. Indeed, there was scarcely a creak in the carefully oiled machinery of the law, and within twenty-four hours of his first arraignment John Brown was called to face a jury of his peers.

Before another day had passed, however, the prosecution was to learn that there was something more important at stake than a speedy conviction, and every day the proceedings lasted was to drive this lesson home. But the public, believing that the first day of the trial would be the last, determined not to miss what might be a last chance for viewing the criminal at close range, and the crowd massed in front of the jail on the second court day was even greater than that which witnessed the prisoner's first appearance.

Again the crude and dirty court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity, and even the windows choked with lowering humanity; but in some particulars the aspect of the place had undergone a transformation since the prisoner first passed its threshold.

Behind the judicial desk sat Richard Parker, a jurist of experience and ability, the third of his name to occupy the bench. Short, almost diminutive of stature, his was still a commanding presence—his face stern, but with clear-cut features bespeaking courage, conviction, and strong, forceful character. In age, physique, and mentality Judge Parker was in his prime, and although he was by tradition, birth, and training strongly in sympathy with the thought and prin-

ciples of his State, no fairer presiding officer could have been selected within the limits of Virginia.

Among the densely massed spectators sat James Mason, United States Senator from Virginia—the author of the Fugi-



THOMAS GREEN
Of Counsel for John Brown

tive-Slave Law—a fierce, eager, passionate partisan of the South, who had flown to Harper's Ferry at the earliest possible moment and hungrily cross-examined Brown, as he lay weltering in his blood, hoping to secure incriminating evidence against some of the Black Republicans, and this was undoubtedly the explanation of his presence in the court-room.

Over the counsels' table leaned Lawson Botts,* the prisoner's thin, active,

* Lawson Botts, who was thirty-six years old at the time of Brown's trial, was a grandson of Benjamin Botts, who defended Aaron Burr. He entered the Confederate army as a captain and immediately distinguished himself in the field, being promoted to rank of colonel for conspicuous gallantry. He was mortally wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862.

wiry lawyer, who sat waiting the arrival of his client, his legs coiled around the legs of his chair, and his body bent forward in a characteristic posture as though poised for a spring, and by his side sat the Mayor of Charles Town, Thomas

that he seemed to speak "whole sentences abreast of each other" in the rush and tumble of his words.

Harding, the local functionary, had already yielded precedence to Andrew Hunter, the special prosecutor, and except for a few spasmodic efforts to assert his authority, he gradually lapsed thereafter into the background, against which he was occasionally discerned sleeping off his potations, totally oblivious to his surroundings.

A rough cot had been placed on the floor within the counsels' railing and almost directly before the bench, for the previous day's experience had proved too much for the wounded prisoner and he could no longer even stand without assistance. Immediately upon his entrance he made a brief appeal for a postponement of the trial on account of his physical weakness, but it was disregarded, and two men lifted him to his feet and supported him while the lengthy indictment was read and his plea of "not guilty" entered, whereupon he immediately sank upon his couch, drew a blanket about him, closed his eyes, and rarely opened them again during the day's proceedings.

Left to themselves in this fashion, the lawyers for the defence faced a task of unparalleled difficulty, presenting an opportunity for fame unequalled in the history of the law, but requiring a man as great as the occasion. Probably no member of the Virginian bar and possibly no advocate anywhere in the country could have risen to the emergency, and it would have been unreasonable, under the circumstances, to expect the two Virginians charged with the defence to imperil themselves in such a cause. Both men undoubtedly loathed Brown and all his works, but even if they had doubted his guilt under the law, his policy of bold admission and his utter indifference to the result would have chilled the finest enthusiasm. Each of them made earnest pleas for a postponement of the trial before a jury was impanelled, urging their client's condition and their



JOHN AVIS
Jailer of John Brown

Green,* the successor of Mr. Faulkner, who had declined the ungrateful task of defending a man whom he had personally attempted to kill or capture at Harper's Ferry. The new counsel for the prisoner was a long, angular, uncouth limb of the law of singular appearance and no little oddity of manner, but a man of considerable ability, who was to prove before many hours had passed that he possessed a quick wit and such a flow of language

* Thomas C. Green served in the Confederate army as a private under Major Botts during the civil war and saw hard service. He was appointed to the bench in 1875, serving in the Supreme Court of Appeals (West Virginia) with great distinction until his death in 1889. He was in his thirty-ninth year at the time of Brown's trial.

absolute lack of all opportunity for examining the indictment or otherwise preparing for the defence; but Mr. Hunter stoutly objected to any delay, dwelling upon the need of swift justice to demonstrate the efficiency of the law, and Harding appealed to the worst fears of the community by vague references to impending rescues and negro insurrections. Finally the judge called the prison doctor to the stand, who cheerfully testified that the apparently unconscious man at his feet was in a fit condition to fight for his life, whereupon the request for delay was denied and the impanelling of a jury promptly directed.

Had the talesmen been strictly examined and challenged it is extremely doubtful if one wholly unprejudiced juror could have been secured in the entire county, but it is probable that the men who were finally sworn into the jury-box were as well qualified as any other Virginians. Some of them were slaveholders, but not all, and as, under the practice, twenty-four were originally selected, of which the defence had the right to strike out eight and select twelve by lot, the prisoner was fairly protected by the statutes. Any attorney who had insisted upon more than the letter of the law on such an occasion would have been overruled and his protests would have served no useful purpose. Even as it was, a competent jury was not obtained until nightfall, and the prosecution did not fairly open until the following day.

As soon as the court resumed business the next morning, however, Mr. Botts arose on behalf of his client with the announcement that he had received information by telegraph that there was insanity in Brown's family. He desired time, he declared, to investigate the seemingly well-supported statement of the prisoner's mental incapacity; but in the midst of his earnest plea for an adjournment he was interrupted in the most unexpected manner, for with a supreme effort the prisoner struggled up from his pallet and demanded a hearing from the court.

The old man's face was drawn and haggard with suffering, but his eyes blazed with excitement as he raised himself to a sitting posture, and supporting his body with his long, muscular arms,

gazed intently at the bench. Then, in a voice shaken with emotion, but with every mental faculty evidently on the alert, he repudiated his lawyer's plea, explaining with convincing clearness that there was no insanity in his father's family, although, as his counsel had stated, some of his mother's family, his first wife, and some of her children had been mentally afflicted, and this short explanation ended with a scornful refusal to countenance any such subterfuge in his behalf.

A murmur of astonishment burst from the dense audience as the speaker concluded, and drawing his blanket closely around his chin, again sank into a recumbent position. What was the meaning of this performance? Everybody had supposed that the old scoundrel was "playing possum" to waste time, but here was a chance to drag matters along indefinitely and he refused to take it! What sort of a game was he up to, anyway?

But the game which the wounded fanatic had in mind was altogether beyond the comprehension of the questioners, and they little dreamed that this was the one agonizingly crucial moment of the whole trial to him; for between the wild nightmare of the Harper's Ferry raid and the dawn of his arraignment John Brown had dreamed a strange and wonderful dream, and the dream was proving true.

He was no longer an avenging fury, but a pawn in a mighty contest projected in his mental vision, and his the opening move. Would his foes refuse his lead or would they accept it and sweep him from the board? On one hand the ignominious madhouse yawned—on the other the glorious gallows. Futile commiseration and contempt or inspiring martyrdom was to be his portion, and the issue hung on a thread during the breathless hush that followed his surprising outburst. Not his fate alone trembled in the balance. Virginia, straining every nerve to make an example of him, had it in her power to punish him as few men had ever been before. Would she seize her opportunity? No wonder beads of perspiration moistened the prisoner's forehead as he lay huddled under his crumpled blanket.

In the hush of expectation Mr. Green

rose to confess his embarrassment in urging a defence which had been openly repudiated by his client, yet he felt that the existing circumstances demanded investigation, and with some vigor he proclaimed his views upon the point. Mr. Hunter was, however, of a different opinion, and with extreme professional courtesy the question was battledored and shuttlecocked between him and his opponents with considerable prolixity. Finally his Honor interfered by observing that there was no legal question before the court in the absence of sworn statements supporting the defence of insanity, and the trial must therefore proceed forthwith.

What a sensation of relief that momentous decision must have afforded the anxious defendant as he lay extended on his prison cot! All danger of being ignobly relegated to a madhouse was over, and the burning eyes that glittered from his coverlet closed in seeming slumber, not to reopen during the remainder of the day. From that hour it was no longer John Brown but Virginia that stood on trial.

It was still early in the morning when this crisis passed, and Harding being in a condition to assert his prerogative, made the opening address to the jury. His denunciation of the criminal was followed in due course by a conservative plea from Messrs. Botts and Green, which Mr. Hunter duly tore to pieces in his turn; by which time the jurors were thoroughly advised of what they had known before they entered the jury-box and no more, for the main facts of the Harper's Ferry raid had been familiar to every man, woman, and child in Virginia for days, and the counsel for the prisoner had had no opportunity to devise any comprehensible theory of defence.

The speeches finished, Mr. Hunter lost no time in producing witnesses to support his story, and man after man took the stand and swore to the events at Harper's Ferry on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of October. One version of the affair was much like another, but the personality of each witness was strongly in evidence. Some were scrupulously careful to give nothing but the facts, while others obviously stretched the truth in their

anxiety to damage the defendant. In the main, however, the history of the raid was as clearly recounted then as it has ever been since.

On the night of October 16, 1859, a small party of men under Brown had descended on Harper's Ferry, where they had separated, some seizing the railroad bridge, others taking possession of the United States Arsenal, and others visiting the plantations of local slave-owners, whose persons and slaves they took into custody. Early the next morning a railroad train had been held up at the bridge, and during an altercation a negro railroad employee had been shot. Shortly after this casualty the town was aroused, the militia was summoned, and desultory firing began between the citizens and isolated detachments of the raiders, during which several persons on both sides were killed or wounded. Finally Brown and a few of his followers had barricaded themselves with their prisoners in the engine-house near the United States Arsenal, where they were surrounded by the citizens and military and cut off from all escape. Again and again during the siege that followed, Brown had attempted to negotiate with his assailants, but his flags of truce had been repeatedly disregarded, and the men who bore them either captured or shot, and during the firing Mr. Fontaine Beckham, the Mayor of Harper's Ferry, had fallen mortally wounded.

Finally, some thirty-six hours after Brown had entered the town, a company of United States marines under Colonel Robert E. Lee and Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart stormed the engine-house* and either killed or captured the defenders, Brown himself being sabred as he stood defenceless just inside the door. Twelve of his men had been killed, including two of his sons, two were wounded, and one escaped; and of the attacking citizens five were dead and nine wounded.

Such, in outline, was the story of the

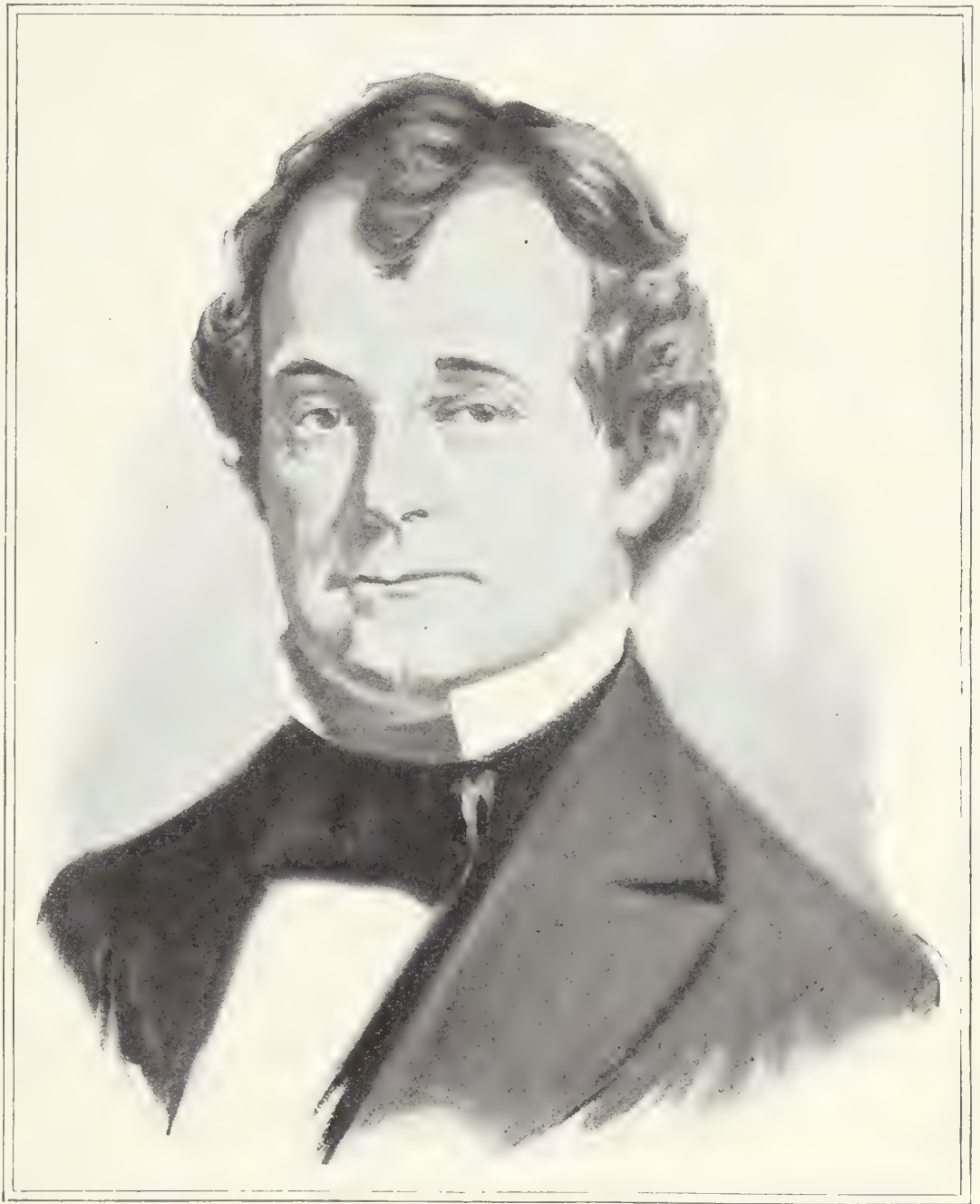
* The capture having been made by United States troops on United States property, the jurisdiction would seem to have been that of the Federal and not the State courts. Indeed, one of the prisoners was indicted in the United States courts, and it would have been a shrewd political move to have thrown the onus of the whole business on the national authorities.

affair as told by eye-witnesses, and the oral testimony was then supplemented by a copy of the curious "Constitution and Ordinances" which Brown had drawn up for the government of his followers, and for the reconstruction of the United States Constitution "through amendment and repeal." Letters were also introduced from Joshua R. Giddings, the Abolitionist member of Congress from Ohio, for whose head one of the Richmond journals subsequently advertised a reward of ten thousand dollars, and these, with a document called Brown's autobiography and some communications from Gerrit Smith, the Boston Abolitionist, completed the documentary evidence; and at the end of two short sessions the prosecution closed its case.

Before this point had been reached, however, an incident occurred which reawakened all the slumbering fears and suspicions of the community and deepened the intense feeling against the accused. On the third morning of the trial a young man appeared in the courtroom who introduced himself as George Henry Hoyt, of Boston, and announced that he had come from Massachusetts to offer his professional services to the defence. Neither Brown nor any one else in Charles Town knew this volunteer counsel, and Messrs. Botts and Green at first declined his assistance, though they finally yielded at the request of their client. But Andrew Hunter mistrusted this strange intrusion, and shrewdly suspecting that a mere boy like Hoyt might not be qualified for legal duties, he promptly challenged his right to practise in the courts, and the visitor was utterly unable to substantiate his claim to membership in the bar. At this juncture, however, Judge Parker intervened, suggesting that formal proof be dispensed

with, and the stranger, who was only just of age and extremely boyish for his years, was sworn in as associate counsel for the defence.

Hoyt's reception raised a violent storm of protest and indignation in the North-



ANDREW HUNTER
Prosecutor in John Brown Trial

ern press, and Brown's biographers have almost universally assailed Hunter for his professional discourtesy and generally overbearing conduct toward the representative of the Massachusetts bar. Had they been informed of that innocent young gentleman's real purpose, however, they might have suspended their attacks upon the official prosecutor; and had the latter known, instead of merely suspected, that the legal fledgling was the agent of a rescue party instructed to make drawings of the jail and its defences, it is extremely doubtful if George Henry Hoyt would have ever left the town alive. Nevertheless, it is now well established that the young man's sole mission in Charles Town was to obtain information

concerning the feasibility of Brown's rescue, and that, inspired by enthusiasm for the Abolition cause, he had taken his life in his hands and accepted the service, little dreaming of the responsibilities which his rôle of counsel was soon to entail upon him.

It was only a few hours after young Hoyt appeared in Charles Town that the prosecution rested, and it at once became necessary for Brown's lawyers to formulate some sort of a defence. Destitute as they were of material, it would still have been possible for the Virginian counsel to have made a respectable showing on law points had it not been for their client's extraordinary notions of the lines upon which the so-called defence should be conducted, and his utter rejection of all plans except his own.

During his incarceration the old man had prepared a list of witnesses, which included most of the slaveholding citizens he had held as hostages, and he directed that these men should be subpoenaed to testify to his humane treatment of them, and his endeavor to shield them and prevent the shedding of blood. No direct or convincing proof had been offered to show that he had slain or even injured any one during the fighting, and some of the commonwealth's witnesses had already asserted that his orders were to act solely on the defensive; but from a legal standpoint the proposed testimony was irrelevant, if not absurd, and Messrs. Botts and Green protested against such futile tactics.

But Brown knew what he was attempting to accomplish even if his counsel did not. He cherished no illusions as to the effect of such a defence upon the jury or upon any one in Virginia, but he had determined to place himself upon record before the people of the North and it was to them that his plea was directed. Pursuant to his request, several witnesses were summoned and responded to the call, but the very first questions addressed to them met with strenuous objection from the prosecutor. What difference would it make, he demanded, if a thousand witnesses should testify to the defendant's kind attentions to his prisoners or his merciful instructions to his accomplices? There would be nothing in those facts which the jury could

consider. Such testimony was a sheer waste of time.

Unanswerable as this argument was, the lawyers persisted, and Brown's consideration for his prisoners and his efforts to prevent bloodshed were fairly established. Then, to contrast his conduct with that of his assailants, testimony was introduced showing the treatment which his truce-bearers had received, and a more revolting recital of mob violence has never been recorded in a court. With scarcely a tinge of shame or compunction of any sort, Henry Hunter, the prosecutor's own son, took the stand and confessed that, enraged by the death of his uncle, Fontaine Beckham, he and another young man had sought out Thompson, one of Brown's men who had been captured bearing a flag of truce, and had attempted to shoot him as he sat bound hand and foot in a room of the Harper's Ferry hotel, and that being foiled in this effort by a young woman who threw herself upon the prisoner and shielded him with her own body, they had at last dragged him out of the hotel to the railroad bridge, and there despatched him with their revolvers, throwing his body into the river.

At no other time, perhaps, in the history of this country would it have been possible for a man to repeat a story of such degraded ferocity in the presence of his father without a blush, and under no other conditions could a father have listened to such a confession without mental anguish and horror. Yet such was the state of public feeling regarding the crimes with which Brown was charged that Andrew Hunter, a man of reputation and standing in the community, not only heard this brutal avowal with calmness, but encouraged the witness as he made it and continued his prosecution of the prisoner at the bar with unabated vigor. Indeed, the only man in the courtroom who was visibly moved by this shocking recital was the defendant, who shed tears as he listened to the hideous details of his follower's death.

Despite this and similar testimony it was not long before the witnesses had told all they had to tell in Brown's favor, and as some of those called did not answer to their names, it was apparent that the proceedings must speedily be

brought to a conclusion. But the wounded man lying upon the court-house floor was not content to have the curtain fall. He instinctively realized that every hour he could hold the stage was vital to his cause, and although he knew that he had begun to arrest and focus the attention of the North he was not yet satisfied with the result. He wanted more time to drive his message home, and he determined to obtain it at any and every cost.

Witness after witness had been called without response, and the lawyers for the defence were keeping up the fight, never dreaming but that their client was entirely satisfied with their efforts; when the inert man behind them slowly opened his eyes and rested them for an instant on the earnest, boyish face of young Hoyt, who was bending over and gently fanning him. Possibly it was the sympathy of that young enthusiast's face which inspired the old man to immediate action, for, to the intense astonishment of the spectators, he suddenly struggled to his feet and burst into a torrent of denunciation and appeal.

He had been promised a fair trial, but the promise had been broken, he vociferated. The trial was a farce! He had directed witnesses to be subpoenaed and they were not in court. He had no counsel upon whom he could rely, and if he was to have anything deserving the name or resembling the shadow of a fair trial it was essential that the case be adjourned until he should procure counsel who would enforce the attendance of his witnesses. One day should be allowed him as a matter of decency. If not, let the commonwealth do its worst!

The moment he had uttered this fierce pronouncement, the prisoner regained his usual calmness, and quietly resuming his former attitude, settled himself comfortably upon his couch without a word to his astonished counsel.

Order had no sooner been restored in the court-room, however, than Messrs. Botts and Green were upon their feet indignantly repudiating the reflections which had been cast upon their professional conduct. They had represented the prisoner to the best of their ability, faithfully followed his instructions, and performed every duty which law or honor entailed upon them; but their motives

having been impugned, and a want of confidence in them expressed in open court, they had no alternative but to resign and leave the case in charge of the gentleman from Massachusetts.

Utterly unprepared for this predicament, young Hoyt rose, his face flushing with excitement and embarrassment. He had only just completed his course as a law student, and even if he had had experience in the Massachusetts court-rooms, he was wholly ignorant of the Virginian law and practice. The situation was at once painful and dangerous. Knowing the true explanation of his presence at the trial, he realized the peril of failing to support the rôle he had assumed, but he had neither the knowledge nor the ability to accept the responsibility thrown upon him.

No member of the bar ever faced a more desperate situation than that which confronted this inexperienced stripling as he met the smiles and derision of the hostile spectators, some of whom would have cheerfully torn him to pieces had they divined his secret. But mere boy as he was, young Hoyt possessed a daring and courage which was destined at no distant day to carry him from the ranks to the command of a regiment on the field of battle, and he rose to the emergency unafraid.

With earnest simplicity and true dignity he pointed out the embarrassing situation in which he found himself, confessed his complete ignorance of the Virginian laws, advised the court that other counsel were momentarily expected, and urged an adjournment until their arrival. Had the Judge listened to Harding's vehement objections the defence must have come to an abrupt conclusion then and there; but the retiring lawyers, inspired by Hoyt's bold front in the face of such odds, generously seconded his efforts, offering to devote every spare moment to preparing him for his duties if the court would grant a postponement, and Judge Parker finally adjourned the trial until the following morning.

Before the sessions were resumed, however, the defence received strong reinforcements. Through the indirect intervention of Montgomery Blair, Mr. Samuel Chilton, of Washington, had been retained to represent Brown's interests,

and the services of Mr. Hiram Griswold,* of Cleveland, Ohio, had also been secured by the prisoner's friends in that State, and both of these gentlemen appeared in court when the case was again called for trial.

Samuel Chilton was a lawyer of un-

ever, accomplished precisely what Brown most desired, for it enabled him to keep the field for another twenty-four hours, and it was not until November 1—the sixth day of the trial—that the closing speeches were in order.

Both Griswold and Chilton addressed the jurors with force and discretion, making no futile appeal to their sympathies, but attempting to create a doubt in their minds as to the defendant's guilt under the indictment. Andrew Hunter then summed up for the commonwealth, displaying admirable reserve and great ability, and by the early afternoon Judge Parker had charged the jurors with unexceptional fairness and directed them to retire for their verdict.

During all these proceedings the prisoner never stirred from his couch, but lay with closed eyes, apparently unconscious of the legal battling for his life; and when the jury filed into the room and recorded their verdict of guilty on each of the three indictments, he merely turned over on his side and

settled himself more comfortably upon his pillow.

No sane man in Charles Town had doubted the result from the first, and there was no cause for rejoicing, yet it is to the credit of Virginia that in the tension of that moment, when the verdict was announced, no demonstration of any kind voiced the popular approval.

Silently and without disorder the crowd passed from the court, massing for a moment before the jail as the condemned man was borne to his cell surrounded by the militia, and then quietly dispersing to spread the news that Virginia had written the first word of her answer to all Abolition malefactors, and had written it in blood.



COLONEL GEORGE H. HOYT, OF BOSTON

questionable ability, well and favorably known to the Virginian bar and related to Justice Parker; but he had undertaken the case with great reluctance and his appearance at the eleventh hour placed him at a disadvantage. Mr. Griswold was also an advocate of considerable reputation in his own State, but he was even more handicapped by total lack of preparation than his new associate, for he knew practically nothing of Virginian law; and most of the points which these gentlemen presented were suggested to them by Messrs. Botts and Green.

The presence of his new counsel, how-

* Newspaper and other reports of the trial note the appearance of *Henry* Griswold, but this is an error.

On the following evening the prisoner was conducted to the court for sentence, and again every square inch inside the building was occupied by an expectant throng, half hidden in the big black shadows of the gas-lit room.

Already at the counsels' table papers and books had accumulated in the trial of Brown's followers, and the machinery of the law was once more in motion. The interest of the crowd, however, immediately centred upon the convicted prisoner, for it was universally expected that he would attempt an inflammatory harangue in response to the formal questions preceding sentence. No such thought, however, had apparently entered Brown's head, and it is extremely doubtful if he was aware of the purpose for which he had been conducted to the court-room. Indeed, when the clerk demanded if he could assign any reason why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he stared at the bench in evident astonishment, and it was some moments before he answered.

"I have, may it please the court, a few words to say," he began. "In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. . . . That was all I intended. . . . Now, if it is necessary that I forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit. Let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. . . . Now I have done."

In the hush that followed this quiet,

simple utterance, John Brown was sentenced to be hanged on December 2, and a few moments later he was smuggled out of the building, not a man in the audience being permitted to stir until he had been safely returned to his cell without the assistance of the militia, whose services Judge Parker had haughtily declined, holding that soldiers had no business in a court of law.

It was not long, however, before the civil aspects of that hall of justice utterly disappeared, for within a month the military authorities took complete possession of every public building for the housing of the thousands of troops assembled in Charles Town. Indeed, on the evening of December 1 two companies of militia were quartered in the court-room itself, guns stacked outside the counsels' railing, knapsacks and canteens piled upon the bench; belts, cartridge-boxes, and accoutrements of all kinds lying on the counsels' table; and among the men who slept upon their blankets on the floor and benches of the dismantled court-room was John Wilkes Booth, a private in Company F of the Jefferson Guards.

All this display of force was designed to strike terror to the hearts of the Abolitionists, and prevent the rescue of a man whose only fear was that he might not be allowed to die upon the gallows, whose worst enemies were the friends who plotted and petitioned in his behalf, whose only danger was that some inspired statesman in Virginia would divine the danger of his martyrdom and devise the means of reopening the question of his sanity; and whose supreme moment was when he stood upon the scaffold, while the armed hosts of Virginia marched and countermarched, deployed, skirmished, and manœuvred in battle array to ensure the fulfilment of his heart's desire. No wonder he stood steady as a soldier on parade, while the muskets rattled and the ground shook beneath the tramping feet.



My People of the Plains

BY THE RT. REV. ETHELBERT TALBOT, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop of Central Pennsylvania

GENERAL GRANT, when President, adopted the plan of parceling out the various Indian tribes and reservations among the several religious bodies engaged in Indian work. Thus it happened that to the Episcopal Church, under the leadership of Bishop Spalding of Colorado, then in charge of Wyoming, the Wind River reservation was allotted. That was early in the eighties, just previous to my going West. In this beautiful valley of the Wind River, embracing a territory of 10,000 square miles, two noted tribes were domiciled — the Shoshones and the Arapahoes.

Since the Shoshones migrated to the Wind River—indeed long before that date—until a few years ago, they have had but one chief, old Washakie, as he was familiarly known. The Indian word “washakie” is said to mean “shoots-on-the-fly,” and may bear witness to the deadly and unerring aim for which the chief was famous. This reputation, coupled with his bravery, inspired much terror in the minds of the surrounding tribes. As a ruler of his people, Washakie was as autocratic as any Russian Czar.

Tradition has it that some years before I knew him Washakie himself had not been free from blame in that he had disposed of his mother-in-law. But he was the chief and had absolute rights, and the government could not wisely interfere with his domestic rule. The story is that on one occasion Washakie went hunting. Before leaving, he ordered his squaw to move his teepee to a higher point of ground, for it was getting damp in the valley. He was gone a week. When he returned, he was cold and tired and cross. Approaching his tent, he saw with much disgust that the wigwam stood just where he had left it. He was not accustomed to be-

ing disobeyed even by his squaw. Entering his home, he said,

“Did I not tell you to move this teepee?”

“Yes,” said his squaw, seeing fire in the old man’s eye.

“Then why did you not do it?”

“Because,” said she, “my mother would not permit me.”

Then there ensued a passage at arms between the chief and his mother-in-law, and Washakie, in a fit of unbridled rage, cruelly slew the offending old woman.

I hope my readers will not unduly blame me for narrating this incident, for already it has brought upon my innocent head at least one serious reprimand. It was in Buffalo, New York. I was the guest of a prominent rector much beloved by his people. He had sent for me that I might inspire some missionary zeal in the hearts of his flock. He told me that they were a kind and thoughtful people, and towards him personally most gracious and considerate. He said they would give any amount of money for their own city or parish, but that he had tried in vain to get them interested in the cause of missions, foreign or domestic. He added that about a half-dozen men of wealth sat in the front pews near the pulpit, and he hoped I might induce them to give liberally toward the cause which I presented.

So I went at them. I told them of the poverty of my scattered flock on the big prairies; described how a few hundred dollars would enable me to send a clergyman here or there; explained that with five hundred dollars, aided by the people themselves, I could build a much-needed little church. But my appeals did not seem to move them. Then I told them some pathetic stories of suffering and self-denial on the part of my missionaries. Again, I tried the effect of some facetious incidents; but

all in vain. Finally, becoming desperate, I narrated the story of old Washakie killing his mother-in-law, and reminded my hearers that even such a cruel and hard-hearted savage as he had been had come under the fascination of the gospel story and was now a good Christian. No greater testimony to the power of Christianity could be given, I added, than that a man mean enough to kill his mother-in-law had been converted. Then the plates went round. One man tore out the fly-leaf of his prayer-book and wrote: "Call on me for fifty dollars for that old chief that killed his mother-in-law. My heart goes out to him." Another wrote on a scrap of paper, "I have given the Bishop all I had in my pocket, but call on me for twenty-five dollars more for that old chief." About thirteen hundred and sixty dollars was gathered in for an Indian school.

After the service I received in the vestry-room a card. It was evidently from some one in mourning. I asked the rector who the lady was. He said she was a devout and wealthy parishioner, and added, "See her, by all means." When she stood before me, I saw there was trouble ahead. She told me she had been so much interested in the early part of my address; "but," she continued, "I was deeply disappointed that you told that horrible incident about that cruel old chief who killed his mother-in-law." She said she dearly loved her mother-in-law, whom she had recently lost, and that it was evident I had taken delight in venting my own personal feelings against mothers-in-law. It was not until I had assured her that no personal experience had inspired my recital, and that a strange and inscrutable Providence had denied me a mother-in-law, that she completely forgave me, and produced a check for \$250 which she had brought to church for me, and we parted excellent friends.

As it was my custom, when journeying through my diocese, to spend several days in a mining-town, it was often possible to prepare the way for my visitation to the next camp through the kind offices of personal friends already made. Thus it was that Mrs. Deardon, one of our church members in Challis, informed me that her husband kept the hotel and saloon in Clayton, and that she had al-

ready sent him word of my intended visit. A white horse was placed at my disposal by a gentleman who facetiously reminded me that my first stopping-place *en route* would be a mining-camp known as Bay Horse.

It was at this latter place that I met, for the first and only time, a strange wild man of the mountains, who was spoken of as the "Bulgarian monk." He carried a gun, and was followed by a dog. Occasionally he would descend from the hills, where he led a solitary life in the woods, to a mining-camp, and preach the gospel to those who were attracted by his weird appearance and mysterious personality. He affected the conventional dress and bearing of the apostles, and seemed to consider himself a sort of modern John the Baptist. By the more superstitious and impressionable he was regarded with much awe and wonder; by others, and especially the young, he was greatly feared, and mothers would conjure with his name in keeping their children in the path of obedience. Whence he came and whither he went no one knew. His movements were enshrouded in mystery. I tried to engage him in conversation, and elicit from him some information as to his life and purpose. But my efforts were unavailing. As the weather grew cold in the autumn, he would disappear, not to be seen again until the winter had passed and the snow had melted in the mountains. Then with his rifle and faithful dog he would once more be seen in the woods. Whenever he condescended to come to a settlement, it was only for a brief hour to deliver his message or warning and then disappear. On the occasion of my seeing him at Bay Horse, he was just leaving that place, and I can vividly recall his curiously clad, retreating figure, as he climbed the mountain and disappeared among the pines.

Reaching Clayton about one o'clock, I was met cordially by my host, who bade me alight and partake of his hospitality. I was somewhat late for dinner, but the dining-room was still open, and I soon found myself seated at the table. Scarcely had I begun my dinner, when a man in the far corner of the room hailed me in a loud voice.

"Hello, Bishop," said he, "is that you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Bishop, come over this way and eat with a feller," beckoning to me. By this time I had easily discovered that my friend was far from sober. I declined the invitation to join him by reminding him that I had already been served, and that it would be inconvenient to have my dishes carried over to his table. I added that I would see him after dinner. That suggestion did not at all satisfy him. He said,

"Well, then, Bishop, if you won't eat with me, I'll come over and eat with you." And over he came. He was the impersonation of good nature and amiability, though somewhat familiar for an entire stranger. When he was seated near me, he said,

"Bishop, are you going to talk to the boys here to-night?" I told him that was my object in coming to the camp. "Well," he added, "I am glad, for God knows these fellers here need it. You see, Bishop, the trouble with the boys here is that they drink too much." He was obviously the last person to complain of that tendency on the part of his brethren. So I ventured to say, "Well, my friend, I am very sorry to hear that, but, if you will pardon me, it seems to me that you are suffering from that same trouble yourself just now."

He saw my point, but was ready for my sally, and quickly rejoined, "You are right, Bishop; but don't you see, when the Bishop comes, a feller just has to celebrate."

It was easy to establish kindly relations with so pleasant a nature. His next remark was: "Bishop, I heard you at Ketchum. Are you going to give them that same talk you gave us fellers there?" I told him I had thought of preaching another sermon. "Oh, give them that same talk, Bishop; that was a hell of a good talk, and will hit these fellers here just right." He then wished to know where I was going to preach and the hour. I told him the service would be in the dance-hall over Barnes's saloon at eight o'clock that evening. He asked me if I would allow him to help me "round up the boys." I answered that I thought his help would not be necessary; that I intended to visit the mill, and go down in the mines, and call in at all the stores, and invite everybody. But before I escaped from him he had

expressed his purpose to be on hand without fail.

After calling on the superintendent, and letting all the people know about the services, I returned to the hotel and had supper. About half past six I went over to see the dance-hall. It was in a most untidy condition. There had been a dance the night before, and it had been left in great disorder. I found a broom, raised the windows, and swept the place thoroughly. I then dusted the organ and the chairs, and put things in order as best I could. Finding an oil-can, I filled the lamps and cleaned the chimneys, and was quite pleased at the improved appearance of things. I then sat down to think over my address and prepare for the service. It must have been about half past seven when I heard the sound of heavy footsteps ascending the outside stairway. It was my friend.

"Bishop," he asked, "are you ready for the boys? Shall I round them up now?"

"No, not yet," I said; "wait about half an hour, please."

"All right. I'll be back in a half-hour."

Sure enough, a little before eight, he again reported. "Are you ready now, Bishop?"

"Yes," I replied. "You may now round them up." I still hoped that the constable might come to my relief and lock up my friend in "the cooler" until after service. But no such good fortune awaited me. Presently I heard his voice resounding up and down the narrow street or gulch, crying out: "Oh yes, boys! Oh yes! Come this way; the Bishop is ready. The meetin' is about to begin."

His invitation was promptly acted upon; for soon the tramp of feet was heard upon the stairway, and it was not long before every chair and bench was occupied. Standing-room was at a premium; and when I was about to give out the opening hymn, and was congratulating myself that my friend had been opportunely side-tracked, he, last of all, made his appearance. His condition had not improved, but, on the contrary, had grown worse during his visits to the several saloons where he went to "round up the boys." I was not a little annoyed by his arrival, and anticipated trouble.

There was no chair to offer him. Suddenly it occurred to me that the only safe thing to do was to give him my chair after placing it on the opposite side of the little table where I had been sitting. He was limp, and easily managed. I greeted him kindly, and, taking him by the shoulders, seated him so that he would be facing me and immediately under my eye. As I thrust him down, I said, "You shall have the best seat in the house, right here by me."

"All right, Bishop," he replied audibly, looking around at the congregation with a broad grin. "There ain't no flies on you."

I gave out a hymn, requesting all to stand. As the singing proceeded, I noticed that as long as I kept my eyes on my friend he was very respectful, but whenever I looked in the other direction, he would pull out a large red handkerchief and ostentatiously wipe his eyes, as if his religious emotions were stirred to the depths. The devotional service safely over, the sermon began. The text was those words of St. Paul before Felix: "As he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." One could hardly refrain, with such a text, from dwelling on the great evils of intemperance. It was evident that drunkenness was the prevailing vice of the camp, and that it was destroying many of the young lives before me. As long as that was my theme, I observed that my friend, just before me, hung his head in shame. He was conscience-stricken. He felt that the preacher was personal in his remarks, and had him chiefly in mind. I shall never forget his look of abject misery and self-abasement.

At length I passed on to another vice, that of gambling, also very prevalent, and equally debasing in its effects. Now it just happened, as I learned afterward, that my convivial hearer was not addicted to card-playing or gambling in any of its forms. Whatever sins he might possess, he could plead "not guilty" to this indictment. Therefore, when he realized that I had passed on from the consideration of his particular weakness, and was launching out to attack the sins of others, he immediately braced up and looked me straight in the eye, his face radiant with interest and delight. As I proceeded, his

head nodded in evident approval of my arguments, and at last I could hear him say,

"That's right, Bishop; go for 'em. Hit 'em again." He became more and more noisy and excited. Finally he clapped his hands, and unable longer to restrain himself, he shouted: "Good, good! Give 'em hell, Bishop, give 'em hell." I looked at him severely, and motioned to him with my hand deprecatingly, and he subsided.

It was a memorable evening. After the closing hymn and the benediction, the men lingered long, and many of them came up and shook my hand gratefully; but I could see there was something on their minds which they wished to express. At length one of them found courage to say,

"Bishop, things did not look quite natural in church to-night," I asked what he meant. "Why," he said, "you didn't look like a bishop, and didn't have 'em on as you did in Challis."

"Oh, you refer to my vestments," I said, and explained to them that I had left my robes and prayer-books in a gunny-sack with Mr. Deardon at his saloon. He had placed the bag behind the counter; but later a ranchman, living out of town about nine miles, had called for his gunny-sack, and as they all look alike, had taken mine instead of his own; so when the time for service came I was without my usual equipment.

"Oh, that's the way it happened, is it? Well, you see, Bishop, we boys like to have you dress up for us. It seems so much more like church back home."

As I returned to the Wood River country from this trip, I spent a few days at Hailey. One afternoon a card bearing the name "Joe Oldham" was brought to my room at the hotel. I recognized at once that my visitor was a famous gambler, of whom I had often heard; but, despite his unenviable profession, Joe Oldham was highly respected by the men of Idaho. He stood at the head of his business for decency and honor and integrity. Naturally, however, I wondered why he had called to see me; but I immediately descended to the parlor, where, attired in a faultless suit of broadcloth, Mr. Oldham awaited me. Tall, dignified in bearing, most gracious and polite in manner, he extended his hand.

As I grasped it, he said, "Bishop, I hear you are from Missouri."

"Yes," I replied, "I am proud to say that is my native State." I added that I was from Fayette, Howard County.

His face lighted up with a smile, and he exclaimed: "Howard County! Why, I have been there. I have relatives in old Howard."

We at once became good friends. I soon learned his mission. He simply wished me to write a letter to his "folks," who lived in Independence, Missouri. His family consisted of a mother and two sisters.

"Bishop," he said, "as long as Joe Oldham lives, they will never know what it is to want for anything. If you will write my mother and just tell her that you have met me, it will make her very happy. Tell her that you are the Bishop of Idaho, and that her son Joe called upon you. Now, Bishop, I expect you have heard of me."

"Yes," I replied, "often, Mr. Oldham."

"And you know what my business is?"

"Well, yes, Mr. Oldham. I have heard something about it in a general way."

"Now, Bishop, I am going to tell you all about it. I am a professional gambler. I run a fine place here. It is no place for a bishop to visit, or I would like to take you around and show it to you. But I run a clean house. Every man who comes there has a square deal. No crookedness there, Bishop. No drinking and carousing allowed. It is a place for a white man." Rising to depart, he said, "Now, Bishop, if you will write to my mother," giving me her address, "I shall be so grateful to you. But may I ask of you one great favor when you write? Just don't mention what my business is. It would simply break her heart if she knew how I make money. For, Bishop, if there ever was a good Christian woman in this world, it is my dear old mother. I only beg of you not to give me away."

Joe again extended his hand and grasped mine. As he withdrew it, I found that he had placed a twenty-dollar gold piece in my palm. "Please take it, Bishop," he said; "you will find some good use for it. And just let me say that whenever you want another just like it, if you will only drop a line to

'Joe Oldham, Hailey, Idaho,' it will be sure to come."

Invariably, after that first interview, when I would meet my Missouri friend, he would slip into my hand a twenty-dollar gold piece. He was a generous soul, warm-hearted and loyal to his friends. His kindness to the widow and the orphan, to the man hurt in the mines, and to all in trouble made him greatly beloved. He had about him a certain title of nobility. He did not claim to be a Christian, but, as he never turned his face away from any poor man, let us hope that the face of the Lord has not been turned away from him.

At the time of my first visit to the Cœur d'Alêne, Wallace was my objective point, and the first engine had but recently reached the camp. I had managed to send word of my coming to some young men who had preceded me by a few weeks. Already a rude printing-press had been set up, and as I stepped from the train I was handed a large green circular which had been widely distributed and was posted up on stumps and logs and shacks in every direction. It read as follows:

"The Bishop is coming. Let all turn out and hear the Bishop. Services in George and Human's Hall to-morrow, Sunday, at 11 A.M. and 8 P.M. Please leave your guns with the usher."

The young men who got up this unique notice wished to have the service in entire harmony with the environment.

As I was escorted from the station to my hotel, I was impressed by a scene of throbbing activity. The camp was crowded with men, and the sound of saw and hammer filled the air. Conspicuous among the rude buildings and tents which made up the town there were, by actual count, sixty saloons. It was a confused and stirring spectacle. I found to my surprise that two of my own cousins from Missouri, bright and enterprising fellows, were the owners of the local paper; hence, I was at once made to feel at home.

On the next morning, Sunday, I was curious to see whether or not the green circular had been effective in drawing a congregation. Its charm had been potent. The hall was packed, and the congregation, as was usual in new mining-camps,

was made up almost entirely of men. No church of any kind had been built, and, indeed, so new was the place that my visit was the first made by any clergyman. I had already, on the evening of my arrival, secured from Captain Wallace, after whom the place was named, and who had some sort of a title to the town site, the promise of an eligible lot. The next step necessary was to raise money for building a church. After the morning service, and before dismissing the congregation, I dwelt upon the importance of having a place of worship, and asked their generous co-operation in securing the funds. By way of encouragement, I informed them that a kind layman in Philadelphia, Mr. Lemuel Coffin, had given me a check for five hundred dollars, on condition that I could get a thousand more in some town, and thus erect a fifteen-hundred-dollar church; and I expressed the hope that Wallace might obtain the gift. In closing, I gave notice that at the evening service subscriptions would be received, and that I felt sure all would help in raising the thousand dollars.

That Sunday afternoon I took a walk through the camp. On every side men were hard at work as on any week-day. The stores and banks, not to mention the saloons, were all open. As I passed one bank, I recognized in the cashier a gentleman whom I had met before. He invited me in and asked about the services and my plans. I briefly outlined to him my purpose of raising a thousand dollars that evening at the service. He generously offered to give one hundred dollars himself. Another member of the firm pledged seventy-five dollars; a third, fifty dollars; they all said they would be present, and when called upon would name the amounts respectively promised. A large and eager congregation of men again gathered at the hall at eight o'clock. After the service and sermon, I renewed my plea for a church and mentioned the five-hundred-dollar check in my pocket, ready to add to the one thousand dollars if only we could secure that sum then and there. I asked a gentleman to come forward and keep a record of the pledges as they were made. I called first for one-hundred-dollar subscriptions; only one person responded. Then for seventy-

five-dollar pledges; again but one answer. Then for fifty-dollar offers; several of these were made. When the twenty-five-dollar pledges were called for, the responses were so numerous that I began to feel the whole amount would be obtained. Finally, when I asked for the ten-dollar gifts, an old and poorly dressed man sitting near the front cried out in a shrill voice,

"Pit me down for ten dollars, Mr. Bishop."

I hesitated, fearing he could not afford so much; but the gentleman who was keeping the record reassured me, saying: "He's all right. That's old Huckleberry Jim. He's rich, and got money in the bank. He could afford to give fifty dollars. He's getting eight dollars a gallon for his huckleberries at Spokane."

The congregation was dismissed with the cheering news that the money was all in sight.

The next morning I had to leave. As I was on my way to the station, two men met me, and one of them said: "Bishop, come along with us. The train will not be here for an hour, and we want to use you. We might as well raise some more money for that church, for we will surely need it before we get through, and we can do better while you are with us."

We held up before the open door of a corner saloon. "Come this way, Steve," said one of my companions, addressing the proprietor. As he reluctantly came forward, my friend went on: "Steve, this is the Bishop, and he is building a church, and we want twenty-five dollars out of you."

"All right," said Steve; "will you take it now or do you just want my name?"

"Well, if it's all the same to you, we'll take the cash." Having paid up himself, Steve at once became an enthusiastic friend of the new church movement, and proceeded to lead out to us, one by one, such of his customers as he thought might help. We then went on to the neighboring saloons, and between three and four hundred dollars were added to the fund. In a short time the church was built, and is to-day a self-supporting parish, and has been the means of much wholesome and uplifting influence in that neighborhood.

The Solvent

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IT was Dr. Whitney's hurried note that seemed at last to offer a possible issue of a quest that had absorbed me for a disheartening month or more. I had returned from Egypt in the early spring, bored with travel, and yet disinclined to open Pinecroft for my own lonely occupation. With an idea of letting or, possibly, selling it, I went over the comfortable old house, once my own tomboy playground, whose atmosphere, in place of an elderly mustiness, seemed even yet to hold a pleasant tinge of youth. On the third floor I rediscovered an out-of-the-way room with a broad fireplace, unexpected cupboards sunk into irregular walls, a capricious occurrence of bookshelves, and a great apple-tree growing close to its two south windows—a room that I had always felt a boy of lively parts should own and dispose himself in at his pleasure. I thought so still; and it may have been for this reason that, abandoning all other plans, I began an immediate search through hospitals, asylums, grotesquely so-called "homes," for the boy whom that empty room of mine awaited. I had a heartsick time of it, nor did I find him; for no sooner was I engaged in this business than I had to admit my inner preoccupation, during many years, with this imaginary tenant and my acquaintance with his every trait and feature. Him I still held fast, but his embodiment eluded me.

The doctor's suggestion had had reference to two children—a boy of seven and a girl of five—and there was a condition that they should not be separated. A spinster of undomestic habits, I was ill-qualified to assume even half this responsibility, yet sent a tentative inquiry. In reply, an irreproachable note asked me to call upon Mrs. Renwick, whom I took to be the temporary guardian, at her address in Seventy-fourth Street, on an evening in early April. The apartment, as I felt directly I was admitted, had a distinct

"air"; and Mrs. Renwick herself, in her distinguished formality, was a logical sequence of her note and the entrance to her rooms. She was dark, slender, frail; and then, and later, I thought her like a torch—erect, yet substanceless; a thing of brilliant energy, not of mass; dauntless, yet with so slight a tenure of existence that each moment may bring the wind that shall eclipse it. She wore a simple mourning dress, with none of the ghastly cheerfulness of trapping affected by conventional mourners; yet not her manifest illness nor her dress nor the forced brilliancy of her smile made her seem what many women would have seemed—"appealing." On the contrary, from the first moment she easily dominated herself and the situation and me. She turned up a lamp or two, then closed the door, and we came directly to the point.

Not unnaturally I had expected to take the lead, but Mrs. Renwick's otherwise unexceptionable manner told that she held it her prerogative to question me. And almost her first question was,

"Will you be good enough, Miss Marling, to tell me your real reason for wishing—if you do—to adopt two children?"

A certain suppressed intensity, an earnestness which her formality only half concealed, demanded a sincere reply. "I am perhaps more alone than most women," I told her. "I have wanted the kind of companion that could teach me things I am forgetting."

She smiled, but not distrustfully, and the catechism continued. In spite of my abrupt and unornamented manner, devoid of a trace of her pronounced elegance, I was, nevertheless, in my different way, quite as much a woman of the world as she; and I felt it almost audacious, however little in her it had the effect of audacity, to demand from me so wide a variety of intimate information before I had made any move whatever.



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

I FIRST SAW THE CHILDREN WITH THEIR MOTHER

At last I thought my turn had come; but she caught the question before I had uttered it. "Yes, I was about to propose that you come—to-morrow afternoon, if you could?—to see my children. They are, of course, asleep now."

"Yours!" My surprise was almost harsh. "You are their *mother*?"

"Oh, you did not understand?" Her frail dignity flamed even higher. "Yes, I am their mother."

I had only the baldest phrases. "Then I am sorry, but I cannot consider taking any child whose mother is—alive."

"Perhaps I should have explained earlier." For the first time she hesitated in a choice of words. "My poor children are in a sense very unfortunate. You will forgive me for distressing you, since it is necessary." She hesitated a moment longer, then in a brief, impersonal way told me that she was suffering from consumption; that her physicians had told her she could not live longer than three months; and that, since her disease was at an incurable stage, and a change of climate could not be of permanent benefit, she had chosen to devote this brief, deep-shadowed interval to making sure of her children's future.

This revelation, and the consciousness of what seemed my own brutality in having forced it, so affected me that I was guilty of a thoughtless exclamation.

"Don't let it frighten you." She had a quite wonderful air of high detachment from her own tragedy. "I have been well cared for and the children are entirely sound and well. I shall not, of course, ask you to accept my word for it. But it is true that they have not a taint."

Sympathy expressed would have been a sublime impertinence; one could not conceive this woman as participant in a "scene." I believe, indeed, that I said nothing; compassionate horror blurred my senses for a time. But she continued to explain, and always with that formal air of the knowledge being due me, rather than from any weak desire to unburden herself, that the children having no natural guardians, it had been her deliberate choice to give them, during her own lifetime, to a woman whose guardianship she might herself approve. She demanded a great deal, she confessed, in whomever should undertake

the charge; but I would perhaps understand, or at least indulge, a mother's notion that her children were such as to merit extraordinary care.

As I drove that night to my hotel, saddened yet curiously stimulated by our strange meeting, I had suddenly a lucid perception of the trend of my own conduct. I had not seen the two children; I knew nothing of them; yet I was alertly bent on every possible effort to secure them. But, after all, what better proof of their desirability could there be than their doomed young mother herself, little as I understood her? I had seen, indeed, for it was written only too pitifully large upon her, that she had known more than common suffering of body and of mind; but I believed I also dimly saw beneath or subtly mingled with her sadness a sense of buoyant triumph unreadable, surely, in a deeply maternal woman sentenced to abdicate her motherhood.

I shared her feeling that there was no time for delay, and early the next morning I called upon the persons to whom she had directed me, in order that this part of the business might be over as soon as possible. This included a visit to our common physician, from whom I learned that the father, Herbert Renwick, a physician holding a hospital appointment, had died as the result of overwork among tubercular patients. Through his long illness his wife had been his devoted and only nurse, and this strain, together with her frail health, had resulted in her own final surrender to the disease. Her sacrifice and her present fortitude were the more pitiful, the doctor intimated, because while she had loved her husband, he believed her to be the not uncommon type of woman in whom the maternal passion is noticeably the stronger. And, our talk having advanced to a grave intimacy, he added that he had not before known that inevitable death could be so bravely met.

In the afternoon I met, with eager punctuality, my engagement in Seventy-fourth Street. I understood, in some way, when I saw the children with their mother, that she had appointed our first meeting in the evening that they might not chance to see me nor I them before she had herself appraised me; her vig-

ilance knew no lapses. My knowledge of children was merely what a deep tenderness had taught me; and I must have expected that the little Renwicks' personalities would be as indefinite as my own ideas of them. But Stuart Renwick, at seven, was a character already made, by no means corresponding with what already seemed the insipid manikin of my lonely imaginings. He had a good head and a lovable, serious, though far too sensitive face, with also his mother's proud erectness, if not her fire and steel. Little Molly was quicksilver, a fluid sparkle; there were promises of decisive energy, of humor, of strong affection in her whimsical gayeties. Both children charmed me; but it is true that I have always been uncommonly susceptible to infant graces. I forbore to display an excessive interest in them, lest their mother detect a premature sense of proprietorship; and we may both have been relieved when the nurse came to take them for their walk.

Caution and worldly considerations were leagues behind me; and though I still only vaguely understand why, after forty unburdened years, I was so prompt to court a trust of whose very nature I was ignorant, I nevertheless told Mrs. Renwick on that same afternoon that I was ready at any time to sign the papers that would commit her children to my charge. She could scarcely have expected this; and I think it touched her somewhat, for she did not speak immediately. Then came her resolute obstruction:

"Even though we both make up our minds to the desirability of this, my dear Miss Marling, you know that will not decide it."

"Oh, but the red tape is not so formidable," I said, easily. I had for so many years handled my own quite considerable affairs that I assumed in this one regard, at least, she would defer to me.

"But I mean," she explained, distinctly, and with no air of smooth apology, "that it must rest with the children ultimately, since they are not chattels. They do not, of course, *know* anything of my condition or my plans. But their father's death—Molly, in particular, loved him very deeply—has set their im-

agination at work in rather serious fields, and it is possible that Stuart may divine—something. And the important thing, if we make this arrangement, is that they know you first and learn to care for you—as I believe, indeed, that they will. You see, do you not?"—she had perceived my slight resentment of what seemed a fantastic stipulation, and for the first time permitted her emotion to cry out—"I'm not attempting to get rid of my children, merely! I wish to know that for these next few years of their helpless, dependent little lives they are to be protected from misunderstanding and unhappiness. I cannot die until I have secured them that!"

She was far from weeping as she spoke, or from other sign of weakness—of weakness? of participation, rather, in common human nature;—but the fear that now and then trembled in her voice and looked darkly from her eyes, the fear that was never of death, but of her children's uncertain fate, made of me again but the sympathetic reed shaken by the rude wind of human calamity. Already her proposition that the children should be the judges of my capacity as a foster-mother seemed to me reasonable and necessary. We agreed, therefore, that my acquaintance with the Renwicks ought to progress as fast as possible, and that, with this end in view, we should all go to Pinecroft, since it lay only two hours up the Hudson and offered a desirable refuge for an invalid. At the end of two weeks, if my adoption of the children should not seem feasible, Mrs. Renwick believed that she would still be strong enough to make another venture. I could see that she shrank from accepting my hospitality in the interval, but for the children's sake she waived that point. Three days later we arrived at Pinecroft. To the children she had considered it sufficient to explain, "Miss Marling has a beautiful home in the country and has asked us to visit her." Molly, after this knowledge, was an effervescent stream of delight; but I think it disturbed his mother that Stuart accepted the family migration without comment.

I saw that the three sunny rooms which I had been able to set apart for Josephine Renwick were larger than she would need, since, for the present, she had de-



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

I VENTURED TO KISS HIS TOUSLED FAIR HAIR

clined the offices of nurse or maid, and I suggested, "You would like Molly with you here, would you not?"

"No, no, indeed. Molly must be at the other end of the house, if you please." And as I failed immediately to understand, she added, "We must take every care to keep them well, you know."

Thus I seemed always to be wounding her by unnecessary reminders. But I could not bear to think of her alone, knowing that the night held her children far apart from her, in the strange house, and I bungled: "May I not stay with you, then? It would be a great pleasure to me. I am often nervous—"

"How good you are!" she smiled fearlessly. "I do not need any one. But—I think I should like you to have Molly, if you will. I have, of course, taught her to stay alone, and I do not wish her to be dependent. But, poor baby, she is very little, after all; and I think it might comfort her if you took her in."

Mrs. Renwick knew, as I also had already learned, that the child surrendered her affection readily; yet she chose thus deliberately to endure her mother's jealousy. At times, stunned by the almost too brilliant completeness with which she played her heroic part, I had actually to leave her for relief; and wondered, stupidly, why she did not seize immediate death rather than further endure her fine-spun tortures.

Stuart, immediately on our arrival, I had taken to the room under the apple-tree. "Do you think these comfortable quarters, Stuart?" I asked, with a genuine timidity.

He ran at a dog-trot around the room in a swift tour of exploration.

"Well, I should say so!" he exclaimed. "Bully! Whose is it, Miss Marling?"

"Yours, Stuart." It was my poor little moment of triumph.

"That's queer," he commented, now giving himself up to a deliberate and delighted appreciation, "for it's just the kind of room I've thought about a lot. I think, perhaps, I read about it in a book."

"But I've meant it for you a long time, Stuart." Which was, in effect, the truth. "I've 'thought a lot' about you in this room, too." And forgetting, in my sudden pleasure, the dignity of our

relations, I ventured to kiss his tousled fair head. He wriggled, not impolitely.

"You don't care for being kissed, do you?" I said, laughing.

"Oh yes," he admitted, "I like it. But mamma does not kiss us any more, not even Molly. She thinks we are too old."

"Did she say that?" I asked, hastily, in my amazement.

"No,"—he looked at me steadily. "She just doesn't do it. But we know."

From which I saw that he had caught perfectly his mother's fine instinct of reserve. The knowledge that Josephine did not dare kiss her children, though their dear faces tempted her hourly, was more than I could calmly face. But this child of seven, in his half-knowledge and surer divination, met the fact unflinchingly; and had even framed an explanation for himself—or for me, the possibly critical outsider.

From the very first we endeavored to fill our days as completely as possible. When the sun shone, Josephine and I sought its beneficent strength, skirting slowly the fragrant edge of the pine woods behind the house. When she needed rest, we would sit in one of the wood-girt open spaces, where the thick tawny carpet was hot and sweet-smelling and the clear spring sounds shot through the thin blue air; and there we would talk, with the calmness I was fast learning from her, of the children and the time to come. I had acquired the friendship of Stuart and Molly with a promptness of which I was weakly vain; accordingly, after the first few days, Josephine tacitly assumed that they would remain with me, and thenceforth we spoke as if the matter were already settled.

"I beg you to have their training as similar as possible," she used to say. "So that Stuart may be in no danger of becoming a bully or Molly a prig. Their father wished that, and so do I. I should like them not only to play together, but to go to the same school, the same college, even. They have only each other"—she had grown to speak of herself as if she were already dead—"and they must learn to hold each other fast."

Indeed, she occupied herself, it seemed to me unnaturally, with the children's later youth. The sweet, early phases

of their brief lives, whose recollection is a mother's insatiable joy, she may have dwelt upon in her austere silences, yet did not share with me. Nor did she ever beseech me to help her children to remember her. She appeared rather to have a proud confidence that, because they were hers, they would not forget, and as for my share in the matter, she as proudly left that to my own sense of honor. It is true that I had to learn slowly, and almost incredulously, because of my own dull restrictions, of these high superiorities of hers. There abounded in me an unasked-for love and an unsuffered pity, but without her own aid even these would never have enabled me wholly to interpret her. We were surely as impersonal in our intercourse as two women, so narrowly associated, have ever been, but it was she who struck and held the note of our oddly reserved intimacy. It was, therefore, a rare unveiling of her heart when, in the woods one day, she seized both my hands suddenly and told me that she knew her children would be well with me; that this was the unction she had sought; and that now she was content to wait. A moment later she had swerved back to her familiar standpoint of detachment, and piqued me by declaring playfully that she would never have allowed the children to care for me had I been without a comfortable income.

"It isn't that I don't think their own little mites will not suffice them," she explained. "But poverty can so poison affection. And if you were uncomfortably poor, and had the care of somebody else's children, you might, with all your large benevolence, not love them quite so much."

"Where do you get your wisdom?" I teased her in return. "It is no attribute of motherhood."

"I fear it is not," she admitted. "I have yet to tell you, Ellen Marling, of the school I have been taught in."

In her simplest acts, as I came to understand them, I had an untiring pride and wonder. Most of all, perhaps, the system of training which she early instituted for herself and the children had for me an indescribable pathos. It had seemed to us that for the present they did not need a nurse; and whatever they came to ask her, she as promptly

referred to me. "Miss Marling is our hostess, children," was the law she declared. "You must ask her about everything that you do." Thus gradually and with entire deliberation she shifted their sense of material dependence from herself to me. Eagerly, though none too aptly, I learned precisely what Molly might eat for supper and what collars Stuart should wear with each of his suits; while their mother's thin hands lay restlessly idle in her lap and her eyes were dry of tears.

The single indulgence that she reserved for herself and them was that of telling them stories; and each evening, after their supper, the children would sit together on a sofa in her sitting-room while she, the still erect, alert figure in the big chair, talked until her voice failed her. It was her supreme effort of the whole day. She told them, I know, for Stuart has since retold the tales to me, of her gay girlhood in Canada, where her New England father married a French wife, and where she had chanced to know the great folk of several nations; of her year in Germany with Dr. Renwick; and, above all, of their father's busy, unselfish life, and of the heroism that led to his death. I believe they preferred these latter stories, and they were the ones she tried to make the most absorbing. Thus each day of her wasting life she devoted to preparing the children for the time to come; and, happily, they were teachable.

Pinecroft was not a lonely place, although we had no neighbors. Its library, my father's famous collection of porcelains, its gardens and orchards and its nearness to woods and river, gave it a variety of genuine interests. But Stuart and Molly, who both loved animals, cared most for the horses and dogs. Josephine had a few nervous fears, but conquered them, and the children, if they were escorted, might go to the stables as often as they liked.

"Mamma," announced Molly, after a Saturday morning which she and Stuart had spent together there, "I want to wide a horse."

"Already?" laughed their mother. "But Stuart is older, and he hasn't ridden yet."

"Oh, mamma!"—I knew from the suddenness of his outbreak that he had



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

THEY WOULD SIT TOGETHER ON A SOFA IN HER SITTING-ROOM

been secreting a longing—"you mean that I may ride? When?"

"When does Aunt Ellen think you will be old enough to have a pony?" she said, still laughing.

Again the boy relieved himself of a burden long confined. "Please tell me yourself, mamma," he pleaded. "Why do we ask Aunt Ellen everything?"

I knew his jealous loyalty was dear to her; but it was another incorruptible sense in the mother that spoke sternly to the poor child and demanded an apology to me. Nothing ever weakened the Roman in her.

It was well that I grew every day to understand the children better, for there had to take place, during these weeks of Josephine's fast-decreasing strength, a delicate but agonizing transference of motherhood from her to me, comparable only to the surgeon's marvels of engrafted flesh. She, with her superhuman bright endurance, was making, to my mind, the most cruel sacrifice conceivable; yet I too, as was doubtless ethically fit, paid no trivial price for my possession of her children. Daily Josephine, with smiling agony, abandoned; daily I, with bitter understanding, acquired.

Steadily the shadow darkened and approached. The doctor came more and more often, and one day he brought a nurse with him. In late June, when Pinecroft was all an opulent enchantment, a humming, sleepy stillness, and it seemed as though Josephine need only walk in the rose-garden to share in the season's rich vitality, she found, instead, that she could no longer leave her room, or, shortly, her bed. But the indomitable strain persisted in her; and she kept somewhere a reserve of buoyancy with which she greeted the children and talked with them daily. Never, up to this time, had she spoken to them of her own illness or accepted from them any outspoken sympathy or any sacrifice based on their recognition of her weakness.

One day, however, she said to me, "Have the children—has Stuart spoken to you of my illness?"

"Yes."

"Tell me," she insisted.

"He asked me why you were so ill; if your illness was—like his father's."

"You told him the truth?"

"Oh, I did not lie to him. But I told him that he seemed to me too small a boy—"

"Did you? Then I shall have to tell him myself. I think Molly, dear baby, need not know."

"Stuart is a baby, too," I warned her, for I thought she too often overlooked his age.

"Ellen," she said, defining to me, for the first time, the little creed she had framed to live and die by, "you are so truly good and tender that perhaps you do not even understand the difference in pain. I can bring myself to tell Stuart this, because I know it is a hurt that will not injure him. Misunderstanding or deceit or cruelty or neglect would hurt him permanently. But even the loss of his father and mother will not vitally wound or warp his nature. It will sadden him. But grief does not kill—a child."

"I think he should not know," I persisted. "But if you will have it so, at least let me tell him."

"It is better from me. He has a shut-out feeling. He has always half suspected. If he has asked, I must answer him."

All that day I knew she was preparing herself for the supreme test of her courage. She was no longer able to tell the children stories; but when Stuart came in for his good-night, she kept him—and told him. In the next room I heard the cry he gave. Then there was silence on his part and a long, low murmur of speech on hers. I knew that she had found some tender and wonderful way to comfort him.

It may have been as the result of this that she was worse the next day. The doctor, who told us the truth frankly from day to day, admitted to me that even her rare power of resistance could endure but little longer.

But although Josephine did not weakly submit to death, neither did she underrate the force of her destroyer. Had this suffering young creature, meeting death alone and unassuaged, been constantly surrounded by invisible wise counsellors, it seemed to me that she could have been no more sure of herself, no more strong and determined in action.

In the afternoon she begged me to

have Netty take the children for a walk, that she might talk with me seriously and without danger of disturbance. I grew faint at heart, I hardly knew why, and had to summon all my strength to receive what she, dying, seemed to have abundant force to give. I wondered that she could still send me, through her feverish, thin hand, so powerful a thrill of life; and that in her unwearied eyes the mysterious purpose that possessed her still shone insuperably. She had asked me, as I came to sit by her, if an oath, added to a statement, had weight for me; and when I denied this, she asked me, frankly, if I would accept her unsupported word.

"Every syllable," I told her.

Whereupon she slipped loosely from her hand her wedding-ring, and in her pitiful, hoarse voice, bade me keep it for Molly—"a talisman for good," she said, as it had been hers likewise.

"Don't look alarmed, dear Ellen," she added. "I have not wronged my children. I have nothing to confess to them. But to you there is something I must tell, now that you are to be the continuation of myself, now that I have given you all I have, to guard for me, forever."

"Dear child, pray don't tell me anything that pains you," I stammered.

The torch that had seemed to waver and smoke flamed clear again. "Anything that pains me! Do you think I have been afraid of pain?—yes, yes, I know, you have felt and you have helped me. What you have not known is the nature of it all."

I waited silently, looking not so much at her as at the symbol in my hand—the ring of bland, firm metal.

"You know something of Dr. Renwick. I have told you what I could. He was a good and brave man, almost a great one, perhaps. He loved me; and—yes, I loved him, too; and there were the children. Then suddenly, something threatened."

I could no longer avoid the direct avowal of her eyes.

"Ellen, I wonder if you know the stress with which such a thing can come upon a woman made as I am—if you know how swift and irresistible it is, and how sublimely disregardful. I

could not blame myself for its unforeseen coming. Yet I think I knew almost from the first moment that I was responsible for its outcome. And because I both felt so strongly and saw so clearly, I knew how dangerous life had become. I never failed in my love for the children—Ellen, you are believing me?—but the other heart of me—there is a heart that the children do not reach to—was being torn from me every hour. And—you remember you promised to believe—I doubted that I had longer the force to hold it back. I do not believe in a providence, a prying destiny, that meddles forcibly in our affairs. But sometimes chance seems to ape a moral providence. That was the way I saw it when Dr. Renwick fell hopelessly ill. . . . You understand, now, Ellen? You understand why I allowed no one else to nurse him? I had, had I not, to avert the danger that would have hungrily profited, like a vulture, by his death? And I did. So that now there is nothing to be known save what I have told you. . . ."

I thought for a moment on what seemed to me this fanatical confession. "You chose this, then?" I asked of her, unable fully to believe. "You chose to give up your children?"

"I chose it, yes." She met my question squarely. "But you will see that I had little room for choice. Could I have chosen my own cruel happiness? I have deprived them of a care that you are glad to furnish in my place. But what I have spared them is more precious. They can hold their father's memory serene, for no treacherous wound was dealt him. And as for mine—"

"They shall know they had a superhuman mother," I vowed to her.

My affectionate zeal to understand her always overreached itself. And now that she had renounced everything, I blunderingly asked her whether, even though not for her own sake, she did not wish to leave with me another message. . . .

"No, Ellen," she answered, quietly. "It was not so common, so crass, as that. All that I have told you took place in my poor heart. Do you not know that the most real things are the unspoken ones?"

Two days later she died.



CARPENTER-ANTS REMOVING THE WOOD PELLETS CUT FROM A TREE

A Guild of Carpenter-Ants

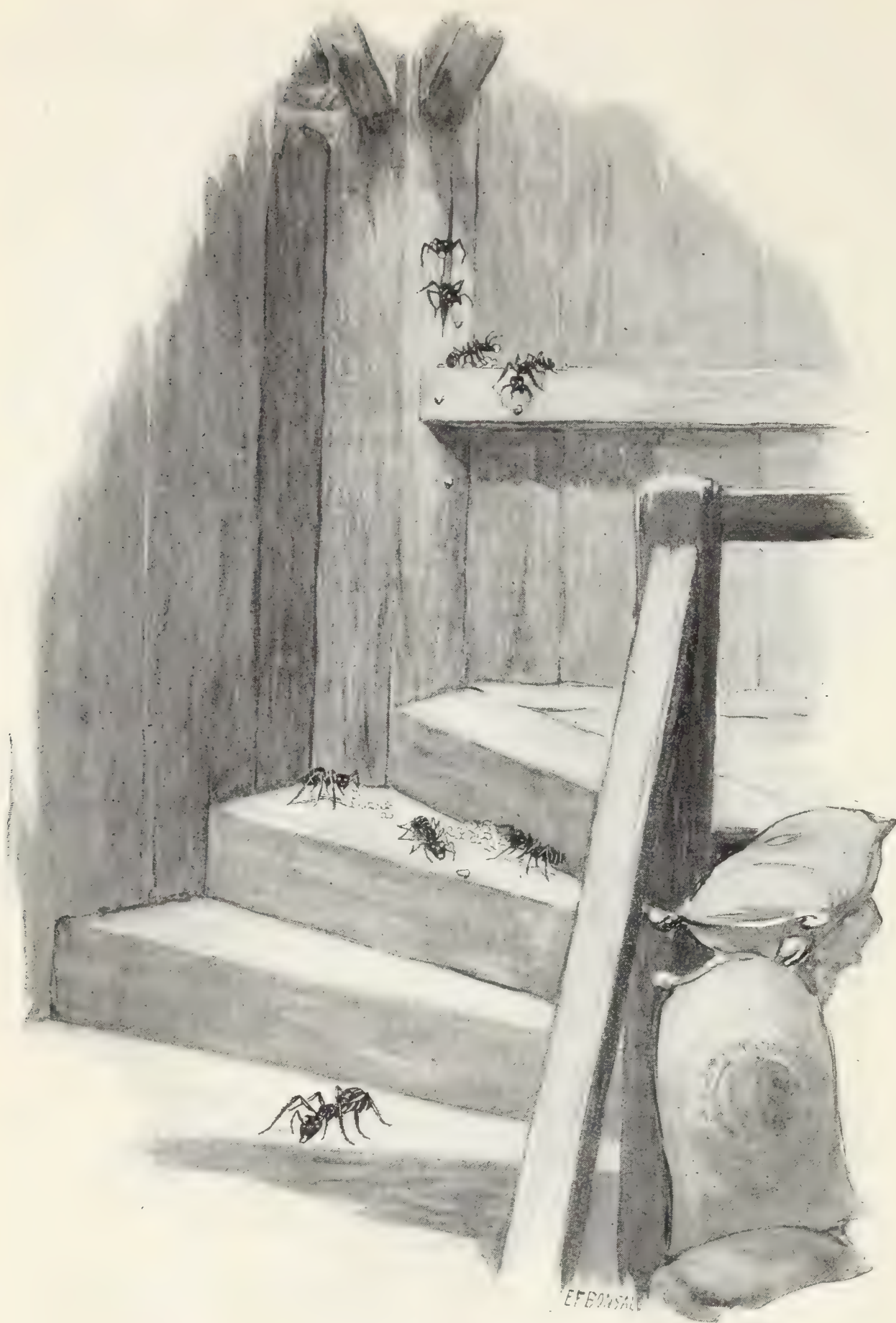
BY HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

THE warm, soft spring days fill air and earth and woods with multitudes of living things. Whence have they come? And whence came the hordes of black ants that have suddenly appeared on yonder great white-oak tree beyond the brook at the edge of the grove? Did they come like the migratory birds? No; although some insects are great travellers. Surely they did not sprout into life like buds and grass and wild flowers? Not quite so; and yet something like that. They have been dormant during winter. The cold suspended animation. They were frozen, but not killed.

One winter I was able to place in the museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia a unique speci-

men—a large hill of the mound-making ants of the Alleghanies, *Formica exsectoides*. This could be done only in the dead of winter, when the great mound was frozen hard, and could be dug out and shipped without crumbling into the particles of soil from which it had been built up. It was a difficult undertaking, as the hill was brought from the mountains near Altoona; but it was accomplished.

Some time after it had been installed in the museum a messenger came in haste to my house with an urgent appeal from one of the Academy officials to hasten thither. My big mound was full of live ants, and hundreds of them were thronging the hill, and many had broken bounds and were pouring out upon the floor.



CARPENTER-ANTS WORKING IN THE CORNER BEAM OF A FLOUR-MILL

no harm, and the colony was soon extinct. But we had a good illustration of how ants in their natural habitat freeze up in winter and thaw out in spring.

In the spring we see our Pennsylvania carpenter-ants (*Camponotus herculeaneus*, subspecies *Pennsylvanicus*) poking their black heads from beneath the loose bits of bark in yonder oak and dropping pellets of fresh sawdust upon the grass beneath. They are making up for their winter inactivity by fervid energy. Their bodies fairly quiver with excitement as they move. They are clearing away the winter rubbish from their galleries, chambers, and halls, and are widening their premises for the increase to their community which

There had not been a sign of life in the hill when it was put up. But the warmth of the museum had gradually thawed it out, and therewith a horde of hibernating ants within. Naturally as they woke up they looked around them, ant fashion, to find something to do in their line of life. I had inferred that all the colony had gone down for winter quarters into their deep galleries beneath the surface, as far from the frost limit as possible, and that we had left them there. I was mistaken. The irruption of the mountain ants did the Academy

the season is sure to bring.

They work rapidly. A heap of yellowish pellets the size of one's hat lies at the foot of the great trunk; and this would be much enlarged were it permitted to remain. Of course the winds and the rains disperse and distribute the particles. But the ants themselves assist in this action. They seem to fancy that the freshly gnawed-out wood-dust will betray the whereabouts of their home, and so they remove it from the vicinage—an act of natural secretiveness. I have seen a gang of porters at

the foot of a tree busily carrying the chippings and scattering them throughout the neighboring grass. Meanwhile the workers within the tree were rasping out the chiplets and dumping them upon the rubbish-heap beneath. It seemed a waste of energy in pursuit of a vain imagination. Yet how should a human ignoramus like the observer decide that point?

I once carefully studied a large colony of carpenter-ants that for several years had lived and wrought within the heavy corner beam of a flour-mill at Bellwood, Pennsylvania. One gang dropped the pellets from a crack in the twelve-inch beam which opened into the nest. These fell upon a cross-beam, eighteen inches beneath, where another group of workers gathered them up and dropped them upon the stairway that led from the lower story, the nest being situated above the second floor.

The miller, who had been about the premises for several years, said that when he first came the ants had a third gang detailed upon the stairway, several feet below, who cleared off the dumpage and dropped it to the floor. But as he swept the stairs daily, the emmets discovered that their detail for duty in that quarter was not needed, and withdrew it. Thereafter work went on as I saw it—the chippings cast from the cross-beam to the stairs were left to the manipulations of the miller's broom.

I have frequently found carpenter-ants lodged in the shade-trees along city streets and squares, and there they have the same habit of secretiveness—or is it cleanliness?—practised by their country congeners. Near my home stood a maple much the worse for wear and tear, although not old. On one side, a few inches from the roots, was a small tubular opening hidden behind a bulging scale of bark. Out of this ants were dropping cuttings, which formed a little heap upon the ground. Workers wrought upon this pile, carrying pellets piece by piece to the pavement curb and casting them into the gutter.

It was interesting and amusing to watch the little creatures in this act. Having reached the curbstone, the wee porter would rear upon her hind legs, poise herself a moment thus, then bend-

ing forward, release or cast the chip from her jaws. The fore feet were used for this, being raised to the side of the face and placed against the pellet, which by a sharp forward motion was hurled away. Then would follow several similar movements, as though to brush from mouth and mandibles adhering particles of dust.

A gentle breeze, blowing at the time, lifted up the ejected cutting and carried it down the gutter, which for several feet was strewn with pellets. In some way these emmet porters seemed to have grasped the fact that the breeze aided the disposal of the chippage, which therefore need cause no further concern. One wonders whether they had any notion of the nature of this efficient coadjutor, and if so, what they conceived it to be? Like many human toilers, did



A CARPENTER-ANT DUMPING A PELLET OF WOOD INTO A CITY GUTTER

they work on with a dull subconsciousness that a sort of "Providence" had entered into their life, which it behooved them to accept without further concern? One who lives much with these little brothers of the insect world can hardly help yielding to the fascination of such anthropomorphic musings, however idle they may be. Doubtless Mr. Burroughs is right in his stand against those who trespass upon the just limits of fiction in humanizing the actions of the lower orders. But theirs is an ancient offence; and strong indeed is the temptation thereto.

At all events, our rampant emmet porter there upon the stone curb's verge, committing her pellet of yellow wood-dust to the transfer of the wind and to the cavernous deep of the gutter, has plainly some idea of the situation. She knows her meets and bounds and the aidant features of the topography, and goes to and fro with the accuracy of a carter to his dump. That implies at least an automatic sort of intelligence. Moreover, the relations of these insects to the natural elemental forces seem to differ in temper from those that appear between them and the vital energies that beset them. For example, the winds, rains, and running waters are often rude invaders of emmet homes and preserves. In such cases the attitude of the sufferers appears to be analogous to that of men in like misfortunes—not an angry outbreak of combativeness, but a more or less vigorous struggle with, or quiet submission to, the inevitable. Let an insect or other living raiders trench upon their domain. That is quite another matter! The community is intensely excited. Every individual is violently pugnacious. It is a different quality of animation that one now observes. The dullest eye notes it. In short, the differing behavior of men toward a flood or a snow-storm and towards an assault of bandits one seems to see in diminished reflection in the behavior of ants under like conditions. It is this intuitive attitude toward the elemental forces, as hostile or friendly, and a corresponding acceptance of the same either as matters of course in an inevitable environment, or as casual obtruding or preventable forces in life, which has

been suggested by our carpenter-ants in accepting the alliance of the wind in the bestowal of the chippage from their arboreal homes. In the same spirit in which they adapt themselves to a beneficent attitude of the elements would they accept the reverse.

Let us return to our colony in the mill beam. What are the ants doing within? What sort of domicile have they wrought out? "If I could only peep inside!"

"So you shall!" responded the proprietor to my exclamation. And this was not badinage. A squad of carpenters—human carpenters this time—was called. The corner of the mill was shored up bodily by great supports. A section about five feet long, including the inhabited part, was sawed out and a "splice" of corresponding size inserted. The excised part was carried into the open, and my coveted opportunity had come! It is not often that a curious entomologist falls into the hands of such a liberal abettor.

The piece was sawed into two parts and carefully split open. Alas for the sacked city of the Camponotidæ! "Kill no ants needlessly!" was the order to the workmen.

"Do not distress yourself!" quoth the proprietor to the naturalist. "We would gladly be rid of all the pests. This is hard upon ants, but helpful to men!"

Nevertheless, only such specimens were taken as seemed needful sacrifices for the temple of science, and the others, a great company, were permitted to escape. As if by previous arrangement they formed an irregular column, and the workers, who at once had seized larvæ and pupæ and eggs, marched away with their treasures into a near-by pile of logs, doubtless well known to them through sundry foraging excursions. Many winged forms, the males and females, accompanied or were carried by them. Their future was left to fate; it was their past that now concerned me.

As the slabs were opened and divided into convenient blocks, there was exposed the work of from eight to ten years, and Camponotid architecture was probably never before so fully laid bare. A section more than two feet high by ten inches wide was fairly honey-



A MARRIAGE FLIGHT OF WINGED CARPENTER-ANTS

combed, the cuttings approaching at one point within two inches of the surface. A detailed description of the labyrinth of galleries, halls, and rooms is out of the question; but the specimen shown in the drawing gives a fair idea of the whole.*

One noticed first a crude but evident arrangement of the cells into stories and half-stories, as seen in the mounds and subterranean nests of the mason-ants. The surfaces of the floors were uneven, but substantially upon the same level. Some of these stories seemed to have been formed by driving tubular galleries, which were gradually enlarged and finally blended. There was a manifest appearance of corridors or halls, running parallel in series of two, three, or more. These were separated by columns and arches, or by partitions cut very thin, in many places just broken through. At one spot a section of one of these was entirely enclosed, forming a triangular hollow chamber an inch and a quarter high, and half an inch wide at the base. It looked like a miniature bay-

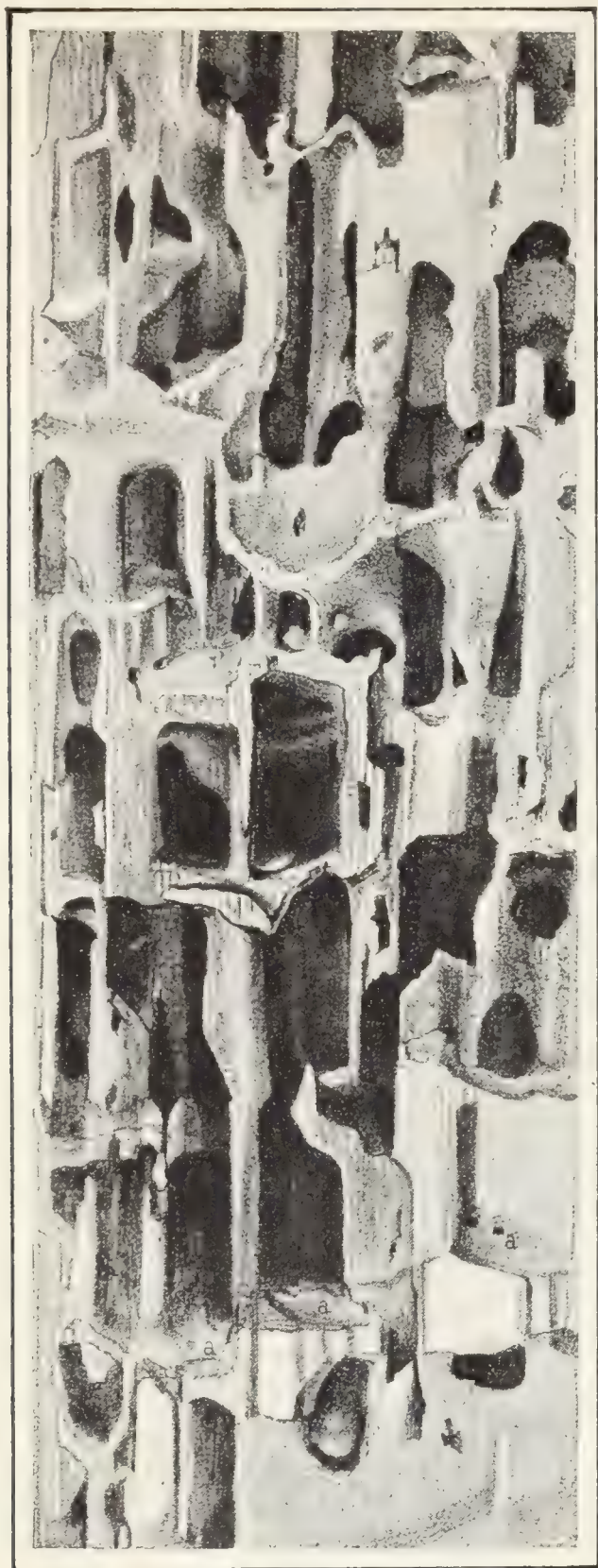
window projecting over a walk. The wall was worn quite thin, making a tiny window, and there was an entrance from the rear. Was this intended for a queen-room, or for a storeroom for the eggs?

This section was the most thoroughly excavated in the entire formicary, and apparently had been the original centre of operations. There the solitary foundress queen had probably made first lodgment. As the community grew, work was pushed in all directions, terminating at the top in an irregular dome, which, with its pendent columns, resembled the roof of a limestone cavern with its drooping stalactites. This was, in fact, the ceiling or uppermost story of the formicary.

The series of cavities that surrounded the centre and formed the outer works differed in general plan from those at the centre, inclining to large open vaults rather than to a compact series of chambers. It was as though the early era of the commonwealth had been dominated by one type of architecture, characterized by clustered chambers, and the later era by another type, the vaulted or cavernous.

Entrance to the formicary was had by circular and oblong doors pierced at irregular intervals in all sides of the

* The original blocks are preserved in the writer's collection of Insect Architecture in the museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR GALLERIES,
AND ROOMS OF A CARPENTER-ANT'S NEST

beam. They opened for the most part into tubular, circuitous galleries communicating with the interior. A few entered immediately upon spacious vestibules. A vertical fissure in the beam several inches long appeared to be the main avenue of communication with the interior. At least from this crack the workers cast the sawdust rasped from the inside. These openings served for ventilation as well as for entrance and egress.

Parts of this maze of vaults and chambers were blackened, probably by the formic acid exuded by the ants. Spacious as these quarters may seem (relatively), they must have been greatly

crowded; for enormous numbers of larvæ, pupæ, eggs, and mature ants of all castes were housed within them. How many speculations arise as one pictures such a community carrying on its varied and complex duties,—excavating and shaping roads and rooms, caring for queens and winged sexes, collecting eggs, nursing and feeding the larvæ, tending the pupæ, “policing” the quarters, etc., and all in what seems to us Cimmerian darkness! What is the quality of the light that penetrates these cavernous domains and permits such work? Or is it controlled by the sense of touch alone? What must be the nature of a vital organism adapted to such a Plutonian career, and equally and instantly to the free life in the sunny open wherein is wrought the foraging for communal supplies? For many and careful observations have never detected the slightest “shock” or change of manner in ants of any species in passing from the interior of their nests into the brightest sunshine.

Moreover the nest was located twenty-four feet above the ground, and all food and drink had to be brought thereto through the mill. This elevation and resulting vertical transportation are characteristic in forest nests. That ants are ardently fond of water one may readily satisfy himself by experiment; but no way of approach to the mill-race was discovered except down the foundation logs; and no regular lines of travel to and from the stream were observed.

Their elastic organism and tempera-



PROJECTING ROOM OVER A HALL: A BAY-WINDOW

ment the Camponotidæ share with insects of like habit; and in their general behavior while foraging, ranging, and skirmishing they resemble substantially their fellows heretofore described.

According to Professor W. M. Wheeler, the subspecies *Camponotus Pennsylvanicus* not only occurs from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from British America to Texas (where the writer has observed it), but extends over into Eastern Asia, where it appears under three varietal forms in Japan, Burma, and Eastern Siberia. In all this wide distribution it retains, as far as known, the same habits.

One point of especial interest remains to be noticed. In what rank must we place carpenter-ants as insects injurious to man? Evidently such operations as above detailed cannot be carried on in the heart of a tree or log without damage thereto. The extent of damage, present and possible, cannot well be determined without a wide exchange of experiences. But something may be contributed toward a conclusion. Carpenters, lumbermen, and others who had lived and wrought in the mountain forests were questioned. One thought that the injury done was not serious, being confined to occasional spoiling of a sawlog. He had seen the ants for the most part in white pine (although they infest maple, cedar, and oak), and thought that they usually made entrance at a knot-hole or some bruised or shattered part. He had found the nests at all heights, and believed that when the ants build high the trees occupied are usually sound. He had seen one white pine whose top was so weakened by the ants, seventy-five feet from the ground, that it was broken off by the wind.

The miller's experience was either wider than his fellows', or he had been a more careful observer. He had often found the ants nested in trees at heights from ten to thirty feet. He had many times come upon the nests in logs, some formicaries six feet long, while managing a sawmill. When making staves upon the mountain he had frequently noted the loss of the blocks by ant-cuttings. Usually the insects took hold of some decayed part of the tree, but often they attacked sound wood. This was the tenor of the testimony taken in the mountain region

near Bellwood and Altoona. The most formidable case of injury—which I had not the opportunity to verify—was reported by a young farmer on Brush Mountain, who said that a tract of oak timber eight or ten acres in extent belonging to his father had been almost ruined by the black ants. This case stands alone among the many reported. As a rule, the attacks seem to be more annoying than injurious. One of the largest proprietors of lumbering interests,



VIEW OF THE CEILING OR ROOF OF A CARPENTER-ANT'S NEST

especially in West Virginia, has just written me that he does not think the operations of ants in standing timber entail serious loss.

But how stands the case with exposed structures of wood? Might not such excavations as represented in the section taken from the mill beam become dangerous, as for example in railroad bridges and trestles? We were then on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which had not yet entered the era of stone and iron bridges that now happily prevails. But an inspection of many wooden trestles showed no signs of dangerous im-

pairment. However, while these facts were being communicated at a meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, a well-known civil engineer connected with the railroad stated that he knew of at least one case of a freight-train wreck caused by the breakdown of a trestle weakened by carpenter-ants. Recent inquiry at the office of the president of the road developed the fact that present-day engineers have so completely emerged from the period of lumber bridges that the only injuries of the sort known to them are those of the teredo, or ship-worm, whose legions make such destructive inroads upon the wooden piles used in seashore structures. But that is a matter for the student of mollusks, not of insects.

That our Bellwood grist-mill does not stand alone as an example of pernicious industry appeared in the vicinage of the writer's city home. The late Judge Allison, an eminent jurist of Philadelphia, once sent me a section of an ant-eaten log, and later called to relate its history. It was a part of the beam which had supported the roof of the spacious porch of his suburban house. Persistent leakage in the roof led him to send for a carpenter, who found the cause in a large

colony of Camponotidæ that had nested in the beam, and fairly riddled it for a space of several feet. The Judge had often observed, while sitting on his porch in the cool of the day, ants ascending and descending the pillars. He had mused upon their curious manners and moralized upon their industry and other fine qualities as described by his insect-loving neighbor. But here was a new phase of the subject, to him at least! He felt some scruples of conscience at dislodging such quiet tenants and breaking up the home they had so ingeniously and toilsomely made. For although it was a case of manifest trespass, and the judgment of *delenda est* was doubtless right, yet he could not forget the saying, *summum jus, summa injuria*. Therefore he contributed his information and the vacant nest to the cause of science, in hope that the offering might in some degree compensate for the ruthless sack of the emmet city and home. He had rather in this case read the old judicial proverb—*transeat in exemplum!*—"let this be for an illustration" than "let it be for a precedent!" Happily the world has many such worthy spirits who can practise the grace of forgiveness even toward injurious insects.

The Wistful Ones

BY EMERY POTTLE

WITH wistful hope, beneath the wistful skies,
 Outside the glorious city-wall they wait,
 And marvel sadly that the smiling gate
 Still bars their eager feet from Paradise;—
 Pale, patient folk with wide, impassioned eyes,
 Mutely they watch the world's tumultuous ways,
 Telling with faithful hands the string of days
 Whose touch imparts nor splendor nor surprise.
 Great ships adventure ancient, eastern seas,
 High-hearted knights cry forth to seek their Grail,
 Love drains the cup of passion to its lees,
 And valiant souls th' immortal gods assail.

O Wistful Ones, outside the city-gate,
 Gods' pity that ye wait, and wait, and wait!

The Birthright of the Wanderer

BY GEORG SCHOCK

FROM northeast to southwest, as far as a man could see, the mountain rose without a break, like a ridge cast up by a gigantic plough, and the sky came down on the top of it so that there was no prospect of any world beyond. Up there in the woods the snow was still drifted, but the wind that blew through the valley was warm and wet, and across the fields were suggestions of green as elusive as the tints of water. The road was so heavy with mud that two great bay farm-horses lifted their shaggy feet like weights and would not move out of a walk, and the wagon seemed to have become a part of the landscape; but the driver did not notice that they were going slowly.

He was leaning back with one foot on the dashboard in an attitude of perfect content, and his long weather-beaten face was radiant: his companion was poised on the seat like a bird. She was wiry and small, with a number of shining objects about her—a buckle in her hat, jet beads, and a pair of round black eyes,—and she carried herself like a girl and looked as eager. Though she was younger than the man, there were gray streaks in her black hair, and her face was worn and bright, while he was placid as a child.

“Are we soon there?” she asked.

“Yes. Do you get tired?”

“Tired sitting. My feet don’t touch the floor. Ant I am so anxious to see the place.”

“I guess you ain’d the only vone that’s anxious,” he said, laughing. “I bet Lizzie is flying around to have everything fixed. She hadn’t much notice, ant it’s a lot of things she vill vant to hear.”

The woman looked serious. “I guess so. Ant no wonder. It scares me to think, Abram. One week ago I had never seen you yet, ant now here I am. It was done awful quick.”

“I didn’t like to vait as long as this. I only hope you are as vell suited as I am.”

There was a thoughtful silence; then she exclaimed: “That’s such a fine ring you gave me! I can’t get over what a nice ring it is.”

“Did you look vat is inside?”

She pulled off her glove enthusiastically.

“Ach, I can’t make it out, the wagon shakes so.”

“‘Theresa Hetrich’ ant the date.”

“It sounds stranche.”

“Looks more like spring than ven I came down last Monday,” he observed.

“Soon vill be time to start in vork. The tenant he vas talking about getting at it chust before he left. I like to know vat he does now.”

“Don’t you know where he went?”

“I know nothing. He fell out vith me Thursday vas a veeck, ant Saturday last he left, ant Mondays I come to the city to hire, ant you know the rest.” As he smiled at her his pleasant blue eyes looked as if they beheld a flawless possession.

She was very quiet until he said: “Here my lant begins; right here at the corner. That’s the house, ant Lizzie ant Chames they live next house along the road.” Then she leaned forward and studied the home she was approaching as the wagon crawled along. The fields were large and well fenced, the barn and out-houses were in good repair; the house was one of the beautiful square stone buildings that dignify the richer Pennsylvania farms. A garden lay behind it, back of that a field, and then the long wall of the mountain. In the early February twilight the earth, the mountain, and the sky were all brown and gray.

When the wagon stopped, a woman came hurrying to the gate. Like Abram she was tall, with pleasant eyes, and she looked very neat and eager. Her husband followed, and they both spoke to Abram and looked at the newcomer, who wore a rather deprecating air. Abram

climbed carefully over the muddy wheel. Being a Berks County man, he did not help his wife, though it was their wedding-day, but his manner was full of approval that did as well as romantic love when he said, "Lizzie ant Chames, this is Theresa."

They shook hands in a tentative way, and Lizzie suggested: "Chust come in. Vill you go right up-stairs ant take off your things?" She was perplexed, not knowing whether to treat Theresa as a stranger or as the mistress of the house, but Abram was too happy for small hesitations.

"You like to look around a little, ain'd?" he said, with eager gentleness, more like a boy of twenty than his own forty years.

They started through the hall, and James and Lizzie trailed along behind. It did not occur to any one that their presence was superfluous in spite of the tenderness of the situation.

"I guess the place is upside down yet," said Abram. "The tenant left so quick."

"It ain'd," his sister said. "Here on Thursdays, soon as I got your vord, I come over ant vent to cleaning, ant I ain'd been home since more than to sleep ant cook; ant Chames fetched me to the store to get a few groceries so you could start right up. The tenant's wife she left nothing. Ant now the whole house is clean."

It was. Theresa saw with deep approval the square bedrooms, cold as caves, where not a molecule was out of place and the furniture appeared to have been arranged by foreordination. Before the red plush chairs and shining stove in the parlor she had the look of an heir on his first progress through an unexpectedly rich kingdom. "It's nice," she said, soberly. She went to examine two photographs which hung high upon the wall. "Your pop ant mom, ain't?" she asked, in a lowered voice, and they all stood looking up in respectful silence. "I have pictures of my parents, too. They are in my trunk. But I have not much else. I couldn't take it around with me ant I had no place to put anything, so I had to let it all go."

"It's plenty here," Abram said, "ant vat ain'd here ve can get."

Lizzie looked as though she could not

endure much longer without bursting into a frenzy of questioning, but she led the way heroically to the kitchen. "Come right in," she said. "Supper is cooking."

"I go up-stairs again a little," said Theresa. "I want to take a few things out of my trunk before it gets so dark." She went, and Lizzie hurried into the kitchen and shut the door.

"For goodness' sake, Abram Hetrich!" she said.

Abram looked as though he realized that an explanation was due. "Vell, Lizzie, I guess it come on you a little sudden."

"I guess it did. Who is she, anyhow?"

"She is from over towards Chester County. Her pop vas old Levi Smith—had a farm over there. I heard pop talk about him. She has a brother ant a sister living Vest, but they are married, ant Theresa she lived out. First she vas at the Berks County House, ant then she vent to Philadelphia, ant after that she got all around. You ask her. She can talk nice about it."

James, who had remained in the background as befitted one not born a member of the family, had the air of leaving the whole to his wife, and she looked unconvinced.

"You ain'd told us yet how you come to do this," she said.

Her brother was submissive. "Vell," he continued, "here on Mondays ven I got to the city I vent to the Berks County House, ant I vasn't hardly there till I saw Theresa. Ven I took notice how she flew around I thought that she vas awful smart to vork, ant I kept my eye on her; ant I talked to the boss, ant he said he never had such a vorker as she ven she come there first, ant he didn't like to see her leave, ant he took her right avay ven she come back. Ant I thought vould be better to get married than hunt around for a tenant that vould maybe give you the go-by vonce you did have him. So I asked her, ant ve vent to the preacher this morning."

Lizzie looked to her husband for an expression of opinion. It did not come, but both were so visibly accepting the inevitable that Abram replied to their silence: "You needn't vorry, Lizzie. You ant she vill get along vonce you are acquainted. She vill be good company for you."

"Ach, yes. Ve get along," his sister answered. Her tone was an affectionate promise; but when Abram had started for the barn she said, "Vat do you think about it?"

James looked grave. "I think would be better if he knew a little more about her. He does not know if she vill like it here even, ant vant to stay or not. But I guess it vill go all right."

When Theresa came down there were no signs of discussion. The kitchen was bright and warm, and on the table a festive supper of stewed chicken and ham stood around a very special fluted sponge-cake elevated on a kind of glass throne. She hesitated: to her as mistress it pertained to fill the plates and wait upon the company, but Lizzie waved her to a chair. "You are stranche here yet," she said. "Sit down ant I help the things, ain'd?"

They had scarcely begun when small steps were heard on the porch, a pause of reasonable length and then a comprehensive scratch. "That's Cap," said Lizzie. The dog made a dignified entrance. He was affable but self-respecting, with the figure of a beast in a Noah's ark and a thin tail which took the shape of an interrogation point over his back. After a short greeting he retired behind the stove, but his entrance broke the ice. "Old Cap!" Abram said. "He vas glad to see me ven I come out to the barn."

"Are you partial to dogs?" Lizzie asked Theresa, politely.

"Some. The lady I lived with in Florida she had such a nice little white dog, ant I liked him so."

"Vas you in Florida?"

"Yes. Three years I lived there."

Again Lizzie looked like an eager soul suffering in the sight of forbidden knowledge, but she only exclaimed, "That's far!" Abram said proudly: "I told you she vas all arout. Here she vas telling me they have the oxen so much for hauling at Cuba," he continued to James. "She says they have a fine breed for heavy vork."

Lizzie looked open-eyed for confirmation.

"The horses are good there, ant they have long red tassels on the bridle; they look so nice; but they are little. The oxen

are fine with a load on the bad roads," said Theresa, in her soft, quick voice.

When they were alone, after supper, Lizzie was too eager to delay over preliminaries. "I chust can't think that you have been so far off," she said. "Vat did you do at Cuba?"

Theresa began to work quietly, with movements as accurate as those of a fine machine. "I have been about a good bit. The lady I lived with in Philadelphia she got sick ant she couldn't be where it was cold, so she moved to Florida ant took me along, ant later on she went to Cuba."

"Vat for a place is it?"

"It's a nice place. Such pretty flowers grow there. It was rose-bushes as high as this room, ant such a tree they called a pomegranate had a flower chust as red as blood. Ant the sun is so warm."

The phrases stood for a whole new world, but Lizzie had no association with pomegranate blossoms or the black oxen in the cane-fields. "Did you stay there long?" she inquired, with the air of getting back to solid ground.

"Till the lady died. Then I come in the boat to New York, ant I worked there ant in Pittsburg. I was in Baltimore a while, too."

"You chanced places often. Couldn't you get along right?"

The new wedding-ring flashed with the motion of the stranger's hand. "Yes," she said, slowly, "I always got along. But I have no home since I was eighteen years of ache, ant it makes nothing to any one where I am, ant I like so to get around ant see things. If I am in one place a while, I think I can't stand to stay longer. I chust have to go elsewhere." She spoke as though she wanted to understand her own impulses and could not. Her little, eager face would have suited a background of sand and sky or the uncharted jungle: in that peaceful room where generations of quiet souls had gone about their work year after year it had an invincible strangeness.

Lizzie looked as though she had heard an explanation in a foreign language. "Vat brought you back here?" she inquired.

"I hadn't been near home since I left first; so I come back ant worked at the Berks County House. I didn't expect to stay long. I always wanted to get West



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

WAITING AT THE GATE FOR A NEW FACE TO PASS

to see my folks, but I guess now— It will seem stranche to stay in one place all the time.”

The tone of concession from this wanderer who ought to have been grateful struck Lizzie as a slight to her brother, and to it she replied, “Abram is a good man.”

“Yes.”

“You’ll not find a better vone, I don’d care vere you look. You never saw a better man. He never treated me any vay but nice, ant vonce he helped Chames ven he vas in a bad fix. Ant he is thought much of. The preacher he said, ant it come around to me, that there is no better man in Berks County than Abram Hetrich.” Lizzie’s eyes were full of angry tears.

“I know he is a good man,” Theresa said, gently.

Abram’s conduct bore out her opinion. He delighted in her; he did not clothe her with imaginary attributes, for he was absolutely content with those she had; whatever she did was right to him. There was something more than prosaic in the pride with which he took her to visit her new relations of a Sunday, and he bought everything she suggested for the kitchen and offered to buy more. Remembering certain “hard places” and an anxious period when she had had no work, she would look around the well-furnished house with the feeling that it could not be hers and that she must soon move on again.

In those days the farm was beautiful to her. To be again in the surroundings of her childhood gave her the pleasant feeling that a soul might have on being reincarnated in a familiar city. Nor had she time to weary of one aspect before another succeeded, for almost at once there began the panorama of the spring. While she worked she could see from one window across a wheat-field which burst miraculously into green; before the other was the garden with Abram patiently planting and digging. It was a special day when a warm rain brought up a crowd of tiny objects which looked too delicate ever to evolve into stalwart vegetables; at that tender stage even the young weeds had an infantile quality.

Presently the robins arrived, full of the importance of travellers, prepared to

bestow their society upon Theresa. The farm became a nursery and kindergarten of young things. Two calves and a colt divided Abram’s attentions, and the kitchen was never without a basket in which, wrapped in flannel, small mournful chickens protested against the world. The warm air was full of little cries of creatures new to life, in fright or wonder, and of their parents helping them along.

Over all, a great benign protector, hung the inevitable mountain. It dominated. Along the valley its unbroken line was an incarnation of things permanent and kindly. On dark days rags of mist floated about its top; the spring rains blurred it; then a beryl tint appeared upon the trees, and then the full splendor of the green. The change was like the progress of a sonata, and the music never ended.

In June the heat set in. Then it was as though a voice of command had halted growth and progress. In the mornings the sun tore through the mists and climbed a shell-gray sky. Across the rich monotony of the fields the beams of midday were like blasts from a great horn. They dried the meadows and sucked up the dew; the water in the well decreased, and in the pasture the cattle panted in a shrinking pool; then slowly there began the passing of all that exultation of the spring. The leaves drooped, browned, and fell, crackling; the grass was like dry hair; the wheat, full now of changing lights of bronze and olive, was tossed by winds that held the heat like wool. Only the mountain kept unhurt its vast robe of green.

Day after day the sun rose and passed and set; day after day the wind crawled across the grain-fields and flapped in the growing corn; day after day the clouds moved up and the lightning ran and the quick rain poured; but the mountain was always there. It seemed to Theresa like a jailer.

For this was to her a time of penalty. Every morning she arose to the same work: in the evening she went to rest for the same rising. Her days were as like as the petals of a flower, and when she looked ahead she could see no term to it. Sometimes in the long afternoons, when the cinnamon-vine exhaled its tropic odor, she would go to the gate and wait for a new face to pass; and she

would see a farm-wagon moving at a walk, a laborer with heavy feet, and the fields stretching out to the adjoining farms, and she would hear the saw of locusts and the short pipe of a flicker in the rye. When she left her hot bed and leaned across the window-sill—there were the same fields, the dark and brooding sky, and the long ridge of black. Tears came sometimes at the intolerable sight of them.

Abram saw nothing of her mood. There were great crops of hay and grain which the dry weather hastened, and the thunder-storms gave enough water for the corn: his stock was flourishing, having multiplied; his wife was all that he could wish. He was content with his world, and had no idea what lay behind when Theresa insisted upon driving with him to the nearest village, or when she asked what day it was, and said: "You needn't to laugh. Here if one day is chust like another, ant it's the same thing right along, no wonder a person can't tell 'em apart!"

Once, when he gave her an opening, she tried to break through.

"This here that you make is the best butter in Berks County," he said. "I bet it is. Ant the hens are laying so good. I think they get along better since you are here, Theresa."

"Then let me make something on 'em," she said, eagerly. "I'd like it so to tend market. I could take butter ant eggs ant *Schmierkäse* ant some chickens. I'd make money, ant would be fine to get to the city."

He refused flatly and kindly. "You vould make money," he said, "but I guess I can make for two. You vork hard enough. I don'd have you do all that extra ant then go sixteen miles to the city ant back, not for twice vat you vould make. It's too hard on you."

"Let me go once a week, then," she begged, but he said: "No; I don'd let you do more than vat you are doing now. You take it easy ant enchoy yourself."

Lizzie was quicker to seize a hint. One afternoon, when Theresa was going with her to the gate, she spoke to the old dog, blinking in a pool of sunshine, and he slapped the grass with his tail but he would not raise his head. "*He* is satisfied," remarked Theresa.

"I guess he is vell off," her sister said, quickly. "I vouldn't know vat it vould be that he needs."

"No; that's so. He needs nothing." Theresa stopped: then she gave a look that asked the truth. "Don't you get tired of it?"

"No, I don'd. If I did, I vould go off somevere."

"Where?"

"Oh, to see some of the folks over Sunday, or such."

Theresa stood at the gate, visibly revolving a new idea. "Would be awful nice to get Abram to go to Philadelphia," she said.

"Ve never vent so far as that," said Lizzie, doubtfully. "Ant I don'd see how he could get off so long. It's so much vork chust now, vith the harvesting ant all." She looked at Theresa as though she saw her in a new light. "I guess it seems quiet here to you," she said.

"It's awful slow. But it's a fine place, ant it's no better man anywhere than Abram."

They separated with an air of leaving much unsaid, and Lizzie went home pre-occupied and told the conversation to her husband. "Vat do you think about it?" she finished.

"I think she is a kind of a flighty thing. Look at how she vent running around before she come here."

Lizzie sighed. "I guess—" she began, but he stopped her.

"It's done ant can't be done over; but I always thought vas a bad thing."

The conversation changed Theresa's mood into a purpose as a catalytic hurries the delaying elements, but she did not speak to Abram at once. Her chance came about a week later when he said, "Vill ve valk around a little?" He loved to give this invitation—to have her with him was like seeing his own prosperity with two pairs of eyes,—and on this evening, as he plodded ahead with his farmer's walk, heavy from much striding over rough ground, he was perfectly happy. His earth-stained clothes and body defaced by work and weather looked uncouth among the well-kept fields: all his chances of gallantry and of beauty had gone in making them beautiful.

Followed by Theresa, he tramped through the potato-patch and by the yel-



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

HE LOOKED UP WITH INDULGENT GENTLENESS

low stretches of the wheat, stopping sometimes to try a grain-head in his hand. The crickets were scraping and once or twice a partridge whistled, but there was no other sound louder than their own steps. The timothy-field was pink with late clover, and in one corner a chestnut-tree rose like a lord, shading a small enclosure. Here the clover grew thinly, as though it were used to being considered a weed, over a number of graves.

Abram leaned on the fence. "Lizzie vas here to-day," he said.

"Yes. Must have taken all her cheraniums for those bouquets."

"Mom she liked red cheraniums so; she always used to have 'em at the kitchen vindow. I guess Lizzie thought grandmom ant grandpop ought to have something too."

"To-morrow I fetch enough over for all the rest. It's a good many things in bloom now. I think better scour your little sister's stone too. That lamb on the top looks dirty."

"All right."

"Vas your pop born here?" she asked, after a while.

"Yes. Grandpop he had the farm, ant then pop; ant they didn't have to leave afterwards." The man's face was wonderfully peaceful. "Ant there is room yet," he said.

She moved like an animal caressed to weariness. "Ach, I should think they'd get tired of the one place," she said, in her soft, quick voice. "Don't they get away once they are dead?"

He could no more understand her than a tree could comprehend the longings of a bird at the season of migration. He said nothing as they walked away together.

"Abram," she began.

"Vat?"

"I'd like if we'd go off a little."

"Vere to?"

"Philadelphia."

"That's a good vays off."

"Ach, that ain't far! It chust looks so to you because you stick here so close."

"Vat do you want to do there?"

"Yes, it's lots to do. Ve could go around ant in the stores, ant chust to look at the people in the street is enough occupation. It's so nice where there is so much going on. Ain't we could do it?"

"I guess."

"When?"

"It may be if the oats is in. Von't be long now till it's ready." He looked over the field, yellow as tow. "They say vonce the vind blows over the oats stubble ve have no more varm nights."

Theresa did not mind the change of subject. She was ready to be certain of what she wanted from the most indefinite promise because she wanted it so eagerly. "All right; then if the oats is in we go," she said. There was the relief of a prisoner exulting at the prospect of liberty in her next speech: "It gets awful lonesome here. Sometimes I think I chust can't stand to be right up against that mountain."

After that she watched the oats. She would stare over the field, which sloped up against the sky, and follow the infinite small movements of the grain, until there seemed to be nothing but silence between her and heaven, and she looked at the mountain triumphantly, as at a barrier about to break.

When the harvest began she set about a new gown, and the pieces were lying on the settle the next time she spoke to Abram of the journey. The hired laborers had had their dinner and gone back to work, and the long, disordered table stretched between the two. He was busy with a berry pie, and she sat punctiliously opposite, with speculative eyes upon her dress. "Abram," she said, "the oats will be in by Thursdays, ain't?"

"I guess."

"We might go, then, Saturdays."

"Vere to?"

"Why, to Philadelphia!"

He looked up with indulgent gentleness, as if a child had taken a foolish story seriously. "Vas you in earnest that you wanted to go off?"

"I thought you knew that!"

"I didn't think more about it." He went on eating, and she waited tremulously. "Well?" she said at last.

"I could hardly go now, Theresa. It's so much vork coming along. Here vonce the oats is in it vill be corn-harvest ant ploughing ant thrashing."

"Corn ain't ready to cut yet."

"It von't be long no more."

"It's no need to plough right away."

"I like to get it done early."

"You have plenty to go on. You needn't to thrash, not if it was to go till Christmas."

"I don'd have to sell yet; I can wait for a good price; but I always get started about now. Pop did too."

She said no more. "Ve wait a little yet," he added, kindly, as he got up. "To-night ve drive over to Bernville, ain'd? Ant ve get a little ice-cream then." It was the most he could do in the way of chivalry.

She looked at him as though his figure had no possible interest for her. "I go along if you want to go."

That afternoon she sewed until the dress was done: the next day and the next she cooked and swept; then she spent an evening with Lizzie. As they locked up the house that night, Abram said: "I have to go to Robeson to-morrow with a load. Ride along?" and she said, "That chust suits me."

When it was time to start the next morning he found her waiting. The light in the unpapered hall which showed her gray hairs and wrinkles showed also her youthful, enthusiastic look, and her face was more unlike his than usual because it was so purposeful. "Why, you are fixed up!" he said, and she answered: "Come up-stairs a minute. I want you to help to carry my trunk down."

He stared at her. "Vat for?"

"I am going off."

There was a certain dignity in his silence, as of a master awaiting explanation.

"I am going out to Ohio to see my brother ant sister. I always wanted to get out there, ant I never did, ant I didn't see them since we broke up house-keeping. Now I go."

"So?"

He did not question, because he had accepted his wife so completely that he could not readily think her wrong; besides, he had the farmer's patience, trained by repeated strokes of blight and frost. His silence excited her more than opposition, and she began a defence. "Abram," she said, "I can't stand to stay here in one place all the time. You know I used to get around so much, ant I didn't think I would have to settle down so hard ant fast. Ant I told you I wanted to go off a little, ant I thought you were for it too, ant then you didn't

think about it after that. So I go myself. It's nice here ant you are kind to me, but indeed I can't stand it, Abram!" She spoke as if she were pleading for a right, a requirement of nature, though she could hardly find words and did not understand her own craving.

"The house is all fixed," she continued, "ant you can board with Lizzie. She will look after things. Or maybe you get another tenant?"

"Ain'd you coming back, Theresa?"

"If you say so. If you want me afterwards, I come back for sure; ant maybe I get tired of it soon."

"All right; you come ven you get ready. I don'd get a tenant. Then it may be you come sooner. I better give you some money. How much do you want?"

"I don't need money," she said, rather scornfully. "I have nine hundred ant eighty dollars in bank in the city, ant that is not all I have."

This proof of her reserve cut him deeply and he carried down the trunk without another word. When she was in the wagon he covered her new dress and did not let his dusty clothing touch it. The big horses started. Cap looked after them from the gate with mild and cynical eyes: Abram had patted him for good-by, but Theresa ignored him pointedly.

She did not give a look to the house or the fields as they drew behind her; the roadside grass was all sparkling, in the fence corners were yellow drifts of snap-dragon, the butterflies had begun their undetermined day, and she saw none of them; but when they neared the station and the wind brought the noise of a freight-train and the odors of smoke and oil that stir a traveller's soul, she leaned forward and her eyes flashed at the rails shining in the sun.

Just then her husband said: "There's a tree turning yellow. Soon it vill be fall. Ain'd, the mountain looks nice this morning?"

She did not answer at once; then she said sadly, "I have seen that mountain so often, Abram."

He went on as though she had not spoken, with the large, unadaptive kindness which some men share with the benign forces of nature: "I hope, vonce you get back, it goes better. Ant I am satisfied to wait for you," he said.

Largess

BY FRED A SEMLER

LIFE gave me once a little perfect hour,
And then, repenting of the mood that spent
So much on one whilst others joyless went,
Withdrew her hand.

Since then in giftless silence life has past,
Beyond her bounty I have stood, outcast;—
I understand,—
Life gave me once a little perfect hour.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AMONG the high excitements of the past winter in New York was one of such convulsive intensity that in the nature of things it could not last very long. It affected the feminine temperament of our public with hysterical violence, but left the community the calmer for its throes, and gently, if somewhat pensively, smiling in a permanent ignorance of the event. No outside observer would now be able to say, off-hand, whether a certain eminent innkeeper had or had not had his way with his customers in the matter not only of what they should eat or drink, but what they should wear when dining in a place which has been described as "supplying exclusiveness to the lower classes." It is not even certain just how a crucial case was brought to the notice of this authority; what is certain is that his instant judgment was that no white male citizen frequenting his proud tavern should sit at dinner there unless clothed in a dress coat, or at least in the smoking-jacket known to us as a Tuxedo: at breakfast or at luncheon, probably, the guest, the paying guest, could sufficiently shine in the reflected glory of the lustrous evening wear of the waiters. No sooner was the innkeeper's judgment rendered than a keen thrill of resentment, or at

least amusement, ran through the general breast. From every quarter the reporters hastened to verify the fact at first hand, and then to submit it to the keeper of every other eminent inn or eating-house in the city, and learn his usage and opinion. These to a man disavowed any such hard-and-fast rule. Though their paying guests were ordinarily gentlemen of such polite habits as to be incapable of dining in anything but a dress coat or a Tuxedo, yet their inns and eating-houses were not barred against those who chose to dine in a frock or cutaway, or even a sacque. It is possible that the managers imagined themselves acquiring merit with that large body of our vulgar who demand exclusiveness by their avowal of a fine indifference, or an enlightened tolerance in the matter. But at this distance of time no one can confidently say how the incident was closed with respect to the preeminent innkeeper and his proud tavern. Whether the wayfarer, forced by the conditions of travel upon the company of the exclusive vulgar, may now dine there in the public banqueting-hall in his daytime raiment, or must take his evening meal in his room, with a penalty in the form of an extra charge for service, now appears.

What is apparent from the whole affair is that the old ideal of one's inn, as a place where one shall take one's ease, has perished in the evolution of the magnificent American hotel which we have been maliciously seeking to minify in the image of its Old World germ. One may take one's ease in one's hotel only if one is dressed to the mind of the hotel-keeper, or perhaps finally the head waiter. But what is more important still is that probably the vast multitude of the moneyed vulgar whose exclusiveness is supplied to them in such a place dictate, tacitly at least, the Draconian policy of the management. No innkeeper or head waiter, no matter of how patrician an experience or prejudice, would imagine a measure of such hardship to wayfarers willing to pay for the simple comfort of their ancestors at the same rate as their commensals stiffly shining in the clothes of convention. The management might have its conception of what a hotel dining-room should look like, with an unbroken array of gentlemen in black dress coats and ladies in white shoulders all feeding as superbly as if they were not paying for their dinners, or as if they had been severally asked for the pleasure of their company two weeks before; and the picture would doubtless be marred by figures of people in cutaways and high necks, to a degree intolerable to the artistic sense. But it is altogether impossible that the management would exact a conformity to the general effect which was not desired by the vast majority of its paying guests. What might well have seemed a break on the part of the preeminent innkeeper when he cited as a precedent for his decision the practice of the highest hotels in London was really no break, but a stroke of the finest juridical acumen. Nothing could have gone farther with the vast majority of his paying guests than some such authority, for they could wish nothing so much, in the exclusiveness supplied them, as the example of the real characters in the social drama which they were impersonating. They had the stage and the scenery; they had spared no expense in their costuming; they had anxiously studied their parts, and for the space of their dinner hour they had the right to the effect of aristo-

cratic society, which they were seeking, unmarred by one discordant note. After that hour, let it be a cramped stall in the orchestra of another theatre, or let it be an early bed in a cell of their colossal columbary, yet they would have had their dinner hour when they shone primarily just like the paying guests in the finest English hotel, and secondarily just like the non-paying guests at the innumerable dinners of the nobility and gentry in a thousand private houses in London.

Our aim is always high, and they would be right to aim at nothing lower than this in their amateur dramatics. But here we have a question which we have been holding back by main force from the beginning, and which now persists in precipitating itself in our peaceful page. It is a question which merits wider and closer study than we can give it, and it will, we hope, find an answer such as we cannot supply, in the wisdom of the reader. It presented itself to the mind of Eugenio in a recent experience of his at a famous seaside resort which does not remit its charm even in the heart of winter, and which with the first tremor of the opening spring allures the dweller among the sky-scrapers and the subways with an irresistible appeal. We need not further specify the place, but it is necessary to add that it draws not only the jaded or sated New-Yorker, but the more eager and animated average of well-to-do people from every part of their country who have got bored out with their happy homes, and want a few days' or a few weeks' change. One may not perhaps meet a single distinguished figure on its famous promenade, or at least more distinguished than one's own; with the best will in the world to find such figures, Eugenio could count but three or four: a tall, alert, correct man or two; an electly fashioned, perfectly set up, dominant woman or so, whose bearing expressed the supremacy of a set in some unquestionable world. But there was obvious riches a plenty, and a plenty of the kind wholesomeness of the good, true, intelligent and heaven-bound virtue of what we must begin to call our middle class, offensive as the necessity may be. Here and there the effect of champagne in the hair, which deceived no one but the

wearer, was to be noted; here and there, high-rolling, a presence with the effect of something more than champagne in the face loomed in the perspective through the haze of a costly cigar. But by far, immensely far, the greater number of his fellow frequenters of the charming promenade were simple, domestic, well-meaning Americans like Eugenio himself, of a varying simplicity indeed, but always of a simplicity. They were the stuff with which his fancy (he never presumed to call it his imagination) had hitherto delighted to play, fondly shaping out of the collective material those lineaments and expressions which he hoped contained a composite likeness of his American day and generation. The whole situation was most propitious, and yet he found himself moving through it without one of the impulses which had been almost lifelong with him. As if in some strange paralysis, some obsession by a demon of indifference unknown before, he was bereft of the will to realize these familiar protagonists of his plain dramas. He knew them, of course; he knew them all too well; but he had not the wish to fit the likeliest of them with phrases, to costume them for their several parts, to fit them into the places in the unambitious action where they had so often contributed to the modest but inevitable catastrophe.

The experience repeated itself, till he began to take himself by the collar and shake himself in the dismay of a wild conjecture. What had befallen him? Had he gone along, young, eager, interested, delighted with his kind for half a century of æsthetic consciousness, and now had he suddenly lapsed into the weariness and apathy of old age? It is always, short of ninety, too soon for that, and Eugenio was not yet quite ninety. Was his mind, then, prematurely affected? But was not this question itself proof that his mind was still importunately active? If that was so, why did not he still wish to make his phrases about his like, to reproduce their effect in composite portraiture? Eugenio fell into a state so low that nothing but the confession of his perplexity could help him out; and the friend to whom he owed his mystifying, his all but appalling, experience did not fail him in his extrem-

ity. "No," he wrote back, "it is not that you have seen all these people, and that they offer no novel types for observation, but even more that they illustrate the great fact that, in the course of the last twenty years, society in America has reached its goal, has 'arrived,' and is creating no new types. On the contrary, it is obliterating some of the best which were clearly marked, and is becoming more and more one rich, dead level of mediocrity, broken here and there by solitary eminences, some of which are genuine, some only false peaks without solid rock foundations."

Such a view of his case must be immediately and immensely consoling, but it was even more precious to Eugenio for the suggestion from which his fancy—never imagination—began to play forward with the vivacity of that of a youth of sixty, instead of a middle-aged man of eighty-five. If all this were true—and its truth shone the more distinctly from a ground of potential dissent—was not there the stuff in the actual conditions from which a finer artist than he could ever hope to be, now that the first glow of his prime was past, might fashion an image of our decadence, or our arrest, so grandly, so perfectly dull and uninteresting, that it would fix all the after-ages with the sovereign authority of a masterpiece? Here, he tremblingly glowed to realize, was opportunity, not for him, indeed, but for some more modern, more divinely inspired lover of the mediocre, to eternize our typelessness and establish himself among the many-millioned heirs of fame. It had been easy—how easy it had been!—to catch the likeness of those formative times in which he had lived and wrought; but the triumph and the reward of the new artist would be in proportion to the difficulty of seizing the rich, self-satisfied, ambitionless, sordid commonplace of a society wishing to be shut up in a steam-heated, electric-lighted palace, and fed fat in its exclusiveness with the inexhaustible inventions of an overpaid chef. True, the strong simple days of the young republic, when men forgot themselves in the struggle with the wild continent, were past; true, the years were gone when the tremendous adventure of tearing from her heart the iron and the

gold, which were to bind her in lasting subjection, gave to fiction industrial heroes fierce and bold as those of classic fable or medieval romance. But there remained the days of the years which shall apparently have no end, but shall abound forever in an inexhaustible wealth of the sort wishing not so much to rise itself as to keep down and out all suggestion of the life from which it sprang.

The sort of type which would represent this condition would be vainly sought in any exceptionally opulent citizen of that world. He would have, if nothing else, the distinction of his unmeasured millions, which would form a poetry, however sordid; the note of the world we mean is indistinction, and the protagonist of the fiction seeking to portray its fads and characters must not have more than two or three millions at the most. He, or better she, were better perhaps with only a million, or a million and a half, or enough to live handsomely in eminent inns, either at home or abroad, with that sort of insolent half-knowledge to which culture is contemptible; which can feel the theatre, but not literature; which has passed from the horse to the automobile; which has its moral and material yacht, cruising all social coasts and making port in none where there is not a hotel or cottage life as empty and exclusive as its own. Even in trying to understate the sort, one overstates it. Nothing could be more untrue to its reality than the accentuation of traits which in the arrivals of society elsewhere and elsewhere have marked the ultimatum of the bourgeois spirit. Say that the Puritan, the Pilgrim, the Cavalier, and the Merchant Adventurer have come and gone; say that the Revolutionist Patriot, the Pioneer and the Backwoodsman and the Noble Savage have come and gone; say that the Slaveholder and the Slave and the Abolitionist and the Civil Warrior have come and gone; say that the Miner, the Rancher, the Cowboy and the sardonically humorous Frontiersman have come and gone; say that the simple-hearted, hard-working, modest, genial Home-makers have come and gone; say that the Captain of Industry has come and gone, and the world-wide Financier is going: what remains for actuality-loving art to mould into shapes of per-

durable beauty? Obviously, only the immeasurable mass of a prosperity sunken in a self-satisfaction unstirred by conscience and unmoved by desire. But is that a reason why art should despair? Rather it is a reason why it should rejoice in an opportunity occurring not more than once in the ages to seize the likeness and express the significance of Arrival, the arrival of a whole civilization. To do this, art must refine and rerefine upon itself; it must use methods of unapproached delicacy, of unimagined subtlety and celerity. It is easy enough to catch the look of the patrician in the upper air, of the plebeian underfoot, but to render the image of a world-bourgeoisie, compacted in characters of undeniable verisimilitude, that will be difficult, but it will be possible, and the success will be of an effulgence such as has never yet taken the eyes of wonder.

We should not be disposed to deny the artist, dedicated to this high achievement by his love of the material not less than by his peculiar gift, the range of a liberal idealism. We would not have him bound by any precedent or any self-imposed law of literality. If he should see his work as a mighty historical picture, or series of such pictures, we should not gainsay him his conception, or bind him rather to any *genre* result. We ourselves have been evolving here the notion of some large allegory, which should bear the relation to all other allegories that Bartholdi's colossus of Liberty bears to all other statues, and which should carry forward the story and the hero, or the heroine, to some such supreme moment as that when, amidst the approving emotion of an immense hotel dining-room, all in *décolletée* and *frac paré*, the old, simple-lived American, wearing a sack-coat and a colored shirt, shall be led out between the eminent innkeeper and the head waiter, and delivered over to the police to be conducted in ignominy to the nearest Italian *table d'hôte*. The national character, on the broad level of equality which fiction once delighted to paint, no longer exists, but if a deeper, a richer, a more enduring monotony replaces it, we have no fear but some genius will arrive and impart the effect of the society which has arrived.

Editor's Study.

THE greatest imaginative work in English literature has elements which lie beyond the scope of Athene's inspiration. Even Milton, the most eminent exemplar of classic excellence, was more concerned with the substance of his great argument than with æsthetic form. In this respect he was, like Shakespeare, moved by the spirit which has dominated all of English literature, excepting that produced toward the close of the seventeenth and in the first half of the eighteenth century. The peculiar elements we are speaking of are brought together by the critic and styled romanticism. Brunetière thinks Madame de Staël was right when she asserted that paganism and Christianity, the north and the south, antiquity and the middle ages, chivalry and the institutions of Greece and Rome, having divided between them the history of literature, romanticism therefore, in contrast to classicism, was a combination of chivalry, the middle ages, the literatures of the north, and Christianity. How Edmund Spenser at once stands before us as we read these words!

Brunetière himself defines classicism in one word—individualism—which half contemptuously he identifies with self-exhibition. How easy it is for him to pillory with this definition Lamartine, Musset, and Hugo, but to us, dismissing the contempt, the word "individualism" calls up Burns, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Browning. Something more than *amour propre*, vanity, or the note of revolt against rule and canon, is needed to account for these writers, and how much more to account for Shakespeare!

We accept the term individualism, but in its full implication. It means for us the spirit which has been at work from the beginning in our literature—as manifest now in its free and diverse streams as in its old fountains, only more fertile and abounding. In our recent modern literature we have no use for such a term as romanticism, which served well its time to vex Boileau and tickle Walpole, and if we take Brune-

tière's individualism in its stead, that simply means that a writer stands for himself in his interpretation of nature and humanity. Curiosity, mystery—all that constituted what was called romanticism—are natively pertinent to the human spirit seeking to comprehend itself and its destiny and those unknown elements which are of so much greater interest to it than any which are known.

This is far from being, on the part of the writer, a self-conscious attitude. Self-consciousness, in its ultimate refinement, is more likely to characterize the mannered man or the writer who forever stands in awe of established and recognized authority, questioning himself as to his relations with the social or academic order. In France this solicitude is still an important factor in a literature which in the past could only here and there disclose a Rabelais, a Montaigne, or a Rousseau. In England it was never omnipotent, and now scarcely exists in any degree—in America not at all. For this reason—that is, because so much more stress is laid upon manner than upon matter—French literature, even in so great a thinker as Renan, has been immeshed in dilettantism. It was not so in Athens as in those who have patterned their work after Hellenic models, keeping and refining upon the form with no inbreathing of the aspiring Hellenic spirit.

We cannot afford to forget that psychical excellence which distinguished Hellenic genius even more than beauty of external form. It is more Hellenic to think than to strive after æsthetic elegances. With Plato the theme was more than the style of expression, and it was Plato whom the Renaissance especially brought to the front. The obstinate adherence to classic traditions did much to arrest psychical development in southern Europe, just as the greater freedom and spontaneity of the Elizabethan writers did much to advance that development in England; and for the later English literature it was a distinct advantage that in that country there never was an institution correspond-

ing to the French Academy. The vivid sense of form is lost in excessive formulation. In the nice adjustments of a conventional order the creative imagination is in abeyance, giving place to fashion and fixed habit. Language itself is at first a creation; when the living flame of the tongue is quenched, the glowing fusion crystallizes into the fixed forms cherished by scholiasts and grammarians, and thought is congealed into logicalities. Life then becomes superficial, and the hard surface of it takes a fine polish which is brief in its duration, soon disclosing fragility in the structure, which waits for a new current of flame to fuse its very dust and give it new and living forms. Thus it was when, after Pope, the thoughts of Englishmen went back of Milton to Spenser and even to Dante, who had been ignored by Addison and Voltaire. It was then, too, that Shakespeare really came into his inheritance—the recognized forerunner of the new Humanities, of which he would have also been recognized as preeminently the master but for his inevitable fealty to the aristocratic suzerainty still dominant in the highest order of literature.

The old principle demanding the artist's detachment from his work was especially applicable to objective art. What could the mood of Ictinus have to do with his shaping of a frieze? The high tension of a Greek Tragedy still more effectively excluded the individuality of its creator. Yet the audience found relief in the freer phantasies of Aristophanes. Medieval art found ready relief in its own quaintness and grotesquerie. Dante, in his most objective portraiture, is dominated by his own mood and temperament and by his view of life. Modern literature has progressed along the lines of increasing individualism, admitting more and more the subjective note.

The academic critic has all along complained of this growing tendency toward relaxation which notably has characterized literature—the English more than any other—for a century and a half, the period of prose development. But such criticism is so opposed to the natural course of evolution that it has been

compelled to surrender its strongholds one after another. Its central fortress was unbastioned by the decline of objective art itself, including such poetry as belonged to that order of art. Then for a time academicism seemed to hold its own in the classic type of prose—that of such writers as Addison, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke—but more and more the theme asserted its importance and the individual view was emphasized. The elegant fiction of Fielding and Richardson, in its superficial drama of English life and in its literary graces and refinements, and the stately rhetoric of Burke and Sheridan, along with the latter's brilliant comedies, seemed to sustain the traditional type, which was nevertheless at the same time suffering deformation in the realism of De Foe and the erratic humors of Swift and Smollet and Sterne, and which was soon to be utterly broken in pieces by the flood-tide of romanticism—Byron in poetry, and Scott in prose, riding the topmost wave. It was in poetry, which was again in the ascendent—in Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats—that the individual and subjective strain had its way most prevalingly, while the romances of Scott maintained the objective spectacle, though slightly respecting the classic form of expression.

In English literature, from the beginning of the Victorian era and including the American, not only have the principal achievements been in prose, but in this prose, outside of oratory, there are few writers who have even attempted to preserve the classic mould. Suggestions of it there may be in the critical essays of Matthew Arnold and in the dramatic method of Thomas Hardy's later fiction, but even in these writers, both of whom are intensely modern, the individual spirit is supreme. Arnold is nearer to Wordsworth than to Plato, and Hardy's attitude toward Nature and humanity was impossible at any epoch earlier than his own, even the Elizabethan; it borrows nothing from the pose of older masters.

Of course we are here considering only such recent writing as belongs to an enduring literature—such as is immortal, in essence at least, because in its time it best represents the spirit

which has been working from the beginning in English literature, and which predetermined what is now so manifest in the new Humanities.

So, inevitably there is a new art and a new criticism, both free from traditional canons. Allegiance to the Humanities is imperative, the allegiance to their spirit of the individual spirit; but in procedure the imagination is free in its creation and creative interpretation, bound by no precedent, following no prescribed pattern. Our culture involves discipline also, as ardent and as severe as that of the academic, and far more varied. In these respects we are in the same position as the Hellenes themselves, who, in the things of the mind, were as free as we are, and made their own canons. But psychically, as astronomically, we have found a new centre. Our things of the mind are not seen as projected outside of us, but as comprehended within us. By this return movement we have completed the Hellenic cycle.

This psychical evolution is not English alone; it has affected the Continental literatures as well, it may be, during the last generation, more profoundly. There is more serious imaginative writing in France to-day than in England. If we were to select outside of fiction the contemporary writer most representative of the new order, it would be Maeterlinck, for thought itself and for its artistic expression. His recent essay on immortality, placed side by side with Plato's "Phædo," very happily illustrates what we have said of this modern completion, by the subjective method, of the Hellenic thought, which was arrested in objective contemplation. Plato rested on a symbol, and often in his Dialogues leaned upon a myth. In this essay, Maeterlinck not only dismisses every conventional symbol, but relentlessly divests the individual soul of its last vestige of arrayment, that which, in all previous arguments on the subject, has been tenaciously retained—the limited egoistic consciousness—and by losing that, finds it again in some larger world, free from the familiar limitation and with unrevealed, undreamed-of possibilities.

The most important relation of genius is that to psychical consciousness, from

the early awakening of this consciousness in the Ionic Greek to its latest development. Thinking is the most distinctive of human achievements. The notional process, whereby reality is lost in the empty concept, is only the preparation for that process by which reality is restored, lifted up again into real significance. According to our imaginative coordination of meanings the universe is illuminated, is seen as a harmony. The poet is a seer because of this vision. The novelist declines upon a low range if he is not an interpreter of the manifold human dream. It is the significance of his interpretation—its appeal to intellectual sensibility—that is its distinction. Left in the region of inarticulate emotion, the procedure is blind and inert, in a world with but one firmament.

Intention and appreciation belong to the world of the intellect—of the intellect not merely as able to reach formal concepts, but as a power of realization, having a feeling of its own, creating the content and meaning of life and of literature. The highest term for this psychical power is the creative faculty and sensibility constituting Imagination. To the exercise and culture of this power art is incidental. The individual differentiation gives the individual style.

The general culture which to-day lies within the range of possibility for every American youth—even if it does not include a classical education—is a sufficient equipment for the writer of imaginative literature, with reference to the present aims of that literature, both as to substance and as to style. But woe to the writer who does not think, or to whom thought does not mean something beyond logic, something not merely sensibly but significantly real, interpenetrating impression, passion, and action!

This kind of thought takes spontaneously its own form in the writer's expression. What we call his art grows out of his intimate sense of things, taking shape and color and harmony—each word as well as the whole style leaning to the comprehending thought. This realization is held within the limits of subjective æsthetic as in the modern art of music, whose development has been concurrent with that of modern prose.

The Throne of Ura-Zym

BY CHARLES A. SELDEN

JOHN SHAGBERRY was worth only a few paltry thousands when Mrs. Shagberry surprised him on one of his birthdays by leading him into the parlor and revealing to his delighted and astonished eyes the four crayon portraits, hanging all in a row above the mantelpiece, his own just over the glass case of stuffed birds, that of the wife by his side above the Rogers Group, and those of the two little Shagberrys on the ends. In the course of time he acquired ten or fifteen millions; but as art had nothing to do with dollars in John Shagberry's opinion, he was resentful when the directors of the Grand Gallery of Fine and Useful Arts in the town of Crankton voted, four to three, not to accept his gift of a million dollars and the family collection of crayon portraits because of the condition that the pictures should be hung in the main hall and kept together for all time.

That was the only condition. Shagberry placed no restrictions on the use of the million. The directors were at liberty to buy mummies or chromos, rare postage-stamp plates or old tidies or oil-paintings. They could use the principal or interest or both as soon as they liked and in any way they liked. But they must hang the portraits. Still, four of those seven directors were stubborn in spite of all that. And John Shagberry failed to understand.

He had made his money partly by knowing his limitations and by hiring experts to attend to things that were beyond him. He knew that he was no match for an art crowd that was obstinate, so he sent for an acquaintance who knew all about museum folks and their ways.

"I want you to tell me," he said to this expert, "how I can make those

trustees accept a million dollars from me, hang my family portraits in their darn museum, and apologize to me for not taking the gift when it was first offered. I don't care how much the job costs nor how long it takes."

The expert took a day to ponder the matter, and then returned to Crankton with a scheme for persuading the directors. Shagberry approved all the details and did everything requested, even buying the local newspaper for his agent and then going abroad to leave the expert a clear field.

Before his ship had got out of the reach of the wireless there had been no less than three editorials in his newly acquired paper



ALL IN A ROW ABOVE THE MANTELPIECE



THE THRONE OF URA-ZYM

condemning his bad taste and lack of true culture as demonstrated by his lumbering a million-dollar offer with four impossible scrawls.

The real purpose of these leaders was, not to condemn Shagberry, but to praise the trustees for their fine discrimination, and by this insidious method the new editor won the hearts and subscriptions of the entire museum board, so of course none of them missed the important news from Cairo which was printed, first column, front page, about a month after the publication of the personal item to the effect that John Shagberry had gone abroad. This told of wonderful archæological discoveries made near the head waters of the river Ierig by a party of excavators working under the direction of an American capitalist.

"Among the records unearthed and partly classified," said the despatch, "are those of the Pedia Dynasty down to the time of Ura-Zym, who was probably the last king of that line. By far the most remarkable of the relics is the very throne of carved stone that Ura-Zym occupied, and which, probably, had been used by his long line of predecessors from the days of Ab-Ano. This seat of ancient royalty is in a wonderful state of preservation, and with the

restoration of one arm, fragments of which were found beside it, the throne will be practically intact. And the story of the dynasty is told with striking lucidity by the carved inscriptions upon every portion of the relic. The record as now discovered is quite complete save for that portion relating to the lives and achievements of Fal-Fyz and Gou-Hyp, whose records were on the broken arm, some pieces of which have been deciphered.

"That the line of descent was through sons has been established beyond all question by the writings and pictures on the vals and icliths, great numbers of which have been found in the temples. Some of these, the vals, tell of the customs of the people; the icliths are devoted for the most part to the affairs of the ruling classes, especially the kings, and they furnish ample corroboration of the more condensed records on the ancient throne.

"By these different sources the royal genealogy is shown practically in its entirety. The only confusion is in the periods of contests between real heirs and pretenders to the

throne, as in the case of Tad-Zyt and Ura-Zym, sons of Sib-Szo, who succeeded Pru-Ros, the son of Phy-Pro, who was the son of Mot-Orm of the House of Lei-Llu.

"The long wars of Mot-Orm and Men-Moa, the hostile sons of Loo-Mem, 'The Thoughtful,' drew the whole country into turmoil, and the advance in learning was, for the time being, materially hampered. The icliths of the period tell little but the stories of battle and intrigue."

The foregoing was read with professional interest by all the directors of the Crankton Museum. They caused it to be posted on the bulletin-board in the vestibule and reprinted it in *Museum Notes*. But their interest became much more than professional when, a few days later, they read in the *Mirror* that the American capitalist who had financed the Ierig archæological work was none other than John Shagberry, who had gone abroad to see for himself what his scholars had accomplished. The most imaginative of the directors of the Crankton Museum began to have wild hopes which they dared not reveal to their colleagues. One did say, sheepishly, that perhaps, after all, it would have done art no real harm to have accepted the crayon portraits of the Shagberry family.

In the course of a few weeks the great patron of art and archæology came back to America.

On the day following that home-coming the *Mirror* had another story on the Ierig matter in the form of an official statement by the directors of the museum, who took this means of informing the public that the Hon. John Shagberry had offered to the Grand Gallery of Fine and Useful Arts of the town of Crankton the priceless throne of Ura-Zym, and that they had accepted.

The whole town woke up. All the local ministers preached about the wonders of ancient civilization. The school-teachers told the children that their children would have geographies containing maps with the river Ierig on them, its course as clearly defined as that of the Nile. And the Ladies' Sewing Circle added a Ura-Zym evening to its literary programme for the winter.

Engraved invitations for the unveiling at the museum were sent to all the dignitaries of the town and near-by villages, and the *Mirror* was full of advance notices and bits of useful information on Ierig history up to the very afternoon of the great function. There was but one session at school that day at the request of the directors, and all the pupils went to the museum in a body with their teachers, ready to sing at the opening exercises. On the day before, the throne, unboxed but screened by cheesecloth and a flag, had been taken to the museum and placed on the platform in the large lecture-room. A second package, not so big as a throne but bulky enough, was sent over from the Shagberry place and taken, unwrapped, into the directors' private room.

As soon as this smaller bundle was brought into the board-room, where the directors, at the request of Shagberry, had met to give him a preliminary audience, he addressed the beneficiaries of his researches in foreign parts.

"It is unnecessary, gentlemen," he said, "to review at this time the history of the recovery of the throne of Ura-Zym and its formal acceptance by you as the directors and trustees of this grand institution. Suffice it to add that some, if not all, of you sat on that very throne yourselves many times before it broke down under the rush of patronage to the barber shop on the main street of our old town. As a second-hand barber-chair

the editor of the *Mirror*, which, by the way, has been my personal art organ, so to speak, for some time, bought it for a song. With true archæological appreciation of a ruin he pulled off the broken right arm altogether and covered the remains with a thick coating of artificial stone, in which before it hardened, he cut many curious marks and figures.

"That, gentlemen, is the brief story of the throne of the Pedia kings. If you will but glance at the index letters on the backs of the volumes in any set of reliable encyclopedia you will find the names of those monarchs stamped in letters of gilt. I can give you no information as to the source or mouth of the Ierig, and I know nothing about the vals and the icliths.

"But, gentlemen, the hour for the unveiling is at hand, and no doubt the large and distinguished audience in the other room is getting impatient for the intellectual treat that you have in store for it. Although the Governor of the State is not present, two colonels of his staff, in full uniform, are here to grace the occasion as his representatives. They are sitting on the platform directly back of the Mayor and the members of the Town Council. And as I came through the hall I noticed also that all of the local clergy are sitting together in harmony; and the school committee is there, and the teachers



THE HUMILIATION OF THE DIRECTORS

hastily rereading the most ancient of the ancient histories that they could find as a final preparation for what they are about to see and hear. And the leading physicians and merchants are there with their families. Our local militia company, in white gloves and with arms present, is lined up at the back of the hall; a detail of that company surrounds the barber's chair—I should say the throne of Ura-Zym—with fixed bayonets as a guard of honor. To the right of that throne are eight vacant chairs, reserved for you and for me. I am sure, gentlemen, that we cannot adjourn this function and disappoint so many worthy people who will ask so many questions.

"Rest assured, my friends, that, under certain conditions, I shall never divulge the secret which I have just entrusted to your keeping. Under those conditions, which I am about to mention, we will consider this as an executive session, the proceedings of which shall be forever sacredly guarded from publicity. The barber doesn't know. Not even the *Mirror* shall have a word of this unless—

"But now as to the conditions of silence, gentlemen. I have here in this large package four excellent crayon portraits of myself, my wife, and our two children, who have grown up a credit to their parents and to the town. You have all heard of these portraits before; some of you have seen them.

"I now offer them to you a second time. I ask you to make their formal acceptance a part of the exercises that are about to be held in the other room. Let me add that the pictures are absolutely authentic. They are not heavy, so as we march in to take our seats on the platform four of you can carry them very handily, one apiece. There is no time to spare. Even now I can hear the school-children's chorus singing 'Oh Babylon, Old Babylon,' which, I see, is the opening song on the programme.

"I don't want to have to tell those trusting teachers to stop looking for the Ierig, and I don't want to embarrass our esteemed militia captain by telling him to withdraw his guard of honor from Peter Jones's old barber-chair. Gentlemen, what is your verdict on the portraits?"

"And the million?" weakly gasped the first director to partially recover himself.

"Oh, the million," replied John Shagberry, "I have otherwise disposed of. Nobody will be able to accuse you of sordid motives. But, gentlemen, they are singing the last stanza of 'Oh Babylon, Old Babylon!'"

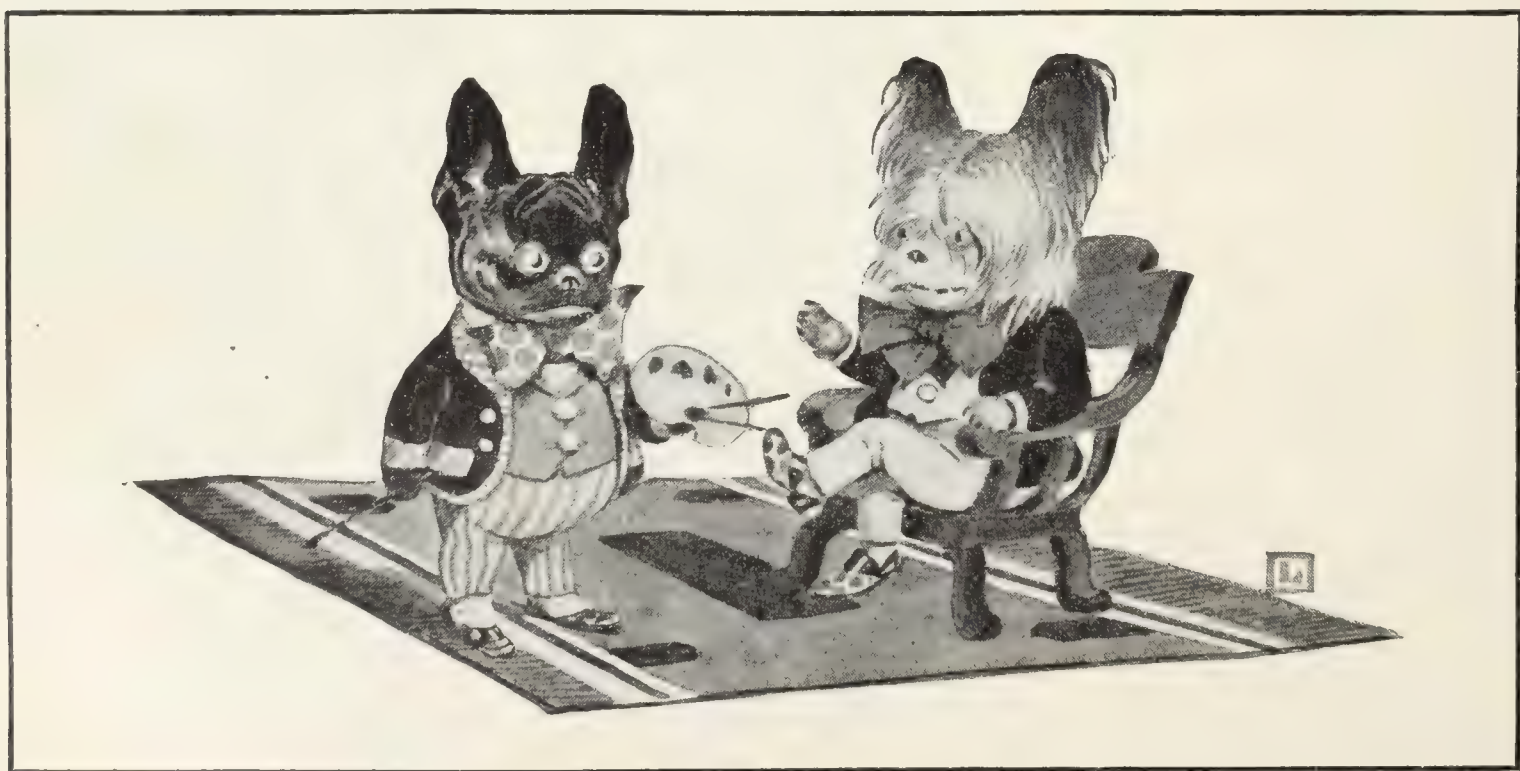
"Yes," hoarsely whispered the chairman of the board. Two more had the strength to say "yes"; the others nodded it.

"I thank you, gentlemen," remarked John Shagberry, cheerily, as he quickly removed the wrappings from the portraits. And then four of the members picked up their burdens and slinked in to the platform behind their colleagues.

Beyond Dreams of Avarice

THAT wealth is one of the most comparative of terms, those in moderate circumstances often being considered "rich" by persons of less means, was shown by an old colored "mammy." She had been doing the laundry work of a certain family for quite a while, but, deciding to leave the neighborhood, had come to tell them that she would no longer be able to perform these duties. The lady of the house, wishing to secure another good washerwoman, inquired of the faithful "mammy" as to the reliability of another colored woman.

"Law, Missus," replied the old darky, "dat woman doan' do no washin'; she's rich, she is. She's got a door-bell to her house!"



FRENCH POODLE. "What luck did you have at the last exhibition?"
FLUFFY. "I was placed on the skye-line as usual!"



View-points

MR. MONK. "*I been studying up about the Missing Link.*"

MRS. MONK. "*You're more likely to find it if you use a looking-glass.*"

Afterthoughts

Whenas in silks my Julia goes —HERRICK

WHENAS in silks *my* Julia goes,
In lace and satin furbelows,
In frills and furs, and gorgeous gown
By modistes of world-wide renown,
The woe, the yearnings, and the tears
That in my heart from yesteryears
Remained, for that she jilted me,
All, all depart and leave me free.

Whenas in auto rushing swift
My Julia doth the dust-cloud lift,
And speeds her up the avenue
Like streak of deep cerulean hue;
Before—the Park of wondrous sheen;
Behind—a trail of Gasoline:
My heart no longer doth repine
Because my Julia is not mine.

Whenas at opera Julia sits
Surrounded by Manhattan's wits,
There in her box on Monday nights
Scintillant 'mid the gems and lights,
Her fair locks flashed with jewels rare,
Pearls round her neck past all compare,
My prayers of thanks I humbly say
That Julia turned from me away.

For though I loved my Julia much,
And thirsted for love's tender touch;
And though one soft glance of her eyes
I deemed life's richest, rarest prize;
And though for Julia's beauteous smile
I'd once have travelled many a mile,
'Twould be the bitterest of pills
To have to pay my Julia's bills!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

What She Used it For

AT a certain hotel in the Northwest a woman came down from up-stairs and asked the clerk if she could get a glass of water.

"Why, certainly, madam," said he, filling up a glass for her.

Two minutes later she was back.

"I don't like to trouble you," she said, "but could I get another glass of water?"

"No trouble at all, madam," said the clerk, handing her another glass.

In about two minutes she appeared again.

"Certainly, madam," said the affable clerk; "but may I inquire what you are doing with so much water?"

"I know you will just scream when I tell you," said the woman; "I'm trying to put out a fire in my room!"

Accommodating

"SPEAKING of accommodating hotel clerks," remarked a traveller, "the best I ever saw was in a certain Maine town. I reached the hotel late in the evening. Just before I retired I heard a scampering under the bed, and saw a couple of large rats just escaping. I complained at the office. The clerk was as serene as a summer breeze.

"'I'll fix that all right, sir,' he said. 'Front! Take up a cat to Room 23 at once.'"



The Turkey

THE turkey is a dainty bird,
So well brought up, and neat;
And turkeys never have been heard
To gobble as they eat.

For the Lambs

A GENTLEMAN from Philadelphia was recently the guest of an old college chum who for many years had been rector of a little church in Southwest Virginia. In the employ of the family was a genuine old-time "Tuckahoe darky," whose polite manners and quaint replies made quite an impression on the Philadelphian.

The morning after his arrival the visitor was standing on the front porch, when a wagon containing several bales of hay came up, and the driver, by mistake, pitched a bale into the churchyard instead of the yard of the rectory. The Philadelphian's sense of humor was touched, and turning to the old negro, he asked, "Uncle William, why is that bale of hay left in the churchyard?"

Uncle William scraped one foot, bowed, and replied, "Boss, dat's fo' Mars John to feed de flock wif!"

More than King

SOME years ago a teacher, giving her children a lesson in English history, asked them what the Prince of Wales would be if the Queen, Victoria, would die.

"He would be an orphan," piped a little voice from the back of the room.



Do you think this picture
Looks very much like a cat?
I'm going to give it to Grandma;
And she'll be pleased with that.

I tried to paint my puppy once;
But he ate up a cake of blue.
He wagged his tail and tried to say,
"I can paint puppies too."

Nothing in It

A TEACHER in a certain prominent school was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said:

"Now, boys, if I stood on my head, the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face!"

"Yes, sir," said the boys.

"Now," continued the instructor, "what I want to know is this: How is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position that the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

And a little fellow shouted, "Why, sir, because yer feet ain't empty."

Sold

THEY tell this story on a well-known ex-Governor of Missouri. The Governor was at a certain hotel in Kansas City for a week, and became known as a liberal tipper. About the fifth day of his stay he noticed that his waiter had been replaced by another man. Looking around, he saw his old waiter at another table, very busily waiting on a crowd of people. The Governor eyed him with dissatisfaction for several minutes, then beckoned to the new waiter.

"What's the matter?" he queried. "Why isn't Jim waiting on me? Tell 'em to send him back here."

The darky's mouth opened in a wide grin. "Deed, boss, ah kain't do dat. You see, sah, hit's dis way. Ah lent Jim five dollars on you las' night in a crap game, an' he done los' it. You b'longs to me now, sah!"

His Prayer

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Elmer has a small sister who has recently been seriously ill with pneumonia. After days of anxious watching, the nurse joyfully announced to the family, "Sarah has normal temperature to-day." Again and again later, to the great relief and delight of the family, she had the same word to give. Soon afterward Elmer saw fit to make an addendum to his regular evening prayer. He prayed, "God bless mother, father, grandmother, and grandfather, and give them all normal temperatures."



Prudent Pity

OUR little donkey hangs his head
And stands there in the sun;
He acts as if he were 'most dead
Now that his work is done.

It seems to me he is too small
To pull the pony-cart and all;
And knowing zactly how he feels,
I keep away from his back heels!

Punk

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

ALTHOUGH an unconsidered thing,
Whose praise no poet deigns to sing,
Such virtues unto you belong
That you should be enshrined in song.

Without you not a cracker can
Explode beneath the old tin-pan,
Nor can a pin-wheel whirl and whizz
Until you light its end of biz.

No rocket e'er can reach the sky
Until you give it wings to fly,
Nor can G. Wash. on horseback start
To glad the patriotic heart.

Although on Independence-day
No noise you make, but burn away,
While banners blow and wild bells clang,
You are the thing behind the bang.

Oh, may your light burn well and long
To keep up liberty's dingdong,
For all the fun is up the spout
When you, oh, potent punk, go out.

Though humble is the rôle you play,
Your counterpart we see each day
In modest folk who touch the spark
Unto the gun that hits the mark.



MRS. HIPPO. "Yes, since my husband was taken, I am but a shadow of my former self."

Remarks from the Pup

BY BURGES JOHNSON

SHE'S taught me that I mustn't bark
At little noises after dark,
But just refrain from any fuss
Until I'm sure they're dangerous.
This would be easier, I've felt,
If noises could be seen or smelt.

She's very wise, I have no doubt,
And plans ahead what she's about,
Yet after eating, every day
She throws her nicest bones away.
If she were really less obtuse
She'd bury them for future use,

But that which makes me doubt the most
Those higher powers that humans boast,
Is not so much a fault like that,
Nor yet her fondness for the cat,
But on our pleasant country strolls
Her dull indifference to holes!

Ah me, what treasures might be found
In holes that lead to underground!
However vague or small one is
It sends me into ecstasies.
While she, alas! stands by to scoff,
Or meanly comes to call me off.

O if I once had time to spend
To reach a hole's extremest end,
I'd grab it fast, without a doubt,
And promptly pull it inside out;
Then drag it home with all my power
To chew on in a leisure hour.

Of all the mistresses there are,
Mine is the loveliest by far,—
Fain would I wag myself apart
If I could thus reveal my heart.
But on some things, I must conclude,
Mine is the saner attitude.



PICTURES FROM THACKERAY—"BEATRIX AND ESMOND"

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Howard Pyle

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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A Horse's Tale

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

BY MARK TWAIN

I

SOLDIER BOY—PRIVATELY TO HIMSELF

I AM Buffalo Bill's horse. I have spent my life under his saddle—with him in it, too, and he is good for two hundred pounds, without his clothes; and there is no telling how much he does weigh when he is out on the war-path and has his batteries belted on. He is over six feet, is young, hasn't an ounce of waste flesh, is straight, graceful, springy in his motions, quick as a cat, and has a handsome face, and black hair dangling down on his shoulders, and is beautiful to look at; and nobody is braver than he is, and nobody is stronger, except myself. Yes, a person that doubts that he is fine to see should see him in his beaded buckskins, on my back and his rifle peeping above his shoulder, chasing a hostile trail, with me going like the wind and his hair streaming out behind from the shelter of his broad slouch. Yes, he is a sight to look at then—and I'm part of it myself.

I am his favorite horse, out of dozens. Big as he is, I have carried him eighty-one miles between nightfall and sunrise on the scout; and I am good for fifty, day in and day out, and all the time. I am not large, but I am built on a business basis. I have carried him thousands and thousands of miles on scout duty for the army, and there's not a gorge, nor a pass, nor a valley, nor a fort, nor a trading post, nor a buffalo-range in the whole sweep of the Rocky Mountains and the

Great Plains that we don't know as well as we know the bugle-calls. He is Chief of Scouts to the Army of the Frontier, and it makes us very important. In such a position as I hold in the military service one needs to be of good family and possess an education much above the common to be worthy of the place. I am the best-educated horse outside of the hippodrome, everybody says, and the best-mannered. It may be so, it is not for me to say; modesty is the best policy, I think. Buffalo Bill taught me the most of what I know, my mother taught me much, and I taught myself the rest. Lay a row of moccasins before me—Pawnee, Sioux, Shoshone, Cheyenne, Blackfoot, and as many other tribes as you please,—and I can name the tribe every moccasin belongs to by the make of it. Name it in horse-talk, and could do it in American if I had speech.

I know some of the Indian signs—the signs they make with their hands, and by signal-fires at night and columns of smoke by day. Buffalo Bill taught me how to drag wounded soldiers out of the line of fire with my teeth; and I've done it, too; at least I've dragged *him* out of the battle when he was wounded. And not just once, but twice. Yes, I know a lot of things. I remember forms, and gaits, and faces; and you can't disguise a person that's done me a kindness so that I won't know him thereafter wherever I find him. I know the art of searching for a trail, and I know the stale track from the fresh. I can keep

a trail all by myself, with Buffalo Bill asleep in the saddle; ask him—he will tell you so. Many a time, when he has ridden all night, he has said to me at dawn, "Take the watch, Boy; if the trail freshens, call me." Then he goes to sleep. He knows he can trust me, because I have a reputation. A scout horse that has a reputation does not play with it.

My mother was all American—no alkali-spider about *her*, I can tell you; she was of the best blood of Kentucky, the bluest Blue Grass aristocracy, very proud and acrimonious—or maybe it is ceremonious. I don't know which it is. But it is no matter; size is the main thing about a word, and that one's up to standard. She spent her military life as colonel of the Tenth Dragoons, and saw a deal of rough service—distinguished service it was, too. I mean, she *carried* the colonel; but it's all the same. Where would he be without his horse? He wouldn't arrive. It takes two to make a colonel of dragoons. She was a fine dragoon horse, but never got above that. She was strong enough for the scout service, and had the endurance, too, but she couldn't quite come up to the speed required; a scout horse has to have steel in his muscle and lightning in his blood.

My father was a bronco. Nothing as to lineage—that is, nothing as to recent lineage—but plenty good enough when you go a good way back. When Professor Marsh was out here hunting bones for the chapel of Yale University he found skeletons of horses no bigger than a fox, bedded in the rocks, and he said they were ancestors of my father. My mother heard him say it; and he said those skeletons were two million years old, which astonished her and made her Kentucky pretensions look small and pretty antiphonal, not to say oblique. Let me see. . . . I used to know the meaning of those words, but . . . well, it was years ago, and 'tisn't as vivid now as it was when they were fresh. That sort of words doesn't keep, in the kind of climate we have out here. Professor Marsh said those skeletons were fossils. So that makes me part blue grass and part fossil; if there is any older or better stock, you will have to look for it

among the Four Hundred, I reckon. I am satisfied with it. And am a happy horse, too, though born out of wedlock.

And now we are back at Fort Paxton once more, after a forty-day scout, away up as far as the Big Horn. Everything quiet. Crows and Blackfeet squabbling—as usual—but no outbreaks, and settlers feeling fairly easy.

The Seventh Cavalry still in garrison, here; also the Ninth Dragoons, two artillery companies, and some infantry. All glad to see me, including General Alison, commandant. The officers' ladies and children well, and called upon me—with sugar. Colonel Drake, Seventh Cavalry, said some pleasant things; Mrs. Drake was very complimentary; also Captain and Mrs. Marsh, Company B, Seventh Cavalry; also the Chaplain, who is always kind and pleasant to me, because I kicked the lungs out of a trader once. It was Tommy Drake and Fanny Marsh that furnished the sugar—nice children, the nicest at the post, I think.

That poor orphan child is on her way from France—everybody is full of the subject. Her father was General Alison's brother; married a beautiful young Spanish lady ten years ago, and has never been in America since. They lived in Spain a year or two, then went to France. Both died some months ago. This little girl that is coming is the only child. General Alison is glad to have her. He has never seen her. He is a very nice old bachelor, but is an old bachelor just the same and isn't more than about a year this side of retirement by age limit; and so what does he know about taking care of a little maid nine years old? If I could have her it would be another matter, for I know all about children, and they adore me. Buffalo Bill will tell you so himself.

I have some of this news from overhearing the garrison-gossip, the rest of it I got from Potter, the General's dog. Potter is the great Dane. He is privileged, all over the post, like Shekels, the Seventh Cavalry's dog, and visits everybody's quarters and picks up everything that is going, in the way of news. Potter has no imagination, and no great deal of culture, perhaps, but he has a historical mind and a good memory, and so he is the person I depend upon mainly to post me

up when I get back from a scout. That is, if Shekels is out on depredation and I can't get hold of him.

II

LETTER FROM ROUEN—TO GENERAL ALISON

My dear Brother-in-Law,—Please let me write again in Spanish, I cannot trust my English, and I am aware, from what your brother used to say, that army officers educated at the Military Academy of the United States are taught our tongue. It is as I told you in my other letter: both my poor sister and her husband, when they found they could not recover, expressed the wish that you should have their little Catherine—as knowing that you would presently be retired from the army—rather than that she should remain with me, who am broken in health, or go to your mother in California, whose health is also frail.

You do not know the child, therefore I must tell you something about her. You will not be ashamed of her looks, for she is a copy in little of her beautiful mother—and it is that Andalusian beauty which is not surpassable, even in your country. She has her mother's charm and grace and good heart and sense of justice, and she has her father's vivacity and cheerfulness and pluck and spirit of enterprise, with the affectionate disposition and sincerity of both parents.

My sister pined for her Spanish home all these years of exile; she was always talking of Spain to the child, and tending and nourishing the love of Spain in the little thing's heart as a precious flower; and she died happy in the knowledge that the fruitage of her patriotic labors was as rich as even she could desire.

Cathy is a sufficiently good little scholar, for her nine years; her mother taught her Spanish herself, and kept it always fresh upon her ear and her tongue by hardly ever speaking with her in any other tongue; her father was her English teacher, and talked with her in that language almost exclusively; French has been her every-day speech for more than seven years among her playmates here; she has a good working use of governess German and Italian. It is true that there is always a faint foreign fragrance about her speech, no matter what lan-

guage she is talking, but it is only just noticeable, nothing more, and is rather a charm than a mar, I think. In the ordinary child-studies Cathy is neither before nor behind the average child of nine, I should say. But I can say this for her: in love for her friends and in high-mindedness and good-heartedness she has not many equals, and in my opinion no superiors. And I beg of you, let her have her way with the dumb animals—they are her worship. It is an inheritance from her mother. She knows but little of cruelties and oppressions—keep them from her sight if you can. She would flare up at them and make trouble, in her small but quite decided and resolute way; for she has a character of her own, and lacks neither promptness nor initiative. Sometimes her judgment is at fault, but I think her intentions are always right. Once when she was a little creature of three or four years she suddenly brought her tiny foot down upon the floor in an apparent outbreak of indignation, then fetched it a backward wipe, and stooped down to examine the result. Her mother said:

"Why, what is it, child? What has stirred you so?"

"Mamma, the big ant was trying to kill the little one."

"And so you protected the little one."

"Yes, mamma, because he had no friend, and I wouldn't let the big one kill him."

"But you have killed them both."

Cathy was distressed, and her lip trembled. She picked up the remains and laid them upon her palm, and said,

"Poor little anty, I'm so sorry; and I didn't mean to kill you, but there wasn't any other way to save you, it was such a hurry."

She is a dear and sweet little lady, and when she goes it will give me a sore heart. But she will be happy with you, and if your heart is old and tired, give it into her keeping; she will make it young again, she will refresh it, she will make it sing. Be good to her, for all our sakes!

My exile will soon be over now. As soon as I am a little stronger I shall see my Spain again; and that will make *me* young again!

MERCEDES.

III

GENERAL ALISON TO HIS MOTHER

I am glad to know that you are all well, in San Bernardino.

. . . That grandchild of yours has been here—well, I do not quite know how many days it is; nobody can keep account of days or anything else where she is! Mother, she did what the Indians were never able to do. She took the Fort—took it the first day! Took me, too; took the colonels, the captains, the women, the children, and the dumb brutes; took Buffalo Bill, and all his scouts; took the garrison—to the last man; and in forty-eight hours the Indian encampment was hers, illustrious old Thunder-Bird and all. Do I seem to have lost my solemnity, my gravity, my poise, my dignity? You would lose your own, in my circumstances. Mother, you never saw such a winning little devil. She is all energy, and spirit, and sunshine, and interest in everybody and everything, and pours out her prodigal love upon every creature that will take it, high or low, Christian or pagan, feathered or furred; and none has declined it to date, and none ever will, I think. But she has a temper, and sometimes it catches fire and flames up, and is likely to burn whatever is near it; but it is soon over, the passion goes as quickly as it comes. Of course she has an Indian name already; Indians always rechristen a stranger early. Thunder-Bird attended to her case. He gave her the Indian equivalent for firebug, or fire-fly. He said—

"'Times, ver' quiet, ver' soft, like summer night, but when she mad she blaze."

Isn't it good? Can't you see the flare? She's beautiful, mother, beautiful as a picture; and there is a touch of you in her face, and of her father—poor George! and in her unresting activities, and her fearless ways, and her sunbursts and cloudbursts, she is always bringing George back to me. These impulsive natures are dramatic. George was dramatic, so is this Lightning-Bug, so is Buffalo Bill. When Cathy first arrived—it was in the forenoon—Buffalo Bill was away, carrying orders to Major Fuller, at Five Forks, up in the Clayton Hills. At mid-afternoon I was at my desk, trying to

work, and this sprite had been making it impossible for half an hour. At last I said,

"Oh, you bewitching little scamp, *can't* you be quiet just a minute or two, and let your poor old uncle attend to a part of his duties?"

"I'll try, uncle; I will, indeed," she said.

"Well, then, that's a good child—kiss me. Now, then, sit up in that chair, and set your eye on that clock. There—that's right. If you stir—if you so much as wink—for four whole minutes, I'll bite you!"

It was very sweet and humble and obedient she looked, sitting there, still as a mouse; I could hardly keep from setting her free and telling her to make as much racket as she wanted to. During as much as two minutes there was a most unnatural and heavenly quiet and repose, then Buffalo Bill came thundering up to the door in all his scout finery, flung himself out of the saddle, said to his horse, "Wait for me, Boy," and stepped in, and stopped dead in his tracks—gazing at the child. She forgot orders, and was on the floor in a moment, saying:

"Oh, you are so beautiful! Do you like me?"

"No, I don't, I love you!" and he gathered her up with a hug, and then set her on his shoulder—apparently nine feet from the floor.

She was at home. She played with his long hair, and admired his big hands and his clothes and his carbine, and asked question after question, as fast as he could answer, until I excused them both for half an hour, in order to have a chance to finish my work. Then I heard Cathy exclaiming over Soldier Boy; and he was worthy of her raptures, for he is a wonder of a horse, and has a reputation which is as shining as his own silken hide.

IV

CATHY TO HER AUNT MERCEDES

Oh, it is wonderful here, aunty dear, just paradise! Oh, if you could only see it! everything so wild and lovely; such grand plains, stretching such miles and miles and miles, all the most delicious velvety sand and sage-brush, and rabbits as big as a dog, and such tall and noble



LUCIUS W. COY. NITCHCOCK

Drawn by Lucius W. Olcott Hitchcock

"BUFFALO BILL TOOK ME ON SOLDIER BOY TO THUNDER-BIRD'S CAMP"

jackassful ears that that is what they name them by; and such vast mountains, and so rugged and craggy and lofty, with cloud-shawls wrapped around their shoulders, and looking so solemn and awful and satisfied; and the charming Indians, oh, how you would dote on them, aunty dear, and they would on you, too, and they would let you hold their babies, the way they do me, and they *are* the fattest, and brownest, and sweetest little things, and never cry, and wouldn't if they had pins sticking in them, which they haven't, because they are poor and can't afford it; and the horses and mules and cattle and dogs—hundreds and hundreds and hundreds, and not an animal that you can't do what you please with, except uncle Thomas, but *I* don't mind him, he's lovely; and oh, if you could hear the bugles: *too—too—too-too—too—too*, and so on—perfectly beautiful! Do you recognize that one? It's the first toots of the *reveille*; it goes, dear me, *so* early in the morning!—then I and every other soldier on the whole place are up and out in a minute, except uncle Thomas, who is most unaccountably lazy, I don't know why, but I have talked to him about it, and I reckon it will be better, now. He hasn't any faults much, and is charming and sweet, like Buffalo Bill, and Thunder-Bird, and Mammy Dorcas, and Soldier Boy, and Shekels, and Potter, and Sour-Mash, and—well, they're *all* that, just angels, as you may say.

The very first day I came, I don't know how long ago it was, Buffalo Bill took me on Soldier Boy to Thunder-Bird's camp; not the big one which is out on the plain, which is White Cloud's, he took me to *that* one next day, but this one is four or five miles up in the hills and crags, where there is a great shut-in meadow, full of Indian lodges and dogs and squaws and everything that is interesting, and a brook of the clearest water running through it, with white pebbles on the bottom and trees all along the banks cool and shady and good to wade in, and as the sun goes down it is dimish in there, but away up against the sky you see the big peaks towering up and shining bright and vivid in the sun, and sometimes an eagle sailing by them, not flapping a wing, the same as if he was asleep; and young Indians and girls

romping and laughing and carrying on, around the spring and the pool, and not much clothes on except the girls, and dogs fighting, and the squaws busy at work, and the bucks busy resting, and the old men sitting in a bunch smoking, and passing the pipe not to the left but to the right, which means there's been a row in the camp and they are settling it if they can, and children playing *just* the same as any other children, and little boys shooting at a mark with bows, and I cuffed one of them because he hit a dog with a club that wasn't doing anything, and he resented it but before long he wished he hadn't, but this sentence is getting too long and I will start another. Thunder-Bird put on his Sunday-best war outfit to let me see him, and he was splendid to look at, with his face painted red and bright and intense like a fire-coal and a valance of eagle feathers from the top of his head all down his back, and he had his tomahawk, too, and his pipe, which has a stem which is longer than my arm, and I never had such a good time in an Indian camp in my life, and I learnt a lot of words of the language, and next day BB took me to the camp out on the Plains, four miles, and I had another good time and got acquainted with some more Indians and dogs; and the big chief, by the name of White Cloud, gave me a pretty little bow and arrows and I gave him my red sash-ribbon, and in four days I could shoot very well with it and beat any white boy of my size at the post; and I have been to those camps plenty of times since; and I have learned to ride, too, BB taught me, and every day he practises me and praises me, and every time I do better than ever he lets me have a scamper on Soldier Boy, and *that's* the last agony of pleasure! for he is the charmingest horse, and so beautiful and shiny and black, and hasn't another color on him anywhere, except a white star in his forehead, not just an imitation star, but a real one, with four points, shaped exactly like a star that's hand-made, and if you should cover him all up but his star you would know him anywhere, even in Jerusalem or Australia by that. And I got acquainted with a good many of the Seventh Cavalry, and the dragoons, and officers, and families, and horses, in

the first few days, and some more in the next few and the next few and the next few, and now I know more soldiers and horses than you can think, no matter how hard you try. I am keeping up my studies every now and then, but there isn't much time for it. I love you so! and I send you a hug and a kiss.

CATHY.

P.S.—I belong to the Seventh Cavalry and Ninth Dragoons, I am an officer, too, and do not have to work on account of not getting any wages.

V

GENERAL ALISON TO MERCEDES

She has been with us a good nice long time, now. You are troubled about your sprite because this is such a wild frontier, hundreds of miles from civilization, and peopled only by wandering tribes of savages? You fear for her safety? Give yourself no uneasiness about her. Dear me, she's in a nursery! and she's got more than eighteen hundred nurses. It would distress the garrison to suspect that you think they can't take care of her. They think they can. They would tell you so themselves. You see, the Seventh Cavalry has never had a child of its very own before, and neither has the Ninth Dragoons; and so they are like all new mothers, they think there is no other child like theirs, no other child so wonderful, none that is so worthy to be faithfully and tenderly looked after and protected. These bronzed veterans of mine are very good mothers, I think, and wiser than some other mothers; for they let her take lots of risks, and it is a good education for her; and the more risks she takes and comes successfully out of, the prouder they are of her. They adopted her, with grave and formal military ceremonies of their own invention—solemnities is the truer word; solemnities that were so profoundly solemn and earnest, that the spectacle would have been comical if it hadn't been so touching. It was a good show, and as stately and complex as guard-mount and the trooping of the colors; and it had its own special music, composed for the occasion by the bandmaster of the Seventh; and the child was as serious as the most serious war-worn soldier of them all; and

finally when they throned her upon the shoulder of the oldest veteran, and pronounced her "well and truly adopted," and the bands struck up and all saluted and she saluted in return, it was better and more moving than any kindred thing I have seen on the stage, because stage things are make-believe, but this was real and the players' hearts were in it.

It happened several weeks ago, and was followed by some additional solemnities. The men created a couple of new ranks, hitherto unknown to the army regulations, and conferred them upon Cathy, with ceremonies suitable to a duke. So now she is Corporal-General of the Seventh Cavalry, and Flag-Lieutenant of the Ninth Dragoons, with the privilege (decreed by the men) of writing U.S.A. after her name! Also, they presented her a pair of shoulder-straps—both dark blue, the one with F. L. on it, the other with C. G. Also, a sword. She wears them. Finally, they granted her the *salute*. I am witness that that ceremony is faithfully observed by both parties—and most gravely and decorously, too. I have never seen a soldier smile yet, while delivering it, nor Cathy in returning it.

Ostensibly I was not present at these proceedings, and am ignorant of them; but I was where I could see. I was afraid of one thing—the jealousy of the other children of the post; but there is nothing of that, I am glad to say. On the contrary, they are proud of their comrade and her honors. It is a surprising thing, but it is true. The children are devoted to Cathy, for she has turned their dull frontier life into a sort of continuous festival; also they know her for a stanch and steady friend, a friend who can always be depended upon, and does not change with the weather.

She has become a rather extraordinary rider, under the tutorship of a more than extraordinary teacher—BB, which is her pet name for Buffalo Bill. She pronounces it *beeby*. He has not only taught her seventeen ways of breaking her neck, but twenty-two ways of avoiding it. He has infused into her the best and surest protection of a horseman—*confidence*. He did it gradually, systematically, little by little, a step at a time, and each step made sure before the next

was essayed. And so he inched her along up through terrors that had been discounted by training before she reached them, and therefore were not recognizable as terrors when she got to them. Well, she is a daring little rider, now, and is perfect in what she knows of horsemanship. By and by she will know the art like a West Point cadet, and will exercise it as fearlessly. She doesn't know anything about side-saddles. Does that distress you? And she is a fine performer, without any saddle at all. Does that discomfort you? Do not let it; she is not in any danger, I give you my word.

You said that if my heart was old and tired she would refresh it, and you said truly. I do not know how I got along without her, before. I was a forlorn old tree, but now that this blossoming vine has wound itself about me and become the life of my life, it is very different. As a furnisher of business for me and for Mammy Dorcas she is exhaustlessly competent, but I like my share of it and of course Dorcas likes hers, for Dorcas "raised" George, and Cathy is George over again in so many ways that she brings back Dorcas's youth and the joys of that long-vanished time. My father tried to set Dorcas free twenty years ago, when we still lived in Virginia, but without success; she considered herself a member of the family, and wouldn't go. And so, a member of the family she remained, and has held that position unchallenged ever since, and holds it now; for when my mother sent her here from San Bernardino when we learned that Cathy was coming, she only changed from one division of the family to the other. She has the warm heart of her race, and its lavish affections, and when Cathy arrived the pair were mother and child in five minutes, and that is what they are to date and will continue. Dorcas really thinks she raised George, and that is one of her prides, but perhaps it was a mutual raising, for their ages were the same—thirteen years short of mine. But they were playmates, at any rate; as regards that, there is no room to dispute.

Cathy thinks Dorcas is the best Catholic in America except herself. She could not pay any one a higher compliment than that, and Dorcas could not receive one that would please her better. Dorcas

is satisfied that there has never been a more wonderful child than Cathy. She has conceived the curious idea that Cathy is *twins*, and that one of them is a boy-twin and failed to get segregated—got submerged, is the idea. To argue with her that this is nonsense is a waste of breath—her mind is made up, and arguments do not affect it. She says:

"Look at her; she loves dolls, and girl-plays, and everything a girl loves, and she's gentle and sweet, and ain't cruel to dumb brutes—now that's the girl-twin; but she loves boy-plays, and drums and fifes and soldiering, and rough-riding, and ain't afraid of anybody or anything—and that's the boy-twin; 'deed you needn't tell *me* she's only *one* child; no, sir, she's twins, and one of them got shet up out of sight. Out of sight, but that don't make any difference, that boy is in there, and you can see him look out of her eyes when her temper is up."

Then Dorcas went on, in her simple and earnest way, to furnish illustrations.

"Look at that raven, Marse Tom. Would anybody befriend a raven but that child? Of course they wouldn't; it ain't natural. Well, the Injun boy had the raven tied up, and was all the time plaguing it and starving it, and she pitied the po' thing, and tried to buy it from the boy, and the tears was in her eyes. That was the girl-twin, you see. She offered him her thimble, and he flung it down; she offered him all the dough-nuts she had, which was two, and he flung them down; she offered him half a paper of pins, worth forty ravens, and he made a mouth at her and jabbed one of them in the raven's back. That was the limit, you know. It called for the other twin. Her eyes blazed up, and she jumped for him like a wildcat, and when she was done with him she was rags and he warn't anything but an allegory. That was most undoubtedly the other twin, you see, coming to the front. No, sir; don't tell *me* he ain't in there. I've seen him with my own eyes—and plenty of times, at that."

"Allegory? What is an allegory?"

"I don't know, Marse Tom, it's one of her words; she loves the big ones, you know, and I pick them up from her; they sound good and I can't help it."

"What happened after she had converted the boy into an allegory?"

"Why, she untied the raven and confiscated him by force and fetched him home, and left the doughnuts and things on the ground. Petted him, of course, like she does with every creature. In two days she had him so stuck after her that she—well, *you* know how he follows her everywhere, and sets on her shoulder often when she rides her breakneck rampages—all of which is the girl-twin to the front, you see—and he does what he pleases, and is up to all kinds of devilment, and is a perfect nuisance in the kitchen. Well, they all stand it, but they wouldn't if it was another person's bird."

Here she began to chuckle comfortably, and presently she said:

"Well, you know, she's a nuisance herself, Miss Cathy is, she *is* so busy, and into everything, like that bird. It's all just as innocent, you know, and she don't mean any harm, and is so good and dear; and it ain't her fault, it's her nature; her interest is always a-working and always red-hot, and she *can't* keep quiet. Well, yesterday it was 'Please, Miss Cathy, don't do that'; and, 'Please, Miss Cathy, let that alone'; and, 'Please, Miss Cathy, don't make so much noise'; and so on and so on, till I reckon I had found fault fourteen times in fifteen minutes; then she looked up at me with her big brown eyes that can plead so, and said in that odd little foreign way that goes to your heart,

"'Please, mammy, make me a compliment.'"

"And of course you did it, you old fool?"

"Marse Tom, I just grabbed her up to my breast and says, 'Oh, you po' dear little motherless thing, you ain't got a fault in the world, and you can do anything you want to, and tear the house down, and yo' old black mammy won't say a word!'"

"Why, of course, of course—I knew you'd spoil the child."

She brushed away her tears, and said with dignity:

"Spoil the child? spoil *that* child, Marse Tom? There can't *anybody* spoil her. She's the king bee of this post, and everybody pets her and is her slave, and yet, as you know, your own self, she ain't the least little bit spoiled." Then she eased her mind with this retort: "Marse

Tom, she makes you do anything she wants to, and you can't deny it; so if she could be spoilt, she'd been spoilt long ago, because you are the very *worst*! Look at that pile of cats in your chair, and you sitting on a candle-box, just as patient; it's because they're her cats."

If Dorcas were a soldier, I could punish her for such large frankness as that. I changed the subject, and made her resume her illustrations. She had scored against me fairly, and I wasn't going to cheapen her victory by disputing it. She proceeded to offer this incident in evidence on her twin theory:

"Two weeks ago when she got her finger mashed open, she turned pretty pale with the pain, but she never said a word. I took her in my lap, and the surgeon sponged off the blood and took a needle and thread and began to sew it up; it had to have a lot of stitches, and each one made her scrunch a little, but she never let go a sound. At last the surgeon was so full of admiration that he said, 'Well, you *are* a brave little thing!' and she said, just as ca'm and simple as if she was talking about the weather, 'There isn't anybody braver but the Cid!' You see? it was the boy-twin that the surgeon was a-dealing with."

"Who is the Cid?"

"I don't know, sir—at least only what she says. She's always talking about him, and says he was the bravest hero Spain ever had, or any other country. They have it up and down, the children do, she standing up for the Cid, and they working George Washington for all he is worth."

"Do they quarrel?"

"No; it's only disputing, and bragging, the way children do. They want her to be an American, but she can't be anything but a Spaniard, she says. You see, her mother was always longing for home, po' thing! and thinking about it, and so the child is just as much a Spaniard as if she'd always lived there. She thinks she remembers how Spain looked, but I reckon she don't, because she was only a baby when they moved to France. She is very proud to be a Spaniard."

Does that please you, Mercedes? Very well, be content; your niece is loyal to her allegiance; her mother laid deep the foundations of her love for Spain,

and she will go back to you as good a Spaniard as you are yourself. She has made me promise to take her to you for a long visit when the War Office retires me.

I attend to her studies myself; has she told you that? Yes, I am her schoolmaster, and she makes pretty good progress, I think, everything considered. Everything considered—being translated—means holidays. But the fact is, she was not born for study, and it comes hard. Hard for me, too; it hurts me like a physical pain to see that free spirit of the air and the sunshine laboring and grieving over a book; and sometimes when I find her gazing far away toward the plain and the blue mountains with the longing in her eyes, I have to throw open the prison doors; I can't help it. A quaint little scholar she is, and makes plenty of blunders. Once I put the question:

"What does the Czar govern?"

She rested her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand and took that problem under deep consideration. Presently she looked up and answered, with a rising inflection implying a shade of uncertainty,

"The dative case?"

Here are a couple of her expositions which were delivered with tranquil confidence:

"*Chaplain*, diminutive of chap. *Lass* is masculine, *lassie* is feminine."

She is not a genius, you see, but just a normal child; they all make mistakes of that sort. There is a glad light in her eye which is pretty to see when she finds herself able to answer a question promptly and accurately, without any hesitation; as, for instance, this morning:

"Cathy dear, what is a cube?"

"Why, a native of Cuba."

She still drops a foreign word into her talk now and then, and there is still a subtle foreign flavor or fragrance about even her exactest English—and long may this abide! for it has for me a charm that is very pleasant. Sometimes her English is daintily prim and bookish and captivating. She has a child's sweet tooth, but for her health's sake I try to keep its inspirations under check. She is obedient—as is proper for a titled and recognized military personage, which she is

—but the chain presses sometimes. For instance, we were out for a walk, and passed by some bushes that were freighted with wild gooseberries. Her face brightened and she put her hands together and delivered herself of this speech, most feelingly:

"Oh, if I was permitted a vice it would be the *gourmandise*!"

Could I resist that? No. I gave her a gooseberry.

You ask about her languages. They take care of themselves; they will not get rusty here; our regiments are not made up of natives alone—far from it. And she is picking up Indian tongues diligently.

VI

SOLDIER BOY AND THE MEXICAN PLUG

"When did you come?"

"Arrived at sundown."

"Where from?"

"Salt Lake."

"Are you in the service?"

"No. Trade."

"Pirate trade, I reckon."

"What do you know about it?"

"I saw you when you came. I recognized your master. He is a bad sort. Trap-robber, horse-thief, squaw-man, renegado—Hank Butters—I know him very well. Stole you, didn't he?"

"Well, it amounted to that."

"I thought so. Where is his pard?"

"He stopped at White Cloud's camp."

"He is another of the same stripe, is Blake Haskins." (*Aside.*) They are laying for Buffalo Bill again, I guess. (*Aloud.*) "What is your name?"

"Which one?"

"Have you got more than one?"

"I get a new one every time I'm stolen. I used to have an honest name, but that was early; I've forgotten it. Since then I've had thirteen *aliases*."

"Aliases? What is alias?"

"A false name."

"Alias. It's a fine large word, and is in my line; it has quite a learned and cerebrospinal incandescent sound. Are you educated?"

"Well, no, I can't claim it. I can take down bars, I can distinguish oats from shoe-pegs, I can blaspheme a saddle-boil with the college-bred, and I know a few other things—not many; I have had no



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"LOOK AT THAT PILE OF CATS IN YOUR CHAIR"

chance, I have always had to work; besides, I am of low birth and no family. You speak my dialect like a native, but you are not a Mexican Plug, you are a gentleman, I can see that; and educated, of course."

"Yes, I am of old family, and not illiterate. I am a fossil."

"A which?"

"Fossil. The first horses were fossils. They date back two million years."

"Gr-eat sand and sage-brush! do you mean it?"

"Yes, it is true. The bones of my ancestors are held in reverence and worship, even by men. They do not leave them exposed to the weather when they find them, but carry them three thousand miles and enshrine them in their temples of learning, and worship them."

"It is wonderful! I knew you must be a person of distinction, by your fine presence and courtly address, and by the fact that you are not subjected to the indignity of hobbles, like myself and the rest. Would you tell me your name?"

"You have probably heard of it—Soldier Boy."

"What!—the renowned, the illustrious?"

"Even so."

"It takes my breath! Little did I dream that ever I should stand face to face with the possessor of that great name. Buffalo Bill's horse! Known from the Canadian border to the deserts of Arizona, and from the eastern marches of the Great Plains to the foot-hills of the Sierra! Truly this is a memorable day. You still serve the celebrated Chief of Scouts?"

"I am still his property, but he has lent me, for a time, to the most noble, the most gracious, the most excellent, her Excellency Catherine, Corporal-General Seventh Cavalry, and Flag-Lieutenant Ninth Dragoons, U.S.A.,—on whom be peace!"

"Amen. Did you say *her* Excellency?"

"The same. A Spanish lady, sweet blossom of a ducal house. And truly a wonder; knowing everything, capable of everything; speaking all the languages, master of all sciences, a mind without horizons, a heart of gold, the glory of her race! On whom be peace!"

"Amen. It is marvellous!"

"Verily. I knew many things, she has taught me others. I am educated. I will tell you about her."

"I listen—I am enchanted."

"I will tell a plain tale, calmly, without excitement, without eloquence. When she had been here four or five weeks she was already erudite in military things, and they made her an officer—a double officer. She rode the drill every day, like any soldier; and she could take the bugle and direct the evolutions herself. Then, on a day, there was a grand race, for prizes—none to enter but the children. Seventeen children entered, and she was the youngest. Three girls, fourteen boys—good riders all. It was a steeplechase, with four hurdles, all pretty high. The first prize was a most cunning half-grown silver bugle, and mighty pretty, with red silk cord and tassels. Buffalo Bill was very anxious; for he had taught her to ride, and he did most dearly want her to win that race, for the glory of it. So he wanted her to ride me, but she wouldn't; and she reproached him, and said it was unfair and unright, and taking advantage; for what horse in this post or any other could stand a chance against me? and she was very severe with him, and said, 'You ought to be ashamed—you are proposing to me conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.' So he just tossed her up in the air about thirty feet and caught her as she came down, and said he *was* ashamed; and put up his handkerchief and pretended to cry, which nearly broke her heart, and she petted him, and begged him to forgive her, and said she would do anything in the world he could ask but that; but he said he ought to go hang himself, and he *must*, if he could get a rope; it was nothing but right he should, for he never, never could forgive himself; and then *she* began to cry, and they both sobbed, the way you could hear him a mile, and she clinging around his neck and pleading, till at last he was comforted a little, and gave his solemn promise he wouldn't hang himself till after the race; and wouldn't do it at all if she won it, which made her happy, and she said she would win it or die in the saddle; so then everything was pleasant again and both of them content. He



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

EVERY MORNING THEY GO CLATTERING DOWN INTO THE PLAIN

can't help playing jokes on her, he is so fond of her and she is so innocent and unsuspecting; and when she finds it out she cuffs him and is in a fury, but presently forgives him because it's *him*; and maybe the very next day she's caught with another joke; you see she can't learn any better, because she hasn't any deceit in her, and that kind aren't ever expecting it in another person.

"It was a grand race. The whole post was there, and there was such another whooping and shouting when the seventeen kids came flying down the turf and sailing over the hurdles—oh, beautiful to see! Half-way down, it was kind of neck and neck, and anybody's race and nobody's. Then, what should happen but a cow steps out and puts her head down to munch grass, with her broadside to the battalion, and they a-coming like the wind; they split apart to flank her, but *she*?—why, she drove the spurs home and soared over that cow like a bird! and on she went, and cleared the last hurdle solitary and alone, the army letting loose the grand yell, and she skipped from the horse the same as if he had been standing still, and made her bow, and everybody crowded around to congratulate, and they gave her the bugle, and she put it to her lips and blew 'boots and saddles' to see how it would go, and BB was as proud as you can't think! And he said, 'Take Soldier Boy, and don't pass him back till I ask for him!' and I can tell you he wouldn't have said that to any other person on this planet. That was two months and more ago, and nobody has been on my back since but the Corporal-General Seventh Cavalry and Flag-Lieutenant of the Ninth Dragoons, U.S.A.,—on whom be peace!"

"Amen. I listen—tell me more."

"She set to work and organized the Sixteen, and called it the First Battalion Rocky Mountain Rangers, U.S.A., and she wanted to be bugler, but they elected her Lieutenant-General *and* Bugler. So she ranks her uncle the commandant, who is only a Brigadier. And doesn't she train those little people! Ask the Indians, ask the traders, ask the soldiers; they'll tell you. She has been at it from the first day. Every morning they go clattering down into the plain, and there she sits on my back with her bugle at

her mouth and sounds the orders and puts them through the evolutions for an hour or more; and it is too beautiful for anything to see those ponies dissolve from one formation into another, and waltz about, and break, and scatter, and form again, always moving, always graceful, now trotting, now galloping, and so on, sometimes near by, sometimes in the distance, all just like a state ball, you know, and sometimes she can't hold herself any longer, but sounds the 'charge,' and turns me loose! and you can take my word for it, if the battalion hasn't *too* much of a start we catch up and go over the breastworks with the front line.

"Yes, they are soldiers, those little people; and healthy, too, not ailing any more, the way they used to be sometimes. It's because of her drill. She's got a fort, now—Fort Fanny Marsh. Major-General Tommy Drake planned it out, and the Seventh and Dragoons built it. Tommy is the Colonel's son, and is fifteen and the oldest in the Battalion; Fanny Marsh is Brigadier-General, and is next oldest—over thirteen. She is daughter of Captain Marsh, Company B, Seventh Cavalry. Lieutenant-General Alison is the youngest by considerable; I think she is about nine and a half or three-quarters. Her military rig, as Lieutenant-General, isn't for business, it's for dress parade, because the ladies made it. They say they got it out of the Middle Ages—out of a book—and it is all red and blue and white silks and satins and velvets; tights, trunks, sword, doublet with slashed sleeves, short cape, cap with just one feather in it; I've heard them name these things; they got them out of the book; she's dressed like a page, of old times, they say. It's the daintiest outfit that ever was—you will say so, when you see it. She's lovely in it—oh, just a dream! In some ways she is just her age, but in others she's as old as her uncle, I think. She is very learned. She teaches her uncle his book. I have seen her sitting by with the book and reciting to him what is in it, so that he can learn to do it himself.

"Every Saturday she hires little Indians to garrison her fort; then she lays siege to it, and makes military approaches by make-believe trenches in make-believe night, and finally at make-believe dawn

she draws her sword and sounds the assault and takes it by storm. It is for practice. And she has invented a bugle-call all by herself, out of her own head, and it's a stirring one, and the prettiest in the service. It's to call *me*—it's never used for anything else. She taught it to me, and told me what it says: '*It is I, Soldier—come!*' and when those thrilling notes come floating down the distance I hear them without fail, even if I am two miles away; and then—oh, then you should see my heels get down to business!

"And she has taught me how to say good morning and good night to her, which is by lifting my right hoof for her to shake; and also how to say good-by; I do that with my left foot—but only for practice, because there hasn't been any but make-believe good-bying yet, and I hope there won't ever be. It would make me cry if I ever had to put up my left foot in earnest. She has taught me how to salute, and I can do it as well as a soldier. I bow my head low, and lay my right hoof against my cheek. She taught me that because I got into disgrace once, through ignorance. I am privileged, because I am known to be honorable and trustworthy, and because I have a distinguished record in the service; so they don't hobble me nor tie me to stakes or shut me tight in stables, but let me wander around to suit myself. Well, trooping the colors is a very solemn ceremony, and everybody must stand uncovered when the flag goes by, the commandant and all; and once I was there, and ignorantly walked across right in front of the band, which was an awful disgrace. Ah, the Lieutenant-General was so ashamed, and so distressed that I should have done such a thing before all the world, that she couldn't keep the tears back; and then she taught me the salute, so that if I ever did any other unmilitary act through ignorance I could do my salute and she believed everybody would think it was apology enough and would not press the matter. It is very nice and distinguished; no other horse can do it; often the men salute me, and I return it. I am privileged to be present when the Rocky Mountain Rangers troop the colors, and I stand solemn, like the children, and I salute when the flag goes by. Of course when

she goes to her fort her sentries sing out 'Turn out the guard!' and then . . . do you catch that refreshing early-morning whiff from the mountain-pines and the wild flowers? The night is far spent; we'll hear the bugles before long. Dorcas, the black woman, is very good and nice; she takes care of the Lieutenant-General, and is Brigadier-General Alison's mother, which makes her mother-in-law to the Lieutenant - General. That is what Shekels says. At least it is what I think he says, though I never can understand him quite clearly. He—"

"Who is Shekels?"

"The Seventh Cavalry dog. I mean, if he is a dog. His father was a coyote and his mother was a wildcat. It doesn't really make a dog out of him, does it?"

"Not a real dog, I should think. Only a kind of a general dog, at most, I reckon. Though this is a matter of ichthyology, I suppose; and if it is, it is out of my depth, and so my opinion is not valuable, and I don't claim much consideration for it."

"It isn't ichthyology; it is dogmatics, which is still more difficult and tangled up. Dogmatics always are."

"Dogmatics is quite beyond me, quite; so I am not competing. But on general principles it is my opinion that a colt out of a coyote and a wildcat is no square dog, but doubtful. That is my hand, and I stand pat."

"Well, it is as far as I can go myself, and be fair and conscientious. I have always regarded him as a doubtful dog, and so has Potter. Potter is the great Dane. Potter says he is no dog, and not even poultry—though I do not go quite so far as that."

"And I wouldn't, myself. Poultry is one of those things which no person can get to the bottom of, there is so much of it and such variety. It is just wings, and wings, and wings, till you are weary: turkeys, and geese, and bats, and butterflies, and angels, and grasshoppers, and flying-fish, and—well, there is really no end to the tribe; it gives me the heaves just to think of it. But this one hasn't any wings, has he?"

"No."

"Well, then, in my belief he is more likely to be dog than poultry. I have not heard of poultry that hadn't wings."

Wings is the *sign* of poultry; it is what you tell poultry by. Look at the mosquito."

"What do you reckon he is, then? He must be something."

"Why, he could be a reptile; anything that hasn't wings is a reptile."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody told me, but I overheard it."

"Where did you overhear it?"

"Years ago. I was with the Philadelphia Institute expedition in the Bad Lands under Professor Cope, hunting mastodon bones, and I overheard him say, his own self, that any plantigrade circumflex vertebrate bacterium that hadn't wings and was uncertain was a reptile. Well, then, has this dog any wings? No. Is he a plantigrade circumflex vertebrate bacterium? Maybe so, maybe not; but without ever having seen him, and judging only by his illegal and spectacular parentage, I will bet the odds of a bale of hay to a bran mash that he looks it. Finally, is he uncertain? That is the point—is he uncertain? I will leave it to you if you have ever heard of a more uncertainer dog than what this one is?"

"No, I never have."

"Well, then, he's a reptile. That's settled."

"Why, look here, what's your name—"

"Last alias, Mongrel."

"A good one, too. I was going to say, you are better educated than you have been pretending to be. I like cultured society, and I shall cultivate your acquaintance. Now as to Shekels, whenever you want to know about any private thing that is going on at this post or in White Cloud's camp or Thunder-Bird's, he can tell you; and if you make friends with him he'll be glad to, for he is a born gossip, and picks up all the tittle-tattle. Being the whole Seventh Cavalry's reptile, he doesn't belong to anybody in particular, and hasn't any military duties; so he comes and goes as he pleases, and is popular with all the house cats and other authentic sources of private information. He understands all the lan-

guages, and talks them all, too. With an accent like gritting your teeth, it is true, and with a grammar that is no improvement on blasphemy—still, with practice you get at the meat of what he says, and it serves. . . . Hark! That's the reveille. . . .

THE REVEILLE *

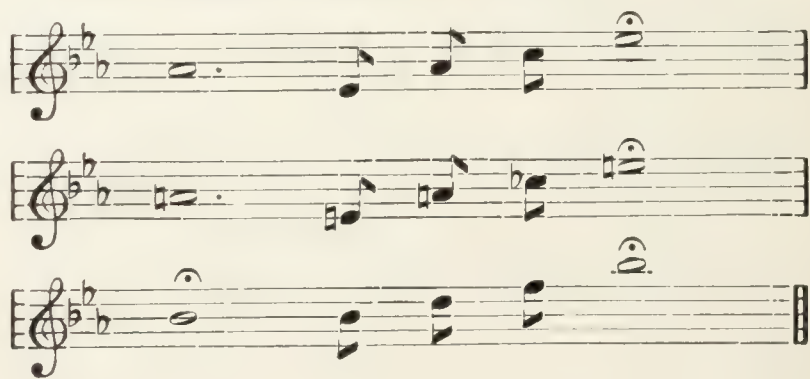


* At West Point the bugle is supposed to be saying:

"I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning!"

"Faint and far, but isn't it clear, isn't it sweet? There's no music like the bugle to stir the blood, in the still solemnity of the morning twilight, with the dim plain stretching away to nothing and the spectral mountains slumbering against the sky. You'll hear another note in a minute—faint and far and clear, like the other one, and sweeter still, you'll notice. Wait . . . listen. There it goes! It says, '*It is I, Soldier—come!*' . . .

SOLDIER BOY'S BUGLE CALL



. . . Now then, watch me leave a blue streak behind!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



The Sense of Newport

BY HENRY JAMES

I
NEWPORT, on my finding myself back there, threatened me sharply, quite at first, with that predicament at which I have glanced in another connection or two—the felt condition of having known it too well and loved it too much for description or definition. What was one to say about it except that one *had* been so affected, so distraught, and that discriminations and reasons were buried under the dust of use? There was a chance indeed that the breath of the long years (of the interval of absence, I mean) would have blown away this dust—and that, precisely, was what one was eager to see. To go out, to look about, to recover the sense, was accordingly to put the question, without delay, to the proof—and with the happy consequence, I think, of an escape from a grave discomfiture. The charm was there

again, unmistakably, the little old strange, very simple charm—to be expressed, as a fine proposition, or to be given up; but the answer came in the fact that to have walked about for half an hour was to have felt the question clear away. It cleared away so conveniently, so blissfully, in the light of the benign little truth that nothing had been less possible, even in the early, ingenuous, infatuated days, than to describe or define Newport. It had clearly had nothing about it *to* describe or define, so that one's fondness had fairly rested on this sweet oddity in it. One had only to look back to recognize that it had never condescended to give a scrap of reasoned account of itself (as a favorite of fortune and the haunt of the *raffiné*); it had simply lain there like a little bare, white, open hand, with slightly parted fingers, for the observer



THE OLD STATE-HOUSE

with a presumed sense for hands to take or to leave. The observer with a real sense never failed to pay this image the tribute of quite tenderly grasping the hand, and even of raising it, delicately, to his lips; having no less, at the same time, the instinct of not shaking it too hard, and that above all of never putting it to any rough work.

Such had been from the first, under a chastened light and in a purple sea, the dainty isle of Aquidneck; which might have avoided the weak mistake of giving up its pretty native name and of becoming thereby as good as nameless—with an existence as Rhode Island practically monopolized by the State and a Newport identity borrowed at the best and applicable but to a corner. Does not this vagueness of condition, however, fitly symbolize the small virtual promontory, of which, superficially, nothing could be predicated but its sky and its sea and its sunsets? One views it as placed there, by some refinement in the scheme of nature, just as a touchstone of taste—with a beautiful little sense to be read into it by a few persons, and nothing at all to be made of it, as to its essence, by most others. I come back, for its essence, to that figure of the little white hand, with the gracefully spread fingers and the fine grain of skin, even the dimples at the joints and the shell-like delicacy of the pink nails—all the charms, in short, that a little white hand may have. I see all the applications of the image—I see a special truth in each. It is the back of the hand, rising to the swell of the wrist, that is exposed—which is the way, I think, the true lover takes and admires it. He makes out in it, bending over it—or he used to in the old days—innumerable shy and subtle beauties, almost requiring, for justice, a magnifying-glass; and he winces at the sight of certain other obtruded ways of dealing with it. The touchstone of taste was indeed to operate, for the critical, the tender spirit, from the moment the pink palm was turned up on the chance of what might be “in” it. For nine persons out of ten, among its visitors, its purchasers of sites and builders of (in the old parlance) cottages, there had never been anything in it at all—except, of course, an opportunity: an opportunity

for escaping the summer heat of other places, for bathing, for boating, for riding and driving, and for many sorts of more or less expensive riot. The pink palm being empty, in other words, to their vision, they had begun, from far back, to put things into it, things of their own, and of all sorts, and of many ugly, and of more and more expensive, sorts; to fill it substantially, that is, with gold, the gold that they have ended by heaping up there to an amount so oddly out of proportion to the scale of nature and of space.

This process, one was immediately to perceive with that renewal of impression, this process of injection and elaboration, of creating the palpable pile, had been going on for years to such a tune that the face of nature was now as much obliterated as possible, and the original shy sweetness as much as possible bedizened and bedevilled: all of which, moreover, might also at present be taken as having led, in turn, to the most unexpected climax, a matter of which I shall presently speak. The original shy sweetness, however, that range of effect which I have referred to as practically too latent and too modest for notation, had meanwhile had its votaries, the fond pedestrian minority, for whom the little white hand (to return for an instant to my figure, with which, as you see, I am charmed) had always been so full of treasures of its own as to discredit, from the point of view of taste, any attempt, from without, to stuff it fuller. Such attempts had, in the nature of the case, and from far back, been condemned to show for violations; violations of taste and discretion, to begin with—violations, more intimately, as the whole business became brisker, of a thousand delicate secret places, dear to the disinterested rambler, small, mild “points” and promontories, far away little lonely, sandy coves, rock-set, lily-sheeted ponds, almost hidden, and shallow Arcadian summer-haunted valleys, with the sea just over some stony shoulder: a whole world that called out to the long afternoons of youth, a world with its scale so measured and intended and happy, its detail so finished and pencilled and stippled (certainly for American detail!) that there comes back to me, across the many years,



THE CASINO

no better analogy for it than that of some fine foreground in an old "line" engraving. There remained always a sense, of course, in which the superimpositions, the multiplied excrescences, were a tribute to the value of the place; where no such liberty was ever taken save exactly *because* (as even the most blundering builder would have claimed) it was all so beautiful, so solitary and so "sympathetic." And that indeed has been, thanks to the "pilers-on" of gold, the fortune, the history of its beauty: that it now bristles with the villas and palaces into which the cottages have all turned, and that these monuments of pecuniary power rise thick and close, precisely, in order that their occupants may constantly re-

mark to each other, from the windows to the "grounds," and from house to house, that it *is* beautiful, it *is* solitary and sympathetic. The thing has been done, it is impossible not to recognize, with the best faith in the world—though not altogether with the best light, which is always so different a matter; and it is with the general consequence only, at the end of the story, that I find myself to-day concerned.

So much concerned I found myself, I profess, after I had taken in this fact of a very distinct general consequence, that the whole interest of the vision was quickened by it; and that when, in particular, on one of the last days of June, among the densely-arrayed villas, I had



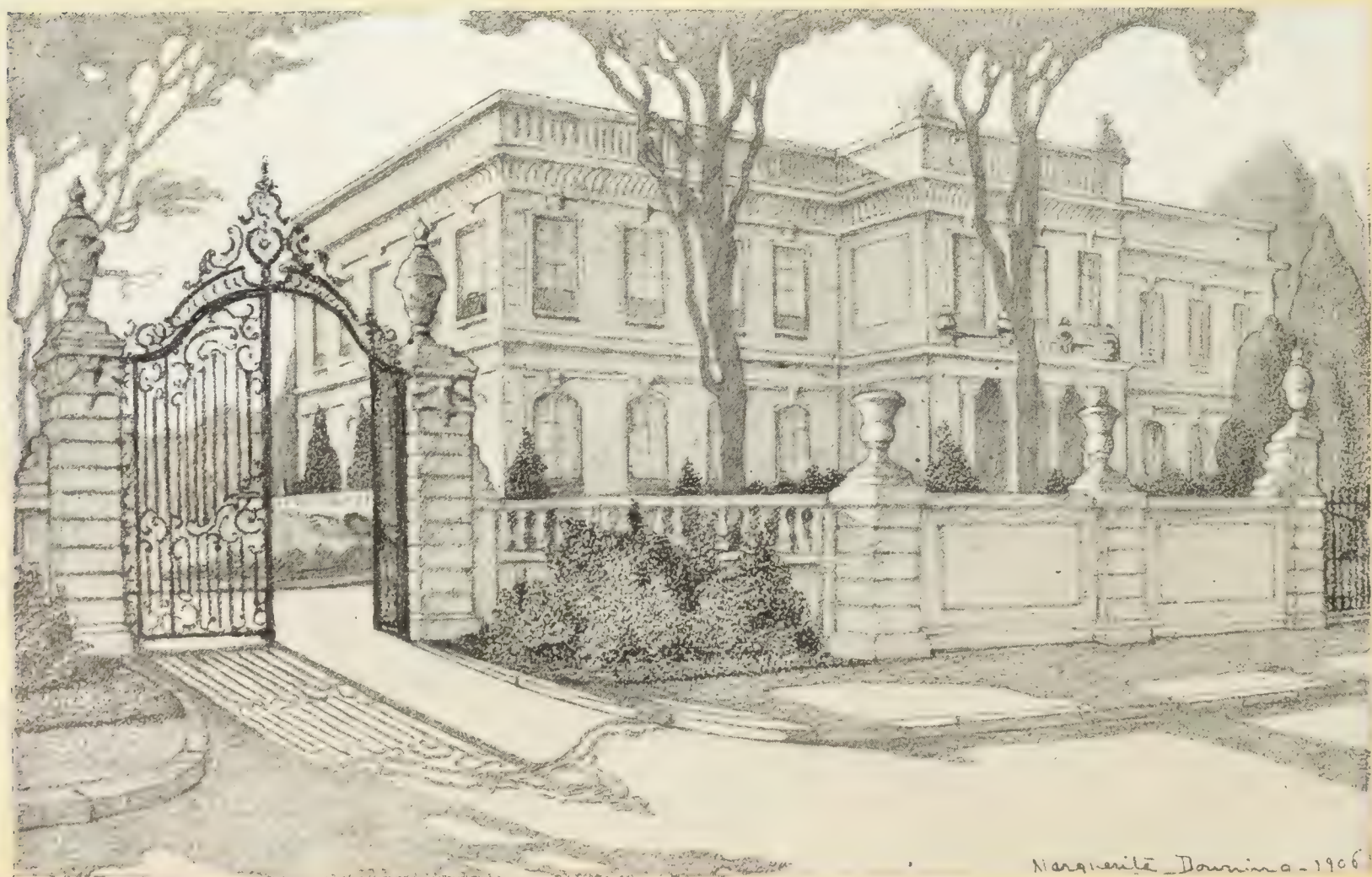
A COVE ALONG THE SHORE

followed the beautiful "ocean drive" to its uttermost reach and back without meeting either another vehicle or a single rider, let alone a single pedestrian, I recognized matter for the intellectual thrill that attests a social revolution foreseen and completed. The term I use may appear extravagant, but it was a fact, none the less, that I seemed to take full in my face, on this occasion, the cold stir of air produced when the whirligig of time has made one of its liveliest turns. It is always going, the whirligig, but its effect is so to blow up the dust that we must wait for it to stop a moment, as it now and then does with a pant of triumph, in order to see what it has been at. I saw, beyond all doubt, on the spot—and *there* came in, exactly, the thrill: I could remember far back enough to have seen it begin to blow all the artless buyers and builders and blunderers into their places, leaving them there for half a century or so of fond security, and then to see it, of a sudden, blow them quite out again, as with the happy consciousness of some new amusing use for them, some other game still to play with them. This acquaintance, as it practically had been, with the whole rounding of the circle

(even though much of it from a distance), was tantamount to the sense of having sat out the drama, the social, the local, that of a real American period, from the rise to the fall of the curtain—always assuming that truth of the reached catastrophe or *dénouement*. *How* this climax or solution had been arrived at—that, clearly, for the spectator, would have been worth taking note of; but what he made of it I shall not glance at till I have shown him as first of all, on the spot, quite modestly giving in to mere primary beguilement. It had been certain, in advance, that he would find the whole picture overpainted, and the question could only be, at the best, of how much of the ancient surface would here and there glimmer through. The ancient surface had been the concern, as I have hinted, of the small fond minority, the comparatively few people for whom the lurking shy charm, all there, but all to be felt rather than published, did in fact constitute a surface. The question, as soon as one arrived, was of whether some ghost of that were recoverable.

II

There was always, to begin with, the Old Town—we used, before we had be-



A MODERN SUMMER RESIDENCE

come Old ourselves, to speak of it that way, in the manner of an allusion to Nuremberg or to Carcassonne, since it had been leading its little historic life for centuries (as we implied) before "cottages" and house-agents were dreamed of. It was not that we had great illusions about it or great pretensions for it; we only thought it, without interference, very "good of its kind," and we had as to its *being* of that kind no doubt whatever. Would it still be of that kind, and what had the kind itself been?—these questions made one's heart beat faster as one went forth in search of it. Distinctly, if it had been of a kind it *would*

still be of it; for the kind wouldn't at the worst or at the best (one scarce knew how to put it), have been worth changing: so that the question for the restored absentee, who so palpitated with the sense of it, all hung, absolutely, on the validity of the past. One might well hold one's breath if the past, with the dear little blue distances in it, were in danger now of being given away. One might well pause before the possible indication that a cherished impression of



A STREET IN THE VILLAGE OF NEWPORT

youth had been but a figment of the mind. Fortunately, however, at Newport, and especially where the antiquities cluster, distances are short, and the note of reassurance awaited me almost round the first corner. One had been a hundred times right—for how *was* one to think of it all, as one went on, if one didn't think of it as Old? There played before one's eyes again, in fine, in that unmistakable silvery shimmer, a particular property of the local air, the ex-



BEACON ROCK

quisite law of the relative—the application of which, on the spot, is required to make even such places as Viterbo and Bagdad not seem new. One may sometimes be tired of the word, but anything that has succeeded in living long enough to become conscious of its *note*, is capable on occasion of making that note effectively sound. It *will* sound, we gather, if we listen for it, and the small silver whistle of the past, with its charming quaver of weak gayety, quite played the tune I asked of it up and down the tiny, sunny, empty Newport vistas, perspectives coming to a stop like the very short walks of very old ladies. What indeed but little very old ladies did they resemble, the little very old streets? with the same suggestion of present timidity and frugality of life, the same implication in their few folds of drab, of mourning, of muslin still mysteriously starched, the implication of no adventure at any time, however far back, that mightn't have been suitable to a lady.

The whole low promontory, in its wider and remoter measurements, is a region of jutting tide-troubled “points,” but we had admired the Old Town too for the emphasis of its peculiar point, the

Point; a quarter distinguished, we considered, by a really refined interest. Here would have been my misadventure, if I was to have any—that of missing, on the gray page of to-day, the suggestive passages I remembered; but I was to find, to my satisfaction, that there was still no more mistaking their pleasant sense than there had ever been: a quiet, mild waterside sense, not that of the bold bluff outer sea, but one in which shores and strands and small coast things played the greater part; with overhanging back verandas, with little private wooden piers, with painted boat-houses and boats laid up, with still-water bathing (the very words, with their old slightly prim discrimination, as of ladies and children jumping up and down, reach me across the years), with a wide-curving Bay and dim landward distances that melted into a mysterious, rich, superior, but quite disconnected and not at all permittedly patronizing Providence. There were stories, anciently, for the Point—so prescribed a feature of it that one made them up, freely and handsomely, when they were not otherwise to be come by; though one was never quite sure if they ought most to apply to the rather blank-

ly and grimly Colonial houses, fadedly drab at their richest and mainly, as the legend ran, appurtenant to that Quaker race whom Massachusetts and Connecticut had prehistorically cast forth and the great Roger Williams had handsomely welcomed; or to the other habitations, the felicitous cottages, with their galleries on the Bay and toward the sunset, their pleasure-boats at their little wharves, and the supposition, that clung to them, of their harboring the less fashionable of the outer Great, but also the more cultivated and the more artistic. Everything was there still, as I say, and quite as much as anything the prolonged echo of that ingenuous old-time distinction. It was a marvel, no doubt, that the handful of light elements I have named should add up to any total deserving the name of *picture*, and if I must produce an explanation I seek it with a certain confidence in the sense of the secret enjoyed by that air for bathing or, as one figures, for dipping, the objects it deals with. It takes them uninteresting, but feels immediately what submersion can do for them; tips them in, keeps them down, holds them under, just for the proper length of time: after which they come up, as I say, irradiating vague silver—the reflection of which I have perhaps here been trying to catch even to extravagance.

I did nothing, at any rate, all an autumn morning, but discover again how “good” everything had been—positively better than one had ventured to suppose in one’s care to make the allowance for one’s young simplicity. Some things indeed, clearly, had been better than one knew, and now seemed to surpass any fair probability: else why, for instance, should I have been quite awestruck by the ancient State-House that overlooks the ancient Parade, an edifice ample, majestic, archaic, of the finest proportions and full of a certain public Dutch dignity—having brave, broad, high windows, in especial, the distinctness of whose innumerable square white-framed panes is the recall of some street view of Haarlem or Leyden. Here was the charming impression of a treasure of antiquity to the vague image of which, through the years, one hadn’t done justice—any more than one had done it, positively, to three or

four of the other old-time ornaments of the Parade (which, with its wide, cobbly, sleepy space, of those years, in the shadow of the State-House, must have been much more of a Van der Heyden, or somebody of that sort than one could have dreamed). There was a treasure of modernity to reckon with, in the form of one of the Commodores Perry (they are somehow much multiplied at Newport, and quite monumentally ubiquitous,) engaged in his great naval act; but this was swept away in the general flood of justice to be done. I continued to do it, all over the place, and I remember doing it next at a certain ample old-time house which used to unite with the still prettier and archaic Vernon, near it, to form an honorable pair. In this mild town-corner, where it was so indicated that the grass should be growing between the primitive paving-stones, and where indeed I honestly think it mainly is, amid whatever remains of them, ancient peace had appeared formerly to reign—though attended by the ghost of ancient war, inasmuch as these had indubitably been the haunts of our auxiliary French officers during the Revolution, and no self-respecting legend could fail to report that it was in the Vernon house Washington would have visited Rochambeau. There had hung about this structure, which is, architecturally speaking, all “rusticated” and indefinable decency, the implication of an inward charm that refined even on its outward, and this was the tantalizing message its clean, serious windows, never yet debased, struck me as still giving. But it was still (something told me,) a question of not putting, anywhere, too many presumptions to the touch; so that my hand quitted the knocker when I was on the point of a tentative tap, and I fell back on the neighbor and mate, as to which there was unforgotten acquaintance to teach me certainty. Here, alas, cold change was installed; the place had become a public office—none of the “artistic” supercivilized, no *raffiné* of them all, among the passing fanciers or collectors, having, strangely enough, marked it for his own. This mental appropriation it is, or it was a few months ago, really impossible not to make, at sight of its delightful hall and almost “grand”

staircase, its charming recessed, cup-boarded, window-seated parlors, its general panelled amplitude and dignity: the due taster of such things putting himself straight into possession on the spot, and, though wondering at the indifference and neglect, breathing thanks for the absence of positive ravage. For me there were special ghosts on the staircase, known voices in the brown old rooms—presences that one would have liked, however, to call a little to account. “People don’t do those things”; people didn’t let so clear a case—clear for sound curiosity—go like that; they didn’t, somehow, even if they were only ghosts. But I thought too, as I turned away, of all the others of the foolish, or at least of the responsible, those who for so long have swarmed in the modern quarter and who make profession of the finer sense.

This impression had been disturbing, but it had served its purpose in reconstituting, with a touch, a link—in laying down again every inch of the train of association with the human, the social, personal Newport of what I may call the middle years. To go further afield, to measure the length of the little old Avenue and tread again the little old cliff-walk, to hang over, from above, the little old white crescent of the principal bathing-sands, with the big pond, behind them, set in its stone-walled featureless fields; to do these things and many others, every one of them thus accompanied by the admission that all that *had* been had been little, was to feel dead and buried generations push off even the transparence of their shroud and get into motion for the peopling of a scene that a present posterity has outgrown. The company of the middle years, the so considerably prolonged formative, tentative, imaginative Newport time, hadn’t outgrown it—this catastrophe was still to come, as it constitutes, precisely, the striking dramatic *dénouement* I have already referred to. American society—so far as that free mixture was to have arrived at cohesion—had for half a century taken its whole relation with the place seriously (which was by intention very gayly); it long remained, for its happiness, quite at one with this most favored resort of its comparative innocence. In the attesting presence of all the constant

elements, of natural conditions that have, after all, persisted more than changed, a hundred far-away passages of the extinct life and joy, and of the comparative innocence, came back to me with an inevitable grace. A glamour as of the flushed ends of beautiful old summers, making a quite rich medium, a red sunset haze, as it were, for a processional throng of charioteers and riders, fortunate folk, fortunate above all in their untouched good faith, adjourning from the pleasures of the day to those of the evening—this benignity in particular overspread the picture, hanging it there as the Newport aspect that most lived again. Those good people all could make discoveries within the frame itself—beginning of course to push it out, in all directions, so as sufficiently to enlarge it, as they fondly fancied, even for the experience of a sophisticated world. They danced and they drove and they rode, they dined and wined and dressed and flirted and yachted and polo’d and Casino’d, responding to the subtlest inventions of their age; on the old lawns and verandas I saw them gather, on the old shining sands I saw them gallop, past the low headlands I saw their white sails verily flash, and through the dusky old shrubberies came the light and sound of their feasts.

It had all been in truth a history—for the imagination that could take it so; and when once that kindly stage was offered them it was a wonder how many figures and faces, how many names and voices, images and embodiments of youth mainly, and often of Beauty, and of felicity and fortune almost always, or of what then passed for such, pushed, under my eyes, in blurred gayety, to the front. Hadn’t it been above all, in its good faith, the Age of Beauties—the blessed age when it was so easy to *be*, “on the Avenue,” a Beauty, and when it was so easy, not less, not to doubt of the unsurpassability of such as appeared there? It was through the fact that the whole scheme and opportunity satisfied them, the fact that the place was, as I say, good enough for them—it was through this that, with ingenuities and audacities and refinements of their own (some of the more primitive of which are still touching to think of) they ex-

tended the boundaries of civilization, and fairly taught themselves to believe they were doing it in the interest of nature. Beautiful the time when the Ocean Drive had been hailed at once as a triumph of civilization and as a proof of the possible appeal of Scenery even to the dissipated. It was spoken of as of almost boundless extent—as one of the wonders of the world; as indeed it does turn often, in the gloaming, to purple and gold, and as the small sea-coves then gleam on its edge like barbaric gems on a mantle. Yet if it was a question of waving the wand and of breathing again, till it stirred, on the quaintness of the old manners—I refer to those of the fifties, sixties, seventies, and don't exclude those of the eighties—it was most touching of all to go back to dimmest days, days, such as now appear antediluvian, when ocean-drives, engineered by landscape artists and literally macadamized all the way, were still in the lap of time; when there was only an afternoon for the Fort, and another for the Beach, and another for the "Boathouse"—inconceivable innocence!—and even the shortness of the Avenue seemed very long, and even its narrowness very wide, and even its shabbiness very promising for the future, and when, in fine, chariots and cavaliers took their course, across country, to Bateman's, by inelegant precarious tracks and returned, through the darkling void, with a sense of adventure and fatigue. That, I can't but think, was the *pure* Newport time, the most perfectly guarded by a sense of margin and of mystery.

It was the time of settled possession, and yet furthest removed from these blank days in which margin has been consumed and the palaces, on the sites but the other day beyond price, stare silently seaward, monuments to the *blasé* state of their absent proprietors. Purer still, however, I remind myself, was that stretch of years which I have reasons for thinking sacred, when the custom of seeking hibernation on the spot partly prevailed, when the local winter inherited something of the best social grace (as it liked at least to think) of the splendid summer, and when the strange sight might be seen of a considerable company of Americans, not gathered at a mere

rest-cure, who confessed brazenly to not being in business. Do I grossly exaggerate in saying that this company, candidly, quite excitedly self-conscious, as all companies not commercial, in America, may be pleasantly noted as being, formed, for the time of its persistence, an almost unprecedented small body—unprecedented in American conditions; a collection of the detached, the slightly disenchanted and casually disqualified, and yet of the resigned and contented, of the socially orthodox: a handful of mild, oh delightfully mild, cosmopolites, united by three common circumstances, that of their having for the most part more or less lived in Europe, that of their sacrificing openly to the ivory idol whose name is leisure, and that, not least, of a formed critical habit. These things had been felt as making them excrescences on the American surface, where nobody ever criticised, especially after the grand tour, and where the great black ebony god of business was the only one recognized. So I see them, at all events, in fond memory, lasting as long as they could and finding no successors; and they are most embalmed for me, I confess, in that scented, somewhat tattered, but faintly spiced, wrapper of their various "European" antecedents. I see them move about in the light of these, and I understand how it was this that made them ask what would have become of them, and where in the world, the hard American world, they *could* have hibernated, how they could even, in the Season, have bowed their economic heads and lurked, if it hadn't been for Newport. I think of that question as, in their reduced establishments, over their winter whist, under their private theatricals, and pending, constantly, their loan and their return of the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, their main conversational note. I find myself in fact tenderly evoking them as special instances of the great—or perhaps I have a right only to say of the small—American complication; the state of one's having been so pierced, betimes, by the sharp outland dart as to be able ever afterwards but to move about, vaguely and helplessly, with the shaft still in one's side.

Their nostalgia, however exquisite,

was, I none the less gather, sterile, for they appear to have left no seed. They must have died, some of them, in order to "go back"—to go back, that is, to Paris. If I make, at all events, too much of them, it is for their propriety as a delicate subjective value matching with the intrinsic Newport delicacy. They must have felt that they, obviously, notably, notoriously, did match—the proof of which was in the fact that to them alone, of the customary thousands, was the beauty of the good walk, over the lovely little land, revealed. The customary thousands, here, as throughout the United States, never set foot to earth—yet this had happened so, of old, to be the particular corner of *their* earth that made that adventure most possible. At Newport, as the phrase was, in autumnal, in vernal hibernation, you *could* walk—failing which, in fact, you failed of impressions the most consolatory; and it is mainly to the far ends of the low, densely shrubbed and perfectly finished little headlands that I see our friends ramble as if to stretch fond arms across the sea. There used to be distant places beyond Bateman's, or better still on the opposite isle of Canonicut, now blighted with ugly uses, where nursing a nostalgia on the sun-warmed rocks was almost as good as having none at all. So it was not only not our friends who had overloaded and overcrowded, but it was they at last, I infer, who gave way before that grossness. How should they have wished to leave seed only to be trampled by the white elephants?

The white elephants, as one may best call them, all cry and no wool, all house and no garden, make now, for three or four miles, a barely interrupted chain, and I dare say I think of them best, and

of the distressful, inevitable waste they represent, as I recall the impression of a divine little drive, roundabout them and pretty well everywhere, taken, for renewal of acquaintance, while November was still mild. I sought another renewal, as I have intimated, in the vacant splendor of June, but the interesting evidence then only refined on that already gathered. The place itself, as man—and often, no doubt, alas, as woman, with her love of the immediate and contiguous—had taken it over, was more than ever, to the fancy, like some dim, simplified ghost of a small Greek island, where the clear walls of some pillared portico or pavilion, perched afar, looked like those of temples of the gods, and where Nature, deprived of that ease in merely massing herself on which "American scenery," as we lump it together, is too apt to depend for its effect, might have shown a piping shepherd on any hillside or attached a mythic image to any point of rocks. What an idea, originally, to have seen this miniature spot of earth, where the sea-nymphs on the curved sands, at the worst, might have chanted back to the shepherds, as a mere breeding-ground for white elephants! They look queer and conscious and lumpish—some of them, as with an air of the brandished proboscis, really grotesque—while their averted owners, roused from a witless dream, wonder what in the world is to be done with them. The answer to which, I think, can only be that there is absolutely nothing to be done; nothing but to let them stand there always, vast and blank, for reminder to those concerned of the prohibited degrees of witlessness, and of the peculiarly awkward vengeance of affronted proportion and discretion.



The Housewife

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

HERE we have to do with the fifth tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, at discretion, since the scantiness of our leisure is balanced by the prolixity of our author; the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

One August day in the year of grace 1346 (here you overtake Nicolas mid-course) Master John Copeland, secretary to the Queen, brought his mistress the unhandsome news that David Bruce had invaded her realm with forty thousand Scots to back him. He found the Queen in company with the kingdom's arbitress,—Dame Catherine de Salisbury, whom King Edward, third of that name to reign in Britain and now warring in France, very notoriously adored and obeyed. These two heard him out. Already Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham were the broken meats of King David.

The countess then exclaimed: "Let me pass, sir. My place is not here."

Philippa said, half hopefully, "Do you forsake Sire Edward, Catherine?"

"Madame and Queen," the countess answered, "in this world every man must scratch his own back. My lord has entrusted to me his castle of Wark, his fiefs in Northumberland. These, I hear, are being laid waste. Were there a thousand men-at-arms left in England I would say fight. As it is, our men are yonder in France and the island is defenceless. Accordingly I ride for the north to make what terms I may with the King of Scots."

Now you might have seen the Queen's eyes flame. "Undoubtedly," said she, "in her lord's absence it is the wife's part to defend his belongings. And my lord's fief is England. I bid you Godspeed,

Catherine." And when the countess was gone, Philippa turned, her round face all flushed. "She betrays him! she compounds with the Scot! Mother of Christ, let me not fail!"

"A ship must be despatched to bid Sire Edward return," said the secretary. "Otherwise all England is lost."

"Not so, John Copeland! Let Sire Edward conquer in France, if such be the Trinity's will. Always he has dreamed of that, and if I bade him return now he would be vexed."

"The disappointment of the King," John Copeland considered, "is a lesser evil than allowing all of us to be butchered."

"Not to me, John Copeland," the Queen said.

Now came many lords into the chamber, seeking Madame Philippa. "We must make peace with the Scottish rascal!—England is lost! A ship must be sent entreating succor of Sire Edward!" So they shouted.

"Messieurs," said Queen Philippa, "who commands here? Am I, then, some woman of the town?"

Ensued a sudden silence. Now the Marquis of Falmouth stepped from the throng. "Pardon, highness. But the occasion is urgent."

"The occasion is very urgent, my lord," the Queen assented. "Therefore it is my will that to-morrow one and all your men be mustered at Blackheath. We will take the field without delay against the King of Scots."

The riot began anew. "Madness!" they shouted; "lunar madness! We can do nothing until the King return with our army!"

"In his absence," the Queen said, "I command here."

"You are not Regent," the marquis said. Then he cried, "This is the Regent's affair!"

"Let the Regent be fetched," Dame

Philippa said, very quietly. Presently they brought in her son Lionel, now a boy of eight years, and Regent, in name at least, of England.

Both the Queen and the marquis held papers. "Highness," Falmouth began, "for reasons of state, which I need not here explain, this document requires your signature. It is an order that a ship be despatched in pursuit of the King. Your highness may remember the pony you admired yesterday?" The marquis smiled ingratiatingly. "Just here, your highness—a cross-mark."

"The dappled one?" said the Regent; "and all for making a little mark?" The boy jumped for the pen.

"Lionel," said the Queen, "you are Regent of England, but you are also my son. If you sign that paper, you will beyond doubt get the pony, but you will not, I think, care to ride him. You will not care to sit down at all, Lionel."

The Regent considered. "Thank you very much, my lord," he said, in the ultimate, "but I do not like ponies any more. Do I sign here, mother?"

Philippa handed the marquis a subscribed order to muster the English forces at Blackheath; then another, closing the English ports. "My lords," the Queen said, "this boy is the King's vicar. In defying him you defy the King. Yes, Lionel, you have fairly earned a pot of jam for supper."

Then Falmouth went away without speaking. That night assembled at his lodgings, by appointment, Viscount Heringaud, Adam Frere, the Marquis of Orme, Lord Stourton, the Earls of Ufford and Gage, and Sir John Biddulph. These seven found a long table there littered with pens and parchment; to the rear of it, a lackey behind him, sat the Marquis of Falmouth, meditative over a cup of Bordeaux.

Presently Falmouth said: "My friends, in creating our womankind the Eternal Father was beyond doubt actuated by laudable and cogent reasons, so that I can merely lament my inability to fathom these reasons. I shall obey the Queen faithfully, since if I did otherwise Sire Edward would have my head off within a day of his return. In consequence I do not consider it convenient to oppose his vicar. To-morrow I shall assemble the

tatters of troops which remain to us, and to-morrow we march northward to inevitable defeat. To-night I am sending a courier into Northumberland. He is an obliging person and would convey—to cite an instance—eight letters quite as blithely as one."

Each man glanced furtively about him. England was in a panic by this and knew itself to lie before the Bruce defenceless. The all-powerful Countess of Salisbury had compounded with King David; now Falmouth, their generalissimo, compounded. What the devil! loyalty was a sonorous word, and so was patriotism, but, after all, one had estates in the north.

The seven wrote in silence. When they had ended, I must tell you that Falmouth gathered the letters into a heap, and without glancing at the superscriptions, handed them to the attendant lackey. "For the courier," he said.

The fellow left the apartment. Presently there was a clatter of hoofs without, and Falmouth rose. He was a gaunt, terrible old man, gray-bearded, and having high eyebrows that twitched and jerked.

"We have saved our precious skins," said he. "Hey, you—you Falmouths! I commend your common sense, messieurs, and request you to withdraw. Even a damned rogue such as I has need of a cleaner atmosphere when he would breathe." The seven went away without further speech.

They narrate that next day the troops marched for Durham, where the Queen took up her quarters. The Bruce had pillaged and burned his way to a place called Beaurepair, within three miles of the city. He sent word to the Queen that if her men were willing to come forth from the town he would abide and give them battle.

She replied that she accepted his offer, and that her barons would gladly risk their lives for the realm of their lord the King. The Bruce grinned and kept silence, since he had in his pocket letters from nine-tenths of them protesting they would do nothing of the sort.

There is comedy here. On one side you have a horde of half-naked savages, a shrewd master holding them in leash till the moment be auspicious; on the other, a housewife at the head of a tiny force lieutenanted by perjurers, by men



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

"I RIDE TO THE NORTH TO MAKE WHAT TERMS I MAY"

already purchased. God knows the dreams she had of impossible victories, what time her barons trafficked in secret with the Bruce. On the Saturday before Michaelmas, when the opposing armies marshalled in the Bishop's Park, at Auckland, it is recorded that not a captain on either side believed the day to be pregnant with battle. There would be a decent counterfeit of resistance; afterward the little English army would vanish pell-mell, and the Bruce would be master of the island. The farce was prearranged, the actors therein were letter-perfect.

That morning at daybreak John Copeland came to the Queen's tent, and informed her quite frankly how matters stood. He had been drinking overnight with Adam Frere and the Earl of Gage, and after the third bottle had found them candid. "Madame and Queen, we are betrayed. The Marquis of Falmouth, our commander, is inexplicably smitten with a fever. He will not fight to-day. Not one of your lords will fight to-day." He laid bare such part of the scheme as yesterday's conviviality had made familiar. "Therefore I counsel retreat. Let the King be summoned out of France."

But Queen Philippa shook her head, as she cut up squares of toast and dipped them in milk for the Regent's breakfast. "Sire Edward would be vexed. He has always intended to conquer France. I shall visit the Marquis as soon as Lionel is fed—do you know, John Copeland, I am anxious about Lionel; he is irritable and coughed five times during the night—and I will arrange this affair."

She found the marquis in bed, groaning, the coverlet pulled up to his chin. "Pardon, highness," said Falmouth, "but I am an ill man. I cannot rise from this couch."

"I do not question the gravity of your disorder," the Queen retorted, "since it is well known that the same illness brought about the death of Iscariot. Nevertheless, I bid you get up and lead our troops against the Scot."

Now the hand of the marquis veiled his countenance. But "I am an ill man," he muttered, doggedly. "I cannot rise from this couch."

There was a silence.

"My lord," the Queen presently began, "without is an army prepared—ay, and

able—to defend our England. The one requirement of this army is a leader. Afford them that, my lord—ah, I know that our peers are sold to the Bruce, yet our yeomen at least are honest. Give them, then, a leader, and they cannot but conquer, since God also is honest and incorruptible. Pardieu! a woman might lead these men, and lead them to victory!"

Falmouth answered: "I am an ill man. I cannot rise from this couch."

You saw that Philippa was not beautiful. You perceived that to the contrary she was superb, saw the soul of the woman aglow, gilding the mediocrities of color and curve as a conflagration does a hovel.

"There is no man left in England," said the Queen, "since Sire Edward went into France. Praise God, I am his wife." And she was gone without flurry.

Through the tent-flap Falmouth beheld all which followed. The English force was marshalled in four divisions, each commanded by a bishop and a baron. You could see the men fidgeting, puzzled by the delay; as a wind goes about a corn-field, vague rumors were going about those wavering spears. Toward them rode Philippa, upon a white palfrey, alone and quite tranquil. Her eight lieutenants were now gathered about her in voluble protestation, and she heard them out. Afterward she spoke, without any particular violence, as one might order a strange cur from his room. Then the Queen rode on, as though these eight muttering persons had ceased to be of interest, and reined up before her standard-bearer, and took the standard in her hand. She began again to speak, and immediately the army was in an uproar; the barons were clustering behind her, in stealthy groups of two or three whisperers each; all were in the greatest amazement and knew not what to do; but the army was shouting the Queen's name.

"Now is England shamed," said Falmouth, "since a woman alone dares to encounter the Scot. She will lead them into battle,—and by God! there is no braver person under heaven than yonder Dutch Frau! Friend David, I perceive that your venture is lost, for those men would within the moment follow her to storm hell if she desired it."

He meditated and more lately shrugged. "And so would I," said Falmouth.

A little afterward a gaunt and haggard old man, bareheaded and very hastily dressed, reined his horse by the Queen's side. "Madame and Queen," said Falmouth, "I rejoice that my recent illness is departed. I shall, by God's grace, on this day drive the Bruce from England."

Philippa was not given to verbiage. Doubtless she had her emotions now, but none were visible upon the honest face; yet one hand had fallen into the big-veined hand of Falmouth. "I welcome back the gallant gentleman of yesterday. I was about to lead your army, my friend, since there was no one else to do it, but I was hideously afraid. At bottom every woman is a coward."

"You were afraid to do it," said the marquis, "but you were going to do it, because there was no one else to do it! Ho! madame, had I an army of such cowards I would drive the Scot not past the Border but to the Orkneys."

The Queen then said, "But you are unarmed."

"Highness," he replied, "it is surely apparent that I, who have played the traitor to two monarchs within the same day, cannot with either decency or comfort survive that day." He turned upon the lords and bishops twittering about his horse's tail. "You merchandise, get back to your stations, and if there was ever an honest woman in any of your families, the which I doubt, contrive to get yourselves killed this day, as I mean to do, in the cause of the honestest and bravest woman our time has known." Presently the English forces marched toward Neville's Cross.

Philippa returned to her pavilion and inquired for John Copeland. He had ridden off, she was informed, armed, in company with five of her immediate retainers. She considered this strange, but made no comment.

You picture her, perhaps, as spending the morning in prayer, in beatings upon her breast, and in lamentations. Philippa did nothing of the sort. As you have heard, she considered her cause to be so clamantly just that to expatiate to the Holy Father upon its merits were an impertinence; it was not conceivable that He would fail her; and in any event, she had in hand a deal of sewing that required immediate attention. Accordingly she set-

tled down to her needlework, while the Regent of England leaned his head against her knee, and his mother told him that agelong tale of Lord Huon, who in a wood near Babylon encountered the King of Faëry, and subsequently stripped the atrocious Emir of both beard and daughter. All this the industrious woman narrated in a low and pleasant voice, while the wide-eyed Regent attended and at the proper intervals gulped his cough-mixture.

You must know that about noon Master John Copeland came into the tent. "We have conquered," he said. "Ho! Madame Philippa, there was never a victory more complete. The Scottish army is not beaten but demolished."

"I rejoice," the Queen said, looking up from her sewing, "that we have conquered, though in nature I expected nothing else. Oh, horrible!" She sprang to her feet with a cry of anguish: and here in little you have the entire woman; the victory of her armament was to her a thing of course, since her cause was just, whereas the loss of two front teeth by John Copeland was a genuine calamity.

He drew her toward the tent-flap, which he opened. Without was a mounted knight, in full panoply, his arms bound behind him, surrounded by the Queen's five retainers. "In the rout I took him," said John Copeland; "though, as my mouth witnesses, I did not find David Bruce a tractable prisoner."

"Is that, then, the King of Scots?" Philippa demanded, as she mixed salt and water for a mouth-wash; and presently: "Sire Edward should be pleased, I think. Will he not love me a little now, John Copeland?"

John Copeland lifted either plump hand toward his lips. "He could not choose," John Copeland said,—“madame, he could no more choose but love you than I could choose."

Philippa sighed. Afterward she bade John Copeland rinse his gums and then take his prisoner to Falmouth. He told her the marquis was dead, slain by the Knight of Liddesdale. "That is a pity," the Queen said; and more lately: "There is left alive in England but one man to whom I dare entrust the keeping of the King of Scots. My barons are sold to him; if I retain David by me, one or



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

WITHOUT WAS A MOUNTED KNIGHT, HIS ARMS BOUND BEHIND HIM

another lord will engineer his escape within the week, and Sire Edward will be vexed. Yet listen, John—" She unfolded her plan.

"I have long known," he said, when she had done, "that in all the world there was no lady more lovable. Twenty years I have loved you, my Queen, and yet it is but to-day I perceive that in all the world there is no lady more wise than you."

Philippa touched his cheek, maternally. "Foolish boy! You tell me the King of Scots has an arrow-wound in his nose? I think a bread-poultice would be best." So then he left the tent and presently rode away with his company.

Philippa saw that the Regent had his dinner, and afterward mounted her white palfrey and set out for the battle-field. There the Earl of Ufford, as second in command, received her with great courtesy. God had shown to her Majesty's servants most singular favor: despite the calculations of reasonable men—to which, she might remember, he had that morning taken the liberty to assent—some fifteen thousand Scots were slain. True, her gallant general was no longer extant, though this was scarcely astounding when one considered the fact that he had voluntarily entered the *mêlée* quite unarmed. A touch of age, perhaps; Falmouth was always an eccentric man; and in any event, as epilogue, he congratulated the Queen that—by blind luck, he was forced to concede—her worthy secretary had made a prisoner of the Scottish King. Doubtless, Master Copeland was an estimable scribe, and yet— Ah, yes, he quite followed her Majesty—beyond doubt, the wardage of a king was an honor not lightly to be conferred. Oh yes, he understood; her Majesty desired that the office should be given some person of rank. And pardie! her Majesty was in the right. Eh? said the Earl of Ufford.

Intently gazing into the man's shallow eyes, Philippa assented. Master Copeland had acted unwarrantably in riding off with his captive. Let him be sought at once. She dictated a letter to Ufford's secretary, which informed John Copeland that he had done what was not agreeable in purloining her prisoner without leave. Let him sans delay deliver the King to her good friend the Earl of Ufford.

To Ufford this was satisfactory, since he intended that once in his possession David Bruce should escape forthwith. The letter, I repeat, suited him in its tiniest syllable, and the single difficulty was to convey it to John Copeland, for as to his whereabouts neither Ufford nor any one else had the least notion.

This was immaterial, however, for they narrate that next day a letter signed with John Copeland's name was found pinned to the front of Ufford's tent. I cite a passage therefrom: "I will not give up my royal prisoner to a woman or a child, but only to my own lord, Sire Edward, for to him I have sworn allegiance, and not to any woman. Yet you may tell the Queen she may depend on my taking excellent care of King David. I have poulticed his nose, as she directed."

Here was a nonplus, not perhaps without its comical side. Two great realms had met in battle, and the king of one of them had vanished like a soap-bubble. Philippa was in a rage,—you could see that both by her demeanor and by the indignant letters she dictated; true, they could not be delivered, since they were all addressed to John Copeland. Meanwhile, Scotland was in despair, whereas the English barons now within that realm were in a frenzy, because, however willing you may be, you cannot well betray a kingdom to an unlocateable enemy. The circumstances were unique and they remained unchanged for three feverish weeks.

We will now return to affairs in France, where on the day of the Nativity, as night gathered about Calais, John Copeland came unheralded to the quarters of King Edward, then besieging that city. Master Copeland entreated audience, and got it readily enough, since there was no man alive whom Edward more cordially desired to lay his fingers upon.

Within he found the King, a stupendous person, blond and incredibly big. With him were a smirking Italian, that Almerigo di Pavia who afterward betrayed him, and a lean soldier whom Master Copeland recognized as John Chandos. These three were drawing up an account of the recent victory at Créci, to be forwarded to all mayors and sheriffs in England, with a cogent postscript as to the King's incidental and immediate need of money.

Now King Edward sat leaning far back in his chair, a hand on either hip, and his eyes narrowing as he regarded Master Copeland. Had the Brabanter flinched, the King would probably have hanged him within the next ten minutes; finding his gaze unwavering, the King was pleased. Here was a novelty; most people blinked quite genuinely under the scrutiny of those fierce big eyes, which were blue and cold and of an astounding lustre, gemlike as the March sea.

The King rose with a jerk and took John Copeland's hand. "Ha!" he grunted, "I welcome the squire who by his valor has captured the King of Scots. And now, my man, what have you done with Davie?"

John Copeland answered: "Highness, you may find him at your convenience safely locked in Bamborough Castle. Meanwhile, I entreat you, sire, do not take it amiss if I did not surrender King David to the orders of my lady Queen, for I hold my lands of you, and not of her, and my oath is to you, and not to her, unless indeed by choice."

"John," the King sternly replied, "the loyal service you have done us is considerable, whereas your excuse for kidnapping Davie is a farce. Hey, Almerigo, do you and Chandos avoid the chamber! I have something in private with this fellow." When they had gone, the King sat down and composedly said, "Now tell me the truth, John Copeland."

"Sire," he began, "it is necessary you first understand I bear a letter from Madame Philippa—"

"Then read it," said the King. "Heart of God! have I an eternity to waste on you Brabanters!"

John Copeland read aloud, while the King trifled with a pen, half negligent, and in part attendant. Read, John Copeland:

"MY DEAR LORD,—I recommend me to your lordship with soul and body and all my poor might, and with all this I thank you, as my dear lord, dearest and best beloved of all earthly lords I protest to me, and thank you, my dear lord, with all this as I say before. Your comfortable letter came to me on St. Gregory's day, and I was never so glad as when I heard by your letter that ye were strong enough

in Ponthieu by the grace of God for to keep you from your enemies. Among them I estimate Madame Catherine of Salisbury, who would have betrayed you to the Scot. And, dear lord, if it be pleasing to your high lordship that as soon as ye may that I might hear of your gracious speed, which may God Almighty continue and increase, I shall be glad, and also if ye do each night chafe your feet with a rag of woollen stuff. And, my dear lord, if it like you for to know of my fare, John Copeland will acquaint you concerning the Bruce his capture, and the syrup he brings for our son Lord Edward's cough, and the great malice-workers in these shires which would have so despitefully wrought to you, and of the manner of taking it after each meal. I am lately informed that Madame Catherine is now at Stirling with Robert Stewart and has lost all her good looks. God is invariably gracious to His servants. Farewell, my dear lord, and may the Holy Trinity keep you from your adversaries and ever send me comfortable tidings of you. Written at York, in the Castle, on St. Gregory's day last past, by your own poor

PHILIPPA.

"To my true lord."

"H'm!" said the King; "and now give me the entire story."

John Copeland obeyed. I must tell you that early in the narrative Edward arose and, with a sob, strode toward a window. "Catherine!" he said. He remained motionless what time Master Copeland went on without any manifest emotion. When he had ended, King Edward said, "And where is Madame de Salisbury now?"

At this the Brabanter went mad. As a leopard springs he leapt upon the King, and grasping him by either shoulder, shook him as one punishing a child.

"Now by the splendor of God—!" King Edward began, very terrible in his wrath. He saw that John Copeland held a dagger to his breast, and shrugged. "Well, my man, you perceive I am defenceless. Therefore make an end, you dog."

"First you will hear me out," John Copeland said.

"It would appear," the King retorted, "that I have little choice."

At this time John Copeland began:



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

JOHN COPELAND FOUND THE KING WITH DI PAVIA AND CHANDOS

"Sire, you are the greatest monarch our race has known. England is yours, France is yours, conquered Scotland lies prostrate at your feet. To-day there is no man in all the world who possesses a tithe of your glory; yet twenty years ago Madame Philippa first beheld you and loved you, an outcast, an exiled, empty-pocketed prince. Twenty years ago the love of Madame Philippa, great Count William's daughter, got for you the armament wherewith England was regained. Twenty years ago, but for Madame Philippa you had died naked in some ditch."

"Go on," the King said, presently.

"And afterward you took a fancy to reign in France. You learned then that we Brabanters are a frugal people: Madame Philippa was wealthy when she married you, and twenty years had but quadrupled her fortune. She gave you every penny of it that you might fit out this expedition; now her very crown is in pawn at Ghent. In fine, the love of Madame Philippa gave you France as lightly as one might bestow a toy upon a child who whined for it."

The King fiercely said, "Go on."

"Eh, sire, I intend to. You left England undefended that you might posture a little in the eyes of Europe. And meanwhile a woman preserves England, a woman gives you all Scotland as a gift, and in return demands nothing—God ha' mercy on us!—save that you nightly chafe your feet with a bit of woollen. You hear of it—and ask, 'Where is Madame de Salisbury?' Here beyond doubt is the cock of *Æsop's* fable," snarled John Copeland, "who unearthed a gem and grumbled that his diamond was not a grain of corn."

"You will be hanged ere dawn," the King replied, and yet by this one hand had screened his face. "Meanwhile spit out your venom."

"I say to you, then," John Copeland continued, "that to-day you are the master of Europe. That but for this woman whom for twenty years you have neglected you would to-day be mouldering in some pauper's grave. Eh, without question, you most magnanimously loved that shrew of Salisbury! because you fancied the color of her eyes, Sire Edward, and admired the angle between her nose and

her forehead. I say to you,"—now the man's rage was monstrous,—"I say to you go home to your wife, the source of all your glory! sit at her feet! and let her teach you what love is!" He flung away the dagger. "There you have the truth. Now summon your attendants and have me hanged."

The King gave no movement. "You have been bold," he said at last.

"You have been far bolder, sire. For twenty years you have dared to flout that love which is God made manifest as His one heritage to His children."

King Edward sat in meditation for a long while. He rose, and flung back his big head as a lion might. "John, the loyal service you have done us and our esteem for your valor are so great that they may well serve you as an excuse. May shame fall on those who bear you any ill-will! You will now return home, and take your prisoner, the King of Scotland, and deliver him to my wife, to do with as she may elect. You will convey to her my entreaty—not my orders, John—that she come to me here at Calais. As remuneration for this evening's insolence, I assign lands as near your house as you can choose them to the value of £500 a year for you and for your heirs."

You must know that John Copeland fell upon his knees before King Edward. "Sire—" he stammered.

But the King raised him. "Nay," he said, "you are the better man. Were there any equity in Fate, John Copeland, she would have loved you, not me. As it is, I shall strive to prove not altogether unworthy of my fortune. Go, then, John Copeland—go, my squire, and bring me back my Queen."

Presently he heard John Copeland singing without. And through that instant was youth returned to Edward Plantagenet, and all the scents and shadows and faint sounds of Valenciennes on that ancient night when a tall girl came to him, running, stumbling in her haste to bring him kingship. Now at last he understood the heart of Philippa.

"Let me live!" the King prayed; "O Eternal Father, let me live a little while that I may make atonement!" And meantime John Copeland sang without and the Brabanter's heart was big with joy.

On the Hostility to Certain Words

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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NOTHING is more striking in the history of language than the hostility which manifests itself at particular periods to particular words or phrases. By this is not meant the aversion entertained by individuals to certain locutions. This is a state of mind which characterizes us all, and rarely, if ever, does it affect seriously the fortune of the expression disliked. The reference here is to that organized onslaught made by large numbers upon some unfortunate word or construction with the intent of driving it entirely out of use.

This hostility may spring from several causes. Two there are, however, which are conspicuous in bringing about the condition of things denoted. One is that the given locution offends the etymological sense of particular persons or of all persons who care about etymology at all. The word may be or may seem to be unsatisfactorily formed; the phrase may be or may seem to be ungrammatical. Hence those hostile to its use feel that in displaying their dislike they deserve well of their fellow men for standing up for the purity of English undefiled. The prejudice they entertain often owes, indeed, its origin to their ignorance; but that fact renders it none the less potent or effective. But the second agency which produces the hostile state of mind indicated concerns itself not with the form or grammatical nature of a locution, but with its meaning. It is, therefore, directed almost exclusively against the use of certain words or certain senses of words. The aversion usually arises from the fact that such words connote some idea upon which the attention has been made to fix itself. This by being rendered prominent renders the word itself offensive. In both cases the point can be set forth sharply and clearly by

giving in detail an illustrative example of each.

Many will remember that a few years ago there went on a violent controversy about the word *tireless*. The discovery had been made that *-less* was a suffix which could properly be appended only to nouns. Hence the form must be discarded, and we must all take pains to say *untiring*. The duty of so doing was preached from scores of professorial and newspaper pulpits. No one seemed to think or care for the various other adjectives similarly formed, and therefore liable to the similar censure which they never received. Hostility was directed against it alone. The actual flaw which vitiated the arguments against *tireless*, its censors never knew or never took into consideration. This was that the fancied rule covering the creation of such words had practically long ceased to be operative whenever a new formation struck the sense of the users of language as being desirable.

Unquestionably in our earliest speech the suffix *-less*, when employed to form adjectives, was joined only with nouns. But the general sloughing off of nominal and verbal endings which went on in later centuries reduced a great proportion of substantives and verbs in the speech to precisely the same form. In consequence the sense of any fundamental distinction between the two broke down in many ways, in one way in particular. There is nothing easier in our speech than to convert a verb into a noun or a noun into a verb. It is a process which has taken place constantly in the past, and is liable to take place at any time in the future, either at the will or the whim of the writer or speaker.

Such lack of distinction in the forms of the two parts of speech, such interchange in their use, naturally affected

the derivatives from their stems. So, from the sixteenth century on, we have had a very respectable number of adjectives formed by adding the suffix *-less* to the verb. These have come into general use, and continue in it without protest and apparently without discovery. Others there are which are the coinage of particular writers, and are used only by them or their imitators. Of each of these classes can be given here only a few examples; but they are sufficient to establish the truth of the statement. Who hesitates now, for instance, to say *dauntless*, which has been in continuous use from the time of Shakespeare to the present day? Milton spoke of *resistless*, which was further a favorite word of Dr. Johnson. Gray in his Hymn to Adversity addressed that goddess as "*relentless* power." This same adjective had been employed by great writers before him, as it has been by great writers after him. Coleridge wished to one of his friends a *fadeless* fame—a word which Coleridge's admirer, Lamb, remonstrated with Bernard Barton for using. Lowell was taken to task for saying *weariless*, just as Stevenson employed the corresponding *weariful*. He resolutely refused to give it up. "I don't agree with you about *weariless*," he wrote. "In language one should be nice, but not difficult. . . . I thought of the objection when I was correcting the proof." It is needless to multiply further examples. The so-called rule limiting the suffix *-less* to nouns is no longer deemed binding by the great body of the educated users of speech. With their decisions it is vain for the objector to struggle. His only course is to bear his affliction patiently, and content himself with assuring his misguided fellow men, as in *King Lear* Gloster did the gods, that he will no longer fall

"To quarrel with your great *opposeless* wills."

To the second class here considered belong locutions which, after being held in highest repute, become objects of opprobrium. The fortunes of words, indeed, are subject to as many vicissitudes as the fortunes of individuals. But there is perhaps no one term which just now deserves more commiseration for the hard

fate which has befallen it than the substantive *female* used as a synonym for "woman." In reading the denunciations of it constantly met with at this day, the mind instinctively reverts to the line of Goldsmith deploring the lot of the unfortunate being denoted by it. "Turn thine eyes," says the poet, in his "*Deserted Village*."

"Where the poor houseless shivering female lies."

The epithets Goldsmith applied to the condition of the character depicted by the word are now, in a certain measure, applicable to the condition of the word itself. It is turned out-of-doors by every corrector of the press. It is contemptuously spoken of as a vulgarity; modern ignorance has sometimes styled it a modern vulgarity. Such by no means has been always its position. Like Goldsmith's "female," the word has seen better days. It was once to be met everywhere in good society. The most pedantic of purists expressed no objection to it; the most scrupulous of writers unhesitatingly employed it. Its story is accordingly worth giving in full; for to it belongs more than the interest of the passing moment. It is the representative of a class, and its varying fortunes show the all-dominating power of usage, and in particular its frequent disposition to frown upon some special locution while receiving into favor some other locution having characteristics essentially similar.

The word *female* reaches us from the Latin through the French. The remote original in the mother tongue was *femella*, which is itself a diminutive of *femina*. In the daughter tongue it became *femelle*, and so spelled it came over into English. But its original form soon gave way to the present one. This was mainly though not entirely due to the influence of the word *male*, to which it stood in frequent juxtaposition and antithesis.

Both as a substantive and as an adjective *female* goes back to the fourteenth century; but though then occasionally employed as a synonym for "woman," such usage can hardly be called common. Still it is found. The Wycliffite translation of the Bible, for illustration, reads in the twenty-fourth

chapter of Matthew that two women shall be grinding at a quern, the one to be taken, the other left. But in the polemic treatise Wycliffe wrote, expounding this same chapter, the two "women" of the gospel appear as two "females." The word turns up occasionally from that time during the three centuries that follow; but so far as any one man's necessarily limited reading justifies the drawing of general inferences it appears but occasionally. In Shakespeare, for instance, in any senses which it has as a noun, it occurs but eleven times, while there are more than four hundred passages where *woman* is employed. In two places, indeed, where the dramatist uses it, the implication is conveyed that the term belonged to what Ben Jonson called "the perfumed phrases of the time."

During the latter part of the seventeenth century and the early part of the eighteenth there was a slowly increasing tendency on the part of good writers to make use of the word. Still, while it is found oftener than before, it is not found often. It was not that there was any stigma attached to it such as now exists; it simply did not occur to men to employ it, save possibly for the sake of giving variety to expression, or because in certain passages it struck them as being somehow more appropriate. All assertions of this sort must indeed be taken with a good many grains of allowance. They represent impressions rather than systematic and thorough investigation; for no wide-embracing study of the practice of our great writers in the matter of disputed usages, either of words or constructions, has ever yet been made. Until that is done something of uncertainty must attach itself to what are on the surface apparently well-founded conclusions.

But by the time we reach the middle of the eighteenth century we have left behind the region of doubt. A complete change has come over the fortunes of the word. *Female* as a synonym for "woman" had become then comparatively common in the very best usage. One may almost venture to say that it sprang into fashion with the appearance of the modern novel. It is far from infrequent in the works of Richardson, Fielding,

and Smollett. As we have seen from the line taken from Goldsmith—and to this examples from other authors could be added—it sometimes invaded the region of poetry.

There, however, it was strictly out of place; and so it was perhaps unconsciously felt to be. Certainly its use by the best writers in that form of composition was distinctly limited. In truth, *female* as a noun, in all periods of English, belongs rather to prose than to poetry. It could, of course, have belonged to the latter, had the users of language been inclined so to employ it; as a matter of fact, they have never manifested any such disposition. This limitation to prose conveys no imputation against the propriety or usefulness of the word. It is a characteristic which it shares with many other most respectable terms, with some terms indeed which we could hardly do without; just as there are many valuable and in fact necessary members of society who would not feel themselves, or be looked upon by others, as at home in the most select circles. In a letter to Coleridge, Charles Lamb, in criticising a contribution to the *Anthology*, declared that "the epithet *enviable* would dash the finest poem." The remark was a just one. *Enviably* is a good word, a proper word. It has been used by statesmen, historians, novelists, and men of science. But it ought to know its place, and its place is not in poetry, save under very peculiar conditions.

Female as a substantive is essentially in the same class. Charles Lamb would not have been likely to favor its use in poetry. But in prose, in which, as he said, and very justly said, he considered himself a dab, he employed it not infrequently. In his private correspondence he had no hesitation in applying it to his dearly loved sister. But he probably would have felt that it was a word which did not belong to high-wrought expression, and therefore under ordinary circumstances was out of place in verse, so long as verse retains the associations which are generally connected with it. At all events it rarely puts in an appearance in poetry, and when it does so, it is usually, though not invariably, when the poetry is on a low level.

It is perfectly clear, however, that in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth nothing of its present opprobrium attached to the word. One indeed gets at times the impression that it was beginning to displace the synonymous "woman" in general usage. How little there was of aversion to it during the first of the two periods mentioned, how little there was of any trace of the feelings which now exist, is made very clear by the practice of Madame d'Arblay. In her earlier years, as Fanny Burney, she employed it in her novels. At times the word makes its appearance in her other writings in places where it strikes the sense of the most liberal-minded in matters of usage as somewhat incongruous, not to say queer. In her diary, for instance, under the year 1786, she speaks of the Princess Royal not as the second lady, but as "the second female in the kingdom."

For a hundred years at least the word was not only in common but in the best of use. No one objected to it, no one apparently thought about it. It was not till after the middle of the nineteenth century that the crusade against it seems to have begun; not till the last third of it that it came to be at all effective. At all events it then becomes noticeable; but of course it must have been the object of numerous previous attacks before the hostility could gather sufficient volume to make itself perceptibly felt. The repugnance to it has become so extended that it has led the editor of the New Historical English Dictionary now appearing—a dictionary which no student of the language can afford to be without—to give a somewhat misleading view of the fortunes of the word. While what is said of it may be itself absolute truth, it leaves out so much of the truth that it tends to produce an altogether wrong impression. There is not a single illustration of its employment by any great or even fairly good writer after the early part of the eighteenth century, though such could have been found by the hundred. The citations are taken from authors little known, and in the matter of correct usage carrying no weight whatever. Furthermore, to the section containing the definition of the

word as a mere synonym of "woman" is appended the remark "now commonly avoided by good writers, except with contemptuous implication." The only confirmatory authority given for the existence of this asserted contemptuous implication is an extract from a daily newspaper. It comes from no one knows who. Whether the statement made be true or false, it would be difficult to arrive at a nearer approach to no authority at all upon a question of usage.

The inference may be entirely unwarranted, but such a comment and such a citation lead to the belief that the word has never been at any time in general good use. Moreover, it conveys the impression that it has not received the sanction of the best writers for a long time past; for a feeling such as the one indicated is never the result of any mere momentary or transient hostility. It becomes in consequence a question of some importance to ascertain who were the good writers of the century which has just closed who were careful to avoid it. They may have existed; but they do not appear to have been numerous. Let us, on the other hand, look at some of the favorite authors of this period who have employed the word without scruple. No reader of Scott can be unaware that it turns up with unfailing regularity in his writings. It would probably be safe to affirm that he made as frequent use of it as he did of its synonym, if not more frequent. In the *Legend of Montrose*, for instance, *female* appears twelve times and *woman* has to be contented with six.

In so expressing himself Scott was following the general practice of his age, so far as fictitious narrative was concerned. In so expressing himself he was followed by all his imitators and successors. Cooper, in fact, has been reproached again and again for his frequent use of the word, and the imputation that he was particularly exceptional in this respect has been more than once conveyed by exceptionally ill-informed critics. The accusation can be brought with as much justice against most, and perhaps all, of the tale-writers of the nineteenth century belonging either to the first or second grade. *Female* is contained in Bulwer's novel of

Pelham, which came out in 1828, and was the one which first brought him reputation; it is also contained in his unfinished novel of *Pausanias*, which was not published till a few years after his death. In a similar way it occurs in the writings of Washington Irving, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, George Eliot, and Trollope, not to mention others. Some of them use the word only occasionally, some frequently; but whether using it little or much, there is never to be found in any of them an intimation that the employment of it was at all objectionable. Still less, if possible, was there indicated any intention of conveying by it a contemptuous implication.

In fact, were there to be made an exhaustive study of the usage of good writers who flourished during the last century—at least, before the last quarter of it—it would probably be found that there was not a single one of them who did not feel himself fully authorized to employ the word. Take as an illustration the results which are always likely to follow from the examination of some particular instance. Charles Reade's masterpiece, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, was published in 1861. In it *female* as a mere synonym of "woman" occurs more than twenty times. It assuredly never occurred to the novelist that he was making use of either affected or vulgar speech, or that he had exposed himself to the slightest censure on the ground of having resorted to an improper usage.

It is clear that the elder writers, born and brought up amid the linguistic traditions of the earlier half of the nineteenth century, were not in the slightest degree under the influences now prevalent; and that the disrepute into which the word has fallen is mainly the work of the last thirty years. It is hard to tell under what circumstances the feeling of dislike to it arose, or what were the main determining agencies that brought about the state of feeling we recognize as existing to-day. If the remark will not seem invidious, I am inclined to attribute the disfavor in which it is now held to the ill-will entertained and expressed towards it by the members of the sex it denotes. It

may be said that they ought to have a determining voice in choosing the appellations by which they are designated. But language is not disposed to accord to either man or woman this liberty of selection. Furthermore, if it be true now that special hostility exists on their part to the use of the word, it was certainly not true once. Madame d'Arblay's evidence has already been cited. Her course has had plenty of followers among the members of her own sex. Among these, too, must be included our Jane of Janes. She not only applied the word to the female characters in her novels, but used it when she was speaking of herself personally. "I think," wrote Miss Austen in a letter, "I may boast myself with all possible vanity to be the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress."

Here are two words employed which are simply dreadful from the point of view of the modern woman. It once fell to the lot of the present writer to have an extended conversation with a noted female author who had very decided opinions as to the character of the sex to which he had the fortune or misfortune to belong. Among other things she expressed the utmost indignation at being styled an authoress. It was not for the likes of me to contend with a goddess who insisted upon being called a god. Being, however, of a dull masculine apprehension, and consequently lacking the delicate feminine perception of the one with whom I was talking, I was unable to detect the great wrong inflicted upon her by having her sex denoted; nor could I understand why she should desire to have her identity as a woman merged in that of a sex physically stronger, to be sure, but in her opinion morally inferior. It flitted through my mind—the thought was left unexpressed—that she would probably have no objection to becoming an heir-ess, and in such a case might prefer to be designated by that term rather than by heir.

It was in 1815 that Jane Austen termed herself a "female." The indifference manifested by her to the reproach contained in the usage continued with writers of her own sex down even to the close of the century. Recklessly and al-

most ruthlessly many of the best and ablest among them, unconscious of the rising tide threatening to submerge the word, kept on employing it without scruple and without hesitation. In 1882 Fanny Kemble published her *Records of Later Life*. In it she denounced with vigor the black beetles which overran the rooms in her residence near Philadelphia. They were especially attracted, she tells us, "to unfortunate females by white or light-colored muslin gowns."

But something more painful, not to say more flagrant, belonging to an earlier period, has to be recorded. In January, 1846, Miss Barrett communicated to her future husband certain facts in regard to Tennyson. He was, she told him, writing a new poem. The account she gave of it is now almost harrowing to members of her sex, not for what she says, but for the way in which she says it. From her description it is evident that the work she had in mind was the "Princess." "It is," she wrote, "in blank verse and a fairy tale, and called the University; the University members being all females." It shows how much we have advanced in exquisiteness of taste and in propriety of speech over Jane Austen, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and Fanny Kemble, that the thought of being styled females would awaken grief and fiery indignation in the halls of Vassar and Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, and that over the intervening hills Mount Holyoke and Smith would call to each other as deep answers unto deep.

This utter insensibility of the past shows that there is really nothing in the word itself which justifies the sensitiveness of the present; and that the now prevailing prejudice against it is purely an artificial creation. Occasionally reasons for this feeling outside of usage have been paraded as existing in the nature of things. The only one worth mentioning is that the word can be and is used in two senses. It designates the female of the human race and the female of the lower animals. In this it resembles its remote Latin original *femina*. It is doubtless the labored insistence upon one of the meanings denoted by the word that has brought about its present unpopularity. But there is nothing peculiar in its having a double

sense. That is a characteristic the possession of which it shares with nearly every common word in the speech. To most of them a variety of significations is attached, and it is the context alone that decides the precise one intended. If the speaker or writer has expressed himself properly, the most profound stupidity cannot miss the meaning, the most perverse ingenuity cannot wrest it from its natural interpretation. When, for illustration, we talk of a bride and groom, no one feels it necessary to explain that the attendant of the former is not a representative of the stables.

Yet, singular as it may seem, the argument has been seriously advanced that the employment of *female* as synonymous with "woman" would result in confusion. It seems impossible for some persons to comprehend the elementary fact that language was not designed primarily for the use of idiots. Both in conversation and writing something must be left to the unaided human understanding. If a man insists in all sincerity that when he meets the word *female* in the sense of "woman," he is unable to distinguish it from the same word designating one of the lower animals, he really has no business to be at large in a civilized community. His proper place of habitation is a home for the intellectually incurable. When it comes to the consideration of questions of usage he will meet in such a resort with many congenial associates.

The purely artificial nature of the present prejudice is further made manifest by the fact that it does not exist in the case of the corresponding noun *male*. Like *female*, this term is applied to the lower animals as well as to human beings. Such was the case also in the language from which it was derived; such it remains in the languages descended from it. The history of *male* with us resembles in most respects that of the word to which it is often so antithetically joined. Like that it came to us from the Latin through the French. Like that it made its appearance in our tongue during the fourteenth century. Like that it belongs to the language of prose rather than of poetry. But for some reason it has never been made the subject of persecution. It has conse-

quently never fallen from its high estate. As an adjective, too, it has intrenched itself in the Constitution of the United States. Having in that instrument secured the right to be connected with the suffrage, it is not likely to suffer from any restriction upon its right to usage.

This last consideration gives additional evidence of the artificial nature of the existing prejudice against the word *female*. The hostility now exhibited towards it is exhibited towards it as a noun and not as an adjective. No reason in the nature of things exists for making any such distinction. Undoubtedly efforts have been or will be made to restrict or discard any such employment of it by those highly intellectual beings who insist that usage must be logical. But unfortunately there is no other word to take its place. *Womanly* conveys ordinarily an entirely different idea, and *feminine* would often be distinctly inappropriate. This is perhaps the reason why no one seems to have risen up publicly to denounce *female* as an adjective; at least if he has, no perceptible heed has been given to his utterances. Nor in regard to the word as thus employed has any pretence ever been put forth that confusion between human beings and the lower animals would be likely to arise in consequence. When a man talks of going into female society, not even the most intellectually obtuse supposes that he is contemplating a visit to the barn-yard in order to see the cows. All of us have or ought to have female friends; we discuss female education; we talk of female beauty; a great poet, indeed, in a celebrated passage, ventured to speak of female errors. We cannot read, in truth, the classic writers of our tongue without constantly coming across some employment of the word in its attributive sense.

But artificial as is the hostility which has been worked up against the use of the word, it has been none the less effective. It has created against it a prejudice so general and potent that every writer who is sensitive to verbal criticism is disposed to avoid it. The same agencies which have brought it into disfavor may, indeed, restore it to favor in the future; just as it has happened

to *occupy*, which, as Shakespeare said, "was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted," but which on that account fell into disrepute in Elizabethan English, and was but little employed for nearly two centuries. However this may be, *female* is now distinctly under the ban. Nor need it be denied that, taking into consideration the practice of the great body of our best writers during all periods, the influence of our highest literature is as a whole unfavorable to the use of the word in nine cases out of ten. But it is the tenth case that counts. The prejudice against it, if carried so far as to cover this, will cripple to some extent the resources of the language. For *female* is not and never has been a mere synonym of "woman." The latter signifies one who has reached a mature age. It would be grossly inappropriate to apply it to a small child, and no one in his senses would think of so doing. But *female* belongs to all ages, from the infant to the great-grandmother. Hence it can be and has been employed where the appearance of any other word would be unjustifiable, and where the non-existence of it would compel the users of language to resort to a clumsy or roundabout mode of expression.

A single example will suffice to put this point beyond dispute. It is taken from a letter of Motley, who, it may be added, like most historians, was in the habit of using the word as a noun. In writing to his mother from Rome, towards the end of November, 1858, he told her that he was in the habit of getting up at daylight, which at that time of the year was about seven o'clock. "Little Mary and I and Susy," he added, "have a cup of coffee at that hour together, the two other females not rising so early." In this instance it is obvious that neither *women* nor *ladies* would have expressed what the writer had it in his mind to say. The only word that would do was the word he employed, unless he forced himself to change the construction of his sentence or went into roundabout detail. Devices of such a sort are distasteful to language. It hates circumlocution much more than in the old physical theories nature used to abhor a vacuum.

A Call

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE

A BOY in an unnaturally clean, country-launders collar walked down a long white road. He scuffed the dust up wantonly, for he wished to veil the all-too-brilliant polish of his cowhide shoes. Also the memory of the whiteness and slipperiness of his collar oppressed him. He was fain to look like one accustomed to social diversions, a man hurried from hall to hall of pleasure, without time between to change collar or polish boot. He stooped and rubbed a crumb of earth on his overfresh neck-linen.

This did not long sustain his drooping spirit. He was mentally adrift upon the *Hints and Helps to Young Men in Busi-*

ness and Social Relations, which had suggested to him his present enterprise, when the appearance of a second youth, taller and broader than himself, with a shock of light curling hair and a crop of freckles that advertised a rich soil, threw him a life-line. He put his thumbs to his lips and whistled in a peculiarly ear-splitting way. The two boys had sat on the same bench at Sunday-school not three hours ago; yet what a change had

come over the world for one of them since then!

"Hello! Where you goin', Ab?" asked the newcomer, gruffly.

"Callin'," replied the boy in the collar, laconically, but with carefully averted gaze.

"On the girls?" inquired the other, awestruck. In Mount Pisgah you saw the girls home from night church, socials, or parties; you could hang over the gate; and you might walk with a girl in the cemetery of a Sunday afternoon; but to ring a front-door bell and ask for Miss Heart's Desire one must have been in long trousers at least three years—and the two boys confronted in the dusty

road had worn these dignifying garments barely six months.

"Girls," said Abner, loftily; "I don't know about girls—I'm just going to call on one girl—Champe Claiborne." He marched on as though the conversation was at an end; but Ross hung upon his flank. Ross and Champe were neighbors, comrades in all sorts of mischief; he was in doubt whether to halt Abner and pummel him, or propose to enlist under his banner.



HE RUBBED A CRUMB OF EARTH ON HIS OVERFRESH
NECK-LINEN

"Do you reckon you could?" he debated, trotting along by the irresponsible Jilton boy.

"Run home to your mother," growled the originator of the plan, savagely.

I'd better go into your house and try to wash it off? Reckon your mother would let me?"

"I've got two clean collars," announced the other boy, proudly generous. "I'll lend you one. You can put it on while I'm getting ready. I'll tell mother that we're just stepping out to do a little calling on the girls."

Here was an ally worthy of the cause. Abner welcomed him, in spite of certain jealous twinges. He reflected with satisfaction that there were two Claiborne girls, and though Alicia was so stiff and prim that no boy would ever think of calling on her, there was still the hope that she might draw Ross's fire, and leave him, Abner, to make the numerous remarks he had stored up in his mind from *Hints and Helps to Young Men in Social and Business Relations* to Champe alone.

Mrs. Pryor received them with the easy-going kindness of the mother of one son. She followed them into the dining-room to kiss and feed him, with an absent "Howdy, Abner; how's your mother?"

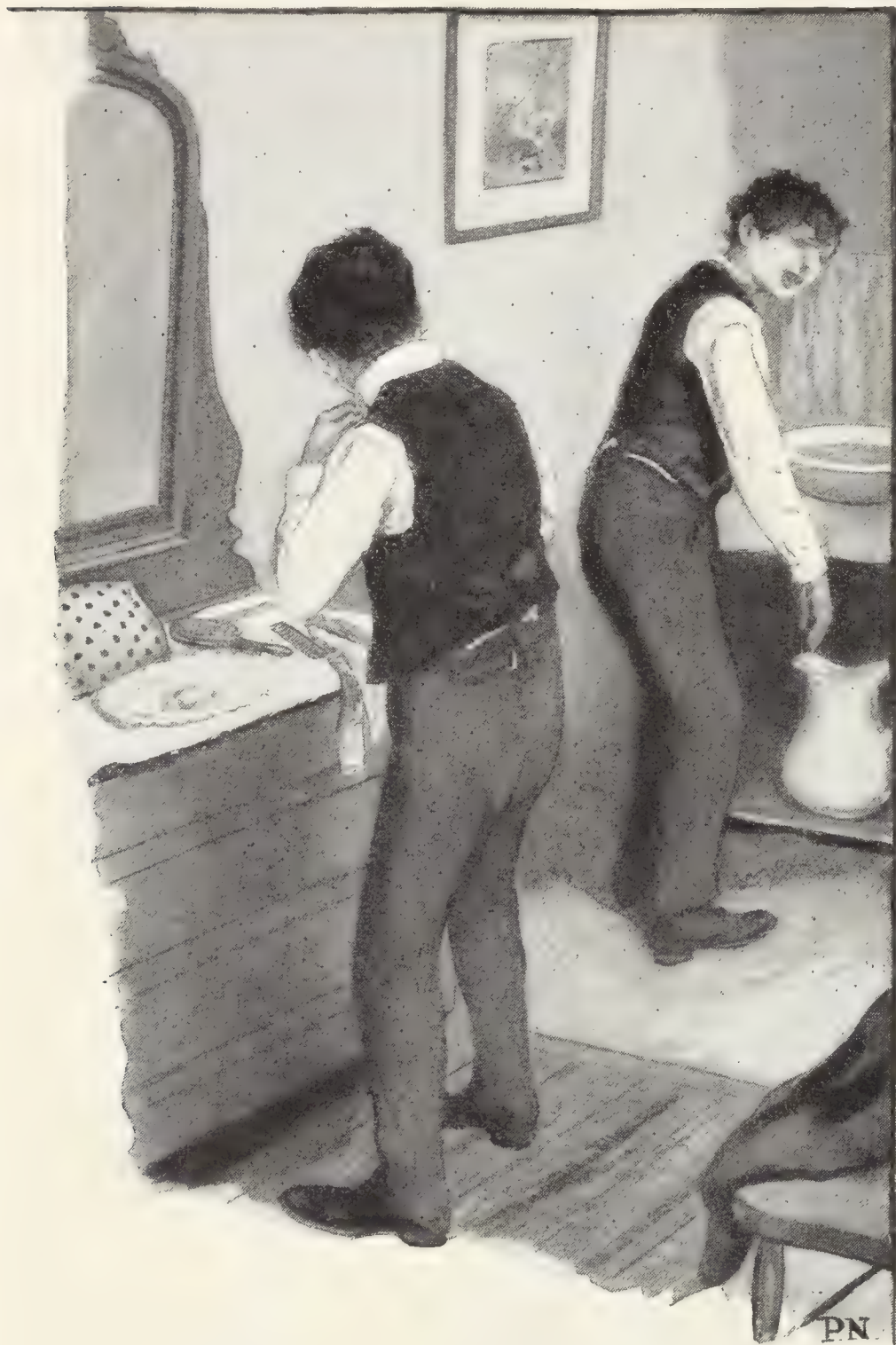
Abner, big with the importance of their mutual intention, inclined his head stiffly and looked toward Ross for explanation. He trembled a little, but it was with delight, as he anticipated the effect of the speech Ross had outlined. But it did not come.

"I'm not hungry, mother," was the revised edition which the freckle-faced boy offered to the maternal ear. "I—we are going over to Mr. Claiborne's—on—er—on an errand for Abner's father."

The black-eyed boy looked reproach as they clattered up the stairs to Ross's room, where the clean collar was produced and a small stock of ties.

"You'd wear a necktie—wouldn't you?" Ross asked, spreading them upon the bureau-top.

"Yes. But make it fall carelessly over your shirt-front," advised the student of *Hints and Helps*. "Your col-



"YOU'D WEAR A NECKTIE—WOULDN'T YOU?" ROSS ASKED

"You ain't old enough to call on girls; anybody can see that; but I am, and I'm going to call on Champe Claiborne."

Again the name acted as a spur on Ross. "With your collar and boots all dirty?" he jeered. "They won't know you're callin'."

The boy in the road stopped short in his dusty tracks. He was an intense creature, and he whitened at the tragic insinuation, longing for the wholesome stay and companionship of freckle-faced Ross. "I put the dirt on o' purpose so's to look kind of careless," he half whispered, in an agony of doubt. "S'pose

lar is miles too big for me. Say! I've got a wad of white chewing-gum; would you flat it out and stick it over the collar button? Maybe that would fill up some. You kick my foot if you see me turning my head so's to knock it off."

"Better button up your vest," cautioned Ross, laboring with the "careless" fall of his tie.

"Huh-uh! I want 'that easy air which presupposes familiarity with society'—that's what it says in my book," objected Abner.

"Sure!" Ross returned to his more familiar jeering attitude. "Loosen up all your clothes, then. Why don't you untie your shoes? Flop a sock down over one of 'em—that looks 'easy' all right."

Abner buttoned his vest. "It gives a man lots of confidence to know he's good-looking," he remarked, taking all the room in front of the mirror.

Ross, at the wash-stand soaking his hair to get the curl out of it, grumbled some unintelligible response. The two boys went down the stair with tremulous hearts.

"Why, you've put on another clean shirt, Rossie!" Mrs. Pryor called from her chair—mothers' eyes can see so far! "Well—don't get into any dirty play and soil it." The boys walked in silence—but it was a pregnant silence; for as the roof of the Claiborne house began to peer above the crest of the hill, Ross plumped down on a stone and announced, "I ain't goin'."

"Come on," urged the black-eyed boy. "It 'll be fun—and everybody will respect us more. Champe won't throw rocks at us in recess-time, after we've called on her. She couldn't."

"Called!" grunted Ross. "I couldn't make a call any more than a cow. What 'd I say? What 'd I do? I can behave all right when you just go to people's houses—but a call!"

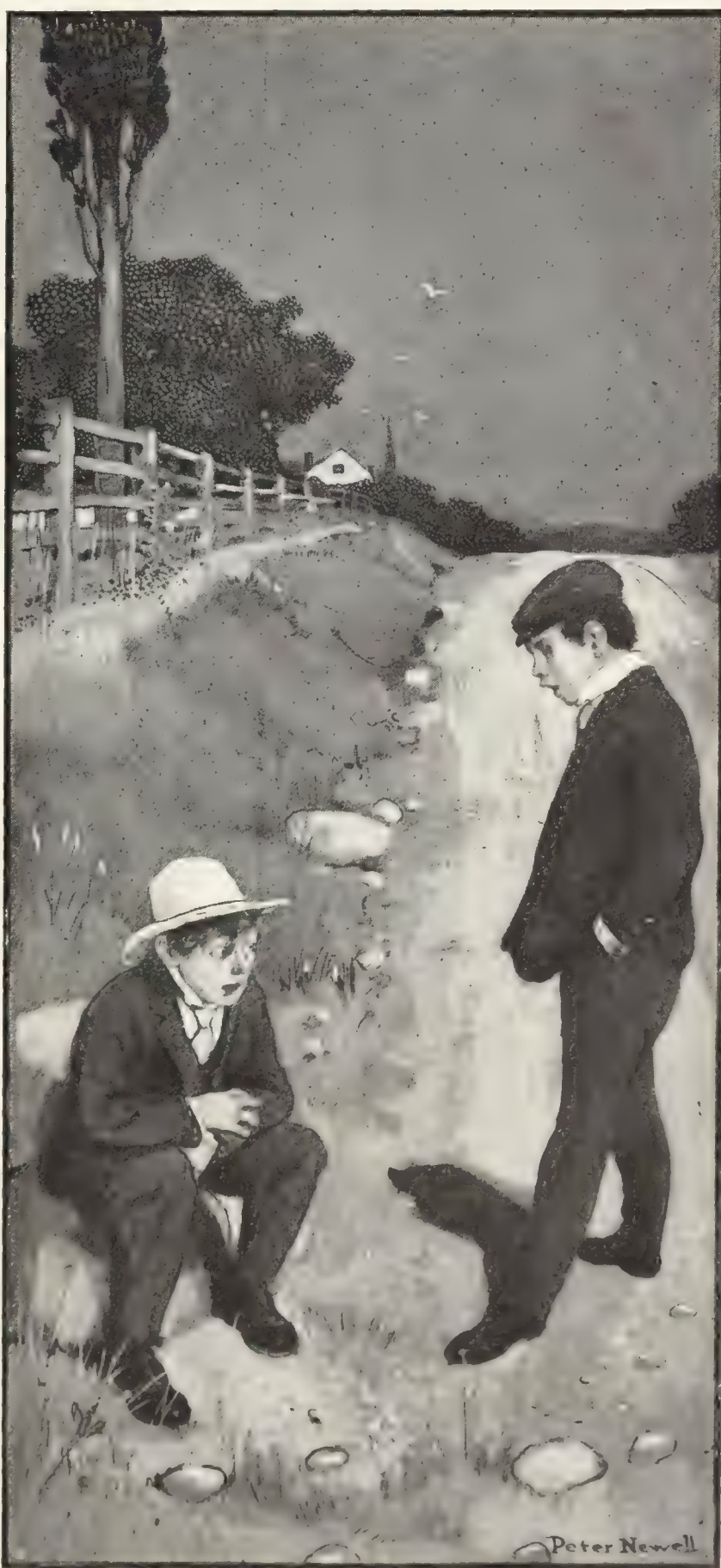
Abner hesitated. Should he give away his brilliant inside information, drawn from the *Hints and Helps* book, and be rivalled in the glory of his manners and bearing? Why should he not pass on alone, perfectly composed, and reap the field of glory unsupported? His knees gave way and he sat down without intending it.

"Don't you tell anybody and I'll put you on to exactly what grown-up gentlemen say and do when they go calling on the girls," he began.

"Fire away," retorted Ross, gloomily. "Nobody will find out from me. Dead men tell no tales. If I'm fool enough to go, I don't expect to come out of it alive."

Abner rose, white and shaking, and thrusting three fingers into the buttoning of his vest, extending the other hand like an orator, proceeded to instruct the freckled, perspiring disciple at his feet.

"Hang your hat on the rack, or give it to a servant."



ROSS PLUMPED DOWN ON A STONE AND ANNOUNCED, "I AIN'T GOIN'"

Ross nodded intelligently. He could do that.

"Let your legs be gracefully disposed, one hand on the knee, the other—"

Abner came to an unhappy pause. "I forget what a fellow does with the other hand. Might stick it in your pocket, I reckon. 'Do not saw the air with gestures, or laugh loudly, or expectorate on the carpet. Indulge in little frivolity. Let a rich stream of conversation flow.'"

Ross mentally dug within himself for sources of rich streams of conversation. He found a dry soil. "What you goin' to talk about?" he demanded, fretfully. "I won't go a step farther till I know what I'm goin' to say when I get there."

Abner began to repeat paragraphs from *Hints and Helps*. "'It is best to remark,'" he opened, in an unnatural voice, "'How well you are looking!'" although fulsome compliments should be avoided. When seated ask the young lady who her favorite composer is."

"What's a composer?" inquired Ross, with visions of soothing-syrup in his mind.

"A man that makes up music. Don't butt in that way; you put me all out.—'composer is. Name yours. Ask her pet poet. Name yours. Ask her what piece of music she likes best. Name yours. If the lady is musical, here ask her to play or sing.'"

This chanted recitation seemed to have a hypnotic effect on the freckled boy; his big pupils contracted each time Abner came to the repetend, "Name yours."

"I'm tired already," he grumbled; but some spell made him rise and fare farther.

When they had entered the Claiborne gate, they leaned toward each other like young saplings weakened at the root and locking branches to keep what shallow foothold on earth remained.

"You're goin' in first," asserted Ross, but without conviction. It was his custom to tear up to this house a dozen times a week, on his father's old horse or afoot; he was wont to yell for Champe as he approached, and quarrel joyously with her while he performed such errand as he had come upon; but he was gagged and hamstrung now by the hypnotism of Abner's scheme.

"Walk quietly up the steps; ring the bell and lay your card on the servant," quoted Abner, who had never heard of a server.

"Lay your card on the servant!" echoed Ross. "Cady'd dodge. There's a porch to cross after you go up the steps—does it say anything about that?"

"It says that the card should be placed on the servant," Abner reiterated, doggedly. "If Cady dodges, it ain't any business of mine. There are no porches in my book. Just walk across it like anybody. We'll ask for Miss Champe Claiborne."

"We haven't got any cards," discovered Ross, with hope.

"I have," announced Ab-



P.N.

THEY LEANED TOWARD EACH OTHER LIKE YOUNG SAPLINGS
WEAKENED AT THE ROOT

ner, pompously. "I had some struck off in Chicago. I ordered 'em by mail. They got my name Pillow, but there's a scalloped gilt border around it. You can write your name on my card. Got a pencil?"

He produced the bit of cardboard; Ross fished up a chewed stump of lead-pencil, took it in cold, stiff fingers, and disfigured the square with eccentric scribblings.

"They'll know who it's meant for," he said, apologetically, "because I'm here. What's likely to happen after we get rid of the card?"

"I told you about hanging your hat on the rack and disposing your legs."

"I remember now," sighed Ross. They had been going slower and slower. The angle of inclination toward each other became more and more pronounced.

"We must stand by each other," whispered Abner.

"I will—if I can stand at all," murmured the other boy, huskily.

"Oh, Lord!" they had rounded the big clump of evergreens and found Aunt Missouri Claiborne placidly rocking on the front porch! Directed to mount steps and ring bell, to lay cards upon the servant, how should one deal with a rosy-faced, plump lady of uncertain years in a rocking-chair? What should a caller lay upon her? A lion in the way could not have been more terrifying. Even retreat was cut off. Aunt Missouri had seen them. "Howdy, boys; how are you?" she said, rocking peacefully. The two stood before her like detected criminals.

Then, to Ross's dismay, Abner sank down on the lowest step of the porch, the westering sun full in his hopeless eyes. He sat on his cap. It was characteristic that the freckled boy remained standing. He would walk up those steps according to plan and agreement, if at



ROSS FISHED UP A CHEWED STUMP OF LEAD-PENCIL, AND DISFIGURED THE SQUARE WITH ECCENTRIC SCRIBBLINGS

all. He accepted no compromise. Folding his straw hat into a battered cone, he watched anxiously for the delivery of the card. He was not sure what Aunt Missouri's attitude might be if it were laid on her. He bent down to his comrade. "Go ahead," he whispered. "Lay the card."

Abner raised appealing eyes. "In a minute. Give me time," he pleaded.

"Mars' Ross—Mars' Ross! Head 'em off!" sounded a yell, and Babe, the house-boy, came around the porch in pursuit of two half-grown chickens.

"Help him, Rossie," prompted Aunt Missouri, sharply. "You boys can stay to supper and have some of the chicken if you help catch them."

Had Ross taken time to think, he might have reflected that gentlemen making formal calls seldom join in a chase after



THE LAD CAUGHT ONE CHICKEN IN HIS HAT, WHILE BABE FELL UPON THE OTHER IN THE MANNER OF A FOOTBALL-PLAYER

the main dish of the family supper. But the needs of Babe were instant. The lad flung himself sidewise, caught one chicken in his hat, while Babe fell upon the other in the manner of a football-player. Ross handed the pullet to the house-boy, fearing that he had done something very much out of character, then pulled the reluctant negro forward to the steps.

"Babe's a servant," he whispered to Abner, who had sat rigid through the entire performance. "I helped him with the chickens, and he's got to stand gentle while you lay the card on."

Confronted by the act itself, Abner was suddenly aware that he knew not how to begin. He took refuge in dissimulation.

"Hush!" he whispered back. "Don't you see Mr. Claiborne's come out?—he's going to read something to us."

Ross plumped down beside him. "Never mind the card; tell 'em," he urged.

"Tell 'em yourself."

"No—let's cut and run."

"I—I think the worst of it is over. When Champe sees us she'll—"

Mention of Champe stiffened Ross's spine. If it had been glorious to call upon her, how very terrible she would make it should they attempt calling, fail, and the failure come to her knowledge! Some things were easier to endure than others; he resolved to stay till the call was made.

For half an hour the boys sat with drooping heads, and the old gentleman read aloud, presumably to Aunt Missouri and themselves. Finally their restless eyes discerned the two Claiborne girls walking serene in Sunday trim under the trees at the edge of the lawn. Arms entwined, they were whispering together and giggling a little. A caller, Ross dared not use his voice to shout nor his legs to run toward them.

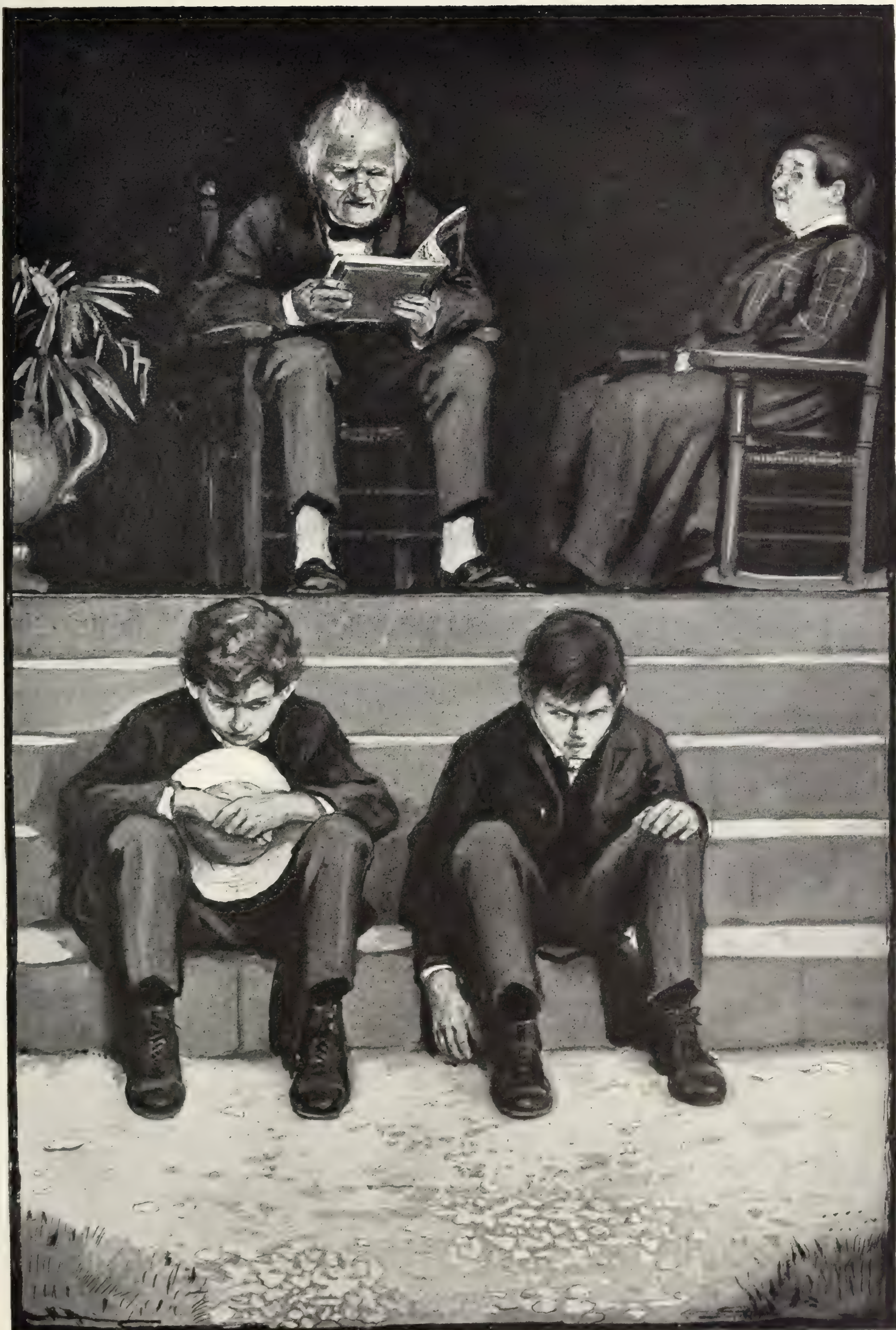
"Why don't you go and talk to the girls, Rossie?" Aunt Missouri asked, in the kindness of her heart. "Don't be noisy—it's Sunday, you know—and don't get to playing anything that 'll dirty up your good clothes."

Ross pressed his lips hard together; his heart swelled with the rage of the misunderstood. Had the card been in his possession, he would, at that instant, have laid it on Aunt Missouri without a qualm.

"What is it?" demanded the old gentleman, a bit testily.

"The girls want to hear you read, father," said Aunt Missouri, shrewdly; and she got up and trotted on short, fat ankles to the girls in the arbor. The three returned together, Alicia casting curious glances at the uncomfortable youths, Champe threatening to burst into giggles with every breath.

Abner sat hard on his cap and blushed silently. Ross twisted his hat into a three-cornered wreck.



Drawn by Peter Newell

FOR HALF AN HOUR THE OLD GENTLEMAN READ ALOUD



THE TWO CLAIBORNE GIRLS WERE UNDER THE TREES

The two girls settled themselves noisily on the upper step. The old man read on and on. The sun sank lower. The hills were red in the west as though a brush fire flamed behind their crests. Abner stole a furtive glance at his companion in misery, and the dolor of Ross's countenance somewhat assuaged his anguish. The freckle-faced boy was thinking of the village over the hill, a certain pleasant white house set back in a green yard, past whose gate the two-plank sidewalk ran. He knew lamps were beginning to wink in the windows of the neighbors about, as though the houses said, "Our boys are all at home—but Ross Pry-

or's out trying to call on the girls, and can't get anybody to understand it." Oh that he were walking down those two planks, drawing a stick across the pickets, lifting high happy feet which could turn in at that gate! He wouldn't care what the lamps said then. He wouldn't even mind if the whole Claiborne family died laughing at him—if only some power would raise him up from this paralyzing spot and put him behind the safe barriers of his own home!

The old man's voice lapsed into silence; the light was becoming too dim for his reading. Aunt Missouri turned and called over her shoulder into the shadows of the big hall: "You Babe! Go put two extra plates on the supper-table."

The boys grew red from the tips of their ears, and as far as any one could see under their wilting collars. Abner felt the lump of gum come loose and slip down a cold spine. Had their intentions but been known, this inferential invitation would have been most welcome. It was but to rise up and thunder out, "We came to call on the young ladies."

They did not rise. They did not thunder out anything. Babe brought a lamp and set it inside the window, and Mr. Claiborne resumed his reading. Champe giggled and said that Alicia made her. Alicia drew her skirts about her, sniffed, and looked virtuous, and said she didn't see anything funny to laugh at. The supper-bell rang. The family, evidently taking it for granted that the boys would follow, went in.

Alone for the first time, Abner gave up. "This ain't any use," he complained. "We ain't calling on anybody."

"Why didn't you lay on the card?" demanded Ross, fiercely. "Why didn't you say: 'We've-just-dropped-in-to-call-

on-Miss-Champe. It's-a-pleasant-evening. We-feel-we-must-be-going,' like you said you would? Then we could have lifted our hats and got away decently."

Abner showed no resentment.

"Oh, if it's so easy, why didn't you do it yourself?" he groaned.

"Somebody's coming," Ross muttered, hoarsely. "Say it now. Say it quick."

The somebody proved to be Aunt Missouri, who advanced only as far as the end of the hall and shouted cheerfully: "The idea of a growing boy not coming to meals when the bell rings! I thought you two would be in there ahead of us. Come on." And clinging to their head-coverings as though these contained some charm whereby the owners might be rescued, the unhappy callers were herded into the dining-room. There were many things on the table that boys like. Both were becoming fairly cheerful, when Aunt Missouri checked the biscuit-plate with: "I treat my neighbors' children just like I'd want children of my own treated. If your mothers let you eat all you want, say so, and I don't care; but if either of them is a little bit particular, why, I'd stop at six!"

Still reeling from this blow, the boys finally rose from the table and passed out with the family, their hats clutched

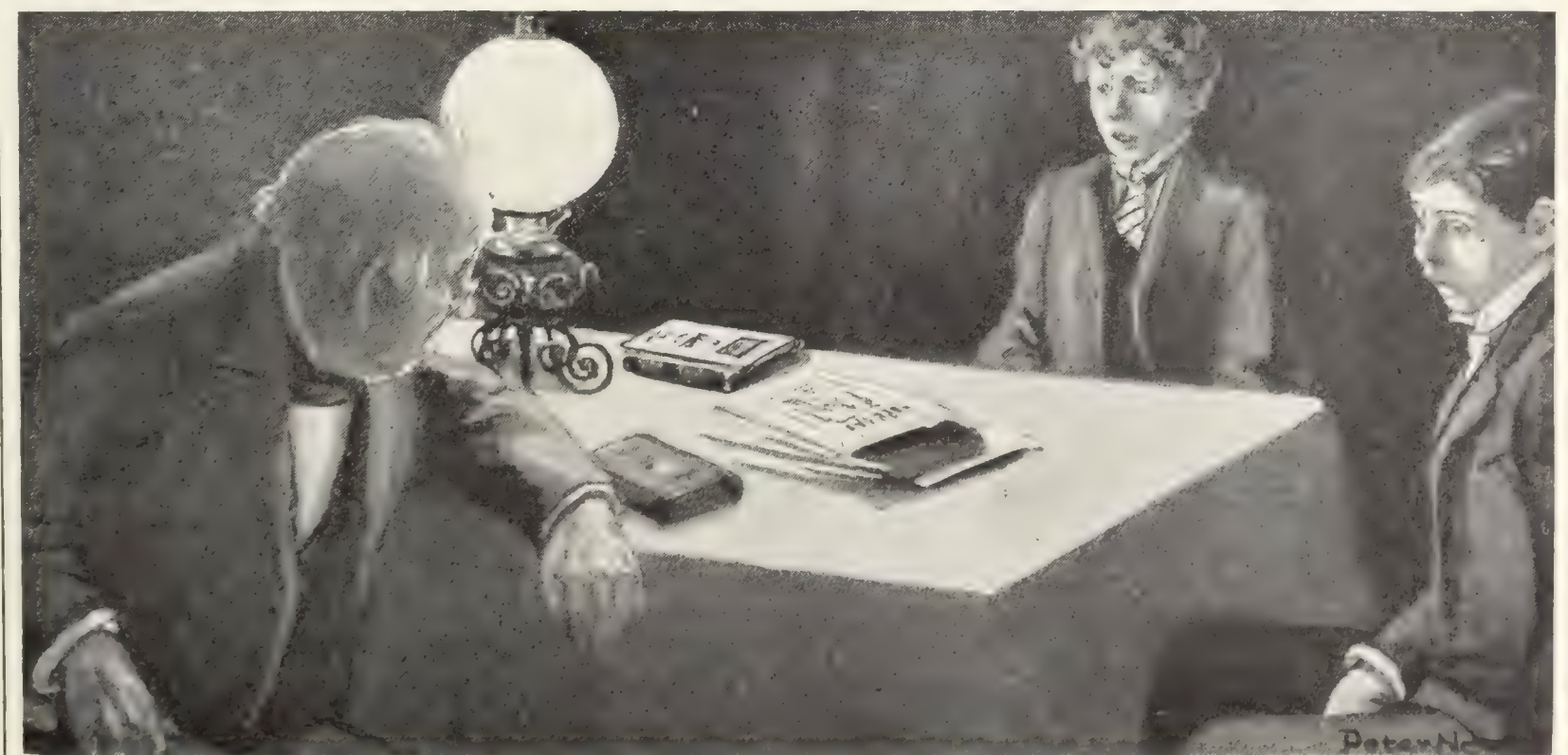


ABNER FELL UPON HIS CARD

to their bosoms, and clinging together for mutual aid and comfort. During the usual Sunday-evening singing Champe laughed till Aunt Missouri threatened to send her to bed. Abner's card slipped from his hand and dropped face up on the floor. He fell upon it and tore it into infinitesimal pieces.

"That must have been a love-letter," said Aunt Missouri, in a pause of the music. "You boys are getting 'most old enough to think about beginning to call on the girls." Her eyes twinkled.

Ross growled like a stoned cur. Abner



"I'M RIGHT, AM I NOT? YOU ARE TO SPEND THE NIGHT?" ASKED GRANDPA CLAIBORNE

took a sudden dive into *Hints and Helps*, and came up with, "You flatter us, Miss Claiborne," whereat Ross snickered out like a human boy. They all stared at him.

"It sounds so funny to call Aunt Missouri 'Miss Claiborne,'" the lad of the freckles explained.

"Funny?" Aunt Missouri reddened. "I don't see any particular joke in my having my maiden name."

Abner, who instantly guessed at what was in Ross's mind, turned white at the thought of what they had escaped. Suppose he had laid on the card and asked for Miss Claiborne!

"What's the matter, Champe?" inquired Ross, in a fairly natural tone. The air he had drawn into his lungs when he laughed at Abner seemed to relieve him from the numbing gentility which had bound his powers since he joined Abner's ranks.

"Nothing. I laughed because you laughed," said the girl.

The singing went forward fitfully. Servants traipsed through the darkened yard, going home for Sunday night. Aunt Missouri went out and held some low-toned parley with them. Champe yawned with insulting enthusiasm. Presently both girls quietly disappeared. Aunt Missouri never returned to the parlor—evidently thinking that the girls would attend to the final amenities with their callers. They were left alone with old Mr. Claiborne. They sat as though bound in their chairs, while the old man read in silence for a while. Finally he closed his book, glanced about him, and observed absently:

"So you boys were to spend the night?" Then, as he looked at their startled faces: "I'm right, am I not? You are to spend the night?"

Oh for courage to say: "Thank you, no. We'll be going now. We just came over to call on Miss Champe." But thought of how this would sound in face of the facts, the painful realization that they dared not say it because they *had* not said it, locked their lips. Their feet were lead; their tongues stiff and too large for their mouths. Like creatures in a nightmare, they moved stiffly, one might have said creakingly, up the stairs and received each—a bedroom candle!

"Good night, children," said the absent-minded old man. The two gurgled out some sounds which were intended for words and dodged behind the bedroom door.

"They've put us to bed!" Abner's black eyes flashed fire. His nervous hands clutched at the collar Ross had lent him. "That's what I get for coming here with you, Ross Pryor!" and tears of humiliation stood in his eyes.

In his turn Ross showed no resentment. "What I'm worried about is my mother," he confessed. "She's so sharp about finding out things. She wouldn't tease me—she'd just be sorry for me. But she'll think I went home with you."



"THEY'VE PUT US TO BED!"



"AIN'T YOU-ALL DONE BEEN TO BED AT ALL?" ASKED BABE

"I'd like to see my mother make a fuss about my calling on the girls!" growled Abner, glad to let his rage take a safe direction.

"Calling on the girls! Have we called on any girls?" demanded clear-headed, honest Ross.

"Not exactly—yet," admitted Abner, reluctantly. "Come on—let's go to bed. Mr. Claiborne asked us, and he's the head of this household. It isn't anybody's business what we came for."

"I'll slip off my shoes and lie down till Babe ties up the dog in the morning," said Ross. "Then we can get away before any of the family is up."

Oh, youth—youth—youth, with its rash promises! Worn out with misery the boys slept heavily. The first sound that either heard in the morning was Babe hammering upon their bedroom door. They crouched guiltily and looked into each other's eyes. "Let's pretend we ain't here and he'll go away," breathed Abner.

But Babe was made of sterner stuff. He rattled the knob. He turned it. He put in a black face with a grin which divided it from ear to ear. "Cady say I mus' call dem fool boys to breakfus'," he announced. "I never named you-all dat. Cady, she say dat."

"Breakfast!" echoed Ross, in a daze.

"Yessuh, breakfus'," reasserted Babe, coming entirely into the room and looking curiously about him. "Ain't you-all

done been to bed at all?" wrapping his arms about his shoulders and shaking with silent ecstasies of mirth. The boys threw themselves upon him and ejected him.

"Sent up a servant to call us to breakfast," snarled Abner. "If they'd only sent their old servant to the door in the first place, all this wouldn't 'a' happened. I'm just that way when I get thrown off the track. You know how it was when I tried to repeat those things to you—I had to go clear back to the beginning when I got interrupted."

"Does that mean that you're still hanging around here to begin over and make a call?" asked Ross, darkly. "I won't go down to breakfast if you are."

Abner brightened a little as he saw Ross becoming wordy in his rage. "I dare you to walk down-stairs and say, 'We - just - dropped - in - to - call - on - Miss-Champe'!" he said.

"I—oh—I—darn it all! there goes the second bell. We may as well trot down."

"Don't leave me, Ross," pleaded the Jilton boy. "I can't stay here—and I can't go down."

The tone was hysterical. The boy with freckles took his companion by the arm without another word and marched him down the stairs. "We may get a chance yet to call on Champe all by herself out on the porch or in the arbor before she goes to school," he suggested, by way of putting some spine into the black-eyed boy.



P.N.

"YO' MA SAY EF YO' DON' COME HOME SHE
GWINE COME AFTER YO'"

An emphatic bell rang when they were half-way down the stairs. Clutching their hats, they slunk into the dining-room. Even Mr. Claiborne seemed to notice something unusual in their bearing as they settled into the chairs assigned to them, and asked them kindly if they had slept well.

It was plain that Aunt Missouri had been posting him as to her understanding of the intentions of these young men. The state of affairs gave an electric hilarity to the atmosphere. Babe travelled from the sideboard to the table, trembling like chocolate pudding. Cady insisted on bringing in the cakes herself, and grinned as she whisked her starched blue skirts in and out of the dining-room. A dimple even showed itself at the corners of pretty Alicia's prim little mouth. Champe giggled, till Ross heard Cady whisper:

"Now you got one dem snickerin' spells agin. You gwine bust yo' dress buttons off in de back ef you don't mind."

As the spirits of those about them mounted, the hearts of the two youths sank—if it was like this among the Claibornes, what would it be at school and in the world at large when their failure to connect intention with result became village talk? Ross bit fiercely upon an unoffending batter-cake, and resolved to make a call single-handed before he left the house.

They went out of the dining-room, their hats as ever pressed to their breasts. With no volition of their own, their uncertain young legs carried them to the porch. The Claiborne family and household followed like small boys after a circus procession. When the two turned, at bay, yet with nothing between them and liberty but a hypnotism of their own suggestion, they saw the black faces of the servants peering over the family shoulders.

Ross was the boy to have drawn courage from the desperation of their case, and made some decent if not glorious ending. But at the psychological moment there came around the corner of the house that most contemptible figure known to the



WHITE WITH RAGE, ROSS CAUGHT AND KISSED THE TITTERING GIRL

Southern plantation, a shirt-boy—a creature who may be described, for the benefit of those not informed, as a pickaninny clad only in a long, coarse cotton shirt. While all eyes were fastened upon him this inglorious ambassador bolted forth his message:

“Yo’ ma say”—his eyes were fixed upon Abner—“ef yo’ don’ come home, she gwine come after yo’—an’ cut yo’ into inch pieces wid a rawhide when she git yo’. Dat jest what Miss Hortense say.”

As though such a book as *Hints and Helps* had never existed, Abner shot for the gate—he was but a hobbledehoy fascinated with the idea of playing gentleman. But in Ross there were the makings of a man. For a few half-hearted paces, under the first impulse of horror, he followed his deserting chief, the laughter of the family, the unrestrainable guffaws of the negroes, sounding in the rear. But when Champe’s high,

offensive giggle, topping all the others, insulted his ears, he stopped dead, wheeled, and ran to the porch faster than he had fled from it. White as paper, shaking with inexpressible rage, he caught and kissed the tittering girl, violently, noisily, before them all.

The negroes fled—they dared not trust their feelings; even Alicia sniggered unobtrusively; Grandfather Claiborne chuckled, and Aunt Missouri frankly collapsed into her rocking-chair, bubbling with mirth, crying out:

“Good for you, Ross! Seems you did know how to call on the girls, after all.”

But Ross, paying no attention, walked swiftly toward the gate. He had served his novitiate. He would never be afraid again. With cheerful alacrity he dodged the stones flung after him with friendly erratic aim by the girl upon whom, yesterday afternoon, he had come to make a social call.

Legends of the City of Mexico

II

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

FOLK-STORIES and proverbs equally are the product of many minds; but whereas a proverb is a finality—the crystallization of the sage conclusions of many into the epigrammatic phrase of one—a folk-story remains indefinitely in solution: always keeping its essential motive, but liable at every retelling to rearrangement in sequence and to embellishing change.

As I wrote in a prefatory note to the first sheaf of them (published in the January number of this Magazine) these City of Mexico legends are told varyingly, often widely varyingly, by all classes of citizens of the Mexican capital; but are told most racily, and I think most accurately—so far as in such stories there can be accuracy—by the common people, to whom they are very dear. It is these truly popular versions that I have endeavored to reproduce in spirit and in phrase. Roughly—aside from the very few which are wholly imaginative—the legends fall into two general categories: either they are perverted historical traditions, or they are stories set a-going to explain romantic or mysterious happenings in the city in ancient times.

The Legend of the Calle del Padre Lecuona

This Padre Lecuona was a very good man, Señor, to whom it was a pleasure to confess; and his absolution was worth having, because it was given always with the approval of the good God. My own grandfather knew him well, Señor, having known a man who had seen him when he was a boy. Therefore this strange story about him is true.

On a night—and it was a desponding night, because rain was falling and there was a chill wind—Padre Lecuona was hurrying to the house of a friend of his,

where every week he and three other gentlemen of a Friday evening played malilla together. It is a very serious game, Señor, and to play it well requires a large mind. He was late, and that was why he was hurrying.

When he was nearly come to the house—and glad to get there because of the rain and the cold—he was stopped by an old woman plucking at his wet cloak and speaking to him. And the old woman begged him for God's mercy to come quickly and confess a dying man. Now that is a call, Señor, that a priest may not refuse; but because his not joining them would inconvenience his friends, who could not play at their game of malilla without him, he asked the woman why she did not go to the parish priest of the parish in which the dying man was. And the woman answered him that only to him would the dying man confess; and she begged him again for God's mercy to hurry with her, or the confession would not be made in time—and then the sin of his refusal would be heavy on his own soul when he himself came to die.

So, then, the Padre went with her, walking behind her along the cold dark streets in the mud with the rain falling; and at last she brought him to the eastern end of the street that now is called the Calle del Padre Lecuona, and to the long old house there that faces toward the church of El Carmen and has a hump in the middle on the top of its front wall. It is a very old house, Señor. It was built in the time when we had Viceroy, instead of the President Porfirio; and it has no windows—only a great door for the entering of carriages at one end of it, and a small door in the middle of it, and another small door at the other end. A person who sells charcoal, Señor, lives there now.

It was to the middle door that the

Walter Appleton Clark



EL CALLEJÓN DEL PADRE LECVONA

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

woman brought Padre Lecuona. The door was not fastened, and at a touch she pushed it open and in they went together—and the first thing that the Padre noticed when he was come through the doorway was a very bad smell. It was the sort of smell, Señor, that is found in very old houses of which all the doors and windows have been shut fast for a very long time. But the Padre had matters more important than bad smells to attend to, and all that he did about it was to hold his handkerchief close to his nose. One little poor candle, stuck on a nail in a board, was set in a far corner; and in another corner was a man lying on a mat spread upon the earth floor; and there was nothing else whatever—excepting cobwebs everywhere, and the bad smell, and the old woman, and the Padre himself—in that room.

That he might see him whom he was to confess, Padre Lecuona took the candle in his hand and went to the man on the mat and pulled aside the ragged and dirty old blanket that covered him; and then he started back with a very cold qualm in his stomach, saying to the woman: "This man already is dead! He cannot confess! And he has the look of having been dead for a very long while!" And that was true, Señor—for what he saw was a dry and bony head, with yellow skin drawn tight over it, having shut eyes deep sunken. Also, the two hands that rested crossed upon the man's breast were no more than the same dry yellow skin shrunk close over shrunken bones! And, seeing such a bad strange sight, the Padre was uneasy and alarmed.

But the woman said back to him with assurance, yet also coaxingly: "This man is going to confess, Padrecito"—and, so speaking, she fetched from its far corner the board with the nail in it, and took the candle from him and set it fast again upon the nail. And then the man himself, in the light and in the shadow, sat up on the mat and began to recite in a voice that had a rusty note in it the *Confiteor Deo*—and after that, of course, there was nothing for the Padre to do but to listen to him till the end.

What he told, Señor, being told under the seal of confession, of course remained always a secret. But it was known, later, that he spoke of matters which had

happened a good two hundred years back—as the Padre knew because he was a great reader of books of history; and that he put himself into the very middle of those matters and made the terrible crime that he had committed a part of them; and that he ended by telling that in that ancient time he had been killed in a brawl suddenly, and so had died unconfessed and unshriven, and that ever since his soul had blistered in hell.

Hearing such wild talk from him, the Padre was well satisfied that the poor man's wits were wandering in his fever—as happens with many, Señor, in their dying-time—and so bade him lie quietly and rest himself; and promised that he would come to him and hear his confession later on.

But the man cried out very urgently that that must not be: declaring that by God's mercy he had been given one single chance to come back again out of Eternity to confess his sins and to be shriven of them; and that unless the Padre did hearken then and there to the confession of his sins, and did shrive him of them, this one chance that God's mercy had given him would be lost and wasted—and back he would go forever to the hot torments of hell.

Therefore the Padre—being sure, by that time, that the man was quite crazy in his fever—let him talk on till he had told the whole story of his frightful sinnings; and then did shrive him, to quiet him—just as you promise the moon to a sick fretful child. And the devil must have been very uneasy that night, Señor, because the good nature of that kind-hearted priest lost to him what by rights was his own!

As Padre Lecuona spoke the last words of the absolution, the man fell back again on his mat with a sharp crackling sound like that of dry bones rattling; and the woman had left the room; and the candle was sputtering out its very last sparks. Therefore the Padre went out in a hurry through the still open door into the street; and no sooner had he come there than the door closed behind him sharply, as though some one on the inside had pushed against it strongly to shut it fast.

Out in the street he had expected to find the old woman waiting for him; and he looked about for her everywhere, de-

siring to tell her that she must send for him when the man's fever left him—that he might return and hear from the man a real confession, and really shrive him of his sins. But the old woman was quite gone. Thinking that she must have slipped past him in the darkness into the house, he knocked at the door lightly, and then loudly; but no answer came to his knocking—and when he tried to push the door open, using all his strength, it held fast against his pushing as firmly as though it had been a part of the stone wall.

So the Padre, having no liking for standing there in the cold and rain uselessly, hurried onward to his friend's house—and was glad to get into the room where his friends were waiting for him, and where plenty of candles were burning, and where it was dry and warm.

He had walked so fast that his forehead was wet with sweat when he took his hat off, and to dry it he put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief; but his handkerchief was not in his pocket—and then he knew that he must have dropped it in the house where the dying man lay. It was not just a common handkerchief, Señor, but one very finely embroidered—having the letters standing for his name worked upon it, with a wreath around them—that had been made for him by a nun of his acquaintance in a convent of which he was the almoner; and so, as he did not at all like to lose it, he sent his friend's servant to that old house to get it back again. After a good long while, the servant returned: telling that the house was shut fast, and that one of the watch—seeing him knocking at the door of it—had told him that to knock there was only to wear out his knuckles, because no one had lived in that house for years and years!

All of this, as well as all that had gone before it, was so strange and so full of mystery, that Padre Lecuona then told to his three friends some part of what that evening had happened to him; and it chanced that one of the three was the notary who had in charge the estate of which that very house was a part. And the notary gave Padre Lecuona his true word for it that the house—because of some entangling law matters—had stood locked fast and empty for as much as a lifetime; and he declared that Padre

Lecuona must be mixing that house with some other house—which would be easy, since all that had happened had been in the rainy dark. But the Padre, on his side, was sure that he had made no mistake in the matter; and they both got a little warm in their talk over it; and they ended by agreeing—so that they might come to a sure settlement—to meet at that old house, and the notary to bring with him the key of it, on the morning of the following day.

So they did meet there, Señor, and they went to the middle door—the one that had opened at a touch from the old woman's hand. But all around that door, as the notary bade Padre Lecuona observe before they opened it, were unbroken cobwebs; and the keyhole was choked with the dust that had blown into it, little by little, in the years that had passed since it had known a key. And the other two doors of the house were just the same. However, Padre Lecuona would not admit, even with that proof against him, that he was mistaken; and the notary, smiling at him but willing to satisfy him, picked out the dust from the keyhole and got the key into it and forced back hardly the rusty bolt of the lock—and together they went inside.

Coming from the bright sunshine into that dusky place—lighted only from the doorway, and the door but part way open because it was loose on its old hinges and stuck fast—they could see at first nothing more than that the room was empty and bare. What they did find, though—and the Padre well remembered it—was the bad smell. But the notary said that just such bad smells were in all old shut-up houses, and it proved nothing; while the cobwebs and the closed keyhole did prove most certainly that Padre Lecuona had not entered that house the night before—and that nobody had entered it for years and years. To what the notary said, there was nothing to be answered; and the Padre—not satisfied, but forced to give in to such strong proof that he was mistaken—was about to come away out of the house, and so have done with it. But just then, Señor, he made a very wonderful and horrifying discovery. By that time his eyes had grown accustomed to the shadows; and so he saw over in one corner—lying on the floor



EL PVENTE DEL CVERVO

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

close beside where the man had lain whose confession he had taken—a glint of something whitish. And, Señor, it was his very own handkerchief that he had lost!

That was enough to satisfy even the notary; and as nothing more was to be done there they came out, and gladly, from that bad dark place into the sunshine. As for Padre Lecuona, Señor, he was all mazed and daunted—knowing then the terrible truth that he had confessed a dead man; and, what was worse, that he had given absolution to a sinful soul come hot to him from hell! He held his hat in his hand as he came out from the house—and never did he put it on again: bareheaded he went thenceforward until the end of his days! He was a very good man, and his life had been always a very holy life; but from that time on, till the death of him, he made it still holier by his prayings and his fastings and his endless helpings of the poorest of the poor. At last he died. And it is said, Señor, that in the walls of that old house they found dead men's bones.

El Puente del Cuervo

As you know, Señor, in the street that is called the Street of the Bridge of the Raven, there nowadays is no bridge at all; also, the house is gone in which this Don Rodrigo de Ballesteros lived with his raven in the days when he was alive. As to the raven, however, matters are less certain. My grandfather long ago told me that more than once, on nights of storm, he had heard the evil bird uttering his wicked caws at midnight between the thunderclaps; and a most respectable cargador of my acquaintance has given me his word for it that he has heard those cawings too. Yet if they still go on it must be the raven's spectre that gives voice to them; because, Señor, while ravens are very long-lived birds, it is improbable that they live—and that much time has passed since these matters happened—through more than the whole of three hundred years.

This Don Rodrigo in his youth, Señor, was a Captain of Arcabuceros in the Royal Army; and, it seems, he fought so well with his crossbowmen at the battle of San Quintin (what they were fighting about I do not know) that the

King of Spain rewarded him—when the fighting was all over and there was no more need for his services—by making him a royal commissioner here in Mexico: that he might get rich comfortably in his declining years. It was the Encomienda of Atzacapotzalco that the King gave to him; and in those days Atzacapotzalco was a very rich place, quite away from the City westward, and yielded a great revenue for Don Rodrigo to have the fingering of. Nowadays, as you know, Señor, it is almost a part of the City, because you get to it in the electric cars so quickly; and it has lost its good fortune and is but a dreary little threadbare town.

It was with the moneys which stuck to his fingers from his collectorship—just as the King meant that they should stick, in reward for his good fighting—that Don Rodrigo built for himself his fine house in the street that is now called, because of the bridge that once was a part of it, and because of the raven's doings, the Puente del Cuervo. If that street had another name, earlier, Señor, I do not know what it was.

This Don Rodrigo, as was generally known, was a very wicked person; and therefore he lived in his fine house, along with his raven, in great magnificence—eating always from dishes of solid silver, and being served by pages wearing clothes embroidered with gold. But, for all his riches, he himself was clad as though he were a beggar—and a very dirty beggar at that. Over his jerkin and breeches he wore a long capellar that wrapped him from his neck to his heels loosely; and this capellar had been worn by him through so many years that it was shabby beyond all respectability, and stained with stains of all colors, and everywhere greasy and soiled. Yet on the front of it, upon his breast, he wore the Cross of Santiago that the King had given him; and wearing that cross, as you know, Señor, made him as much of a caballero as the very best. In various other ways the evil that was in him showed itself. He never went to mass, and he made fun openly of all holy things. The suspicion was entertained by many people that he had intimacies with heretics. Such conduct gives a man a very bad name now; but it gave a man

a worse name then—and so he was known generally as the Excommunicate, which was the very worst name that anybody could have.

As to the raven, Señor, Don Rodrigo himself named it *El Diablo*; and that it truly was the devil—or, at least, that it was *a* devil—no one ever doubted at all. The conduct of that reprobate bird was most offensive. It would soil the rich furnishings of the house; it would tear with its beak the embroidered coverings of the chairs and the silken tapestries; it would throw down and shatter valuable pieces of glass and porcelain; there was no end to its misdeeds. But when Don Rodrigo stormed at his servants about these wreckings—and he was a most violent man, Señor, and used tempestuous language—the servants had only to tell him that the raven was the guilty one to pacify him instantly. “If it is the work of the Devil,” he would say without anger, “it is well done!”—and so the matter would pass.

Suddenly, on a day, both Don Rodrigo and the raven disappeared. Their going, in that strange and sudden way, made a great commotion; but there was a greater commotion when the Alcalde—being called to look into the matter—entered the house to search it and found a very horrible thing. In the room that had been Don Rodrigo’s bedroom, lying dishonored upon the floor, broken and blood-spattered, was the most holy image; and all about it were lying raven feathers, and they also were spattered with blood. Therefore it was known that the raven-devil and Don Rodrigo had beaten the holy image and had drawn blood from it; and that the great devil, the master of both of them, in penalty for their dreadful act of sacrilege, had snatched them suddenly home to him to burn forever in hell. That was the very proper end of them. Never were they seen again either on sea or land.

Naturally, Señor, respectable people declined to live in a house where there had been such shocking doings. Even the people living in the adjoining houses, feeling the disgrace that was on the neighborhood, moved away from them. And so, slowly, as the years went on, all of those houses crumbled to pieces and fell into ruins which were carted away—and

that is why they no longer are there. But it is generally known, Señor, that until Don Rodrigo’s house did in that way go out of existence, Don Rodrigo continued to inhabit it; and that the raven continued to bear him company.

Just a year from the time that the devil had snatched away to hell the two of them—and it was at midnight, and a storm was upon the City—the neighbors heard between the thunderclaps the clock on the Palace striking its twelve strokes; and then, between the next thunderclaps, they heard the raven caw twelve times. Then it became known that the raven nightly took up its post on the parapet of the bridge that was in that street; and that, when his cawing for midnight was ended, he habitually flew up into the balcony of Don Rodrigo’s house; and that on the balcony he found Don Rodrigo—a yellow skeleton, and over the bones of it the dirty old capellar—ready and waiting for him. Don Rodrigo’s skeleton would be sitting quite at its ease on the balcony; on the railing of the balcony would be perched the raven; and with his dry-bone fingers—making a little clicking sound, like that of castanets—Don Rodrigo would stroke gently the back of that intensely wicked bird. All this would show for a moment while the lightning was flashing; then darkness would come, and a crash of thunder; and after the thunder, in the black silence, the little clicking sound of Don Rodrigo’s dry-bone fingers stroking the raven’s back gently again would be heard.

And so it all went on, Señor, my grandfather told me, until the house tumbled down with age and these disagreeable horrors no longer were possible; and it is most reasonably evident—since the street got its name because of them—that they really must have happened, and that they must have continued for a very long time.

As I have mentioned, Señor, my friend the cargador—who is a most respectable and truthful person—declares that sometimes on stormy nights he himself has heard the raven’s cawings when the Palace clock has finished its twelve strokes; and from that it would appear that the raven is to be met with in the *Puente del Cuervo* even now.

The Eidolons of Brooks Alford

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I SHOULD like to give the story of Alford's experiences just as Wanhope told it, sitting with us before the glowing hearth in the Turkish room, one night after the other diners at our club had gone away to digest their dinners at the theatre, or in their bachelor apartments up-town, or on the late trains which they were taking North, South, and West; or had hurried back to their offices to spend the time stolen from rest in overwork for which their famished nerves would duly revenge themselves. It was undoubtedly overwork which preceded Alford's experiences if it did not cause them, for he was pretty well broken from it when he took himself off in the early summer, to put the pieces together as best he could by the seaside. But this was a fact which Wanhope was not obliged to note to us, and there were certain other commonplaces of our knowledge of Alford which he could omit without omitting anything essential to our understanding of the facts which he dealt with so delicately, so electly, almost affectionately, coaxing each point into the fittest light, and then lifting his phrase from it, and letting it stand alone in our consciousness. I remember particularly how he touched upon the love-affair which was supposed to have so much to do with Alford's break-up, and how he dismissed it to its proper place in the story. As he talked on, with scarcely an interruption either from the eager credulity of Rulledge or the doubt of Minver, I heard with a sensuous comfort—I can use no other word—the far-off click of the dishes in the club kitchen, putting away till next day, with the musical murmur of a smitten glass or the jingle of a dropped spoon. But if I should try to render his words, I should spoil their effect in the vain attempt, and I feel that it is best to give this as best I can in words of my own, so far from responsive to the requisitions of the occult incident.

The first intimation Alford had of the strange effect, which from first to last was rather an obsession than a possession of his, was after a morning of idle satisfaction spent in watching the target practice from the fort in the neighborhood of the little fishing-village where he was spending the summer. The target was two or three miles out in the open water beyond the harbor, and he found his pleasure in watching the smoke of the gun for that discrete interval before the report reached him, and then for that somewhat longer interval before he saw the magnificent splash of the shot which, as it plunged into the sea, sent a fan-shaped fountain thirty or forty feet into the air. He did not know and he did not care whether the target was ever hit or not. That fact was no part of his concern. His affair was to watch the burst of smoke from the fort and then to watch the upward gush of water, almost as light and vaporous to the eye, where the ball struck. He did not miss one of the shots fired during the forenoon, and when he met the other people who sat down with him at the midday dinner in the hotel, his talk with them was naturally of the morning's practice. They one and all declared it a great nuisance, and said that it had shattered their nerves terribly, which was not perhaps so strange, since they were all women. But when they asked him in his quality of nervous wreck whether he had not suffered from the prolonged and repeated explosions too, he found himself able to say no, that he had enjoyed every moment of the firing. He added that he did not believe he had even noticed the noise after the first shot, he was so wholly taken with the beauty of the fountain-burst from the sea which followed; and as he spoke the fanlike spray rose and expanded itself before his eyes, quite blotting out the visage of a young widow across the table. In his swift

recognition of the fact and his reflection upon it, he realized that the effect was quite as if he had been looking at some intense light, almost as if he had been looking at the sun, and that the illusion which had blotted out the agreeable reality opposite was of the quality of those flying shapes which repeat themselves here, there, and everywhere that one looks, after lifting the gaze from a dazzling object. When his consciousness had duly registered this perception, there instantly followed a recognition of the fact that the eidolon now filling his vision was not the effect of the dazzled eye, but of a mental process, of thinking how the thing which it reported had looked.

By the time Alford had coordinated this reflection with the other, the eidolon had faded from the lady's face, which again presented itself in uninterrupted loveliness with the added attraction of a distinct pout.

"Well, Mr. Alford!" she bantered him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I was thinking—"

"Not of what I was saying," she broke in, laughingly, forgivingly.

"No, I certainly wasn't," he assented, with such a sense of approaching creepiness in his experience that when she challenged him to say what he *was* thinking of, he could not, or would not; she professed to believe that he would not.

In the joking that followed he soon lost the sense of approaching creepiness, and began to be proud of what had happened to him as out of the ordinary, as a species of psychological ecstasy almost of spiritual value. From time to time he tried, by thinking of the splash and upward gush from the cannon-shot's plunge in the sea, to recall the vision, but it would not come again, and at the end of an afternoon somewhat distraughtly spent, he decided to put the matter away, as one of the odd things of no significance which happen in life and must be dealt with as mysteries none the less trifling because they are inexplicable.

"Well, you've got over it?" the widow joked him as he drew up toward her, smiling from her rocker on the veranda after supper. At first, all the women in the hotel had petted him; but with their own cares and ailments to reclaim them they let the invalid fall to the peculiar

charge of the childless widow who had nothing else to do, and was so well and strong that she could look after the invalid Professor of Archæology (at the Champlain University) without the fatigues they must feel.

"Yes, I've got over it," he said.

"And what was it?" she boldly pursued.

He was about to say, and then he could not.

"You won't tell?"

"Not yet," he answered. He added, after a moment, "I don't believe I can."

"Because it's confidential?"

"No; not exactly that. Because it's impossible."

"Oh, that's simple enough. I understand exactly what you mean. Well, if ever it becomes less difficult, remember that I should always like to know. It seemed a little—personal."

"How in the world?"

"Well, when one is stared at in that way—"

"Did I stare?"

"Don't you *always* stare? But in this case you stared as if there was something wrong with my hair."

"There wasn't," Alford protested simply-heartedly. Then he recollected his sophistication to say, "Unless its being of that particular shade between brown and red was wrong."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Alford! After that I *must* believe you."

They talked on the veranda till the night fell, and then they came in among the lamps, in the parlor, and she sat down with a certain provisionality, putting herself sideways on a light chair by a window, and as she chatted and laughed with one cheek toward him, she now and then beat the back of the chair with her open hand. The other people were reading, or severely playing cards, and they too kept their tones down to a respectful level, while she lingered, and when she rose and said good night, he went out and took some turns on the veranda before going up to bed. She was certainly, he realized, a very pretty woman, and very graceful and very amusing, and though she probably knew all about it, she was the franker and honester for her knowledge.

He had arrived at this conclusion just

as he turned the switch of the electric light inside his door, and in the first flash of the carbon film he saw her sitting beside the window in such a chair as she had taken and in the very pose which she had kept in the parlor. Her half-averted face was lit as from laughing, and she had her hand lifted as if to beat the back of her chair.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Yarrow!" he said in a sort of whispered shout, while he mechanically closed the door behind him as if to keep the fact to himself. "What in the world are you doing here?"

Then she was not there. Nothing was there; not even a chair beside the window.

Alford dropped weakly into the only chair in the room, which stood next the door by the head of his bed, and abandoned himself a helpless prey to the logic of the events.

It was at this point, which I have been able to give in Wanhope's exact words, that, in the ensuing pause, Rulledge asked, as if he thought some detail might be denied him, "And what was the logic of the events?"

Minver gave a fleering laugh. "Don't be premature, Rulledge. If you have the logic now, you will spoil everything. You can't have the moral until you've had the whole story. Go on, Wanhope. You're so much more interesting than usual that I won't ask how you got hold of all these compromising minutiae."

"Of course," Wanhope returned, "they're not for the general ear. I go rather farther, for the sake of the curious fact, than I should be warranted in doing if I did not know my audience so well."

We joined in a murmur of gratification, and he went on to say that Alford's first coherent thought was that he was dreaming one of those unwarranted dreams in which we make our acquaintance privy to all sorts of strange incidents. Then he knew that he was not dreaming, and that his eye had merely externated a mental vision, as in the case of the cannon-shot splash of which he had seen the phantom as soon as it was mentioned. He remembered afterwards asking himself in a sort of terror how far it was going to go with him; how far his thought was going to report itself objectively

hereafter, and what were the reasonable implications of his abnormal experiences. He did not know just how long he sat by his bedside trying to think, only to have his conclusions whirl away like a flock of startled birds when he approached them. He went to bed because he was exhausted rather than because he was sleepy, but he could not recall a moment of wakefulness after his head touched the pillow.

He woke surprisingly refreshed, but at the belated breakfast where he found Mrs. Yarrow still lingering he thought her looking not well. She confessed, listlessly, that she had not rested well. She was not sure, she said, whether the sea air agreed with her; she might try the mountains a little later. She was not inclined to talk, and that day he scarcely spoke with her except in commonplaces at the table. They had no return to the little mystery they had mocked together the day before.

More days passed, and Alford had no recurrence of his visions. His acquaintance with Mrs. Yarrow made no further advance; there was no one else in the hotel who interested him, and he bored himself. At the same time his recovery seemed retarded; he lost tone, and after a fortnight, he ran up to talk himself over with his doctor in Boston. He rather thought he would mention his eidolons, and ask if they were at all related to the condition of his nerves. It was a keen disappointment, but it ought not to have been a surprise, for him to find that his doctor was off on his summer vacation. The caretaker who opened the door to Alford named a young physician in the same block of Marlborough Street who had his practice for the summer, but Alford had not the heart to go to this alternate.

He started down to his hotel on a late afternoon train, that would bring him to the station after dusk, and before he reached it the lamps had been lighted in his car. Alford sat in a sparsely peopled smoker, where he had found a place away from the crowd in the other coaches, and looked out of the window into the reflected interior of his car, which now and then thinned away and let him see the weeds and gravel of the railroad banks, with the bushes that topped them and

the woods that backed them. The train at one point stopped rather suddenly and then went on, for no reason that he ever cared to inquire; but as it slowly moved forward again he was reminded of something he had seen one night in going to New York just before the train drew into Springfield. It had then made such another apparently reasonless stop; but before it resumed its course, Alford saw from his window a group of trainmen, and his own Pullman conductor with his lantern on his arm, bending over the figure of a man defined in his dark clothing against the snow of the bank where he lay propped. His face was waxen white, and Alford noted how particularly black the mustache looked traversing the pallid visage. He never knew whether the man was killed or merely stunned; you learn nothing with certainty of such things on trains; but now as he thought of the incident, its eidolon showed itself outside of his mind, and followed him in every detail, even to a snowy stretch of the embankment, until the increasing speed of the train seemed to sweep it back out of sight.

Alford turned his eyes to the interior of the smoker, which, except for two or three dozing commuters, and a noisy euchre-party, had been empty of everything but the fumes and stale odors of tobacco, and found it swarming with visions, the eidolons of everything he remembered from his past life. Whatever had once strongly impressed itself upon his nerves was reported there again as instantly as he thought of it. It was largely a whirling chaos, a kaleidoscopic jumble of facts; but from time to time some more memorable and important experience visualized itself alone. Such was the death-bed of the little sister whom he had been wakened, a child, to see going to heaven, as they told him. Such was the pathetic foolish face of the girl whom long ago he had made believe he cared for, and then had abruptly broken with: he saw again with heartache her silly, tender amaze when he said he was going away. Such was the look of mute astonishment, of gentle reproach, in the eyes of the friend, now long dead, whom in a moment of insensate fury he had struck on the mouth, and who put his hand to his bleeding lips as he bent that

gaze of wonder and bewilderment upon him. But it was not alone the dreadful impressions that reported themselves. There were others, as vivid, which came back in the original joyousness: the face of his mother looking up at him from the crowd on a day of college triumph when he was delivering the valedictory of his class; the collective gayety of the whole table on a particularly delightful evening at his dining-club; his own image in the glass as he caught sight of it on coming home accepted by the woman who afterwards jilted him; the transport which lighted up his father's visage when he stepped ashore from the vessel which had been rumored lost, and he could be verified by the senses as still alive; the comical, bashful ecstasy of the good fellow, his ancient chum, in telling him he had had a son born the night before, and the mother was doing well, and how he laughed and danced, and skipped into the air.

The smoker was full of these eidolons and of others which came and went with constant vicissitude. But what was of a greater weirdness than seeing them within it was seeing them without in that reflection of the interior which travelled with it through the summer night, and repeated it, now dimly, now brilliantly, in every detail. Alford sat in a daze, with a smile which he was aware of, fixed and stiff as if in plaster, on his face, and with his gaze bent on this or that eidolon, and then on all of them together. He was not so much afraid of them as of being noticed by the other passengers in the smoker, to whom he knew he might look very queer. He said to himself that he was making the whole thing, but the very subjectivity was what filled him with a deep and hopeless dread. At last the train ceased its long leaping through the dark, and with its coming to a stand the whole illusion vanished. He heard a gay voice which he knew bidding some one good-by who was getting into the car just back of the smoker, and as he descended to the platform he almost walked into the arms of Mrs. Yarrow.

"Why, Mr. Alford! We had given you up. We thought you wouldn't come back till to-morrow—or perhaps ever. What in the world will you do for supper? The kitchen fires were out ages ago!"

In the light of the station electric she beamed upon him and he felt glad at heart, as if he had been saved from something, a mortal danger, or a threatened shame. But he could not speak at once; his teeth closed with tetanic force upon each other. Later, as they walked to the hotel, through the warm soft night in which the south wind was roaming the starless heavens for rain, he found his voice, and although he felt that he was speaking unnaturally, he made out to answer the lively questions with which she pelted him too thickly to expect them to be answered severally. She told him all the news of the day, and when she began on yesterday's news she checked herself with a laugh and said she had forgotten that he had only been gone since morning. "But now," she said, "you see how you've been missed—how *any* man must be missed in a hotel full of women."

She took charge of him when they got to the house and said if he would go boldly into the dining-room where they detected, as they approached, one lamp scantily shining from the else darkened windows, she would beard the lioness in her den, by which she meant the cook in the kitchen, and see what she could get him for supper. Apparently she could get nothing warm, for when a reluctant waitress appeared it was with such a chilly refection on her tray that Alford, though he was not very hungry, returned from interrogating the obscurity for idolons, and shivered at it. At the same time the swing-door of the long dim room opened to admit a gush of the outer radiance on which Mrs. Yarrow drifted in with a chafing-dish in one hand and a tea-basket in the other. She floated tiltingly toward him like, he thought, a pretty little ship, and sent a cheery hail before.

"I've been trying to get somebody to join you at a premature Welsh rarebit and a belated cup of tea, but I can't tear one of the tabbies from their cards, or the kittens from their gambols in the amusement-hall in the basement. Do you mind so very much having it alone? Because you'll have to, whether you do or not. Unless you call me company, when I'm merely cook."

She put her utensils on the table be-

side the forbidding tray the waitress had left, and helped lift herself by pressing one hand on the top of a chair toward the electric, which she flashed up to keep the dismal lamp in countenance. Alford let her do it. He durst not, he felt, stir from his place, lest any movement should summon back the idolons; and now in the sudden glare of light he shyly, slyly searched the room for them. Not one, fair or foul, showed itself, and slowly he felt a great weight lifting from his heart. In its place there sprang up a joyous gratitude towards Mrs. Yarrow, who had saved him from them, from himself. An inexpressible tenderness filled his breast; the tears rose to his eyes; a soft glow enveloped his whole being, a warmth of hope, a freshness of life renewed encompassed him. He wished to take her in his arms, to tell her how he loved her; and as she bustled about, lighting the lamp of her chafing-dish, and kindling the little spirit-stove she had brought with her to make tea, he let his gaze dwell upon every pose, every motion of her with a glad hunger in which no smallest detail was lost. He now believed that without her he must die, without her he could not wish to live.

"Jove," Rulledge broke in at this point of Wanhope's story, which I am telling again so badly, "I think Alford was in luck."

Minver gave a harsh cackle. "The only thing Rulledge finds fault with in this club is 'the lack of woman's nursing and the lack of woman's tears.' Nothing is wanting to his enjoyment of his victuals but the fact that they are not served by a neat-handed Phyllis, like Alford's."

Rulledge glanced toward Wanhope, and innocently inquired, "Was that her first name?"

Minver burst into a scream, and Rulledge looked red and silly for having given himself away; but he made an excursion to the buffet outside, and returned with a sandwich with which he supported himself stolidly under Minver's derision, until Wanhope came to his relief by resuming his story, or rather his study, of Alford's strange experience.

Mrs. Yarrow first gave Alford his tea, as being of a prompter brew than the rarebit, but she was very quick and apt

with that, too; and pretty soon she leaned forward and in the glow from the lamp under the chafing-dish which spiritualized her charming face with its thin radiance, puffed the flame out with her pouted lips, and drew back with a long-sighed, "There! That will make you see your grandmother, if anything will."

"My grandmother?" Alford repeated.

"Yes. Wouldn't you like to?" Mrs. Yarrow asked, pouring the thick composition over the toast (rescued stone cold from the frigid tray) on Alford's plate. "I'm sure I should like to see mine—dear old gran! Not that I ever saw her—either of her—or should know how she looked. Did you ever see yours—either of her?" she pursued, impulsively.

"Oh, yes," Alford answered, looking intently at her, but with so little speculation in the eyes he glared so with that he knew her to be uneasy under them.

She laughed a little, and stayed her hand on the bail of the teapot. "Which of her?"

"Oh, both!"

"And—and—did she look so much like *me*?" she said, with an added laugh, that he perceived had an hysterical note in it. "You're letting your rarebit get cold!"

He laughed himself, now, a great laugh of relaxation, of relief. "Not the least in the world! She was not exactly a phantom of delight."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Alford. Now, it's your tea's getting cold."

They laughed together, and he gave himself to his victual with a relish that she visibly enjoyed. When that question of his grandmother had been pushed he thought of an awful experience of his childhood, which left on his infant mind an indelible impression, a scar, to remain from the original wound forever. He had been caught in a lie, the first he could remember, but by no means the last, by many memorable thousands. His poor little wickedness had impugned the veracity of both these terrible old ladies, who, habitually at odds with each other, now united, for once, against him. He could always see himself, a mean little blubbery-faced rascal, stealing guilty looks of imploring at their faces, set unmercifully against him, one in sor-

row and one in anger, requiring his mother to whip him, and insisting till he was led, loudly roaring, into the parlor, and there made a liar of for all time, so far as fear could do it.

When Mrs. Yarrow asked if he had ever seen his grandmother he expected instantly to see her, in duplicate, and as a sole refuge, but with little hope that it would save him, he kept his eyes fast on hers, and to his unspeakable joy it did avail. No other face, of sorrow or of anger, rose between them. For the time his thought was quit of its consequence; no eidolon outwardly repeated his inward vision. A warm gush of gratitude seemed to burst from his heart, and to bathe his whole being, and then to flow in a tide of ineffable tenderness towards Mrs. Yarrow, and involve her and bear them together heavenward. It was not passion, it was not love, he perceived well enough; it was the utterance of a vital conviction that she had saved him from an overwhelming subjective horror, and that in her sweet objectivity there was a security and peace to be found nowhere else.

He greedily ate every atom of his rarebit, he absorbed every drop of the moisture in the teapot, so that when she shook it and shook it, and then tried to pour something from it, there was no slightest dribble at the spout. But they lingered, talking and laughing, and perhaps they might never have left the place, if the hard handmaiden who had brought the tea-tray had not first tried putting her head in at the swing-door from the kitchen, and then, later, come boldly in and taken the tray away.

Mrs. Yarrow waited self-respectfully for her disappearance, and then she said, "I'm afraid that was a hint, Mr. Alford."

"It seemed like one," he owned.

They went out together, gayly chatting, but she would not encourage the movement he made toward the veranda. She remained firmly attached to the newel-post of the stairs, and at the first chance he gave her she said good night, and bounded lightly upward. At the turn of the stairs she stopped, and looked laughing down at him over the rail. "I hope you won't see your grandmother."

"Oh, not a bit of it," he called back. He felt that he failed to give his reply

the quality of epigram, but he was not unhappy in his failure.

Many light-hearted days followed this joyous evening. No idolons haunted Alford's horizons, perhaps because Mrs. Yarrow filled his whole heaven. She was very constantly with him, guiding his wavering steps up the hill of recovery, which he climbed with more and more activity, and keeping him company in those valleys of relapse into which he now and then fell back from the difficult steep. It came to be tacitly, or at least passively, conceded by the other ladies that she had somehow earned the exclusive right to what had once been the common charge; or that if one of their number had a claim to keep Mr. Alford from killing himself by all sorts of imprudences, which in his case amounted to impieties, it was certainly Mrs. Yarrow. They did not put this in terms, but they felt it and acted it.

She was all the safer guardian for a delicate invalid, because she loathed manly sports so entirely that she did not even pretend to like them, as most women, poor things, think themselves obliged to do. In her hands there was no danger that he would be tempted to excesses in golf. She was really afraid of all boats, but she was willing to go out with him in the sail-boat of a superannuated skipper, because to sit talking in the stern and stoop for the vagaries of the boom in tacking was such good exercise. She would join him in fishing from the rotting pier, but with no certainty which was a cunner and which was a sculpin, when she caught it, and with an equal horror of both the nasty, wriggling things. When they went a walk together, her notion of a healthful tramp was to find a nice place among the sweet-fern or the pine-needles, and sit down in it and talk, or make a lap, to which he could bring the berries he gathered for her to arrange in the shallow leaf-trays she pinned together with twigs. She really preferred a rocking-chair on the veranda to anything else; but if he wished to go to those other excesses, she would go with him, to keep him out of mischief.

There could be only one credible reading of the situation, but Alford let the summer pass in this pleasant dreaming

without waking up till too late to the pleasanter reality. It will seem strange enough, but it is true, that it was no part of his dream to fancy that Mrs. Yarrow was in love with him. He knew very well, long before the end, that he was in love with her; but remaining in the dark otherwise, he considered only himself in forbearing verbally to make love to her.

"Well!" Rulledge snarled at this point, "he *was* a chump."

Wanhope at the moment opposed nothing directly to the censure, but said that something pathetically reproachful in Mrs. Yarrow's smiling looks penetrated to Alford as she nodded gayly from the car window to him in the little group which had assembled to see her off at the station when she left, by no means the first of their happy hotel circle to go.

"Somebody," Rulledge burst out again, "ought to have kicked him."

"What's become," Minver asked, "of all the dear maids and widows that you've failed to marry at the end of each summer, Rulledge?"

The satire involved flattery so sweet that Rulledge could not perhaps wish to make any retort. He frowned sternly, and said, with a face averted from Minver, "Go on, Wanhope!"

Wanhope here permitted himself a philosophical excursion in which I will not accompany him. It was apparently to prepare us for the dramatic fact which followed, and which I suppose he was trying rather to work away from than work up to. It included some facts which he had failed to touch on before, and which led to a discussion very interesting in itself, but of a range too great for the limits I am trying to keep here. It seems that Alford had been stayed from declaring his love not only because he doubted of its nature, but also because he questioned whether a man in his broken health had any right to offer himself to a woman, and because from a yet finer scruple he hesitated in his poverty to ask the hand of a rich woman. On the first point, we were pretty well agreed, but on the second we divided again, especially Rulledge and Minver, who held, the one, that his hesitation did Alford honor, and quite relieved him from the imputation of being a

chump; and the other that he was an ass to keep quiet for any such silly reason. Minver contended that every woman had a right, whether rich or poor, to the man who loved her; and, moreover, there were now so many rich women that if they were not allowed to marry poor men, their chances of marriage were indefinitely reduced. What better could a widow do with the money she had inherited from a husband she probably did not love than give it to a man like Alford?—or to an ass like Alford, Minver corrected himself.

His *reductio ad absurdum* allowed Wanhope to resume with a laugh, and say that Alford waited at the station in the singleness to which the tactful dispersion of the others had left him, and watched the train rapidly dwindle in the perspective, till an abrupt turn of the road carried it out of sight. Then he lifted his eyes with a long sigh, and looked round. Everywhere he saw Mrs. Yarrow's smiling face with that inner pathos. It swarmed upon him from all points; and wherever he turned, it repeated itself in the distances like that succession of faces you see when you stand between two mirrors.

It was not merely a lapse from his lately hopeful state with Alford, it was a collapse. The man withered and dwindled away, till he felt that he must audibly rattle in his clothes as he walked by people. He did not walk much. Mostly he remained shrunken in the arm-chair where he used to sit beside Mrs. Yarrow's rocker, and the ladies, the older and the older-fashioned, who were "sticking it out" at the hotel till it should close on the 15th of September, observed him, some compassionately, some censoriously, but all in the same conviction.

"It's plain to be seen what ails Mr. Alford, *now*."

"Well, I guess it *is*."

"I guess so."

"I guess it is."

"Seems kind of heartless, her going and leaving him so."

"Like a sick kitten!"

"Well, I should say as *much*."

"Your eyes bother you, Mr. Alford?" one of them chanted, breaking from their discussion of him, to appeal direct-

ly to him. He was rubbing his eyes, to relieve himself for the moment from the intolerable affliction of those swarming idolons, which, whenever he thought of this thing or that, thickened about him. They now no longer displaced one another, but those which came first remained fadedly beside or behind the fresher appearances, like the earlier rainbow which loses depth and color when a later arch defines itself.

"Yes," he said, glad of the subterfuge. "They annoy me a good deal of late."

"You want to get fitted for a good pair of glasses. I kept letting it go, when I first began to get old-sighted."

Another lady came to Alford's rescue. "I guess Mr. Alford has no need to get fitted for old sight, yet a while. You got little spidery things—specks and dots—in your eyes?"

"Yes—multitudes," he said, hopelessly.

"Well, I'll tell you what: you want to build up. That was the way with me, and the oculist said it was from getting all run down. I built up, and the first thing I knew my sight was as clear as a bell. You want to build up."

"You want to go to the mountains," a third interposed. "That's where Mrs. Yarrow's gone, and I guess it'll do her more good than sticking it out here would ever have done."

Alford would have been glad enough to go to the mountains, but with those illusions hovering closer and closer about him, he had no longer the courage, the strength. He had barely enough of either to get away to Boston. He found his doctor this time, after winning and losing the wager he made himself that he would not have returned to town yet, and the good fortune was almost too much for his shaken nerves. The cordial of his friend's greeting—they had been chums at Harvard—completed his overthrow. As he sank upon the professional sofa, where so many other cases had been diagnosed, he broke into tears. "Hello, old fellow," the doctor said, encouragingly, and more tenderly than he would have dealt with some women. "What's up?"

"Jim," Alford found voice to say, "I'm afraid I'm losing my mind."

The doctor smiled provisionally. "Well,

that's *one* of the signs you're not. Can you say how?"

"Oh, yes. In a minute," Alford sobbed, and when he had got the better of himself he told his friend the whole story. He suppressed Mrs. Yarrow's part in the direct examination, but when the doctor who had listened with smiling seriousness began to cross-examine him with the question, "And you don't remember that any outside influence affected the recurrence of the illusions, or did anything to prevent it?" Alford answered promptly: "Oh, yes. There was a woman who did."

"A woman? What sort of a woman?" Alford told.

"That is very curious," the doctor said. "I know a man who used to have a distressing dream. He broke it up by telling his wife about it every morning after he had dreamt it."

"Unluckily, she isn't my wife," Alford said, gloomily.

"But when she was with you, you got rid of them?"

"At first, I used to see hers; then I stopped seeing any."

"Did you ever tell her of them?"

"No; I didn't."

"Never tell anybody?"

"No one but you."

"And do you see them now?"

"No."

"Do you think, because you've told me of them?"

"It seems so."

The doctor was silent for a marked space. Then he asked, smiling, "Well, why not?"

"Why not what?"

"Tell your wife."

"How, my wife?"

"By marriage."

Alford looked dazed. "Do you mean Mrs. Yarrow?"

"If that's her name, and she's a widow."

"And do you think it would be the fair thing for a man on the verge of insanity—a physical and mental wreck—to ask a woman to marry him?"

"In your case, yes. In the first place you're not so bad as all that. You need nothing but rest for your body, and change for your mind. I believe you'll get rid of your illusions as soon as you

form the habit of speaking of them promptly when they begin to trouble you. You ought to speak of them to some one. You can't always have me around, and Mrs. Yarrow would be the next best thing."

"She's rich, and you know what I am. I'll have to borrow the money to rest on, I'm so poor."

"Not if you marry it."

Alford rose, somewhat more vigorously than he had sat down. But that day he did not go beyond ascertaining that Mrs. Yarrow was in town. He found out the fact from the maid at her door, who said that she was nearly always at home after dinner, and without waiting for the evening of another day, Alford went to call upon her.

She said, coming down to him in a rather old-fashioned, impersonal drawing-room which looked distinctly as if it had been left to her: "I was so glad to get your card. When did you leave Woodbeach?"

"Mrs. Yarrow," he returned, as if that were the answer, "I think I owe you an explanation."

"Pay it!" she bantered, putting out her hand.

"I'm so poverty-stricken that I don't know whether I can. Did you ever notice anything odd about me?"

His directness seemed to have a right to directness from her. "I noticed that you stared a good deal—or used to. But people *do* stare."

"I stared because I saw things."

"Saw things?"

"I saw whatever I thought of. Whatever came into my mind was externated in a vision."

She smiled, he could not make out whether uneasily or not. "It sounds rather creepy, doesn't it? But it's very interesting."

"That's what the doctor said; I've been to see him this morning. May I tell you about my visions? They're not so creepy as they sound, I believe, and I don't think they'll keep you awake."

"Yes; do," she said. "I should like of all things to hear about them. Perhaps I've been one of them."

"You have."

"Oh! Isn't that rather personal?"

"I hope not offensively."

He went on to tell her, with even greater fullness than he had told the doctor. She listened with the interest women take in anything weird, and with a compassion for him which she did not conceal so perfectly but that he saw it. At the end he said, "You may wonder that I come to you with all this, which must sound like the ravings of a madman."

"No—no," she hesitated.

"I came because I wished you to know everything about me before—before—I wouldn't have come, you'll believe me, if I hadn't had the doctor's assurance that my trouble was merely a part of my being physically out of kilter, and had nothing to do with my sanity—Good heavens, what am I saying? But the thought has tormented me so! And in the midst of it, I've allowed myself to— Mrs. Yarrow, I love you. Don't you know that?"

Alford may have had a divided mind in this declaration, but after that one word Mrs. Yarrow had no mind for anything else. He went on.

"I'm not only sick; so sick that I sha'n't be able to do any work for a year at least; but I'm poor; so poor that I can't afford to be sick."

She lifted her eyes and looked at him, where she sat oddly aloof from those possessions of hers, to which she seemed so little related, and said, while a smile quivered at the corners of her pretty mouth, "I don't see what that has to do with it."

"What do you mean?" He stared at her hard.

"Am I in duplicate or triplicate, this time?"

"No, you're only one, and there's none like you! I could never see any one else while I looked at you!" he cried, only half aware of his poetry, and meaning what he said very literally.

But she took only the poetry. "I shouldn't wish you to," she said, and she laughed.

He could not believe yet in his good fortune. His countenance fell. "I'm afraid I don't understand, or that you don't. It doesn't seem as if I could get to the end of my unworthiness, which isn't voluntary. It seems altogether too base. I can't let you say what you do,

if you mean it, till you know that I come to you in despair as well as in love. You saved me from the fear I was in, again and again, and I believe that without you I shall— Ah, it seems very base! But the doctor— If I could always tell some one—if I could tell you that these things were obsessing me—haunting me—they would cease—"

Mrs. Yarrow rose, with rather a piteous smile. "Then, I am a prescription!" She had hoped, woman like, that she was solely a passion; but is any woman worth having, ever solely a passion?

"Don't!" Alford implored, rising too. "Don't, in mercy, take it that way! It's only that I wish you to know everything that's in me; to know how utterly helpless and worthless I am. You needn't have a pang in throwing such a thing away."

She put out her hand to him, but at arm's length. "I sha'n't throw you away—at least, not to-night. I want to think." It was a way of saying she wished him to go, and he had no desire to stay. He asked if he might come again, and she said, "Oh, yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow, perhaps. When I send. Was it *young* Doctor Enderby?"

They had rather a sad, dry parting; and when her door closed upon him, he felt that it had shut him out forever. His shame and his defeat were so great that he did not think of his eidolons, and they did not come to trouble him. He woke in the morning, asking himself, bitterly, if he were cured already. His humiliation was such that he closed his eyes to the light, and wished he might never again open them to it.

The question that Mrs. Yarrow had to ask Dr. Enderby was not the question he had instantly forecast for her when she put aside her veil in his office, and told him who she was. She did not seem anxious to be assured of Alford's mental condition, or as to any risks in marrying him. Her inquiry was much more psychological; it was almost impersonal, and yet Dr. Enderby thought she looked as if she had been crying.

She had a difficulty in formulating her question, and when it came it was almost a speculation.

"Women," she said, a little hoarsely,

"have no right, I suppose, to expect the ideal in life. The best they can do seems to be to make the real look like it."

Dr. Enderby reflected. "Well, yes. But I don't know that I ever put it to myself in just those terms."

Then she remarked, as if that were the next thing, "You've known Mr. Alford a long time."

"We were at school together, and we shared the same rooms in Harvard."

"He is very sincere," she added, as if this were relevant.

"He's a man who likes to have a little worse than the worst known about him. One might say he was excessively sincere." Enderby divined that Alford had been bungling the matter, and he was willing to help him out if he could.

Mrs. Yarrow fixed dimly beautiful eyes upon him. "I don't know," she said, "why it wouldn't be ideal—as much ideal as anything—to give one's self absolutely to—to—a duty—or not duty exactly; I don't mean that. Especially," she added, showing a light through the mist, "if one wanted to do it."

Then he knew she had made up her mind, and though on some accounts he would have liked to laugh with her, on other accounts he felt that he owed it to her to be serious.

"If women could not fulfil the ideal in that way—if they did not constant-

ly do it—there would be no marriages for love."

"Do you think so?" she asked, with a shaking voice. "But men—men are ideal too."

"Not as women are—except now and then some fool like Alford." Now, indeed he laughed, and he began to praise Alford from his heart, so delicately, so tenderly, so reverently, that Mrs. Yarrow laughed too before he was done, and cried a little, and when she rose to leave she could not speak; but clung to his hand, on turning away, and so flung it from behind her with a gesture that Enderby thought pretty.

At this point, Wanhope stopped as if that were the end.

"And did she let Alford come to see her again?" Rulledge, at once romantic and literal, demanded.

"Oh, yes. At any rate they were married that fall. They are—I believe he's pursuing his archæological studies there—living in Athens."

"Together?" Minver smoothly inquired.

At this expression of cynicism Rulledge gave him a look that would have incinerated another. Wanhope went out with Minver, and then, after a moment's daze, Rulledge exclaimed: "Jove! I forgot to ask him whether it's stopped Alford's illusions!"

Initiated

BY JOHN B. TABB

THOU hast put on the livery,
And learned the shibboleth,
And pledged for all eternity
The Brotherhood of Death:

Yet to thy wonder-wakened eyes
The light, however clear,
But solves the deeper mysteries
That lay about thee here.

The Cats of Piacenza

BY W. L. ALDEN

THE guide-books seem to have found it difficult to say much concerning Piacenza. In point of fact, there is very little historical interest attached to the place. While great men were born in profusion in other Italian cities, nobody of any consequence appears to have thought of being born in Piacenza. The city was founded by the Romans, who called it *Placentia*, in accordance with their usual custom of calling Italian cities out of their names. Its ostensible mission was to defend one of the fords of the Po against the Gauls and other undesirable barbarians; though why it was placed a good third of a mile from the river, instead of being planted directly on the south bank, is not clear. During the middle ages Piacenza was evidently popular with the rulers of the neighboring duchies and marquisates, and was frequently besieged and captured by covetous tyrants. Tennyson, in his poem descriptive, or rather reminiscent, of a journey he once made in Italy, found nothing to notice in Piacenza except rain. He briefly remarks that he found—

In Parma rain; Piacenza rain.

And to tell the truth, Piacenza is a particularly rainy place in the late autumn and winter. But the one unique and extraordinary feature of Piacenza consists in its cats, and this feature is not so much as hinted at in any guide-book. This may possibly have been due to accident, but it looks like deliberate suppression of the truth, for it is incomprehensible how any guide-book editor could have visited Piacenza without being struck by the overwhelming predominance of cats among its population and the unique social position which they hold.

I entered Piacenza one sunny autumn day, and in accordance with my usual custom I avoided the hotel omnibus and walked into the town. It ought to be

generally known that the hotel omnibus is expressly designed to weaken the mind of the passenger, and thereby fit him to undergo with meekness the exactions of the hotel-keeper. To this end a large mirror is always placed against the front partition of the vehicle, and in this mirror the passenger sees the streets and all that is therein reversed. He sees in the mirror an interesting doorway, a picturesque tower, a beautiful statue, or a vigorous dog-fight; but when he leans out of the window and gazes in front of the omnibus in search of them he cannot discover them, and only when it is too late does he remember that the treacherous mirror has led him to look in the wrong direction. It is the same if he sees a pretty girl or some novel and ingenious variety of professional cripple. The mirror always induces him to look from the window in the wrong direction, and brings to him failure and disappointment. A confused state of mind bordering upon imbecility results from this state of things, and when the passenger arrives at the hotel he falls an easy victim to the landlord.

I reached the main street of Piacenza in time to witness what at first sight looked like a popular uprising. A crowd of vociferating men and weeping women and joyous small boys occupied the street from curb to curb. I pushed my way through the throng until I came upon a motor-car with a single occupant. He was sitting in stolid silence, smoking a wooden pipe, and I could not fail to recognize him as an Englishman. Leaning over the front of the vehicle was a tall and excited man, holding a dead and extremely limp cat by the scruff of its neck, and waving it from time to time before the impassive Englishman's face. A policeman stood by the side of the car, and at intervals addressed what seemed to be remonstrances to its occupant, although the noise of the crowd



HE WAS SITTING IN STOLID SILENCE, SMOKING A PIPE

was so great that I could not hear what he was saying.

Evidently the motor-car had committed some grave contravention of the laws and customs of Piacenza, and as it was equally evident that the Englishman did not understand Italian, and was sitting still and waiting for better times, I felt that it was my duty to proffer assistance.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Can I be of any service to you?"

He looked at me doubtfully for a moment, evidently suspecting me of being a professional guide. "You are English?" he said presently, with a note of doubt in his voice.

"I am an American," I replied, "which in the circumstances ought to do nearly as well."

"Glad to see you," he said. "I've had the bad luck to run down an old woman and kill a cat. These beggars

don't seem to care a hang about the old woman, who, I fancy, isn't much hurt, but they've gone stark mad about the cat. It's the rummiest thing I ever met. This Johnny here"—and he indicated the policeman with a wave of his pipe—"seems to want something, I don't know what. I should say a lunatic asylum would be about what he ought to want."

The policeman's face brightened as I spoke to him, and he gladly unfolded his view of the case. The English signore in the motor-car had, he informed me, killed a cat, and naturally the proprietors of the cat were greatly displeased. He had, as was his duty, asked the signore to accompany him to the police office, but the signore smoked always and always, and would not so much as look at him. Could I not kindly explain to my compatriot that it would be a great favor if he would condescend to come to the police office. Otherwise—!" And



WE MADE AN IMPOSING PROCESSION

here the policeman, who was a gentle and peaceable man, shrugged his shoulders in deprecation of the terrible consequences which would follow the Englishman's refusal to comply with the demands of the law.

"I am afraid," I said to my new acquaintance, "that you will have to go with this policeman to the police office. If you like, I will go with you, as I may be able to be of some little use."

"Oh! That's what's the matter, is it?" replied the Englishman. "How was I to know the fellow was a policeman? Where's his helmet, and what right has he got to wear a sword? Our policemen don't get themselves up like imitation soldiers."

I explained that there were sometimes slight differences between the customs of different countries. This seemed to strike the Englishman as an original and forcible idea.

"That's so!" he exclaimed, as he climbed down from the car and prepared to accompany the officer. "All the same, it's a mighty rum thing to dress a policeman up in that way."

We made an imposing procession as we marched down the Via Garibaldi. It was headed by the Englishman and myself, closely followed by the policeman. Then followed the motor-car, laboriously pushed by two more policemen, who had arrived in the nick of time. Next came

the remains of the cat, borne aloft by the tall man who acted as chief mourner, followed by half a dozen or more other mourners, weeping and gesticulating. The rear of the procession was brought up by citizens generally, without regard to rank or sex. We reached the police office without further incident, and were ushered into the presence of a severe-looking magistrate, who regarded us with one eye, while he kept the other on the motor-car, which had come to a halt just in front of the window. He accomplished this feat with perfect ease, for nature had endowed him with eyes expressly constructed to enable him to look in two directions at once. Perhaps it was to this qualification that he owed his elevation to the bench.

After the crowd of witnesses had been reduced to a semblance of order, the policeman gave his evidence. He charged the prisoner with having run over and killed a cat, and with having refused to submit to arrest until the casual arrival of a distinguished compatriot, who had succeeded in making him listen to reason.

The judge bowed to me in recognition of my good offices, and I was about to ask his permission to make a statement, when he waved his hand, implying that I should wait until the witnesses had been examined. It is only the Italian who can make long and intricate sentences with a wave of the hand. I knew

what that magistrate's hand wished to say as well as if he had spoken audibly and at length.

Five men and two women severally swore that they were owners in part of the deceased cat, and that it had been wickedly and purposely killed by the accused. Four other witnesses, who disclaimed any ownership in the cat, sustained the testimony of the seven cat-owners, and described the death of the animal with a wealth of indignation that would have been justified only in the case of the wanton killing of an exceptionally valuable baby. Then the magistrate turned to the Englishman and solemnly said: "Accused! It is established by the testimony of these good people that you have killed a cat. Moreover, that it was an important cat, belonging to the seven bereaved persons whose names the clerk will now read aloud."

The seven names were read, and the

magistrate asked the Englishman if he had anything to say in his defence.

I replied for him, saying that he did not understand Italian, and wished me to act as interpreter. I said that neither of us could understand how the cat could possibly have seven owners, and that the Englishman wished to have this matter explained.

"Here in Piacenza," replied the magistrate, gently, "it is not uncommon for a prominent cat to have several owners. If a person cannot afford to keep an entire cat, he joins with others who take shares in the cat and become its joint owners. This lamented animal who met with such a sudden and painful death was, as I have said, the property of the seven persons now in court, and they are entitled to payment for their sad loss."

I translated the magistrate's explanation to the Englishman, who received it with an impassive face and the remark that it was "deuced rum." To my in-



THE TALL MAN ACTED AS CHIEF MOURNER

quity as to what he might wish me to say in his defence he replied:

"Oh, I killed the cat straight enough. Tell the beak that I did it because I was trying not to kill an old woman. Tell him I did knock an old woman down and am ready to pay damages for it, but I'm blessed if I'm going to pay for a beastly cat."

In my translation of this defence I judiciously omitted the refusal to pay for the cat, since I knew that such payment was inevitable. The magistrate waved the matter of the old woman aside as being of trivial importance.

"No complaint has been made as to the complete or partial killing of any old woman," he remarked. "What is now before the court is the far more important affair of the cat. I have the most profound respect for the noble English nation, and would gladly show to your friend any possible favor, but justice must be maintained. I therefore decree that he shall pay to each owner of the deceased cat five francs, besides a fine of ten francs more, making in all forty-five francs. Unless this is paid, I must commit him to prison."

The Englishman, after some little argument on my part, decided that resistance was useless. He paid over the forty-five francs, and was informed that he was at liberty to go where he pleased, provided he abstained from slaughtering cats. The bereaved cat-owners were quite satisfied with their respective five francs, and the magistrate complimented us on the promptness with which Englishmen always pay their debts.

"Tell him," said the Englishman, "that he has not heard the last of this outrage. Tell him that I shall write to the *Times*."

I did not think it worth while to translate this dire threat, so I merely informed the magistrate that we were both grateful for his courtesy and consideration. He descended from the bench to shake hands with us "at the mode of the English," and again lamented the hard fate which had compelled him to fine an English gentleman.

"But you conceive," he added, "that we cannot permit foreigners, even of the most distinguished, to come here and kill our leading cats. It is impos-

sible. If such conduct were to be permitted, there would be a revolution of the most sanguinary."

We bade the magistrate farewell, and I said to my companion:

"Come with me and have some luncheon. Baedeker says that there is a hotel near by where there is a good restaurant, and I should be delighted if you would lunch with me."

"Right you are," he replied. "If you can find anything decent to eat in this country, it's more than I've been able to do. There's one good thing: folks that worship cats as they do in this blooming town won't serve them up at a restaurant."

We drove carefully in the motor-car, keeping a bright lookout for cats, until we reached the hotel. The dining-room was a large square apartment, with a rather dusty cement floor and a quantity of small deal tables, at most of which officers of the garrison in brilliant uniforms and well-to-do citizens were vigorously lunching. We selected a table in a quiet corner, and at the Englishman's request I ordered the luncheon. He was evidently in grave doubt as to what the order might bring forth.

"The food in this country," he remarked, as the waiter departed, "is rummer than it is in France, and that's saying a lot. I haven't had a bit of bacon nor a cut of mutton since I left England. I can't see what ails foreigners. They don't seem to have the first idea of what a dinner ought to be."

But when the luncheon was brought on the table, and the Englishman successively ate *tagliatelli alla Bolognese*, *fritto misto*, and *polpettone*, washed down by an excellent red wine, and followed by Parmesan cheese that wept under the knife, he magnanimously admitted that it was possible to eat, even in Piacenza.

"I don't fancy," he added, "that a man could get any forrader with this wine, even if he drank twice as much as I've had; but I'd really like to know if all the cats I see in this room are real."

In point of fact, the room swarmed with cats. I counted eleven within sight at one time, and there were many more under the tables and behind the legs of the guests. They were mostly young cats, for they walked with their tails erect,



THE CAT TOUCHED THE MEDAL REVERENTLY

and it is an inflexible rule among cats that one must turn one's tail down on attaining fourteen months of age. The cats walked fearlessly among the multitudinous legs of the guests, rubbing themselves against the steel scabbards of the officers, and condescending to eat the morsels of meat that nearly every one made it a rule to offer them. The officers were especially friendly with the cats, and when one of the latter refused a bit of cheese offered by a second lieutenant, the gentle warrior was obviously hurt and ashamed.

"They are real enough," I said, in reply to the Englishman's question. "Only I begin to think with you that cats must be worshipped in Piacenza. Perhaps the ancient Egyptian cult of Pasht still survives here."

Just at that moment there entered four grizzled men in faded red shirts and venerable gray trousers. They were Garibaldian veterans, and at the sight of them

I remembered that it was the anniversary of the battle of the Volturno, and I understood that these relics of the great Garibaldian epic had donned their old uniforms to do honor to the day. The officers rose and saluted as the four veterans entered. What if the men had been only privates in the army that gave half the peninsula to United Italy! What if they were evident mechanics, with the stoop of the shoulders that comes to men who toil with their hands! They were still the immortal Red Shirts who had accomplished miracles under their miraculous leader, and the handsomely uniformed and high-bred officers of the Italian army were proud to salute them.

"Who are those Johnnies in their shirt-sleeves?" asked my companion. "They might dress decently before coming into a public place."

"They are Garibaldian veterans," I replied, "and one of them wears the medal of the Thousand."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the Englishman. "I remember seeing Garibaldi in London when I was a kid. He was as right as they make 'em. When you got on your legs I thought for a

gently released himself from the caressing hand of the Garibaldian, and jumping down, seated himself a few feet from the table, and contemplated the four Red Shirts with obvious admiration.

I began to think that there was something uncanny about the cats of Piacenza. I had once heard a cat enthusiast speak of a religious cat whom he claimed to have known, but, since cats were first domesticated, who had ever dreamed of a patriotic cat? And yet here was a cat who saluted the medal of the Thousand; a cat who unquestionably knew the Garibaldian legend and revered the symbolic red shirt. I felt uncomfortable in that patriotic animal's presence.

"Come," I said. "We must have a look at this town. I want to take the afternoon train for Modena, and that will give us just an hour to see the cathedral and the other objects of interest."

The Englishman readily acquiesced, and we went in search of the cathedral. Here the fates

minute that you were going to chuck those chaps out."

A large white cat walked solemnly towards the veteran of the Thousand, sprang into his lap, and reaching up, touched the medal reverently with his lips. Then he

were unexpectedly good to me. The entire front of the cathedral was covered with straw matting, for it was in process of restoration. This saved me from admiring a building that Ruskin may have called vile and wicked, or



"LET'S GET OUT BEFORE HE BEGINS TO PREACH"

of failing to admire what that tyrannical master may have called beautiful and holy. To tell the truth, I did not then and do not now know Ruskin's opinion of the façade of the Piacenza cathedral, but it is a relief to know that whatever that opinion may have been, there is not the least danger that I shall ever run counter to it, for I shall never see Piacenza again.

There is really very little to see in Piacenza except the narrow streets, which, like nearly all narrow Italian streets, are picturesque. The Piazza Cavalli is rather impressive, although the statue of Ranuzio Farnese, which is intended to be its chief ornament, is little better than the average equestrian statue executed by order of Congress for the embellishment of the Capitol. The Church of St. Antonino has its architectural merits, but as for the rest of the Piacenza churches, they are painfully commonplace.

As we walked up the nave of the cathedral, I noticed a black cat slinking behind a column, and had little doubt that its black coat was purposely worn in imitation of a cassock. We had finished our last tomb and our last picture, and were nearly ready to leave the cathedral, when the Englishman touched my arm and pointed to the pulpit. There, on the reading-desk, sat the black cat, with his head slightly on one side as he watched us.

"Let's get out of here before he begins to preach," whispered the Englishman, and I hastened to follow his counsel. I had been in Piacenza but three hours,

and had seen a dead cat owned in shares by seven persons, a patriotic cat who kissed the Garibaldian medal, and an ecclesiastical cat who gave every reason to suppose that he was ready to preach a sermon from the pulpit of the cathedral. Prudence loudly told me to leave Piacenza without risking any fresh and still more startling evidences of the unique intelligence of its cats.

"Look here," said the Englishman, when we were once more in the open air. "You get into my automobile and come with me as far as Modena. I'm in the automobile-manufacturing business, and I've got to take this machine to a man in Florence who has bought it. I'll take you all the way there if you'll come. Don't say no."

I thanked him warmly. We stopped at the railway station for my luggage, and presently we were spinning down the old Roman road that runs in almost a straight line from Piacenza to Rimini. As the fresh air blew on my face and the warm sun filled me with the sense of contentment that we share with other sun-loving animals, I wondered if the cats of Piacenza were not partly the creatures of a dream. But beyond doubt I had been wide awake while in Piacenza; and besides, there was the testimony of my unimaginative English friend, who swore that there was something bally rum about the cats. So I must accept those weird animals as real, no matter how unaccountable and inexplicable their conduct may have been.



An Anarchist

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

THAT year I spent the best two months of the dry season on one of the estates—in fact on the principal cattle estate—of a famous meat-extract manufacturing company.

'B. O. S. Bos. You have seen the three magic letters on the advertisement pages of magazines and newspapers, in the windows of provision merchants, and on calendars for next year you receive by post in the month of November. They scatter pamphlets also, written in a sickly enthusiastic style and in seven languages, giving statistics of slaughter and bloodshed enough to make a Turk turn faint. The "art" illustrating that "literature" represents in vivid and shining colors a large and enraged black bull stamping upon a yellow snake writhing in emerald-green grass, with a cobalt-blue cloudless sky for a background. It is atrocious and it is an allegory. The snake symbolizes disease, weakness—perhaps even mere hunger, which last is the chronic disease of the majority of mankind. Of course everybody knows the B. O. S. Ltd., with its unrivalled products: *Vino-bos*, *Jelly bos*, and the latest unequalled perfection, *Tri-bos*, whose nourishment is offered to you not only highly concentrated, but already half digested. Such apparently is the love that Limited Company bears to its fellow men—even as the love of the father and mother penguin for their hungry fledglings.

Of course the capital of a country must be productively employed. I have nothing to say against the company. But being myself animated by feelings of affection towards my fellow men, I am saddened by the modern system of advertising. Whatever evidence it offers of enterprise, ingenuity, impudence, and resource in certain individuals, it proves to my mind the wide prevalence of that form of mental degradation which is called gullibility.

In various parts of the civilized and uncivilized world I have had to swallow B. O. S. with more or less benefit to myself, though without great pleasure. Prepared with hot water and abundantly peppered to bring out the taste, this extract is not really unpalatable. But I have never swallowed its advertisements. Perhaps they have not gone far enough. As far as I can remember, they make no promise of everlasting youth to the users of B. O. S., nor yet have they claimed the power of raising the dead for their estimable products. Why this austere reserve, I wonder! But I don't think it would have had me even on these terms. Whatever form of mental degradation I may (being but human) be suffering from, it is not the popular form. I am not gullible.

I have been at some pains to bring out distinctly this statement about myself in view of the story which follows. I have checked the facts as far as possible. I have turned up the files of French newspapers, and I have also talked with the officer who commands the military guard on the *Ile Royale*, when in the course of my travels I reached Cayenne. I believe the story to be in the main true. It is the sort of story that no man, I think, would ever invent about himself, for it is neither grandiose nor flattering, nor yet funny enough to gratify the most perverted vanity.

What makes it interesting is its imbecility. In that it is not singular. The whole of the public and private records of humanity, history and story alike, are made interesting precisely by that priceless defect, under which we all labor—to our everlasting discomfiture, but to each other's entertainment and edification. The story contains all the elements of pathos and fun, of tragedy and comedy, of sensation and surprise—whereas from rational conduct there is nothing to be expected of a touching, instructive, and amusing na-



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

"I DENY NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING!" HE SAID, EXCITEDLY

ture. I am sure to be misunderstood, but I disdain to labor a point which to me seems absolutely self-evident. I will only remark that the whole body of fiction bears me out. Its main theme, I believe, is love. But it has never entered any writer's head to take rational love for a subject. We should yawn. Only the complicated absurdities of that psychophysiological state can rouse our interest and sympathy. However, there is nothing loving or lovable in what I am going to relate.

It concerns the engineer of the steam-launch belonging to the Marañon cattle estate of the B. O. S. Co., Ltd. This estate is also an island—an island as big as a small province, lying in the estuary of a great South-American river. It is wild and not beautiful, but the grass growing on its low plains seems to possess exceptionally nourishing and flavoring qualities. It resounds with the lowing of innumerable herds—a deep and distressing sound under the vast open sky, rising like a monstrous protest of prisoners condemned to death. On the mainland, across twenty miles of discolored muddy water, there stands a city whose name, let us say, is Horta.

But the most interesting characteristic of this island (which seems like a sort of penal settlement for condemned cattle) consists in its being the only known habitat of an extremely rare and gorgeous butterfly. The species is even more rare than it is beautiful, which is not saying little. I have already alluded to my travels. I travelled at that time, but strictly for myself and with a moderation unknown in our days of round-the-world tickets. I even travelled with a purpose. As a matter of fact, I am—"Ha, ha, ha!—a desperate butterfly-slayer. Ha, ha, ha!"

This was the tone in which Harry Gee, the manager of the cattle station, alluded to my pursuits. He seemed to consider me the greatest absurdity in the world. On the other hand, the B. O. S. Co., Ltd., represented to him the acme of the nineteenth century's achievement. I believe he slept in his leggings and spurs. His days he spent in the saddle flying over the plains, followed by a train of half-wild horsemen, who called him Don Enrique, and who had no definite idea

of the B. O. S. Co., Ltd., which paid their wages. He was an excellent manager, but I don't see why, when we met at meals, he should have thumped me on the back, with loud, derisive inquiries: "How's the deadly sport to-day? Butterflies going strong? Ha, ha, ha!"—especially as he charged me two dollars per day for the hospitality of the B. O. S. Co., Ltd. (capital £2,000,000, fully paid up), in whose balance-sheet for that year those moneys are no doubt included. "I don't think I can make it anything less in justice to my company," he had remarked, with extreme gravity, when I was arranging with him the terms of my stay on the island.

His chaff would have been harmless enough if intimacy of intercourse in the absence of all friendship were not a thing detestable in itself. Moreover, his facetiousness was not very amusing. It consisted in the wearisome repetition of descriptive phrases applied to people with a burst of laughter. "Desperate butterfly-slayer. Ha, ha, ha!" was one sample of his peculiar wit which he himself enjoyed so much. And in the same vein of exquisite humor he called my attention to the engineer of the steam-launch, one day, as we strolled on the path by the side of the creek.

The man's head and shoulders emerged above the deck, over which were scattered various tools of his trade and a few pieces of machinery. He was doing some repairs to the engines. At the sound of our footsteps he raised anxiously a grimy face with a pointed chin and a tiny fair mustache. What could be seen of his delicate features under the black smudges appeared to me wasted and livid in the greenish shade of the enormous tree spreading its foliage over the launch moored close to the bank.

To my great surprise, Harry Gee addressed him as "Crocodile," in that half-jeering, half-bullying tone which is characteristic of self-satisfaction in his delectable kind:

"How does the work get on, Crocodile?"

I should have said before that the amiable Harry had picked up French of a sort somewhere—in some colony or other,—and that he pronounced it with a disagreeable, forced precision as though

he meant to guy the language. The man in the launch answered him quickly in a pleasant voice. His eyes had a liquid softness and his teeth flashed dazzlingly white between his thin drooping lips. The manager turned to me, very cheerful and loud, explaining:

"I call him Crocodile because he lives half in, half out of the creek. Amphibious—see? There's nothing else amphibious living on the island except crocodiles; so he must belong to the species—eh? But in reality he's nothing less than *un citoyen anarchiste de Barcelone*."

"A citizen anarchist from Barcelona?" I repeated, stupidly, looking down at the man. He had turned to his work in the engine-well of the launch and presented his bowed back to us. In that attitude I heard him protest, very audibly,

"I do not even know Spanish."

"Hey? What? You dare to deny you come from over there?" the accomplished manager was down on him truculently.

At this the man straightened himself up, dropping a spanner he had been using, and faced us; but he trembled in all his limbs.

"I deny nothing, nothing, nothing!" he said, excitedly.

He picked up the spanner and went to work again without paying any further attention to us. After looking at him for a minute or so, we went away.

"Is he really an anarchist?" I asked, when out of ear-shot.

"I don't care a hang what he is," answered the humorous official of the B. O. S. Co. "I gave him the name because it suited me to label him in that way. It's good for the company."

"What!" I exclaimed, stopping short.

"Aha!" he triumphed, tilting up his hairless pug face and straddling his thin long legs. "That surprises you. I am bound to do my best for my company. They have enormous expenses. Why—our agent in Horta tells me they spend more than a hundred thousand pounds every year in advertising! One can't be too economical in working the show. Well, I'll tell you. When I took charge here the estate had no steam-launch. I asked for one, and kept on asking by every mail till I got it; but the man they sent out with it chucked up his job at the

end of two months, leaving the launch moored at the pontoon in Horta. Got a better screw at a sawmill up the river—blast him! And ever since it has been the same thing. Any Scotch or Yankee vagabond that likes to call himself a mechanic out here gets eighteen pounds a month, and the next thing you know he's cleared out, after smashing something as likely as not. I give you my word that some of the objects I've had for engine-drivers couldn't tell the boiler from the funnel. But this fellow understands his trade, and I don't mean him to clear out. See?"

And he struck me lightly on the chest for emphasis. Disregarding his peculiarities of manner, I wanted to know what all this had to do with the man being an anarchist.

"Come!" jeered the manager. "If you saw suddenly a barefooted, unkempt chap slinking amongst the bushes on the sea face of the island, and at the same time observed, less than a mile from the beach, a small schooner full of niggers hauling off in a hurry, you wouldn't think the man fell there from the sky, would you? And it could be nothing else but either that or Cayenne. I've got my wits about me. Directly I sighted this queer game I said to myself—'Convict.' I was as certain of it as I am of seeing you standing here this minute. So I spurred on straight at him. He stood his ground for a bit on a sand hillock crying out at me: '*Monsieur! Monsieur. Arrêtez!*' then at the last moment broke and ran for life. Says I to myself, 'I'll tame you before I'm done with you.' So without a single word I kept on, heading him off here and there. I rounded him up towards the shore, and at last I had him corralled on a spit, his heels in the water and nothing but sea and sky at his back, with my horse pawing the sand and shaking his head within a yard of him.

"He folded his arms on his breast then and stuck his chin up in a sort of desperate way; but I wasn't to be impressed by the beggar's posturing.

"Says I, 'You're a runaway convict.'

"When he heard French, his chin went down and his face changed.

"'I deny nothing,' says he, panting yet, for I had kept him skipping about in front of my horse pretty smartly. I

asked him what he was doing there. He had got his breath by then, and explained that he had meant to make his way to a farm which he understood (from the schooner's people, I suppose) was to be found in the neighborhood. At that I laughed aloud and he got uneasy. Had he been deceived? Was there no farm within walking distance?

"I laughed more and more. He was on foot, and of course the first bunch of cattle he came across would have stamped him three feet into ground under their hoofs. A dismounted man caught on the feeding-grounds hasn't got the ghost of a chance.

"My coming upon you like this has certainly saved your life," I said. He remarked that perhaps it was so; but that for his part he had imagined I had wanted to kill him under the hoofs of my horse. I assured him that nothing would have been easier had I meant it. And then we came to a sort of dead stop. For the life of me I didn't know what to do with this convict, unless I chucked him into the sea. It occurred to me to ask him what he had been transported for. He hung his head.

"What is it?" says I. "Theft, murder, or what?" I wanted to hear what he would have to say for himself, though of course I expected it would be some sort of lie. But all he said was:

"Make it what you like. I deny nothing. It is no good denying anything."

"I looked him over carefully and a thought struck me.

"They've got anarchists there, too," I said. "Perhaps you're one of them."

"I deny nothing whatever, monsieur," he repeats.

"This answer made me think that perhaps he was not an anarchist. I believe those damned lunatics are rather proud of themselves. If he had been one, he would have probably confessed straight out.

"What were you before you became a convict?" I asked.

"Ouvrier," he says. "And a good workman, too."

"At that I began to think he must be an anarchist, after all. That's the class they come mostly from, isn't it? I hate the cowardly bomb-throwing brutes. I almost made up my mind to turn my horse short round and leave him

to starve or drown where he was, whichever he liked best. As to crossing the island to bother me again, the cattle would see to that. I don't know what induced me to put another question:

"What sort of workman?"

"I didn't care a hang whether he answered me or not. But when he said at once, '*Mécanicien, monsieur*,' I nearly jumped out of the saddle with excitement. The launch had been lying disabled and idle in the creek for three weeks. My duty to the company was clear. He noticed my start, too, and there we were for a minute or so staring at each other as if bewitched.

"Get up on my horse behind me," I told him. "You shall put my steam-launch to rights."

These are the words in which the worthy manager of the Marañon estate related to me the coming of the anarchist. At the same time he made no secret of his doubt as to the man being an anarchist at all. He meant to keep him—out of a sense of duty to the company,—and the name he had given him would prevent the fellow from obtaining employment anywhere in Horta. The vaqueros of the estate, when they went on leave, spread it all over the town. They did not know what an anarchist was, nor yet what Barcelona meant. They called him Anarchisto de Barcelona, as if it were his Christian name and surname. But the people in town had been reading in their papers about the anarchists in Europe and were very much impressed. Over the jocular addition of "de Barcelona" Mr. Harry Gee chuckled immensely. "That breed is particularly murderous, isn't it? It makes the sawmills crowd still more afraid of having anything to do with him—see?" he exulted, candidly, to me. "I hold him by that name better than if I had him chained up by the leg to the steam-launch.

"And mark," he added, after a pause, "he does not deny it. I am not wronging him in any way. He is a convict of some sort, anyhow."

"But I suppose you pay him some wages, don't you?" I asked.

"Wages! What does he want with money? He gets his food from my kitchen and his clothing from the store. Of

course I'll give him something at the end of the year, but you don't think I'd employ a convict and give him the same money I would give an honest man? I am looking after the interests of my company first and last."

I admitted that, for a company spending a hundred thousand pounds every year in advertising, the strictest economy was obviously necessary. The manager of the Marañon Estancia grunted approvingly.

"And I'll tell you what," he continued: "if I were sure he's an anarchist and he had the cheek to ask me for money, I would give him the toe of my boot. However, let him have the benefit of the doubt. I am perfectly willing to take it that he has done nothing worse than to stick a knife into somebody—with extenuating circumstances—French fashion, don't you know. But that subversive sanguinary rot of doing away with all law and order in the world makes my blood boil. It's simply cutting the ground from under the feet of every decent, respectable, hard-working person. I tell you that the consciences of people who have them, like you or I, must be protected in some way; or else the first low scoundrel that came along would in every respect be just as good as myself. Wouldn't he, now? And that's absurd!"

He glared at me. I nodded slightly and murmured that doubtless there was much subtle truth in his view.

The principal truth discoverable in the views of Paul the engineer was that a little thing may bring about the undoing of a man.

"*Il ne faut pas beaucoup pour perdre un homme,*" he said to me, thoughtfully, one evening.

I report this reflection in French, since the man was of Paris, not of Barcelona at all. At the Marañon he lived apart from the station, in a small shed with a metal roof and straw walls, which he called *mon atelier*. He had a bench there. They had given him several horse-blankets and a saddle,—not that he ever had occasion to ride, but because no other bedding was used by the working-hands, who were all *vaqueros*—cattlemen. And on this horseman's gear, like a son of the plains, he used to sleep amongst the tools of his

trade, in a litter of rusty scrap-iron, with a portable forge at his head and the work-bench sustaining his grimy mosquito-net.

Now and then I would bring him a few candle ends saved from the scant supply of the manager's house. He was very thankful for these. He did not like to lie awake in the dark, he confessed. He complained that sleep eluded him. "*Le sommeil me fuit,*" he declared, with his habitual air of subdued stoicism, which made him sympathetic and touching. I made it clear to him that I did not attach undue importance to the fact of his being a convict.

Thus it came about that one evening he was led to talk about himself. As one of the bits of candle on the edge of the bench burned out to the end, he hastened to light another.

He had done his military service in a provincial garrison and returned to Paris to follow his trade. It was a well-paid one. He told me with some pride that in a short time he was earning no less than fifteen francs a day. He was thinking of setting up for himself by and by and of getting married.

Here he sighed deeply and paused. Then with a return to his stoical note,

"It seems I did not know enough about myself."

On his twenty-fifth birthday two of his friends in the repairing-shop where he worked proposed to stand him a dinner. He was immensely touched by this attention.

"I was a steady man," he remarked, "but I am not less sociable than any other body."

The entertainment came off in a little café on the Boulevard de la Chapelle. At dinner they drank some special wine. It was excellent. Everything was excellent. And the world—in his own words—seemed a very good place to live in. He had good prospects, some little money laid by, and the affection of two excellent friends. He proposed to pay for all the drinks after dinner, which was only proper on his part.

They drank more wine; they drank liqueurs, cognac, beer, then more liqueurs and more cognac. Two strangers sitting at the next table looked at him, he said, so sympathetically that he invited them to join the party.

He had never drunk so much in his life. His elation was extreme, and so pleasurable that whenever it flagged he hastened to order more drinks.

"It seemed to me," he said, in his quiet tone and looking on the ground in the gloomy shed full of shadows, "that I was on the point of just attaining a great and wonderful felicity. Another drink, I felt, would do it. The others were holding out well with me, glass for glass."

But an extraordinary thing happened. He seemed to be slipping back. Gloomy ideas—*des idées noires*—rushed into his head. All the world outside the café appeared to him as a dismal evil place where a multitude of poor wretches had to work and slave to the sole end that a few individuals should ride in carriages and live riotously in palaces. The pity of mankind's cruel lot oppressed his heart. In a voice choked with sorrow he tried to express these sentiments. He thinks he wept.

The two new acquaintances hastened to console him by their sympathetic assent. Yes. Such injustice was indeed scandalous. There was only one way of dealing with the rotten state of society. Demolish the whole *sacrée boutique*.

Their heads hovered over the table as they whispered to him eloquently. I don't think they quite expected the result. He was extremely drunk. Mad drunk. With a howl of rage he leaped suddenly upon the table. Kicking over bottles and glasses, he yelled: "*Vive l'anarchie!* Death to the capitalists!" He yelled this again and again. All round him broken glass was falling, chairs were swung high in the air, people were taking each other by the throat. The police dashed in. He hit, bit, scratched and struggled, till something crashed upon his head.

He came to himself in a cell, locked up on a charge of assault, seditious cries, and anarchist propaganda.

He looked at me fixedly with his liquid, shining eyes, that seemed very big in the dim light.

"That was bad. But even then I might have got off somehow, perhaps," he said, slowly.

I doubt it. But whatever chance he had was done away with by a young socialist lawyer who undertook his defence. In vain he assured him that he

was no anarchist; that he was a quiet, respectable mechanic, only too anxious to work ten hours per day. He was presented at the trial as the victim of society. His cry of revolt was the expression of infinite suffering. The young lawyer had his way to make, and this was his start. The speech for the defence was pronounced magnificent.

He paused, swallowed, and brought out the statement,

"I got the maximum penalty applicable to a first offence."

I made a sympathetic murmur. He hung his head and folded his arms.

"When I got out of prison," he began, gently, "I made tracks, of course, for my old workshop. My *patron* had a particular liking for me before; but when he saw me he turned green with fright and showed me the door with a shaking hand."

While he stood in the street, uneasy and disconcerted, he was accosted by a middle-aged man who introduced himself as an engineer's fitter, too. "I know who you are," he said. "I have attended your trial. You are a good comrade and your ideas are sound. But the devil of it is that you shall not be able to get work now anywhere. These bourgeois 'll conspire to starve you. That's their way. Expect no mercy from them."

To be spoken to so kindly in the street had comforted him very much. His seemed to be the sort of nature needing support and sympathy. The idea of not being able to find work had knocked him over completely. If his *patron*, who knew him so well for a quiet, orderly, competent workman, would have nothing to do with him now—then surely nobody else would. That was clear. The police, keeping their eye on him, would hasten to warn every employer inclined to give him a chance. He felt suddenly very helpless, alarmed, and idle; and he followed the middle-aged man to the *estaminet* round the corner to meet some other good companions. They assured him that he would not be allowed to starve, work or no work. They had drinks all round to the discomfiture of all employers of labor and to the destruction of society.

He sat biting his lower lip.

"That is, monsieur, how I became a *compagnon*," he said. The hand he passed over his forehead was trembling. "All

the same, there's something wrong in a world where a man can get lost for a glass more or less."

He never looked up, though I could see he was getting excited under his dejection. He slapped the bench with his open palm.

"No!" he cried. "It was an impossible existence! Watched by the police, watched by the comrades! I did not belong to myself any more. Why, I could not even go to draw a few francs from my savings-bank without a comrade hanging about the door to see that I didn't bolt! And most of them were neither more nor less than housebreakers. The intelligent, I mean. They robbed the rich; they were only getting back their own, they said. When I had had some drink I believed them. There were also the fools and the mad. *Des exaltés—quoi!* When I was drunk I loved them. When I got more drink I was angry with the world. That was the best time. I found refuge from misery in rage. But one can't be always drunk — *n'est-ce pas, monsieur?* And when I was sober I was afraid to break away. They would have stuck me like a pig."

He folded his arms again and raised his sharp chin with a bitter smile.

"By and by they told me it was time to go to work. The work was to rob a bank. Afterwards a bomb would be thrown to wreck the place. My beginner's part would be to keep watch in a street at the back and to take care of a black bag with the bomb inside till it was wanted. After the meeting at which the affair was arranged a trusty comrade did not leave me an inch. I had not dared to protest; I was afraid of being done away with quietly in that room; only, as we were walking together I wondered whether it would not be better for me to throw myself suddenly into the Seine. But while I was turning it over in my mind we had crossed the bridge, and afterwards I had not the opportunity."

In the light of the candle end, with his sharp features, fluffy little mustache, and oval face, he looked at times delicately and gayly young, and then appeared quite old, decrepit, full of sorrow, pressing his folded arms to his breast.

As he remained silent I felt bound to ask:

"Well! And how did it end?"

"In Cayenne," he answered.

He seemed to think that somebody had given the show away. As he was keeping watch in the back street, bag in hand, he was set upon by the police. "These imbeciles" had knocked him down without noticing what he had in his hand. He wondered how the bomb failed to explode as he fell. But it didn't explode.

"I tried to tell my story in court," he continued. "The president was amused. There were in the audience some idiots who laughed."

I expressed the hope that some of the others had been caught too. He shuddered slightly before he told me that there were two—Simon, called also Biscuit, the middle-aged fitter who spoke to him in the street, and a fellow of the name of Mafle, one of the sympathetic strangers who had applauded his sentiments and consoled his humanitarian sorrows when he got drunk in the café.

"Yes," he went on, with an effort, "I had the advantage of their company over there on St. Joseph's Island, amongst some eighty or ninety other anarchists. We were all classed as dangerous."

St. Joseph's Island is the prettiest of the Iles de Salut. It is rocky and green, with shallow ravines, bushes, thickets, groves of mango-trees, and many feathery palms. Six warders armed with revolvers and carbines are in charge of the convicts kept there.

An eight-oared galley keeps up the communication in the daytime, across a channel a quarter of a mile wide, with the Ile Royale, where there is a military post. She makes the first trip at six in the morning. At four in the afternoon her service is over, and she is then hauled up into a little dock on the Ile Royale and a sentry put over her and a few smaller boats. From that time till next morning the island of St. Joseph remains cut off from the rest of the world, with the warders patrolling in turn the path from the warders' house to the convict huts, and a multitude of sharks patrolling the waters all round.

Under these circumstances the convicts planned a mutiny. Such a thing had never been known in the penitentiary's history before. But their plan was not without some possibility of suc-



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

"A TRUSTY COMRADE DID NOT LEAVE ME AN INCH"

cess. The warders were to be taken by surprise and murdered during the night. Their arms would enable the convicts to shoot down the people in the boat as she came alongside in the morning. The galley once in their possession, other boats were to be captured, and the whole company was to row away up the coast.

At dusk two warders came over to muster the convicts as usual. Then they proceeded to inspect the huts to ascertain that everything was in order. In the second they entered they were set upon and absolutely smothered under the numbers of their assailants. The darkness fell rapidly. It was a new moon; and a heavy black squall gathering over the coast increased the profound darkness of the night. The convicts assembled in the open space, deliberating upon the next step to be taken, quarrelled in low voices.

"You took part in it too?" I asked.

"No. I knew what was going to be done, of course. But why should I kill these warders? I had nothing against them. But I was afraid of the others. Whatever happened, I could not escape from them. I sat alone on the stump of a tree with my head in my hands, sick at heart at the thought of a freedom that could be nothing but a mockery to me. Suddenly I was startled to perceive the shape of a man on the path near by. He stood perfectly still, then his form became effaced in the night. It must have been the chief warder coming to see what had become of his two men. No one noticed him. The convicts kept on quarrelling over their plans. The leaders could not get themselves obeyed. The fierce whispering of that dark mass of men was very horrible.

"At last they divided into two parties and moved off. When they had passed me I rose, weary and hopeless. The path to the warders' house was dark and silent, but on each side the bushes rustled slightly. Presently I saw a faint thread of light before me. The chief warder, followed by his three men, was approaching cautiously. But he had failed to close his dark lanthorn properly. The convicts had seen that faint gleam too. There was an awful savage yell, a turmoil on the dark path, shots fired, blows, groans, and with the sound of smashed bushes, the shouts of the pursuers and the screams

of the pursued, the man-hunt, the warder-hunt, passed by me into the interior of the island. I was alone. And I assure you, monsieur, I was indifferent to everything. After standing still for a while, I walked on along the path till I kicked something hard. I stooped and picked up a warder's revolver. I felt with my fingers that it was loaded in five chambers. In the gusts of wind I heard the convicts calling to each other far away, and then a roll of thunder would cover the southing and rustling of the trees. A big light ran across my path very low along the ground, and it showed a woman's skirt with the edge of an apron.

"I knew it was the wife of the head warder. They must have forgotten all about her. A shot rang out in the interior of the island, and she cried out to herself as she ran. She passed on. I followed, and presently I saw her again. She was pulling at the cord of the big bell which hangs at the end of the landing-pier with one hand, and with the other was swinging the heavy lanthorn to and fro. That is the signal for the Ile Royale should assistance be required at night. The wind carried the sound away from our island and the light was hidden on the shore side by the few trees that grow near the warders' house.

"I came up quite close to her from behind. She went on without stopping, without looking aside, as though she had been all alone on the island. A brave woman, monsieur. I put the revolver inside the breast of my blue blouse and waited. A flash of lightning and a clap of thunder destroyed both sound and light for an instant, but she never faltered, pulling at the cord and swinging the lanthorn as regularly as a machine. She was a comely woman of thirty—no more. I thought to myself, 'All that's no good on a night like this.' And I made up my mind that if a body of my fellow convicts came down to the pier—which was sure to happen soon—I would shoot her through the head before I shot myself. I knew the 'comrades' well. This idea of mine gave me quite an interest in life, monsieur; and at once, instead of remaining stupidly exposed on the pier, I crouched behind a bush. I did not intend to let myself be pounced upon unawares and prevented perhaps from rendering a

supreme service to at least one human creature before I died myself.

"But we must believe the signal was seen, for the galley from the Ile Royale came over in an astonishingly short time. The woman kept right on till the light of her lanthorn flashed upon the officer in command and the bayonets of the soldiers in the boat. Then she sat down and began to cry.

"She didn't need me any more. I did not budge. Some soldiers were only in their shirt-sleeves, others without boots, just as the call to arms had found them. They passed by my bush at the double. The galley had been sent away for more; and the woman sat all alone crying at the end of the pier, with the lanthorn standing on the ground near her.

"Then suddenly I saw appear in the light the red pantaloons of two more men. I was overcome with astonishment. They too started off at a run. Their tunics flapped unbuttoned and they were bare-headed. One of them panted out to the other, 'Straight on, straight on!'

"Where on earth did they come from, I wondered. Slowly I walked down the short pier. I saw the woman's form shaken by sobs and heard her moaning more and more distinctly, 'Oh, my man! my man! my man!' I stole on quietly. She could neither hear nor see anything. She had thrown her apron over her head and was lost in her grief. But I remarked a small boat fastened to the end of the pier.

"Those two men—they looked like *sous-officiers*—must have come in it, after being too late, I suppose, for the galley. It is incredible that they should have thus broken the regulations from a sense of duty. And it was a stupid thing to do. I could not believe my eyes in the very moment I was stepping into that boat.

"I pulled along the shore slowly. A black cloud hung over the Iles de Salut. I heard firing, shouts. Another hunt had begun—the convict-hunt. The oars were too long to pull comfortably. I managed them with difficulty, though the boat herself was light. But when I got round to the other side of the island the squall broke in rain and wind. I was unable to make head against it. I let her drift ashore and secured her.

"I knew the spot. There was a tumble-

down old hovel standing near the water. Cowering in there, I heard through the noises of the wind and the falling down-pour some people tearing through the bushes. They came out on the strand. Soldiers perhaps. A flash of lightning threw everything near me into violent relief. Convicts.

"And directly a voice said, 'It's a miracle.' It was the voice of Simon, otherwise Biscuit.

"And another voice growled, 'What's a miracle?'

"'Why, there's a boat lying here!'

"'You must be mad, Simon! But there is, after all. . . . A boat.'

"They seemed awed into complete silence. The other man was Mafle. He spoke again, cautiously.

"'It is fastened up. There must be somebody here.'

"I spoke from within the hovel: 'I am here.'

"They came in then, and soon gave me to understand that the boat was theirs, not mine. 'There are two of us,' said Mafle, 'against you alone.'

"I got out into the open to keep clear of them for fear of getting a treacherous blow on the head. I could have shot them both where they stood. But I said nothing. I kept down the laughter rising in my throat. I made myself very humble and begged to be allowed to go. They consulted in low tones about my fate, while with my hand on the revolver in the bosom of my blouse I had their lives in my power. I let them live. I meant them to pull that boat. I represented to them with abject humility that I understood the management of a boat, and that, being three to pull, we could get a rest in turns. That decided them at last. It was time. A little more and I would have gone into screaming fits at the drollness of it."

At this point his excitement broke out. He jumped off the bench and gesticulated. The great shadows of his arms darting over roof and walls made the shed appear too small to contain his agitation.

"I deny nothing," he burst out. "I was elated, monsieur. I tasted a sort of felicity. But I kept very quiet. I took my turns at pulling all through the night. We made for the open sea, putting our trust in a passing ship. It was



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"THEY PULLED, SOMETIMES LOOKING WILD, SOMETIMES LOOKING FAINT"

foolhardy. I persuaded them to it. When the sun rose the immensity of water was calm, and the Iles de Salut appeared only like dark specks from the top of each swell. I was steering then. Mafle, who was pulling bow, let out an oath and said, 'We must rest.'

"The time to laugh had come at last. And I took my fill of it, I can tell you. I held my sides and rolled, they had such startled faces. 'What's got into him, the animal?' cries Mafle.

"And Simon, who was nearest to me, says over his shoulder to him, 'Devil take me if I don't think he's gone mad!'

"Then I produced the revolver. Aha! In a moment they both got the stoniest eyes you can imagine. Ha, ha! They were frightened. But they pulled. Oh yes, they pulled all day, sometimes looking wild and sometimes looking faint. I lost nothing of it because I had to keep my eyes on them all the time, or else—crack!—they would have been on top of me in a second. I rested my revolver hand on my knee all ready and steered with the other. Their faces began to blister. Sky and sea seemed on fire round us and the sea steamed in the sun. The boat made a sizzling sound as she went through the water. Sometimes Mafle foamed at the mouth and sometimes he groaned. But he pulled. He dared not stop. His eyes became bloodshot all over, and he had bitten his lower lip to pieces. Simon was as hoarse as a crow.

"'Comrade—' he begins.

"'There are no comrades here. I am your *patron*.'

"'Patron, then,' he says, 'in the name of humanity let us rest.'

"I let them. There was a little rain-water washing about the bottom of the boat. I permitted them to snatch some of it in the hollow of their palms. But as I said '*En route*' I caught them exchanging significant glances. They thought I would have to go to sleep sometime! Aha! But I did not want to go to sleep. I was more awake than ever. It is they who went to sleep as they pulled, tumbling off the thwarts head over heels suddenly, one after another. I let them lie. All the stars were out. It was a quiet world. The sun rose. Another day. *Allez! En route!*

"They pulled badly. Their eyes rolled

about and their tongues hung out. In the middle of the forenoon Mafle croaks out: 'Let us make a rush at him, Simon. I would just as soon be shot down as to die of thirst, hunger, and fatigue at the oar.'

"But while he spoke he pulled. And Simon kept on pulling too. It made me smile. Ah! They loved their life, these two, in this evil world of theirs, just as I used to love my life, too, before they spoiled it for me with their phrases. I let them go on to the point of exhaustion, and only then I pointed out at the sails of a ship on the horizon.

"Aha! You should have seen them revive and buckle to their work! For I kept them at it to pull right across that ship's path. They were changed. The sort of pity I had felt for them left me. They looked more like themselves every minute. They looked at me with the glances I had known so well. They were happy. They smiled.

"'Well,' says Simon, 'the energy of that youngster has saved our lives. If he hadn't made us, we could never have pulled so far out into the track of ships. Comrade, I forgive you. I admire you.'

"And Mafle growls from forward: 'We owe you a famous debt of gratitude, comrade. You are cut out for a chief.'

"Comrade! Monsieur! Ah, what a good word! And they, such men as these two, had made it accursed. I looked at them. I remembered their lies, their promises, their menaces, and all my days of misery. Why could they not have left me alone after I came out of prison? I looked at them and thought that while they lived I could never be free. Never. Neither I nor others like me with warm hearts and weak heads. For I know I have not a strong head, monsieur. A black rage came upon me—the rage of extreme intoxication,—but not against injustice or society. Oh no!

"'I must be free!' I cried, furiously.

"'Vive la liberté!' yells that ruffian Mafle. '*Mort aux bourgeois* who send us to Cayenne! They shall soon know that we are free.'

"The sky, the sea, the whole horizon, seemed to turn red to me, blood red all round the boat. My temples were beating so loud that I wondered they did not hear. How is it that they did not? How is it they did not understand?

"I heard Simon ask, 'Have we not pulled far enough out now?'"

"'Yes. Far enough,' I said. I was sorry for him; it was the other I hated. He hauled in his oar with a loud sigh, and as he was raising his hand to wipe his forehead with the air of a man who had done his work, I pulled the trigger of my revolver and shot him like this, off the knee, right through the heart.

"He tumbled down, with his head hanging over the side of the boat. I did not give him a second glance. The other cried out piercingly. Only one shriek of horror. Then all was still.

"He was slipping down off the thwart on to his knees and raised his joined hands before his face in an attitude of supplication. 'Mercy,' he whispered, faintly. 'Mercy for me!—comrade.'

"'Ah, comrade,' I said, in a low tone. 'Yes, comrade, of course. Well, then, shout *Vive l'anarchie*.'

"He flung up his arms, his face up to the sky and his mouth wide open in a great shout of despair. '*Vive l'anarchie! Vive—*'

"He collapsed all in a heap, with a bullet through his head.

"I flung them both overboard. I threw away the revolver, too. Then I sat down quietly. I was free at last! At last. I did not even look towards the ship. I did not care. Indeed, I think I must have gone to sleep, because all of a sudden there were shouts and I found the ship almost on top of me. They hauled me on board and secured the boat astern. They were all blacks, except the captain, who was a mulatto. He alone knew a few words of French. I could not find out where they were going nor who they were. They gave me something to eat every day; but I did not like the way they used to discuss me in their language. Perhaps they were deliberating about throwing me overboard in order to keep possession of the boat. How do I know? As we were passing this island I asked whether it was inhabitable. I understood from the mulatto that there was a house on it. A farm, I fancied. So I asked them to put me ashore there and keep the boat for their trouble. This, I imagine, was just what they wanted. The rest you know."

After pronouncing these words he lost

suddenly all control over himself. He paced to and fro, quicker and quicker, till he broke into a run; his arms went like a windmill and his ejaculations became very much like raving. The burden of them was that he "denied nothing, nothing!" I could only let him go on, and sat out of his way, repeating, "*Calmez vous, calmez vous*," at intervals till his agitation exhausted itself.

I must confess, too, that I remained there long after he had crawled under his mosquito-net. He had adjured me not to leave him; so, as one sits up with a nervous child, I sat up with him—in the name of humanity—till he fell asleep.

On the whole, my idea is that he was much more of an anarchist than he confessed to me or to himself; and that, the special features of his case apart, he was very much like many other anarchists. Warm heart and weak head—that is the word of the riddle; and it is a fact that the bitterest contradictions and the deadliest conflicts of the world are carried on in every individual breast capable of feeling and passion.

From personal inquiry I can vouch that the story of the convict mutiny was in every particular as stated by him.

When I got back to Horta from Cayenne and saw the "anarchist" again, he did not look well. He was more worn, still more frail, and very livid indeed under the grimy smudges of his calling. Evidently the meat of the company's main herd (in its unconcentrated form) did not agree with him at all.

It was on the pontoon in Horta that we met; and I tried to induce him to leave the launch moored there and follow me to Europe there and then. It would have been delightful to think of the excellent manager's surprise and disgust at the poor fellow's escape. But he refused with unconquerable obstinacy.

"Surely you don't mean to live always here!" I cried. He shook his head.

"I shall die here," he said. Then added, moodily, "Away from them."

Sometimes I think of him lying open-eyed on his horseman's gear in the low shed full of tools and scraps of iron—the anarchist slave of the Marañon estate, waiting with resignation for that sleep which eluded him, as he used to say, in such an unaccountable manner.

Some Rare Elements and their Application

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

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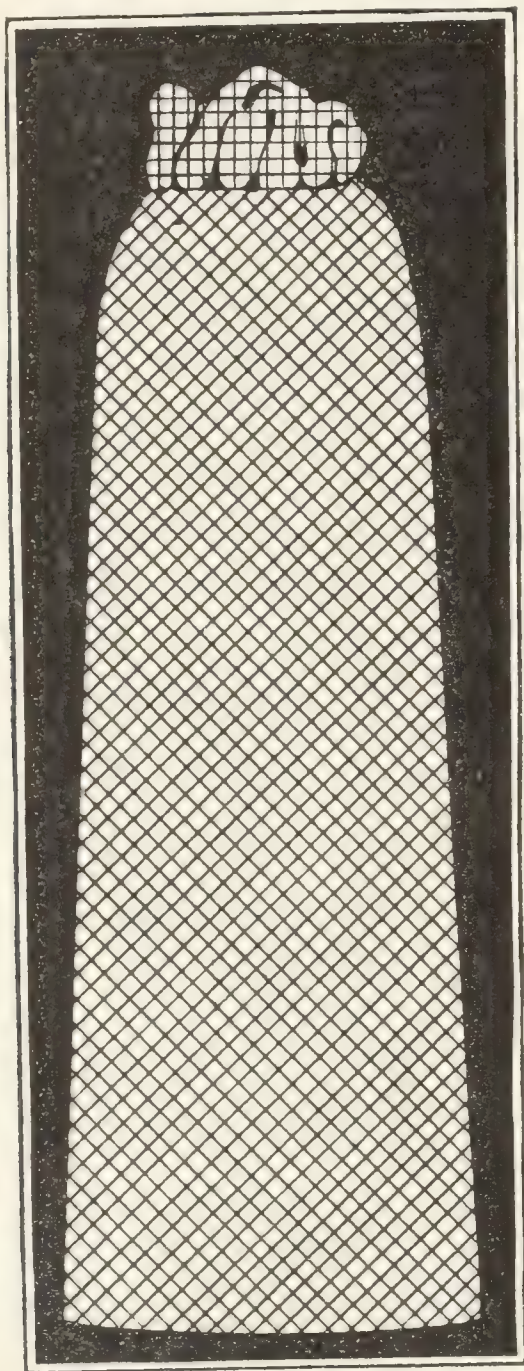
THERE is a certain question that almost inevitably proposes itself to everybody that studies chemistry: Why are some of the elements of matter so excessively abundant while others are so excessively rare? Why is there one volume of oxygen in every five of air, while there is only one volume of krypton in twenty million? Why did Boisbaudran, in order to obtain some two ounces of the metal gallium, find it necessary to work over nearly 600 pounds of crude material, while the metal aluminium, which is not unlike gallium, we use in the commonest way? Why, in a word, is gold so hard to come by, while iron lies literally everywhere? Actually, more than half of the known elements are rare, unheard of by the layman and practically unknown to ninety-five per cent. of working chemists. Who, for example, has ever heard of, much less worked with, lanthanum, europium, erbium, neodymium, gadolinium, thulium, praseodymium, terbium, ytterbium, samarium, holmium, tantalum? Yet these forbidding names represent certain elements of matter just as do others such as sulphur, phosphorus, or lead; elements, too, unique in their properties and filled with all kinds of potential usefulnesses to man.

If we could but answer the question why gold is rare and iron is common, we should probably have the answer to one of the most interesting secrets in all the world—the secret of the genesis of matter; for in order to answer it we should find it necessary to know, first, how gold and iron *came to be made*. Of course this secret lies carefully packed away in some of the hidden places of the earth, but there are certain paths of investigation indicated by which we may hope to arrive. For example, gold is

rare and gold is heavy, and most of the rare elements are heavy, too. Is there not some significance in this? It used to be thought that gold, together with other rare elements, was rare *because* it was heavy—that when the earth was in a molten condition, gold and the heavy elements would fall to the centre, and hence that we should find upon the surface merely rare and accidental traces. This idea received support from the fact that the density of the earth, calculated from astronomical data, was markedly greater than the average density of the surface. We now know, though, that this difference in density may be accounted for by the influence of pressure at great depths. It is altogether unlikely that we should ever find a gold-mine by “digging down to China,” for the apparent rarity of certain elements seems to be an actual rarity throughout the whole mass of the earth.

Another significant fact is the way in which the rare elements are associated together. Everybody knows that a lead-mine is always more or less a silver-mine, and a copper-mine a gold-mine; and to take another example of many, the dozen elements cited above as an example of rarity are always found together in a few rare minerals discovered in widely scattered localities. It used to be said that this curious association of certain elements was to be accounted for by the law that “birds of a feather flock together,” and that owing to chemical similarities they became associated by the sorting processes of nature. Unfortunately, though, for the theory, many of the associated elements are not “birds of a feather” at all—silver is not like lead, and gold is anything but copper, in a chemical sense,—and when we come to look for this “sorting process,” there is

no such thing ascertainable. It is plain that we must seek elsewhere for an explanation of the rare elements. We are beginning to find a hint of the answer in the new knowledge initiated by Becquerel's discovery of radioactivity. The possible explanations are two. The



A FAMILIAR GAS-MANTLE

first depends upon the fact that the radioactive elements such as radium, thorium, and uranium possess the heaviest atoms we know in nature, and furthermore that the radioactivity of these elements seems to depend upon their actual disintegration into simpler elements. This is now a commonplace of the new knowledge. In addition to this, some of the elemental products of this disintegration are not themselves radioactive. May it not be, then, that gold and other rare elements with heavy atoms are the decomposition products of still other elements—rare because they are transient and break down into other things? It would not surprise us in the light of radioactivity to

find that silver is always in lead because lead breaks down into silver. It has recently been suggested that all the silver should carefully be removed from some few tons of lead, and that after the lapse of a few years a fresh crop should be looked for.

The second theory insists that the converse is true, that instead of the rare elements resulting from a process of elemental decomposition they may result from elemental synthesis. The forty years' work of Sir Norman Lockyer has at last familiarized the world with the conception of an inorganic evolution in the sun and stars by which the heavy elements are synthesized out of the lighter ones, and radioactivity lends countenance to this idea by the statement that the lighter elements may be taking up as much energy to evolve into heavy elements as is given up by the heavy elements in disintegrating into light ones. On the basis of either explanation the rare elements are rare because they are transient—transition forms—unstable. There seems to be experimental support of this in the study of the rare earths. The dozen rare elements named above occur associated together, but in endeavoring to isolate them the results obtained depend upon the method employed. The amazingly contradictory results of the eminent workers in this field can best be explained by the assumption that these elements actually break down in their hands. They seem derived from one another, but whether Terbium begat Holmium and Holmium begat Erbium, or whether, on the contrary, Erbium begat Holmium and Holmium begat Terbium, we have no idea. We thus see two possible solutions for this problem, but no demonstrative answer. Down in the earth somewhere, "surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they find it," but as for the question "Why is gold?" it is as insoluble as the question "Why is a hen?"

But if we cannot answer "Why is a hen?" we, nevertheless, all eat eggs, and although we cannot explain the origin of the rare elements we still may use them. It is the industrial use of a few of these rare elements that we make the subject-matter of this paper. But the rare elements are very many, and since

Industry married Science, since Cinderella became a lady, their applications are just as many. We must, therefore, limit our study of these things to one phase of usefulness, let us say to the lighting of our streets and homes. Our paper will serve to demonstrate in this way, better than in any other, the world of difference between the New Industry and the Old Industry, between the sway of the finger of Science and the ancient rule of Thumb.

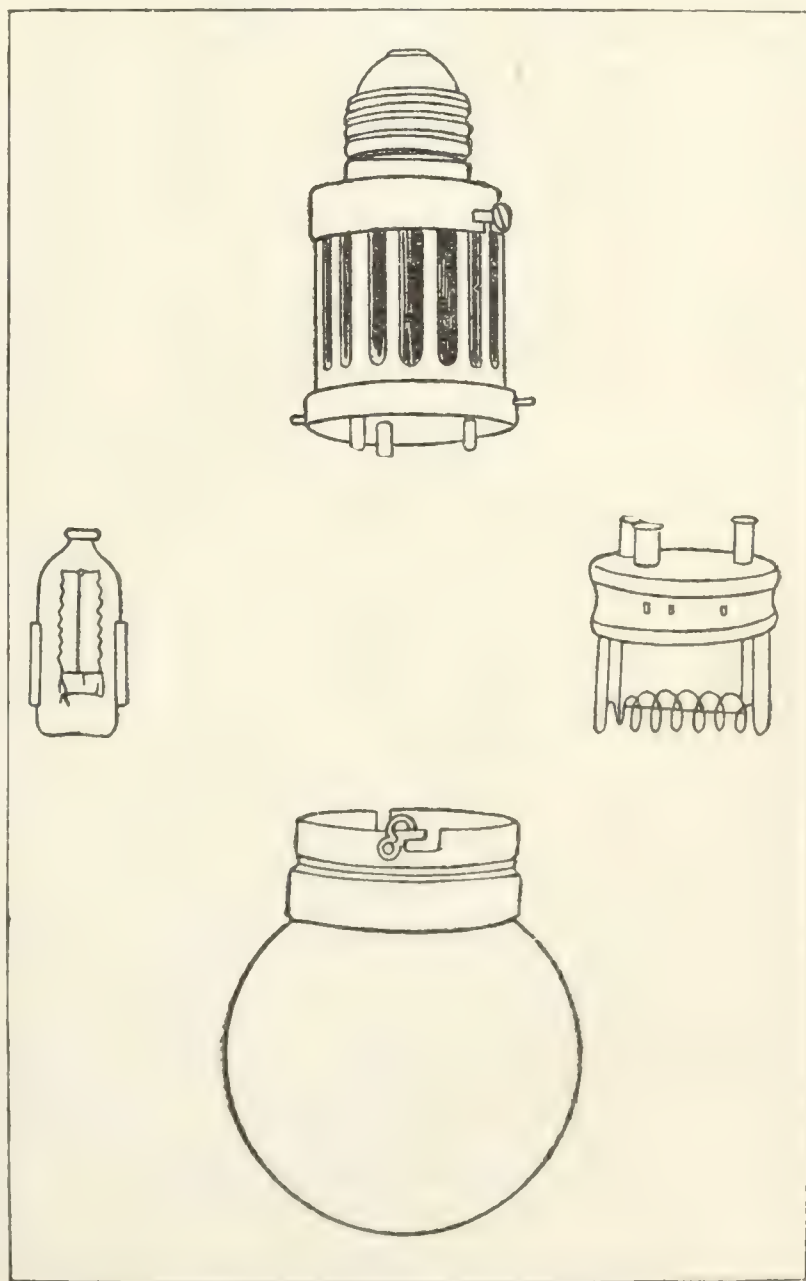
Early in the eighties of the last century Dr. Carl von Welsbach was investigating the elements of the rare earths. In these investigations the spectroscope plays a most important part when brought to bear on these substances when raised to vivid incandescence. In order to increase this valuable incandescence a certain idea dropped into von Welsbach's mind—dropped almost from nowhere. This idea was the savior of an enormous industry. It occurred to von Welsbach that he might increase this incandescence by impregnating a piece of cotton with the substance and burning it in a bunsen flame. It certainly did increase the incandescence, but it did more. The organic matter of the cotton burnt away and left a perfect image of its fabric composed of the oxides of the elements taken, and the oxide skeleton glowed in the bunsen flame with a brilliancy and a beauty that were astonishing; this was peculiarly the case with the oxide of the element lanthanum. As a necessary consequence the idea entered his mind of using a cotton fabric impregnated with lanthanum oxide for practical lighting—the idea of a gas-mantle. With the interesting history of his attempts we have no space to deal.

He discovered that of all the rare elements, the oxide of the element thorium, thoria, was most efficient. Next, he discovered that the purer the thorium the less light it gave, and that the brilliant light of the mantle must be due to some interaction between the thoria and some impurity unknown; this was finally determined to be ceria. To-day, as the result of an amount of work hardly surpassed in the annals of science, there stands as the composition of every gas-mantle the following formula, which the

thousands of attempts that have since been made have failed to improve upon: thoria, ninety-nine per cent.; ceria, one per cent.—total, 100.

How to explain the wonderful power of light emissivity awakened in the thoria by this trace of ceria has been a matter of endless controversy. The mystery deepens when it is discovered that although by weight the proportion of ceria to thoria is 1:99, by volume it is only 1:999.

The cotton with which the oxides was impregnated turned out to be unsuitable because its ash contained alkalies, which in the heat of the flame attacked and ruined the thoria. A systematic search through the fabric-making materials discovered ramie, or china-grass, which was almost ideal for the purpose, and which is now grown in India and southern Italy for the gas-lighting industry. The china-grass for any one mantle weighs some seven grams, and yet it contains only one-half of a milligram of ash, and this is pure silica free from alkali. It is woven by firms organized for the purpose into "stockings" of the shape and pattern which the reader may see above



THE NERNST LAMP

his head. Thence they pass into the hands of the manufacturers of the gas-mantles proper.

While the natives of India have been collecting china-grass, and while it is being transported and eventually woven into "stockings," other people of a wholly different character and race have been digging out of the ground in Brazil a curious mineral called monazite sand. This mineral contains a dozen (and very many more) very rare elements mysteriously and almost inextricably mingled, but among them there are the thorium and cerium that we need. The mineral is found also in Florida and California, but it is not so good. It is now carried to the centres of civilization, where it is purified as rigorously as the methods of science permit; for while the thoria demands its one per cent. of ceria, it insists on nothing more. Every reader will remember the bad, greenish, eye-afflicting light of the early mantles.

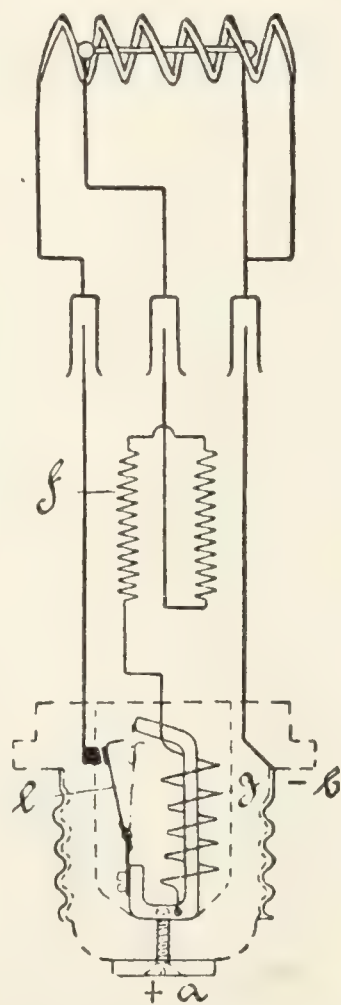
This bad light was due chiefly to the presence of the elements erbium and ytterbium, which are now most carefully eliminated. Finally, as the nitrates of practically pure thoria and ceria they enter one door of the gas-mantle factory while the china-grass "stockings" enter another, and here their history begins. The first operation consists in dipping the china-grass stocking into a properly constituted solution of the thorium and cerium nitrate.

The stocking is then passed through a wringer, so that only the requisite quantity of the solution remains. It must then be dried. But if it were merely hung up to dry, the solution would run down to the base and disaster would surely result. To obviate this, the stocking is slipped over a glass form, which retains the solution *in situ* so that when dry there is a uniform distribution of the thorium-cerium mixture. Next it must be strengthened at the top, for the gas-mantle is so frail that, otherwise, it would never support its own weight.

For this reason the dried mantle is now taken to another room, where its upper end is dipped into a solution of the oxides of beryllium and aluminium, which, when heated, forms a strong glass. The next requisite is a method for suspending the mantle over the burner. This is furnished by drawing the top together and forming a loop with a thread of long-fibred asbestos made in Belgium. At this stage of the operation the manufacturer satisfies his natural desire to advertise the superexcellence of his ware by painting a label on the mantle. This is done with a solution of uranium nitrate so that in the heat of the burner his name will appear in the effulgence of the mantle. So far the shape of the mantle-stock is crude and imperfect, and it is now moulded in a wooden form to the shape it is to assume in the lamp. Up to this point it is a mantle-stock woven of china-grass impregnated throughout with the nitrates of thorium and cerium, at the

top with beryllium and aluminium, and in spots with uranium. At this point the transformation occurs. The mantle is placed in the intensely hot flame of a pressure gas-burner, and in an instant what was a woven cloth is now the delicate fabric of a gas-mantle. The cloth has disappeared in a whiff of flame, the nitrates have become the incandescent oxides, preserving with marvellous fidelity the delicate filament of the original pattern and glowing with unexampled brilliancy. There is but one thing more to do. It must be strengthened to endure the jolting transport of the hundreds of miles from the factory to the home, and this is accomplished by dipping it into a mixture of copal, shellac, alcohol, ether, and camphor and subsequently drying it. The mantle is finished,

and finished it is what every manufacture *ought* to be — the product throughout of scientific skill and knowledge. The sudden chance thought of von Welsbach, that of dipping a piece of cotton in his rare-earth solution, has created a powerful industry full-

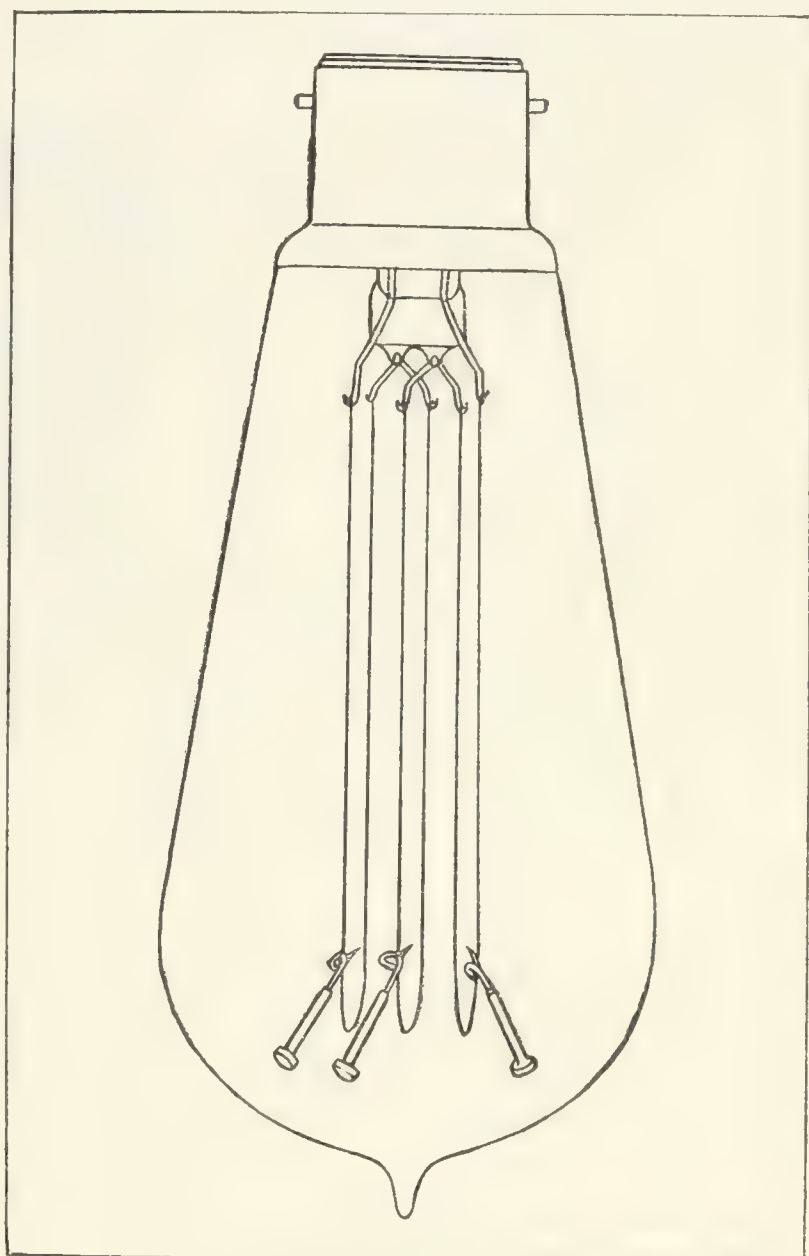


PATH OF CURRENT IN THE NERNST LAMP

armed in defence of gas. It is impossible to doubt but that years ago illuminating gas would have succumbed to its electric rival without this aid. In Germany alone over one hundred and fifty million gas-mantles are manufactured every year, and the total number manufactured the world over staggers belief. To manufacture these German mantles over 330,000 pounds of thorium nitrate are employed, 120,000 of which come from Brazil through the hands of a monopolist, Herr de Freitas, of Hamburg. Millions of money and thousands of men are employed in the utilization of a rare mineral which a few years ago had nothing but an academic importance.

In calling the rare earths the savior of the gas industry we had in mind as the rival of gas only the incandescent electric-light bulbs containing carbon filaments, such as we see everywhere around us. We left out of account that while these rare earths were sauce for the goose they might likewise be sauce for the gander. It was in 1897 that Professor Nernst, of Göttingen, showed that while at ordinary temperatures a pencil or filament made of these rare earths was a non-conductor of electricity, it required only the application of a lighted match to render it a very good conductor indeed, and that the hotter it became the better a conductor it was. It is very like one of the Holland dams. So long as the dam is perfect the dam is safe—it is a non-conductor of water—but permit the smallest hole, no larger than a finger, upon which the water may work, and, shortly after, the resistance of the dam has broken down and the whole volume of the current washes through. The cold filament made of these earths offers an impenetrable resistance, but at 600°C . a little current passes. This makes the filament hotter, which allows more current to pass, which makes the filament still hotter, which permits still more current, which makes the filament hotter again, and so it builds itself up until it arrives at a semi-pasty condition when practically the whole of the current passes through, and it shines with a very vivid and very beautiful incandescence. This is the basis of the Nernst lamp, of which tens of thousands are now being sold in

America. It is the only incandescent electric light that burns in the air and can be lighted with a match. Essentially, it seems a simple affair, but there are many complications which rendered its development a matter of extraordinary difficulty. It has taken the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, together with



THE OSMIUM LAMP

its allied or subsidiary companies in America, France, and England, some six years of ceaseless effort to secure their present lamp. Think of the difficulty, for one thing, of squeezing an earthy powder into an exceeding strong, hard thread. In its present form the Nernst lamp is, necessarily, a complicated mechanism. The fundamental part of the lamp, the thread, is made of practically the same substance as the incandescent gas-mantle, thoria, though some filaments contain almost pure zirconia. This is surrounded by a coil of iron wire, and the lamp is so made that on switching on the current it passes first through the wire, which becomes red hot. The heat of the wire initiates the conductivity of the

rare-earth filament, and so soon as it begins to do this the current passes at the same time through a little electromagnet hidden in the body of the lamp, which actuates a spring that cuts the iron wire altogether out of the circuit and permits the whole body of the current to pass through the filament. It is very pretty, the way in which it does this, and the reader will probably notice that it is something like a minute after the current is switched on before the action is complete and the lamp shines out. But unfortunately this is not the whole lamp. The fundamental fact in the Nernst lamp is its greatest weakness. We have said that the hotter the filament is the more the current goes through, and of course the converse is true, the less the current the cooler the filament, and the cooler the filament the less the current. Now no electrical current is perfectly steady,

and, consequently, the lamp as so far described would be quite impossible of practical application. There would be too great a variation in light, too great a variation in current, and in consequence of the mechanical shocks to the filament resulting from these variations in current, too short a life to the lamp. They found it necessary to introduce a complicated steadying resistance to compensate for this unfortunate fact. To-day one of the marvellous things about the Nernst lamp is the compactness with which all this complicated mechanism is arranged in the small body of the lamp.

The advantage of the Nernst lamp is this, that it gives a beautiful light which is fully fifty per cent. greater per unit of electrical power than the ordinary carbon-filament lamp that we see in everybody's house, and this advantage much

more than compensates for the increased cost of the lamp. The disadvantages are that seemingly the lamp is really good only for continuous currents, and the character of the current must be strictly defined, and, moreover, owing to the fact that the compensating resistance does not really compensate, a comparatively short life to the lamp. Besides there is the complication of it.

Still, the Nernst lamp is very successful, and we may see its beautiful radiations competing with its gas-mantle brother in almost every town in the land. In Germany no less than 4,000,000 Nernst lamps have been sold.

The Nernst lamp not only accentuated the war of gas *versus* electricity, but it initiated an internecine strife within the electrical camp. Up to that time electricity had been content with carbon filaments. On the coming out of the Nernst lamp, however, von Welsbach, who had



DR. WERNER VON BOLTON
The discoverer of pure tantalum

been the champion of the gas industry, joined forces with its rival. He has devised a lamp which for beauty of light, efficiency, and length of life is not at all unlikely to throw all preexisting forms of illumination literally into the shade. It resembles the ordinary vacuum bulb containing a carbon filament, with this difference, that the filament consists of pure metallic osmium. This osmium is a very rare element found generally associated with platinum, which it much resembles. In its crystalline form it is a bluish substance 22.4 times as heavy as water, and it is probably the most refractory and unalterable solid known to science. The metal is not only difficult to obtain in quantity, but many difficulties are connected with its extraction, and even dangers, for the osmic acid readily formed is poisonous and produces per-

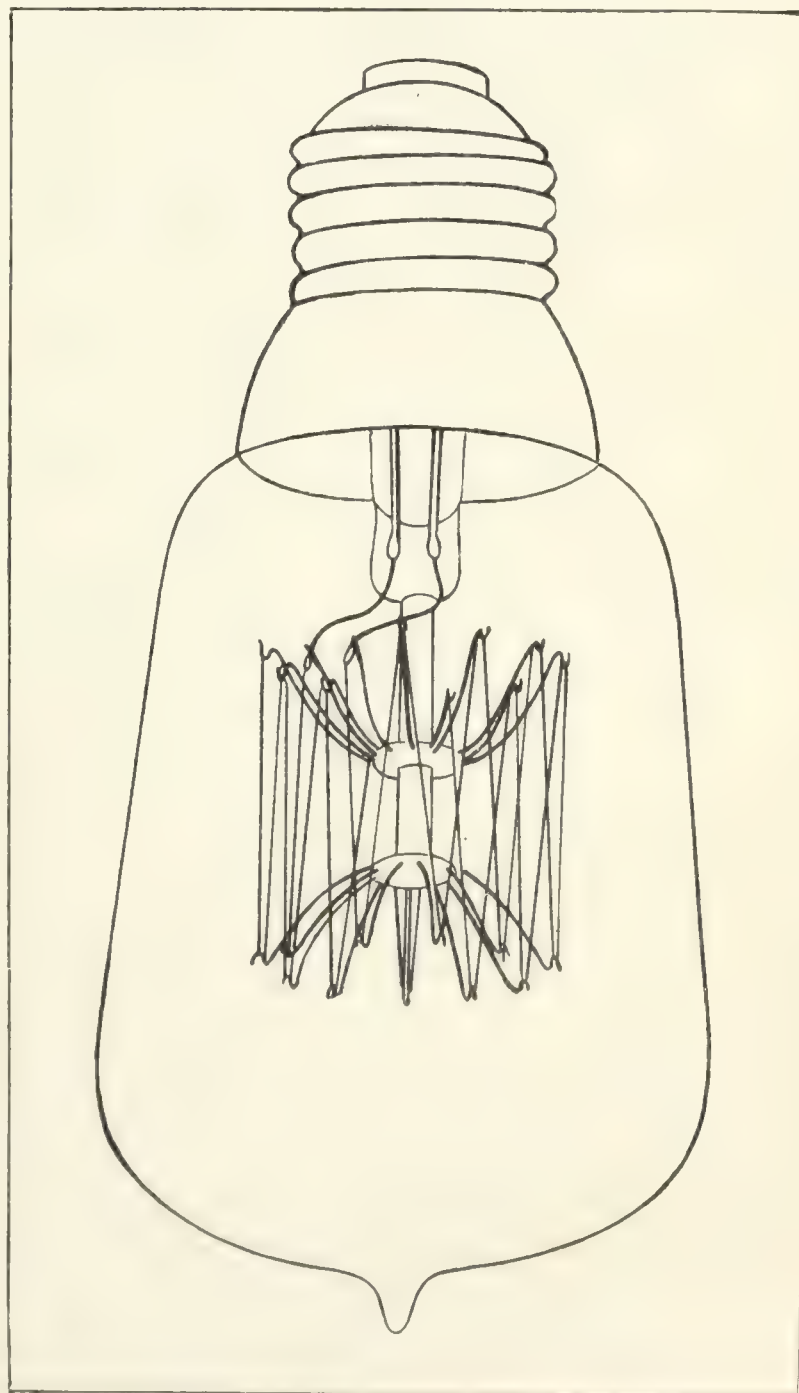
manent blindness. It is this metal which is used as the conducting filament in the lamp represented in the accompanying figure. In order to obtain this filament a platinum wire is coated with the osmium *and the platinum is then volatilized away*. The hairlike filament thus forms a tube.

The advantages of the lamp are manifold: It gives a light beautiful in color; it saves no less than fifty-six per cent. of the electrical current; it is, unlike the Nernst lamp, but little affected by changes in the current; it has an extremely long life, say 2000 hours; and there is no blackening of the bulb owing to the disintegration of the filament, as with carbon. On the other hand, its cost is high and, apparently, it can be used only on a current of about fifty volts, which is awkward. Again, the osmium filament is so exceedingly fine and threadlike—hairlike, rather—that it is fragile, and the lamp must be burned in a vertical position. One of the main difficulties that this company has to contend with is the breakage of the fragile filament during transportation. If the company can strengthen the filament, which is likely, and can decrease the initial cost, which is doubtful, it will almost certainly relegate the Nernst lamp to the museum.

The idea of using a metallic filament in place of carbon did not occur only to von Welsbach. Particularly did it occur to Dr. Werner von Bolton, the chief of staff in the laboratories of Siemens and Halske, of Berlin. Von Bolton devoted seven years to the task of finding a metal suitable for use in electric-light bulbs. He had no guarantee of success, he pursued a vision, but as is so often the case, his importunity brought him his reward. Ever since 1803 chemistry has known of a certain rare element found in just two or three places in the earth's crust, almost unacted on by other bodies, and called tantalum "because even when in the midst of an acid it is unable to take the liquid to itself."

In the form of various compounds chemists became very fairly well acquainted with tantalum, and they thought, but only thought, that they knew the pure element. It remained for Dr. von Bolton to show that this was

a cardinal error, that their so-called tantalum was an impure product possessing properties widely different from the element itself. He obtained his tantalum in a novel but simple way by placing the oxide of the element between the poles of a powerful electric arc, under the intense heat of which the oxygen is expelled. Now, if this were done in the air as much oxygen would unite as was expelled, and the experiment would be no forwarder, so he employs a vacuum and pumps off the oxygen as fast as it is formed. Thus, the oxide of tantalum is rapidly reduced to the pure metal *if* the poles of the arc are tantalum itself. We have italicized this *if* because originally, using platinum electrodes, he was led into error—a thing mislikable to chronicle; but, since a scientific man must stand for what he says, here it is: According to the first experiments, tantalum was so hard that "it was found impossible by means of a diamond drill to bore a hole through a sheet one mil-



THE TANTALUM LAMP

limetre thick" even though the drill rotated 5000 times to the minute for three whole days. It turned out that the reason for this was that the tantalum was still slightly impure, and that this impurity vanished on employing an arc formed between electrodes of the tantalum first made. This first tantalum is thus the ancestor of all the free tantalum in the world to-day. As a matter of fact tantalum is just about as hard as the very hardest steel; it is unaffected by almost all reagents; at ordinary temperatures it is absolutely unrustable; its fusing-point is exceedingly high, about 2300° C.; it may be rolled into the thinnest of thin sheets, and drawn into the finest of fine wire; and in reheating the hardness becomes extraordinarily increased. Its high fusing-point realized for Siemens and Halske their electric lamp, which forms, perhaps, the most beautiful light known to man. In the lamp figured in the text the length of the filament is no less than twenty inches—a bothersome thing to pack in the bulb; and yet so fine is this wire that one pound of the metal will manufacture 20,000 lamps. The efficiency of the lamp is more than twice that of the ordinary light-bulb; its length of life is extraordinary; the filament is, unlike that of the osmium lamp, strong and durable; and it may be used on the 110-volt circuit. Were it not for the fact that it does not do well on an alternating current it would seem a peerless instrument for the lighting of our homes. The present high cost of the lamp is not inherent, for, according to Dr. von Bolton its price is established simply to limit its sale until the firm is ready to supply the market of the world. The quantity of tantalum available is much greater than was anticipated, for deposits of columbite, its containing mineral, originally found in South Dakota, have been supplemented by much richer masses in Australia, and the company will now accept only mineral containing a generous proportion. There is so much of the mineral that they now propose to manufacture small tools and other articles. For hardness, unalterability, ductility, and malleability, the element tantalum will thus constitute a sublimated steel; and since with this company it is a word and a blow, their tools

may soon be expected on the market. In the mean time the tantalum lamp, clothed with light as with a garment, may be seen in all the great cities of the world.

These are a few of the rare elements as they are applied to one problem only, the lighting of our streets and homes. Of course the lighting industry does not confine itself to the rare elements only. The whole industry is saturated with the scientific spirit, and it appeals to everything under heaven for "more light."

There is, for example, the Cooper Hewitt lamp, or, in its developed and improved form, the Bastian lamp. This lamp shines by the incandescence of mercury vapor. Its economy is almost unprecedented, and its length of life is indefinitely long, but its color is—a green impossible! Then there is the "Nürnberg licht," a gas-mantle vivified by the combustion of illuminating gas and pure oxygen, and depending for its supremacy upon the price of oxygen, which, according to current rumors, is likely now to sink to a cost beyond their fondest expectations. Again there is the "flaming arc," an open arc lamp whose carbons contain metallic salts such as calcium fluoride and potassium silicate. This lamp is, confessedly, in the golden beauty of its light and in the small demands it makes upon the electrical current, the champion of the street, and it is a pity that owing to its poisonous vapor it cannot be used in our homes. Finally there is the necessary, absolutely necessary, counter of the carbon-lamp industry to all these stings and arrows. They have announced a graphitized carbon filament with the chief advantages of the metallic filament we have already considered; but for these lamps we must wait to see.

An evening walk down Piccadilly, or the Friedrichstrasse, or the Avenue de l'Opéra is illuminating not only to the eye of sense, but to the eye of the mind. All these lamps are burning there, and letting their light so shine that he who runs may read the lesson of the times. This lesson is just *efficiency*, the efficiency that depends upon the knowledge and skill which is modern science, and which is good not for light alone, but for every industry known to man.

His First Wife

BY ALICE BROWN

IT seemed to Lydia Gale that from the moment she met Eben Jakes she understood what fun it was to laugh. She and her mother and three sisters lived together in a comfortable way, and Lydia, although she was the youngest, had come to feel that she was declining into those middle years when beauty wanes, and though the desire to charm may raise an eager hand, no one will stay to look. She was a delicate blonde, and when she began to recognize these bounds of life she faded a little into a still neutrality that might soon have made an old woman of her. The sisters were dark, wholesome wenches, known as trainers at the gatherings they were always summoned to enliven; but Lydia seldom found their mirth exhilarating. Only when Eben Jakes appeared at the door, that spring twilight, a droll look peering from his blue eyes, and a long forefinger smoothing out the smile from the two lines in his lean cheeks, and asked, as if there were some richness of humor in the supposition, "Anybody heard anything of anybody named Eunice Eliot round here?" she found her own face creasing responsively. Eunice Eliot had been her mother's maiden name, and it proved that she and Eben's mother had been schoolmates. Eben's mother had died some years before, and now, taking a little trip with his own horse and buggy to peddle essences and see the country, he had included his mother's friend within the circle of his wandering. Mrs. Gale had a welcome ready for him and for the treasured reminiscences of his mother's past, and the three older sisters trained with him to their limit. Lydia sat by and listened, smiling all the time. She thought Eben's long, lank, broad-shouldered figure very manly, and it shocked her beyond speech to hear one of the trainers avow that, for her part, she thought his thin, Yankee face, with its big features and keen eyes, as homely

as a hedge fence. Lydia said nothing, but she wondered what people could expect. She was a greedy novel-reader, and she had shy thoughts of her own. It seemed to her that Eben, who also had passed his first youth, must have been a great favorite in his day. Every commonplace betrayal in those intimate talks with her mother served to show her how good he had been, how simple and true. He had taken care of his mother through a long illness, and then, after her death, lived what must have been a dull life, but one still dutiful toward established bonds, with old Betty, the "help" of many years. Now Betty had died, and before beginning another chapter with some domestic expedient, he had allowed himself this limited trip, to breathe another air and see the world. Lydia felt that he had deserved his vacation. All the weary steps to it, she knew, could scarcely have been climbed so robustly save by a hero.

Eben had stayed a week, and on the morning set for his leaving, Mrs. Gale and the three trainers harnessed in haste to drive over to Fairfax to see the circus come in. Lydia had refused to go, because, for some reason, she felt a little dull that morning, and Eben had soberly declared his peddling would take him another way. He meant to be off before the middle of the forenoon; and while he was in the barn, foddering his horse and greasing the wheels, Lydia bethought her how he had praised the doughnuts several nights before, and, with an aching impulse to do something for him before he should go, hastily made up a batch, judging that a dozen or so would please him upon the road. But she was left-handed that morning, and as she began to fry, the fat caught fire. Then Eben, seeing the blaze and smoke, dashed in, set the kettle safely in the sink, and took Lydia into his arms.

"Say," he whispered to her hidden face,

"what if you an' me should get married an' go round some peddlin', an' make our way home towards fall?"

Lydia felt that this was the most beautiful invitation that could possibly have been given her, and she answered accordingly:

"I'd like it ever so much."

Within the next week they were married, and set out on their enchanted progress, stopping at doors when they liked, and offering bottles whereof the labels sounded delicious and sweet, or if a house looked poor or stingy, passing it by. Sometimes, when Lydia felt very daring, she went to the door herself to show her wares, and Eben stayed in the carriage and laughed. He said she offered a bottle of vanilla as if it were poison and she wanted to get rid of it, or as if it were water, and of no use to anybody. Once, when she had been denied by a sour-faced woman, he stopped under the shade of a tree farther on, and left Lydia there while he went back and, by force of his smile and persuasive tongue, sold the same bottle to the same woman, and came back chuckling in a merry triumph. This was the day that Lydia's summer happiness felt the touch of blight. She remembered always just the moment when the wind of trouble touched her. They were driving through a long stretch of maple woods with a ravine below, where ferns grew darkly and water hurried over rocks. Lydia was lying back in the carriage, swaying with its motion, and jubilant to her fingertips. It was young summer now, and she answered back every pulse of the stirring earth with heart-beats of her own. Eben was laughing.

"That's the way to do it," he was saying, in an exaggerated triumph. "Why, you've got to talk to 'em till they think that bottle o' vanilla's the water o' life, an' they'll have to knife ye if they can't git it no other way."

"You're a born peddler," smiled Lydia. Then she asked, "How'd you happen to start out?" She had heard the simple reason many times; but she loved his talk, and her idle mind preferred old tales to new. Eben fell in with her mood, as one begins an accustomed story to a child.

"Well," he said, and he sobered a little, as memory recalled him, "you know,

when mother died, old Betty stayed an' kep' house for me. An' when she died, this last spring, I kinder thought I'd git over it sooner if I travelled round a mite to see the sights. I didn't want to git too fur for fear I'd be sick on't, like the feller that started off to go round the world, an' run home to spend the first night. You sleepy now?" He had shrewdly learned that she liked long, dull stories to lull her into the swing of a nap.

"No," said Lydia, drowsily. "You go on. Then what?"

"Well, so I got Jim Ross to take over the stock an' run the farm to the halves. I took along a few essences to give me suthin' to think about, an' when I got tired o' rovin' I expected to turn back home an' begin bachin' on't same's I'd got to end. An' then I stopped at your mother's to kinder talk over old times when my mother was little; an' you come to the door an' let me in."

"Eben," said Lydia, out of her dream and with all her story-book knowledge at hand, "don't you s'pose 'twas ordered?"

"What?"

"Don't you s'pose 'twas just put into your head to start out that way so't you could come an' find—me?"

She spoke timidly, but Eben answered with the bluff certainty he had in readiness for such speculations:

"Ain't a doubt of it. Sleepy now?" He turned and looked at her as she lay back against the little pillow he had bought for her on the way. The sun and wind had overlaid the delicate bloom of her cheek with rose. The morning damp had curled her hair into rings. Something known as happiness, for want of a better word, hovered about the curves of her mouth and looked shyly out from under her lids. Eben felt his heart stir wonderfully. He bent toward her and spoke half breathlessly.

"Say, Lyddy, I don't know's I knew half how pretty you were." Then he laughed a little, as if he were ashamed. He was not a man of words, save only when he was joking. Thus far his fondness for her had found expression in an unfailing service and in mute caresses. He spoke bluntly now, chirruping to the horse: "I dunno's ever I see any eyes quite so blue—unless 'twas my first wife's."



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

THEY SET OUT ON THEIR ENCHANTED PROGRESS

It was as if a sponge had passed over the quivering beauty of the earth and wiped it out. For the moment Lydia felt as if she were not his wife at all. At her silence, Eben turned and glanced at her; but her eyes were closed.

"Tired?" he asked, fondly, and she faltered:

"I guess so."

Then, according to a tender custom, he put his arm about her and drew her to him, and while he thought she slept, she lay there, her eyes closed against his breast, and the hard certainty upon her of something to think about. Blankness had seized upon her, not because he had married a woman before her, but because he had not told. Possibly he had told

her mother in some of their desultory talks and had forgotten to say more. The chill wonder of it sprang from her learning it too late. She had to adapt herself to a new man. Until now she had believed that it was spring with them, and that he had waited for her with an involuntary fealty, as she had done for him. They had every guerdon of young love, except that there were not so many years before them. But even that paled beside the triumphant sense that no boy or girl could possibly be as happy as they, with their ripened patience and sense of fun. A phrase came into her mind as she lay there against his heart and knew he was driving slowly to let her rest: "The wife of his youth." It hurt her keenly, and she caught a breath so sharp and sudden that he drew her closer, as one stirs a child to let it fall into an easier pose.

That day they stopped at an old-fashioned tavern in a drowsy town, and Lydia, after dinner, where she talked quite gayly about the house and the garden and the farther hills, said she thought she would go up-stairs and lie down a spell. Eben looked at her with concern. She was always as ready as he for "poking about" new places.

"Ain't you feelin' well?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes," said Lydia, "I'm all right. Only I'm kinder sleepy. I guess this air makes me. It's higher up here than 'tis a few miles back."

"Yes," said Eben, "we've been kinder climbin' up for some days. Well, you go an' sleep it off. Do you good. I'll have my pipe, an' then I'll mog round an' see 'f I can't work off a few bottles on the unsuspectin' populace."

When Eben came home from his successful sales, he found a changeling. His wife was not so different in looks or words as in a subtle something he could not define. She laughed at his jokes, and even, in a gentle way, ventured pleasant-ries of her own; but a strange languor hung about her. It might have been called patience, an acceptance of a situation rather than her eager cheer in it.

"You tired?" he asked her over and over again that day, and she always answered:

"Mebbe I am, a little mite."

So they settled down in the little tav-

ern, and while Eben took excursions round about to place his "trade," she stayed behind, and either shut herself up-stairs or sat meditatively in the garden. What moved her now was an overwhelming curiosity. She wondered what the first wife had been like, whether she could make doughnuts, and, above all, if she had been pretty. Sometimes she remembered, with a wild impulse to tell him because it seemed so desperately funny to her, the unhappy couple that had formed a part of her childhood's memories, who used to quarrel violently whenever the husband drank too much, and his wife, in his helplessness, used to go through his pockets.

"Anybody can bear 'most anything," he used to declare, as he steadied himself by the gate, in drunken majesty, and addressed the school-children in a ring, "but goin' through anybody's pockets. That's more'n anybody ought to be called upon to bear." Lydia smiled sorrowfully upon herself in the midst of her daze, at the wonder whether she also should be tempted to go through her husband's pockets, not thriftily, to save his purse, but to discover the portrait of his first wife. Yet she had resolved to ask him nothing, and then, in the way of womankind, she opened her lips one day and said the thing she would not. They were sitting in the garden under the pear-tree, with beautiful old borders, all a lovely neglect, on both sides. Lydia had been talking about flowers, and getting up now and then to pull a weed—an ineffectual service where weeds were so plentiful,—and stopping to speak a word to a late sweet-william, as if it were a child. Eben was smoking his pipe contentedly and watching her.

"You like 'em, don't you?" he said, fondly, as she came back and took her chair again.

"I guess I do," said Lydia. That day she felt particularly well and freed from the assaults of memory. The sun was on her face and she welcomed it, and a light breeze stirred her hair. "Mother always said I was bewitched over gardens."

"You shall have all the land you can take care of," he avowed, "an' you shall have a hired man of your own. I can foretell his name. It's Eben Jakes."

Lydia laughed, and he went on: "We used to have a few beds, but when mother was taken away I kinder let it slip."

Suddenly Lydia felt her heart beating hard. Something choked her, and her voice stuck in her throat.

"Eben, how'd your mother look?"

"What say?" asked Eben. He was shaking the ashes from his pipe, and the tapping of the bowl against his chair had drowned her mild essay.

"How did your mother look?"

He pursed his lips and gazed off into the distance of the orchard. Then he laughed a little at his own incompetence.

"I dunno's I can tell. I ain't much of a hand at that. She was just kinder old an' pindlin' to other folks. But she looked pretty nice to me."

"Ain't you got a photograph of her here with you?"

He shook his head.

"I thought mebbe you'd carry one round."

"Mother never had any real good picture," said Eben, meditatively. "I dunno's she ever set for a photograph. She had an ambrotype taken when she was young, with kinder full sleeves an' her hair brought down over her ears. No, mother never had a picture that was any comfort to me."

Then Lydia dared her first approach.

"Ain't you got any photographs here with you, any of your other folks? I'd like to know how they look."

He shook his head.

"No. They're all to home. You'll find 'em in the album on the centre-table. Gee! I hope the house won't be all full o' dust. I never thought, when I set out, I should bring the quality back with me."

But she could not answer by a lifted eyelash the veiled fondness of his tone. All his emotion had this way of taking little by-paths, as if he skirted courtship without often finding the courage to enter boldly in. It was delightful to her, but at this moment she could not even listen. She was too busy with her own familiar quest. Now she spoke timidly, yet with a hidden purpose.

"I think pictures of folks are a good deal of a comfort, don't you—after death?"

Eben made no answer for a moment.

He still gazed reflectively outward, but whether it was into the future or his hidden past she could not tell.

"It's queer about dyin'," he said at last.

She answered him tumultuously.

"What is?"

"Why—" then he paused, as if to set his thought in order. "I can't tell jest what I mean. Only folks can be here to-day an' there to-morrer. An' they can be all of a bloom of health, or handsome as a pictur'—an' lo ye! they're changed!"

A cold certainty settled upon her heart. The first wife had, then, been handsome. Lydia did not know whether acquired knowledge was a boon or not. Eben had risen, and was standing with his hands in his pockets, still looking into space. It seemed to her that he was miles away.

"An' I dunno which is the worst," he was saying, "to have 'em come down with a long sickness, or drop off sudden. I do, too. It's worse to see 'em suffer. But when they give right up afore your face an' eyes—" he stopped, and Lydia thought he shuddered. Again she knew. The first wife had died suddenly, and the memory of the shock was too keen upon him to admit of speech. But he shook off reflection as if it had been the dust of the hour. Now he turned to her, and the sweet recognition of his glance warmed her anew. "Don't you go an' play me any such trick," he said, with the whimsical creases deepening in his cheeks.

Yet she thought his eyes were wet.

"What?"

"Dyin'."

A new tenderness was born in her at the moment, seeing what he had endured.

"No," she wanted to say, "I hope you won't have to go through that twice." But she only shook her head brightly at him. "Come," said she, "it's time to harness up."

"I'll drive down through that cross-road," said Eben, "an' then I've finished up all them little byways. By-me-by, when we feel like settin' out for good, we can pike right along the old Boston road, an' that'll take us to Aunt Phebe's, an' so on home. But we won't start out till we're good an' ready. I guess you got kinder tired afore."

"I'm ready now," said Lydia. The color was in her cheeks. She felt daunt-

less. At once, born somehow from this sober talk, she felt a melting championship of him, as if life had hurt him too keenly and she was there to make it up to him. Henceforth she meant to be first and second wife in one.

"Hooray!" called Eben. He tossed up his hat; and the tavern-keeper's wife, making pies by the kitchen window, smiled at him and shook her rolling-pin. "Then we'll start off to-morrer, bright an' early. I don't know how you feel, Mis' Jakes, but I'm possessed to git home."

Lydia, for her part, was soberly glad, yet there was a part of her anticipation that was incredible to her. For even after her spiritual uplift of the moment before, the first thought that throbbed into her mind, like a temptation, was that of the album on the centre-table.

They drove off in the morning brightness, and Eben declared he had a good mind to give away his remaining essences and put for home as hard as he could pelt.

"We might cut right across country," he tempted himself. "No matter 'f we have planned suthin' different. But then we couldn't see Aunt Phebe."

"You're real fond of her, ain't you?" asked Lydia, absently. She was wondering if Aunt Phebe would speak of his first wife.

"She was mother's only sister," said Eben, in the deeper tone attendant on his mother's name. "She took care of mother in her last days. I guess we never had a mite o' family trouble but Aunt Phebe was there about as soon as she could board the train."

"Eben," said his wife, in her timid way of stealing on his confidence. It seemed now like a shy fashion of convincing him that she was worthy, if he would but let her, to know his heart.

"What is it?"

"Don't you think some things—some troubles—are too hard to be talked about?"

"I guess they be," assented Eben.

"We keep thinkin' an' thinkin' 'em over, but we can't speak. Mebbe 'twould be better for us if we could."

"Mebbe 'twould." Then he pulled out his pipe, as he did when the chariot of his affections neared an emotional pass.

Eben was willing to graze a wheel by that abyss, but he skilfully avoided falling over. They were climbing a long hill; and the horse, head down, sagged sleepily along, pulling faithfully. But at the top he halted, as if it seemed he knew what was below and waited for their wonder. Lydia's eyes were closed, and Eben had drawn the first puff at his pipe.

"There," said he, "what think o' that?"

Lydia opened her eyes and gave a little cry. They seemed to be at the top of everything, winding roads, like ribbons, patches of green that were ample woods, three dotted villages, and, full flare in their faces, the sunset sky. The red and gold of it had spread and lavished until the eye, to rest itself, was almost forced, for a cooling glimpse, back again to the cold blue east. Lydia looked and could not speak. Eben knew too much even to glance at her. He felt all the wonder of it, and the pride, for it seemed to him that it was, in a way, his sky, because it was so much nearer home. They stayed there in silence while the beauty changed but never faded, and the horse stretched his head low, to rest.

"Well," said Eben at last, dryly, "I dunno's ever I see such a sky as that, unless 'twas some I used to see with my first wife."

For the first time he seemed cruel. A bitter thought shot up in Lydia's heart that at every feast there was to be the unbidden guest. She closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, the sky had faded and the air was chill.

"I guess you're gittin' tired again," said Eben, tenderly. "Well, we'll be to Aunt Phebe's by eight, an' she'll put you straight to bed."

The tears had wet her cheeks. They were the first she had shown him, and he looked at them with dismay. "Hullo!" he cried, "hullo!" It was actual terror in his voice. "'Tain't so bad as that!"

Lydia straightened herself in the buggy and wiped away the tears with an impatient hand.

"I guess 'twas the sunset," she said, tremulously. "I never see such a sky."

"That all?" Eben was much relieved. Then he touched up the horse, and told him what a lot of oats were waiting in Aunt Phebe's barn. "If that's all," he

Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

THE SPINSTER COUSIN, BLUSHING A LITTLE, AT ONCE LOOKED AWAY

Half tone plate engraved by F. Levin



said, giving his mind to Lydia again, "you'll have to spend most o' your time in salt water. That's the kind o' sun-sets we're goin' to have every night arter we get home. The doctor's ordered 'em."

Lydia made herself laugh, and they talked no more until they drove up to a prosperous white house on the outskirts of the first village, and Aunt Phebe came to meet them. It was all a joyous tumult that night, and Lydia went to bed early, with a confused sense that Aunt Phebe was very kind and that she had gold-bowed glasses and shook the floor when she walked, and that the supper was a product of expert cooking. Eben was uproariously gay, in the degree of approaching home, and took Aunt Phebe about the waist to waltz with her, whereupon she cuffed him with a futile hand, remarking:

"Eben Jakes, I'd be ashamed!"

Lydia had a sense of being in a homely paradise where everything was pleasantly at one, yet that she, companioned by the unclassified memory of a woman whose place she held, had no part in the general harmony. Next morning she overslept, and found herself alone. She heard Eben's whistle from the barn and the guffaw of the hired men, to whom he was telling pleasant tales, and there were women's voices from the kitchen, and the fragrance of frying ham. She dressed in haste, and when she went down the breakfast-table was ready, in great abundance, and everybody waiting to sit down: Eben, Aunt Phebe and her mild, soft-spoken husband, and Sarah, the spectacled spinster daughter, who looked benevolently dignified enough to be her mother's mother.

"Late? I guess not," said Aunt Phebe, sinking into the chair behind the coffee-pot. "Folks get up here when they're a mind to, an' when it comes to Eben's wife—well, you can't say no more'n that in this house."

Lydia took her place rather shyly, but when Eben had found her hand under the table-cloth and given it a welcoming squeeze, she felt more than half at home. Aunt Phebe passed coffee, and beamed, and forgot to serve herself in pressing food upon the others; but when the first pause came, she leaned back and smiled

at her new niece. Lydia looked up. She met the smile and liked it. Aunt Phebe seemed a good deal more than a mother to the nice spinster daughter. She looked as if there were mother-stuff enough in her to pass around and nourish and bless the world. Aunt Phebe was speaking.

"Now," said she, "I didn't have more'n half a glimpse at you last night, Lyddy, such a surprise an' all, an' I had this mornin' to look for'ard to. An' now I'm goin' to take my time an' see for myself what kind of a wife Eben's be'n an' picked out."

She was laughing richly all through the words, and Lydia, though she was blushing, liked the sound of it. She felt quite equal to the scrutiny. She knew the days of driving had given her a color, and she was not unconscious of her new blue waist. Then, too, Eben's hand was again on hers under the friendly cloth. Aunt Phebe looked, took off her glasses, pretended to wipe them, and looked again.

"Well, Eben," said she, judicially, "I'll say this for ye, you've done well."

"Pretty good-lookin' old lady, I think myself," said Eben, with a proud carelessness. "Course she's nothin' to what my first wife was at her age; but then, nobody'd expect that kind o' luck twice. Aunt Phebe, here's my cup. You make it jest like the first, or you'll hear from me."

Lydia drooped over her plate. If Eben had sought her hand then, she would have snatched it away from him. All the delicate instincts within her felt suddenly outraged. At last she acknowledged to herself, in a flash, how coarse-minded he must be to mingle the present with his sacred past. But she started and involuntarily looked up. The spinster cousin was giggling like a girl.

"Now you've got back," she was saying to Eben. "Now I know it's you, sure enough. He took that up when he wa'n't hardly out o' pinafores," she said to Lydia.

"What?" Lydia managed to ask, through her anger at him.

"Comparin' everything with his first wife. Where'd he get it, mother?"

"Why," said Aunt Phebe, "there was that old Simeon Spence that used to come

round clock-mendin'. He was forever tellin' what his first wife used to do, an' Eben he ketched it up, an' then, when we laughed at him, he done it the more. Land o' love, Lyddy, you chokin'?"

Lydia was sobbing and laughing together, and Eben turned in a panic from his talk with Uncle Sim, to pound her back.

"No, no," she kept saying. "I'm all right. No! no!"

"Suthin' went the wrong way," commiserated Aunt Phebe, when they were

all in their places again and Lydia had wiped her eyes.

"Yes," said Lydia, joyously, as if choking were a very happy matter. "It went the wrong way. Eben, you pass Aunt Phebe my cup."

And while the coffee was coming she sought out Eben's hand again and turned to gaze at him with such telltale eyes that the spinster cousin, blushing a little, looked at once away, and wondered how it would seem to be so foolish and so fond.

The Night-Watch

BY MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

WITH woven grass, and spreading tree,
 For coverlid, and canopy,
 Dears, I have laid you all to sleep!
 And by the bed (as mothers do)
 I hush my heart for love of you—
 'Twould mar your dreams to hear me weep!

Ye are my children, though one be
 That dearest Heart that mothered me;
 One, he who called *her* "Child"; and one
 Who to my soul's first vision stood
 For image of God's Fatherhood,
 Till the love-parable was done.

But I am aged with grief and pain,
 And ye are Heaven-young again—
 Are children, over whom I bend,
 That even in sleep you may not miss
 Love's measure by a single kiss,
 Or lie without one heart to tend.

And if my life must, for your sake,
 Be one long night-watch till you wake
 (How lone with all your voices gone!),
 I rest my heart (as mothers do!)
 To think how sweet is sleep to you,
 And gild the night with dreams of dawn.

Hybrid Roses

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT

THE rain was falling softly, persistently; tapping on the crisp leaves of the poplar-tree near the window; dripping from the eaves; rolling in shining globules across the broad nasturtium leaves; bearing to earth the last white petals of the tall Madonna lilies.

"June with a gray sky and a cold rain," she said, "and the roses beaten to earth." She walked to another window. The tennis-court was drenched; the trees on every side drooped heavily; the hollyhocks and the sunflowers, just shooting up to bloom, shivered in each little gust of wind that deflected the straight-falling rain and made the trees to rock together, throwing down heavy gathered dashes of water.

To yet another window she went—a large recessed window with a deep, cushioned seat running the length of it. This looked out over a stone terrace, below which was a formal garden with a fish-pond, with clipped hedges; with foreign things in tubs; with, even, an old sundial; while beyond lay beds of roses. Roses of every kind, of every color; no known rose was missing, and the head gardener took great pride in one new, absolutely new, hybrid developed by his own skill. A few of these stood now in a glass on the broad window-sill. Frail, new-created things, looking still a little fearful of this life. Pale, yellow-pink they were, shadowy as the ghosts of dead roses, and with a faint, elusive perfume.

She touched them. "Hybrid, like myself," she said aloud. What was it she had read?—"America is suffering from an affliction of second generation." Very clever. For herself, she was of the third generation and mistress of this "Ancestral Home"! Again she touched the roses. It was easy to make model "Ancestral Homes" in America if one had money. Her grandfather, an Englishman, had bought this tract of

primeval forest for almost nothing, and what easier than to leave avenues of hoary trees that looked as if armored knights had ridden away beneath their shadows? What easier than to clear a park, leaving long vistas and bosky dells; to build stone terraces that soon the lichens would cover? Nothing easier if there were money, and her grandfather had made the money; had done all this. He had been a bent old man with a ruddy face and very crooked hands that seemed to know how to handle the earth about the roots of growing things, and to love to do it. In her reckless youth she had laughed with herself over the guess that the old man had been somebody's head gardener. They had reduced that thing to heredity in England, which would account for the fact that love of the earth seemed to be bred into the blood and bone of the old man and of his son, her father. Her grandmother, she had decided in the same reckless way, was a housemaid. The old lady used to scold and direct the maids in a very knowing manner; and these theories had amused her — actually amused her! She sighed a little and again touched the hybrid roses.

She did not know how her fortune had been made. It was during the civil war and while he was living in some other locality that money had poured into the old man's crooked hands. Then a railway came close to his land, and he, repairing at once to his wilderness, built the "Ancestral Mansion." He harked back to England for his model, too, and her then certainty, that it was some home known in his youth which had been reproduced, was really remarkable. But they made no pretence, those old people, and though the old man had imported a really antique sun-dial, he had not imported a family tree, nor yet a coat of arms. How thankful she was to remember this! She went to another window

near which a buttress projected itself. Really fine—really! Yes, it looked the “Ancestral Mansion”; and now that the stone had taken on signs of weather, and the ivy planted by the old man was high over the first-floor windows, it looked—to the people at the village that had grown up about the railway station: to all who *did not know*—it looked a very old place.

Her father had married an American, and the vineyard that could be discerned on a distant hillside was due to her. She had gone to Italy on her wedding journey, and afterwards insisted on a vineyard and on Italians to make and to keep it. She had kept these Italians supplied with red handkerchiefs and Roman sashes, until, developing feuds, they had become impossible. Another sham, and this a hopeless one, and often she had heard her brother, who was much older than herself, laughing at this romantic fad. Indeed, this brother had laughed at the whole thing, and upon his coming into the inheritance he had presented it to her, declaring that an “Ancestral Mansion” for the descendants of old John Thomas Green was nonsense! He was a good old man, and had enjoyed his money and his life in his own way; but that was no reason why his grandson, John Thomas Green third, should be tied down to this remote estate. It was bad enough to be loaded with the “John Thomas”; the model “Ancestral Mansion” was too much; and as girls should have settled lives, he made a free gift of it to his little sister.

So she, Elizabeth Henrietta Green, had become in her orphaned childhood sole owner of old John Thomas’s home. And as she looked back, she seemed to see a long procession of ghostly governesses passing along the terrace, and last, Nanny,

dear Nanny, who, as a girl, had been brought from England by the old people, and to whom she looked for love.



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

“JUNE WITH A GRAY SKY AND A COLD RAIN,” SHE SAID

And she, Betty—as old Nanny had shortened her name,—along with her theory that her grandfather had been a gar-

dener and her grandmother a housemaid, felt always that Nanny was her great-aunt. Nanny had never claimed this distinction, but she held a peculiar position, for though not her nurse, she yet lived with her in the nursery. Betty could remember, too, that when the house would be filled with guests, the old grandparents would take their food with her and Nanny in the nursery. After her mother's death, she and the old people and Nanny took their food in the great dining-room with her father. Next she remembered the deaths of the old people. After that her father was much away, and her brother settling in New York, she and Nanny and the governesses were left in sole possession.

It was during these years that she had asked Nanny questions, but Nanny had told her little. Her grandmother's name was Henrietta Elizabeth Hodge; she had been a great beauty and had many suitors, but she had decided to come to America with "the truest man that ever lived."

"They were footmen and butlers that asked her, weren't they, Nanny?" she had asked.

"An' who tauld ye that!" Nanny cried; "when Betty Hodge's father had his own place!" Nanny had said 'Odge, and Betty remembered that she had smiled. Little fool! But the old woman had not liked it, and had refused to answer any further questions.

Betty's father had died away from home, and her brother Tom came down to bury him with his wife and the old people in the vault under the family church, built in the corner of the estate nearest the railway station and the village. All about the church lay a graveyard where the villagers were buried, but the Greens were buried under the chancel. The church was of stone, and the rectory, and both were covered with ivy, and there was a tower and chimes—"Just as at 'ome," Nanny had revealed inadvertently.

Betty's brother and his wife took her abroad when she was seventeen, and the following winter had brought her out most brilliantly in New York. Then for five years she lived with them; yachting, dancing, being presented at courts, and associating with the rich and great of

the world; at last, tired with society, and seeing none whom she was sure that she cared to marry, she sent for Nanny and had insisted on taking her to England. She wanted a new sensation, and determined that Nanny should be made to betray the original habitat of the old people. Tom, who in the past had laughed at her theories, now frowned on her plan, and Tom's wife had been indignant; but Betty carried her point, and sensation number one had been the sight of Nanny's tears when they set foot on English soil.

They had journeyed from place to place, but neither Hodge nor Green meant anything, for in every village these names abounded. Nanny had never revealed her own name, and Betty was at a loss; nevertheless, she persevered. It was a long search; but at last, driving across country, they came to a deep lane, to a village almost hidden with trees and hedges, to an ivy-covered church with tower and chimes and rectory, and Betty cried, "We are at home!" And the old woman gave one deep sob.

Betty took rooms at the village inn, and sent her maid and man back to London. Sensations were coming too thick and fast for their keen eyes to witness. She had not flinched, however; instead, she had taken Nanny's withered face between her two hands. "I shall not ask you one question, Nanny," she said; "I shall not try to find out; come, and go, and say, and do, and spend as you please." And she put into her hand a roll of bank-notes.

She had kept with her the coachman, hired with the trap to drive them across country, and he, procuring for her a horse, accompanied her as groom in her rides. The village stood on the edge of an estate, in the park of which strangers were allowed to walk or to drive, and her first ride was through this park. It had been the keenest sensation that in all her life she could remember, almost too keen. It was her own place, her own drives, her own avenues, her own terrace, and her own house beyond. She dismounted and walked in the old garden. There were the hedges, the fish-pond, the rose-garden; but there was no sun-dial. A gardener, bent of back and

crooked of hand, was working about the roots of things. He rose and touched his hat as she paused beside him.

"You have no sun-dial," she said.

"No, miss; it was sold before ever I came here."

"Then your name is not Green."

"No, miss;" he looked at her curiously.

She turned towards the house; she felt that if she could enter she could go into every nook and corner. There was the big window of the library, and through the open casement she could see the rows and rows of books. She stood on the terrace steps and looked out over the sloping country. "As like as two peas," she said, softly; "save for the vineyard, and Nanny has always despised the vineyard."

Nanny had insisted that Betty should have her food in her sitting-room, while she went down-stairs, and Betty had not remonstrated. Face to face with the English gardener, he had not seemed so amusing. She was absolutely sure that in the village Nanny had found her own people, and also that she was denying the identity of the girl whom she was serving; and Betty, being sure of all this, let the old woman have her way; there was no rush to claim her kindred. The old woman was happy, she said to herself, and she, Betty, had satisfied her idle curiosity. Was it not enough?

One day, riding back to the inn, she came on Nanny talking to a middle-aged gentleman and a young boy. She had come on them quite suddenly, stopping her horse with a jerk. Poor Nanny! There had been a quick indrawn breath, a flicker of the eyelids, then the old woman had met the situation neatly if mendaciously.

"My young mistress, sir," she said; "from America; an'—an' this is the master, miss, Sir Lionel Anstruther, an' the young master."

So they shook hands, and Sir Lionel thanked Betty for her goodness to this old retainer of his house. "The families have been associated for many, many generations," he said, smiling pleasantly, while he laid his hand on the shoulder of the old woman, who was looking away down the village street. "And it was as a personal loss that my grandfather

regarded the parting with the last of the Greens."

"How interesting!" Betty said, while the color crept up her face.

"There were a number of Hodges left," he went on to Nanny; "you were a Hodge? It was your sister married Green?"

"No, sir," and the old woman turned on him sharply; "I 'ad no right to any name, sir."

"Oh!" Sir Lionel said, and Betty smiled. "You are stopping at the inn?" he went on, hastily, to Betty.

And Betty answered as hastily, "I have been, but I leave in the morning," then bowing, she rode away.

And now as she touched the hybrid roses she went back to that meeting. How naturally Nanny had said "the master"; and her grandfather and grandmother would have done the same. The old man would have pulled his forelock and the old woman would have curtsied as in the novels. And long ago she had laughed; she had not cared; she had searched it all out. When she met it—the gardener, the housemaid, the master—she had run straight back to America. She had gone to Newport, to New York; had returned to the social whirl; had felt a snobbish eagerness to mingle with the best, and not even to her brother had she mentioned her discoveries. At last, more tired than ever, she had just the day before come home, where Nanny long ago had preceded her—Nanny, who never since that meeting had looked her straight in the eyes.

"June with a cold rain and a gray sky," she said again. She used never to mind such things; why mind them now? Why suddenly had she grown so tired of everything? Tired enough to want to sell every foot of land; to sell the great big sham'with which old John Thomas had satisfied himself. The third generation. For many generations the Greens had served the Anstruthers. She could go back three to "the master," beyond that many generations under "the master"; and he had looked the master. She despised herself that she had remained still under Nanny's prevarication, who, faithful unto death, had claimed illegitimacy rather than betray even to the girl herself her relationship.

It was the same spirit that made the old people take their food in the nursery. Her mother had permitted this, and she, like her mother, had permitted Nanny's self-abasement! For generations the old people were trained to servility; but she? She in her way, a less honorable way, was servile; servile to the world's opinion. Was she any the less well trained and well educated, any the less honest, any the less true, any the less capable of meeting Sir Lionel Anstruther on his own level because she was the granddaughter of his grandfather's gardener? She had been presented at more than one court; her hand had been asked by more than one title; it was not yet too late for her to go back to England as the wife of a lord who would in time be an earl.

She turned away from the sight of the old-fashioned garden. It was all a sham—the house, the park, the church,—“Even the bones of my ancestors!” She finished her thoughts aloud: “And I should be a sham countess—an American countess!” However well she might fill her position, however acceptable she might make herself and her money, it could never be real; she had not been born to it, not even to the country where such things were. Just as in New York she had seen people shrug their shoulders and say of a hostess, “She does it very well—but—well—a mushroom, you know.” Just so would the English say of her. She had laughed at all this; had laughed when Mrs. Lascelles suggested her becoming a Colonial Dame; she had said, “What difference does it make?”

What a radical democrat she had been; hilariously radical, until that autumn afternoon when Nanny said, “This is the master.” She had had the chance then of being real; she could have said, “Do not believe Nanny; I am Betty Green, old John Thomas Green's granddaughter.” But she had not said it. Was it her American blood that had made her say those hateful words, “How interesting!” How Nanny must despise her!

If she went back to England as a countess, and she met Sir Lionel, would he know her? What difference?—she would only be a rich American married to a title, and would be regarded as on the same level, probably, as the grand-

daughter of an English gardener. The English looked on all Americans as being hopelessly new; as being all of the same class, some being only a little less objectionable than others. As for American families! She had overheard some English laughing at the suggestion. She did have an American family behind her, though she knew little of them. Jones had been her mother's name, than which no name could be more colorless; still, they were a very particular kind of Jones. Her sister-in-law, looking into the Green pedigree, found that on the particular-Jones side her little Gwendolyn could be a Colonial Dame, but that only on her own lines could her Reginald belong to the Cincinnati. Betty had laughed at it all. Why was she not laughing now?

All this house and estate had been real to the old man; he had spent real money and real time on it; he had gratified a real ambition. For generations the Greens had looked on the real Hall; had longed, subconsciously perhaps, to possess those real things; at last in John Thomas it had culminated; he must possess these things that for generations he had looked on, had helped to make. His generation in England had become restive, and he came away. He succeeded, succeeded marvellously, but through all he remained a servant; he retired to the nursery!

How could she have laughed at a thing so pathetic. And her father permitted it. And yet he had had his way in the naming of his children; names that the woman who instituted the Italian vineyard could not possibly have enjoyed; how had he done this and yet allowed his father and mother to be relegated to the nursery? And what would her father or her brother have done if they had stood with Nanny in that village street and had heard her say so naturally, “the master”?

Day by day the world was levelling; why need she trouble about her grandfather? If only he had not bought an estate; if only he had not copied his master's house; if only he had not obeyed his daughter-in-law. Good, honest, capable old John Thomas, why had he so demeaned himself?

She had not inherited the love of the earth; perhaps she inherited the house-



Drawn by W. T. Smedley

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HE ROSE AND TOUCHED HIS HAT AS SHE PAUSED BESIDE HIM
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maid qualities. She had never been tried, because Nanny saw always that the whole establishment was kept in the most perfect order. Only the day before she had returned, and she found everything just as though she had never been away. Why had she come home? In the social world she did not mind "the master" so much; the shock of her discoveries, that yet were more confirmations than discoveries, seemed to be fading; but here in the very heart of the great sham the whole thing was as poignant and as fresh as if it had happened yesterday. She seemed to be back in England; back at the real Boulton Hall intruding on the real people. If she had told Sir Lionel, would she have blunted this sensation which she had sought and which bid fair to last through her life? If she determined now to be absolutely, brutally real, would she lay the ghost of that hateful tacit denial? Only one comfort she had; it was that she was not content to be a sham. Was this due to the Greens or to the particular-Jones? If her mother had not been ashamed to produce the old Greens, she would have attributed this one saving grace to her. And yet the old people might, like Nanny, have insisted on withdrawing themselves. She need not seek to blame her mother; that course would not restore her self-respect, could not take away the stain of snob with which she had defiled herself. The problem was how to cure herself, how to punish herself. Write to "the master" and tell him all about it? That would involve her brother and his children, be a terrible blow to his wife. Send back the sun-dial? That would insure the same results. The cure must touch herself alone; she alone must be punished—must be humiliated. But how? She could not revert and become a gardener, nor could she make her punishment lifelong by marrying a gardener; but what about the housemaid?

She sat down in the big window and bent over the hybrid roses. What about the housemaid? She *could* be a housemaid. This would be a sure punishment, and might be a salutary lesson. This was not a bad idea. Besides, she was tired of everything and worn with the insistent memory of "the master" and of her ignominious fall. Further, the

housemaid sensations would be absolutely new, and so outshine the sensation of "the master." Perhaps the reality of the discomforts of the housemaid would reconcile her to the shams that had always surrounded her and that now she so heartily despised. She needed some kind of lesson, she who had posed as being practical; as calling a spade a spade, one phase of which had been her laughing at her sister-in-law's pedigree and her insistence on the gardener-housemaid pedigree for herself. She had taken pride in her position. Alas!

Truly she needed punishment, but she alone must bear it. Why not be a housemaid? If her grandmother had been able to stand it, why not she? Indeed, she should go back to it as to her native element. But her sister-in-law and the Lascelles, she had invited them down, and her brother was to bring some men; and they, all of them, would come very shortly.

More and more the new idea took possession of her; she simply must go; must, in order to readjust her relative values. She was not now in condition to entertain her own dogs, much less guests with a pendent suitor among them. She would go! Nanny would see to things, and her sister-in-law could take her place as hostess. She would write the whole story to her brother, mail the letter when it would be too late for them to change their plans, and let them make the best of the situation. Good! She jumped up; the sky did not look so gray; the wind did not feel so cold; the rain did not seem so wet! She would leave the next morning for some town where she could get a cheap outfit; from there she would decide her course. A suit-case, her check-book, and a hundred or two in cash. She of course could come back when she pleased; for if there was one supreme prerogative of servants, it was to leave when the fancy moved them. She would not tell Nanny that she was going away until the morning, and, perhaps, never tell her of this plan.

"You have no recommendation?"

"I have never lived out before, madam."

"And why now?"

"I thought I should like to make my own living."

"You cannot ask as high wages as if you had recommendations."

Betty smiled. "Twenty dollars a month is the least, madam," she said. "And have you water on every floor, and will I have a room to myself?"

"Of course water; but the upper maid usually occupies the room with the cook."

"I consider that to be unsanitary as well as unpleasant."

"Upon my word—what are we coming to!"

"To self-respecting servants, madam."

"Impertinent ones as well."

"I meant no impertinence, please."

"I said, usually the upper maid slept with the cook; there is another room."

"And twenty dollars a month?"

"That is what I give to a well-recommended maid."

Betty smiled and looked out of the window.

"When can you come?" the mistress went on.

"At once."

"No; to-morrow at eleven. If you wish to leave, you must give two weeks' notice or forfeit a month's wages. You will have one afternoon and one evening a week out, and may have visitors one evening. When the butler is out, you will have to answer the door."

"Very good, madam."

"To-morrow at eleven, then."

Betty went home to her lodgings in a state of amused excitement. She had been with her sister-in-law to servants' offices, and had behaved as much as possible as had the maids she had seen there. The mistress, too, had behaved much as her sister had done on such occasions. Perhaps she would do the part fairly well.

It was with something of a flutter that she rang the area bell the next day, and being let in by the scullery-maid, was received haughtily by the cook and graciously by the butler. The laundress nodded over her shoulder, and the second maid showed her up four flights to her room.

"You'll have a bigger room out in the country," the girl vouchsafed; "and here's the bath-room where all of us wash."

"I must have my own pitcher and basin and tub," Betty said, sharply.

"You'll have to see Mrs. McIlton."

"I shall furnish them myself. I will not wash in common."

The cook was less haughty and the butler more gracious when that afternoon a bath-tub, basin-stand, and china appeared addressed to Miss Henrietta Jencks, and the mistress making inquiries, said nothing.

There was plenty of work, and Betty found herself tired enough at the end of the first day. She was amazed at the amount of hidden dust she found, and at first amused at her zeal in hunting for dust.

"You are very long over your work," the mistress remarked.

Betty produced a dust-pan full of dust. "The front drawing-room," she said, "and this behind a stand," turning over with the handle of the dust-brush the dust, and revealing the remains of a vase. Mrs. McIlton looked at her suspiciously. "If you do not believe me," Betty said, promptly, "all is not out yet." She went down on her knees, and with a sweep of her arm brought out more dust and smaller bits of crystal.

"Outrageous!" Mrs. McIlton cried; "she should have told me; she was to pay for what she broke."

"If broken on purpose."

"It is always carelessness."

"If you do not believe us when we say that it was accident, we will never confess. I will not."

"You are impertinent."

"I do not mean to be. We are all human, Mrs. McIlton, and because I happen to be a maid and you happen to be a mistress, that does not seem to me to make me any the less human, or you any the more divine."

"Upon my word!"

"And accidents happen alike to all. If you had only twenty dollars a month, and because your sleeve or your dust-cloth dragged a vase off a shaky table, would you like to lose a third of your money, and be scolded into the bargain?"

"I did not hire you to preach to me."

"Perhaps I do talk too much; at home I was very much indulged."

"Why does your mother allow you to leave home?"

"I have been an orphan for many years."

"What I came to say is that there will be guests for dinner, and I shall expect you to help the butler wait."

"Very good, ma'am."

"Have you ever waited before?"

"No, Mrs. McIlton."

"Then you know nothing about it."

"I have observed many waiters and waitresses, madam."

"See that your hands are thoroughly cleaned."

Betty opened her hand and looked at it, and the thought passed through her mind that she must have "particular-Jones" hands, for they showed no signs of the ancestral labor, while the hands of her brother—!

"You must never have worked in your life," Mrs. McIlton said, suspiciously.

"Hair-dressing does not hurt the hands," Betty suggested; "but if you mind rough hands, Mrs. McIlton, I can wear gloves when I sweep."

"And half do your work."

"At least I can try the experiment; if I cannot do my work in gloves, you will have to forgive rough hands."

"I said that your hands must be clean. The people who come this evening," she went on, "are very special, and I wish things to go smoothly."

"Yes, Mrs. McIlton; and shall I arrange the flowers?"

"You know how?"

"I think so; what flowers have you ordered?"

"Roses," and Mrs. McIlton found herself hoping that Betty approved.

The dinner seemed a most moderate function to Betty, and she was sorry for Mrs. McIlton, who seemed unable to control her anxiety. Such a simple dinner; but even so, it would be a failure if the hostess were not at ease. Going into the pantry, she wrote on a telegraph blank: "Do not be worried; nothing shall go wrong.—Henrietta," and putting it into a telegraph envelope which had just come from a belated guest, she handed it to Mrs. McIlton. "Another telegram!" she cried; she drew a sharp breath, and had no better training than to look hard at Betty, whose face was an absolute blank. She was less nervous, however, and the din-

ner going smoothly to the end, she declared to herself that she would never let Henrietta Jencks go.

"What an uncommon-looking maid!" one of the ladies said when in the drawing-room.

"She is uncommon," and Mrs. McIlton drew nearer. "She wears gloves when she sweeps and dusts."

"No!"

"Indeed she does; she is extraordinary; if only I had so suggestive a cook, I should turn the house over to them entirely."

"Turn the maid into a housekeeper."

"The other servants would leave."

"And your butler seems good."

"Much better—since this girl came. I overheard her lecturing him about the silver—a thing I should not have dared do. 'No butler of mine should keep it like that,' she said; 'I should not excuse it in a second man.' She has never been out to service before, but she seems to understand all branches of housework."

"Be careful you have not got hold of some one in disguise."

"Good heavens!"

"Such strange things happen now; cranks going about spying; seeking notoriety, I fancy. I trust no one."

"You must surely have seen better days," Mrs. McIlton questioned the next day.

"I am not sure," Betty answered. "Things are going rather smoothly with me; it is getting a little warm, but we shall soon go into the country."

"I meant that you must have lived in a higher class—have been a lady. I am convinced that you are disguised; that this is not your real place in life."

"My father's father was a gardener," and there came a gleam of satisfaction into Betty's eyes; "and his mother was a housemaid."

"It is hard to believe."

"Position is an accident that happened to some people long ago," Betty said; "and to some people happens just now. Are you a Colonial Dame, Mrs. McIlton?" The blood rushed to Mrs. McIlton's face. "Not that I shall think any the less of you if you are not," Betty went on, "only—"

"I am not a Colonial Dame."



Drawn by W. T. Smedley

Half tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE MY OWN LIVING"

"Nor your husband a member of the Cincinnati?"

"I insist on knowing who you are!"

"I have told you. Only the gardener and the housemaid were English and were self-respecting enough not to mind being servants. We go back to the same dust, you know."

"Still there are class distinctions."

"In England. Here it is money distinctions. Any one can rise here."

"Why not you?"

"I should always be the housemaid's granddaughter."

"You might marry a gentleman; he need never know."

"Would you allow a brother of yours to marry me?"

"He should aspire as well."

"But if I had millions?" Again the color flashed into Mrs. McIlton's face. "Exactly," Betty went on; "you would be afraid of your little circle, yet you advise me to marry a gentleman and 'not tell'; to be a sham."

"No, no—a stepping-stone for your children."

Betty looked at her. "That is good," she said, slowly; "thank you."

"Every mother thinks of that," Mrs. McIlton went on in a lofty tone; but Betty had gone.

"Stepping-stones!" Betty was saying to herself—"stepping-stones!" She had thought herself so clever and Mrs. McIlton so stupid, and Mrs. McIlton had given her a new view of life! She had scorned old John Thomas and his wife, old Nanny and her own parents; and this snob of a woman, this small climber, had set all in a new light. Stepping-stones of themselves that their children might rise to better things. Old John Thomas—her father—her brother—his wife—it was their children they thought of, and she had called them shams; had thought to undo this almost sacrificial work. And "the master"? It had been done for him so long ago that the stepping-stones were buried out of sight. If she had told him—if she had betrayed Nanny—how unpardonable!

She was glad that it was her afternoon out; she could not have stayed indoors with all these surging thoughts, and she took her way to the post-office. She found a letter from her brother—an

indignant protest. Her position was untenable—her attitude was foolish. She should think of his feelings, his position; of his wife, his children. Her journey to England and her unearthing of the family had been silly and meddlesome in the extreme; Nanny had three times the sense that she, Betty, had, and the only saving grace in her behavior had been that she had not betrayed herself to Anstruther. What the devil did it matter who or what old John Thomas had been, and would she kindly come home and stop all this nonsense as to shams? Rothsley was coming, and whether she decided to marry him or not she owed it to her family to behave herself and to treat Rothsley with some decency. She was behaving in a way that was discreditable even to a housemaid. If she did not like her home, she could give it back to him for his son. Up to the birth of his son he had laughed at his inheritance, and so might have confirmed her in her foolish view, but a son who would inherit his name and position had made him "very thankful to his ancestors—yes, ancestors!" and he had underscored it.

Betty had sat down on a bench to read her letter; and now she looked up and around as if just awakened. Tom had found out about stepping-stones. He was quite right; and he wanted the old home! Suddenly a great love for the place surged up in her heart—for Nanny, for the garden, and the sundial, for the little church and the family vault. Old John Thomas with his crooked hands and bent back—old Henrietta Elizabeth with her too-careful manners—loomed into crowned conquerors; their self-effacement was a glorious revelation of love, and Nanny's always dignified rebuttal of her attempted familiarities, her loyal claiming of illegitimacy rather than of kinship, were actions to be bracketed with the deeds of the early martyrs. Indeed, the only things that seemed to ring false were the vineyard her mother had instituted and the Jones claims; the pretentious claims, Betty called them in her great admiration for the stepping-stone theory. She had called all this glorious inheritance a sham; had prided herself on her honesty!

Of course she must go home, and she



Drawn by W. T. Smedley

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"AND WHAT ABOUT ROTHSLEY?"

must obliterate her tracks absolutely. She must at once engage a maid for Mrs. McIlton; would buy for herself a long summer-coat to conceal her maid's dress

ried her money always about her, the purchase took but a few moments. Next she drove to the servant-office. The woman recognized her, and on her explaining that

she had to leave because of news from home, the woman brought out her best maid, and Betty giving Mrs. McIlton a good character, the bargain was easily concluded. She drove to Mrs. McIlton's, and leaving her coat in the cab, told the man to wait. Fortunately, Mrs. McIlton was in, and Betty went directly to where she was lying down. "I am obliged to go home at once," she said.

Mrs. McIlton sat up. "Impossible!" she cried.

"You need not pay me a cent," Betty went on, "and I have brought you a new maid. I got her from your office, and she will come for eighteen dollars the month. I am sorry to be so sudden, Mrs. McIlton, and I have

done all that is possible to save you; here is the girl. Come in, Maggie."

"I don't like this at all," Mrs. McIlton fretted.



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"MY MOTHER WAS A VERY PARTICULAR KIND OF JONES," SHE SAID

when she went to the hotel that night. She sprang up, hailed a cab, and drove to the most fashionable shop, and as the cost meant nothing and as she had car-

"Neither do I," Betty agreed, "but it cannot be helped. Good-by, Mrs. McIlton. I am glad to have pleased you," and Betty was gone.

Up-stairs she presented her cheap trunk and outfit to the under maid, and taking only her hastily packed hand-bag, went down to the kitchen. The butler was profuse in his regrets, the scullery-maid wiped her eyes on the corner of her dirty apron, nearly destroying the bill which Betty had squeezed into her smudgy hands, while the cook was most gracious.

Away from the house and safe in the back of the cab, Betty put on the all-covering silk coat, and arriving at the storage-place, had her suit-case put up in front, and drove to the best hotel in the city. The large room was refreshing after her narrow quarters, and a bath and her own purple and fine linen were most acceptable. There was a long step between being clean and decent and being luxuriously clothed. She had never realized how fine and delicate her linen and silk were until she put them on after her housemaid cotton.

She ordered a sumptuous dinner, better than Mrs. McIlton's best, and wished it had been possible for her to invite that lady to dine with her. She almost longed to show that diligent climber how things should be done; but she realized now her duty to her stepping-stones. She took the night train for her home, and telegraphed the next morning from the nearest town, so that the carriage met her at the station. How beautiful it all was, even the bit of village street that she had to traverse before she reached the park gates, then the first welcome at the lodge, and the really long drive through her own domain; beautiful—beautiful! And she had scorned it!

The house was grand; really grand as every now and then she caught a glimpse of it above the trees. She ordered the man to drive slowly, as it was uphill, but in reality she was realizing a thousand beauties she had never before seen.

And her brother wanted the "Ancestral Mansion" for his boy; wanted old John Thomas's realized dream for a pampered Reginald! Should she give it to him now when she had just learned to value it? If she married Lord Rothsley?

Need she decide these things now? She would reach home just in time for afternoon tea; it should be served on the north terrace looking over the gardens; and there should be a vase of the hybrid roses on the tea-table.

"Has Lord Rothsley come?" she asked the man.

"Yes, ma'am." How nicely he touched his hat; how fine the horses were; how the harness glittered, how smooth the road, and how irreproachable the carriage! What a grand old man John Thomas was!

Her brother and the children met her. What a fine little fellow Reginald seemed, and what a dainty little creature was Gwendolyn! After all, the Colonial Dames and the Cincinnati meant something. Nanny waited, as always, to greet Betty in her own room, and Betty smiled now as she missed the old woman. "Still a stepping-stone," she said to herself, as in her gladness of return she ran up the broad stairway. She always kissed Nanny; and Nanny, resenting these demonstrations before the servants, waited always in Betty's chamber. "And she my great-aunt!" Betty had said again and again in her revolt against shams. Now she understood, and laughed joyously as she opened the door and looked behind it where Nanny always hid, fearing some servant might have followed Betty. "How are you?" Betty cried. "Here," to the servant who had brought up her suit-case, "give it to Miss Nancy."

With alacrity the old woman took the case. "Open it yourself, please," Betty went on when they were alone. "I have been playing the fool, Nanny, and there are some reminders of my folly in that bag." All this, while she was making herself fit to go to tea; and now, tossing the keys to the old woman, she went away down to the north terrace.

For a moment the old woman paused, then slowly she opened the bag. A black stuff dress, a maid's collar and cuffs, a pair of common shoes, and a housemaid's apron and cap; which last articles Betty put in purposely. The old woman turned them over one by one, then folded them up as if they had been betraying-marks of the deepest guilt; evidences of murder could not have been more carefully

handled. "An' she didn't kiss me," she said to herself as she looked down on the terrace where Betty and her brother were standing. "The beauty she is, an' laughin' as never before! She's been playin' maid an' is glad to be a lady again; as good a lady as any, throwin' her keys to me so grand!"

Down on the terrace, Tom was not so satisfied. "You got my letter?" he began. Betty laughed. "And were you coming home?"

"I had not quite decided."

"And what about Rothsley?"

"That is rather more momentous than coming home."

"You have had it under consideration for a long time, and Edith—"

"Your hands are more crooked than I remembered," Betty interrupted, laying her hand on her brother's that rested on the arm of her chair. He jerked it away. "Do stop that confounded nonsense!"

"You used to laugh too; and your wife says you ruined your hands with college sports," Betty persisted.

"The servants will soon be here."

"And you want to know things? I made an admirable maid; I taught my mistress much, and she showed me my ancestors in a new light. Then when your letter came, I understood your attitude, though it was a new attitude. My mistress had opened my eyes."

"Confound your mistress!"

"You must not forget Aunt Nancy's master?"

He sprang up. "I won't stand it!"

"Sit down," Betty said. "I must surrender in my own way. As soon as I read your letter, I decided to come home," she went on, "and from that moment my ancestors have been growing in my estimation, until when my own carriage met me, and my own park gates opened for me, and my own house rose in the distance crowning this lovely eminence, old John Thomas, and old Henrietta Elizabeth, and old Aunt Nancy 'Odge were crowned with eternal glory, and I was glad to give up all my views and become in my turn a stepping-stone."

"And Rothsley? A title in the family will be the highest step of all."

"And the crown of the dear old people's dream."

"Here come the children and the tea. What about Rothsley?"

"I am undecided as to telling him."

"To tell him is to undermine the whole fabric." The children with their mother and Mrs. Lascelles, followed by the men with the tea-things, were close on them. Betty went forward.

"Oh, you runaway!" Mrs. Lascelles cried.

"Outrageous, was it not? Ah, here is Edith!" as a young lady, followed by a well-looking man, appeared on the terrace—"and Lord Rothsley, so glad!" greeting them; "and now, Isabelle, will you make the tea?" she went on. So the table was put in front of Mrs. Green and all the glittering service set in order. Then Betty said to one of the men: "Tell the gardener to send me some of his hybrid roses. They are my favorites," she went on as little Reginald climbed into her lap.

"Something produced here?" her brother asked.

"Yes;" she was smoothing out in her own the hand of the child, as if trying to straighten his little fingers.

"Dey's kwooked," the child said. Betty looked up at Rothsley, who sat next her.

"Gout," he suggested, while Mrs. Green rattled the teacups.

"No," and Betty shook her head; "my brother broke a number of fingers in college sports."

"Very odd," Lord Rothsley said.

"Extraordinary!" Mrs. Green cried. And she laughed gayly, while her husband looked lovingly at his sister.

They talked on easily after this, of heredity and the like, and the sister-in-law did not seek to change the subject as at other times; a little later, however, she was sorry, for Lord Rothsley said, "Your beautiful sun-dial must have been brought over."

"Yes," Mrs. Lascelles put in; "I have wanted always to ask about that." Mrs. Green's heart stood still, while her husband stirred his tea.

"Of course," Betty answered, quietly, while her mind went back to "the master's" garden,—“of course from England, but not as an inheritance; my grandfather bought it. Our tyranny-fleeing ancestors could scarcely have

brought family sun-dials over in their pockets." There was a little laugh, then Betty rose. "I shall leave you in charge, Isabelle," she said, "while I rest a little."

She made a most exquisite toilette that evening, and Nanny thought, "She is doin' what John Thomas an' Sis Betty worked to have her do; she's holdin' up her head high, God bless her!" The sister, too, saw a great difference; the brother returned the most devout thanks for Betty's escapade as housemaid, while Rothsley renewed to himself his vows to win her, for she was far more gracious, gentle, sweet than ever before.

After dinner, under cover of Edith's singing, he persuaded Betty to the terrace. "My answer," he said, "is it yet the same?"

"There is only one thing," Betty began.

"I have intended to tell you that," he interrupted; "I have waited, hoping you would learn to care for me enough to disregard it; I am sorry that you have heard it from others; but even though an opera-singer—indeed, a chorus-girl—she was a good and noble woman."

"She?"

"My mother. She died at my birth. Her last words were, 'I am glad to have loved you and to have been loved; I am glad to die so soon, for people will forget how humble was my boy's mother.' Must I not love her? And what is more ennobling than self-abnegation?"

"What indeed," Betty said, softly. "And you love me for myself?"

"Absolutely! If your father had been a tinker, it would have been the same."

She laid her hands in his. "He was not a tinker," she said, "and my mother was a very particular kind of Jones." Rothsley laughed joyously. "And for the remaining family secrets," she went on, "they belong to my brother and to his son."

"Naturally; go with the name."

"This place"—looking up at him—"was given me by my brother, and I wish to return it to him for his son. You have a home?"

"Three, say."

"So that I may give this to my brother if I give myself to you?"

"Rejoice in it!"—slipping his arm

about her; "for you will then belong entirely to me."

The next evening at dinner the engagement was announced and the gift of the estate to little Reginald. "He cannot have married her for her money," Edith said later to her mother, "and give away such a property as this."

"My dear, Tom will make it up to her, and Isabelle too; is not this an enormous step up? We all knew that poor Milly Jones married down, but she was nearly starving, and Green was very rich. Fortunately, the old people did not exploit themselves, and after Milly's death the family was forgotten, until Tom married so well, and Betty turned out a beauty. Now—well, old Green should turn in his grave, for he was very low born. The sun-dial—"

"Now, mamma, she gave a very honest account of that."

"Then why did Isabelle turn so pale and Tom stir his tea so diligently?"

"Perhaps they thought she was going to claim it; I did."

"Perhaps."

"And you won't come with me?" Betty was saying to Nanny.

The old woman shook her head. "It's here I stay, missy, an' keep the place for the boy; an' it's a fine name he's got; I'm glad there's no more John Thomases."

"Nanny," and Betty laid her arm about her shoulders,— "Nanny, you are wonderful—"

The old woman pulled away from her. "Her old nurse, me lord," she said, dropping a curtsy; and Betty turned to find her husband standing in the doorway.

"And she will not come with me," Betty went on.

"No, your lordship," Nanny answered; "when you're transplantin' a tree, it's better to lop off the broken old roots."

And Betty knew that it was fear of the Hodges and of the master—it was the motive of the stepping-stones that held old Nanny. At the last she clasped the old woman's hand within her brother's, and held it there as she whispered, "She must lie with her sister in the church!"

"She shall," Tom answered, and the old woman breathed, "Thank God!"

Wealth and Democracy in American Colleges

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, LL.D.

President of Yale University

WHEN a graduate of fifty years ago contrasts his grandchildren's college life with his own, he sees so many changes that he is apt to feel quite pessimistic. In his day, the undergraduates had no choice of studies, no intercollegiate athletics, and no money. To-day all these things are very much in evidence. They have greatly changed the external character of our colleges; and the old graduate is apt to believe that this is something more than an external change and goes down into the roots of things. He fears that the spirit of hard work and of democratic equality which prevailed in his time is hopelessly gone. He distrusts the elective system; he is prejudiced against the more violent forms of athletics; and he deplores above all else the increasing number of rich students as a source of weakness to our institutions.

Nor are these fears wholly confined to our older graduates. Many a parent feels these same apprehensions in a more acute and personal form. The rich father, who sees the temptation which the possession of money brings, is afraid that all these temptations will be greatly aggravated in a place where there is a large number of boys with plenty of spending-money; the poorer father, who feels the deprivations resulting from want of money, is afraid that in such a place the sense of deprivation and of inequality will be most acute. The question as to the effect of wealth on college spirit is one which is constantly asked with a great deal of anxiety by all those who are interested in our colleges, rich or poor, graduate and non-graduate.

Fortunately, those of us who have looked squarely at the facts are able to give a reassuring answer to this question.

The increasing number of rich men's sons in our colleges does not under existing circumstances constitute a serious danger, either to those boys themselves or to the general spirit of the place. There is enough vitality in our college democracy and enough virtue in our college education to take care of rich and poor boys side by side and make both classes into useful citizens.

Let us examine a little more in detail some of the dangers which money is thought to bring to our students. The possible evils which it would produce may be grouped under three heads: vice, luxury, and the creation of class distinctions.

That increase of wealth leads to an increase of vice is a charge for which there is no foundation whatever. Vice has, on the whole, diminished with the increase of wealth. I do not mean that this is true of every form of vice. There is, I am afraid, somewhat more gambling among students to-day than there was thirty years ago. But there is certainly a great deal less drinking; there is more of the general spirit of self-control and responsibility for others; and there is, according to the unanimous testimony of the deans of our best colleges, a clear improvement of general moral conditions.

Of the undergraduates that come to us at a place like Yale I suppose that about two-thirds may be classed as positively good. I do not mean that they will always abstain from acts of foolishness; but that they can be counted to stand fast against serious temptation, to come out right of themselves, and to be an active influence in helping those about them to do right. Of the other third, only a small minority could be properly classed as vicious. But half of them are weak,

and the other half are selfish to such a degree that they are not a positive force for good, and may readily become subject to serious danger if you give them too much freedom. Looking at these two classes side by side, the selfish and the weak, we find that there are more selfish men among the poor students and more weak men among the rich ones; so that the aggregate amount of evil and danger is just about as great for one class as the other. This condition is just about what one might expect on general grounds. The poor boy by his poverty has been protected from some of the dangers which beset the rich boy; but he has by that very fact been compelled to look out for himself in such a way as to strengthen all selfish impulses. The rich boy has been brought up under conditions which tend to make him generous and free-handed if he has any good stuff in him at all; but these conditions have heightened all the dangers that arise from thoughtlessness or weakness of will. I suspect that the net amount of strain upon the moral character is about the same for rich or poor. Most of us do not quite appreciate this fact. In the traditional teachings of the Church, poverty was counted to be, on the whole, a virtue; the possession of wealth, on the whole, a vice. We no longer hold this theory in its complete shape, but it still affects a good many of our judgments. Nearly every one is surprised to learn that the professional students, who have relatively little money to spend, make more serious trouble and get into more real wrong-doing than the undergraduates, though the latter have a great deal more money to spend. But any one who looks at the general standard of morality in the graduate and professional schools of the country can quickly satisfy himself that poverty is no safeguard against wrong-doing.

In a place where boys are given as much freedom as the college must give them in order to serve its purpose of training free citizens, temptation comes to every boy, rich or poor. He must have some sort of character of his own to resist it. If he has this character he will find plenty of other boys of his own sort to stand by him and help him. If he does not have it, he is likely to fall in one

direction if he is rich, and in another direction if he is poor; but the inherent probability of his standing or falling does not seem to be materially greater in one case than in the other.

The question of luxury is a more difficult one to deal with. There has been undoubtedly a great increase in the comforts which are provided for our students. Fifty years ago those comforts were below the bare minimum which decency requires. Bathing facilities, sanitary arrangements, provision for cleanliness or health or personal self-respect, were shockingly inadequate. To-day, on the other hand, the scale of comfort for a large proportion of our student body is very decidedly above the requisite minimum; and for some of them, particularly among the rich, it has passed the healthful maximum. There is, undoubtedly, too much of this sort of luxury; and yet I think it does less harm than most people suppose. The chief danger of luxury lies in its effect upon the mind of the person who enjoys it; and the students as a body care singularly little for luxury in its unnecessary and disadvantageous forms. To begin with, they want to do things for themselves instead of having other people do them for them; and this of itself is an enormous safeguard. I know of one rich boy who brought a valet with him to Yale. The most noticeable thing about the whole affair was the speed with which that valet was sent to the station to take the first train back to New York. The comforts on which the modern boy really insists are light, air, and cleanliness. All of these tastes are so healthy that they can do relatively little harm even if they are carried to excess. A thing which the modern boy really *must* have to make himself comfortable, and which his father did not get, is a cold shower-bath. In constructing college dormitories, we find that shower-baths are more valued than all other modern appliances for comfort put together. So far as this sort of demand represents the result of increased wealth, it most certainly is a salutary one. The danger from luxury will never be very serious unless it is accompanied by a creation of class distinctions. The majority of the students will always despise any boy who is the slave of his money instead of its master. The great danger is

that small minorities of rich students may form cliques by themselves, and care more for the approbation of the fellow members of such cliques than for the public opinion of the majority of the student body. If this condition of things should once come about it would be possible for the rich students to maintain standards of their own; and it might very well happen that under such circumstances the rich boys would care too much for the wrong kind of luxury, and would value their wealth primarily as a means of personal comfort.

Fortunately, our American colleges are not in this condition. Sometimes there is a tendency in this direction, at one point or another; but the students or the faculty, or both, are always able to check it. Some of the college societies may tend to become rich men's clubs. But the very fact that a society is becoming a rich men's club tends of itself to degrade such a body in the student estimation. The evil thus, in the majority of cases, works its own cure. The graduate members of the society see the degradation and stop its progress. Private dormitories may result in bringing rich students together in places where they will have their own standards and their own pursuits. But here again the evil works its own cure; for as soon as such a crowd of rich boys begins to get lazy, the next examination will turn some of them out of college and drop so many others into the class below the one they intended to occupy that the object-lesson becomes strikingly valuable. It is just what these boys need to prevent proper enjoyment of comfort from degenerating into harmful indulgence in luxury. It is the most valuable education possible for a rich boy who intends to be an American citizen to be brought up with a round turn the instant that he does not come up to the standard set for the community as a whole. For a well-meaning boy who has always enjoyed the consideration of those about him to find himself suddenly "dropped" because he did not pass the requisite number of examinations seems hard to the boy, and still harder to his father. The father often writes a letter saying that allowances ought to be made for his son; that he has never been thoroughly strong; and that if he can be

given another trial the father feels sure that the boy will do better. The answer which is always made to such appeals in any good college is that sooner or later the boy must learn whether he is going to come up to requirements and stand on his own feet; that if he takes the penalty like a man he will learn a lesson which will make a man of him; but that if he goes on expecting allowances to be made for him because of the way he has been brought up, neither the college nor the United States of America has any use for him. As long as our colleges are managed in this way the democratic spirit is in very little danger from the increase of luxurious habits.

If we can prevent the formation of class distinctions, we have little to fear from the danger of vice or the danger of luxury. In the American college, as in the American republic, wealth and luxury are all right if the different parts of the body politic can work together, and are all wrong if the different parts of the body politic work at cross purposes. Fortunately, we have in our college life a number of things which operate much more actively than they do in the outside world to keep the different parts working together. The most important of these outside agencies at the present moment is athletics.

Intercollegiate athletic contests have come in for so much abuse of late years that people tend to fix their eyes upon their evil rather than their good. Very few of those who have discussed the prohibition of football or the localization of other sports realize what it means to a college to have a dominant interest which takes hold of the emotions of the student body in such a way as to make class distinctions relatively unimportant. It is quite possible that the successful athlete at the present day is admired more than he deserves to be; and it is, I am afraid, true that in admiration of his prowess public sentiment tolerates certain methods of play which are bad. But these errors of judgment and these incidental evils should not blind us to the fact that intercollegiate athletics make the students get together in the old-fashioned democratic way, teach them to despise luxury whenever it interferes with efficiency for what they regard as the common good,

and form the most potent protection against those minor forms of self-indulgence which are so often a first step in the direction of major evils.

There is no doubt that the democratic spirit in our colleges is subject to more dangers to-day than it was fifty years ago. The old graduate is right in thinking that it is easier to keep up the democratic spirit where everybody is doing the same thing and where nobody has much money. But the old graduate is wrong in thinking that we can legislate ourselves back to this condition when the world outside has passed beyond it; or that men trained in such a college as he remembers would be able, after they graduated, to meet the demands and the temptations of the present age. Lycurgus made Sparta into an old-fashioned college, with no electives and no money. How miserably the Spartans failed when they were called upon to do anything which made for human progress is a matter of history. Our college graduates are going out into a world of political life more complex

than anything with which the Lacedæmonians had to deal. It is only by training them for the enjoyment of freedom and the use of wealth in their school days that we shall enable them to deal with the greater problems which freedom and wealth are creating throughout the country. It is one of the most hopeful signs in the undergraduate life of the present day that the students, and particularly the wealthier students, are preparing themselves with open eyes for the assumption of political responsibility. The studies and efforts of our undergraduates in our college clubs will probably not advance them very much in the direction of getting office during their earlier years of professional life. But these studies and efforts will help them, and will help the country as a whole, toward the establishment of a system under which the man with money feels that he holds that money in trust for the public, and the man who desires office desires it primarily for what he can put into it rather than for what he can get out of it.

The Low Road

"So ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the laigh road."—*Old Song.*

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

O If it's you shall scale the eagle's crag and brave the boar at bay,
And you shall march with drum and fife
And lead the heroes on to strife,
But I will wander on the heath and watch the linnets play,
And I will saunter where the stream goes singing on its way.

'Tis you shall have a golden throne and laurels in your hair,
And castled courts, but let me keep
My leafy haunt where woods are deep,
For goldcrest and blackcap and nightingale sing there
And the willow-warbler's plaintive lute makes music of the air.

Great Kings shall bear you shoulder-high and poets praise your worth,
But leave to me my orchard-stead
With green boughs crossing overhead,
The squirrel in the pine-tree, the wood-owl's mellow mirth—
The rare things, the shy things, the little things of earth.

The Cat and the Canary

BY MARGARET CAMERON

IT was Monday evening. Barry McLean was sitting with his wife and their elderly guests, the Baxters, on the terrace at the Country Club, lazily sipping a cup of tea and watching the gleam of fireflies out among the trees, when suddenly Pauline impaled him with a glance, pinning him to a consciousness of impending disaster.

"Eh?" he involuntarily ejaculated. "What is it, dear?"

She furtively and imperatively signalled silence, turning at once to Mrs. Baxter with an animation that her husband knew to be artificial.

When, presently, he left them to get the automobile, she excused herself and followed him, clutching his arm as they rounded the corner of the club-house.

"Barry, I've had the most awful thought!"

"What is it?"

"We've just asked those people to stay all night—and I haven't a fresh night-dress to my name that I can offer her!"

"Wh—what!"

"Last week Laurie poured a bottle of ink over the laundry basket and ruined two of my very best ones."

"Little imp!" murmured Laurie's father, secretly much entertained by this feat of his son's.

"Another came home from the French laundry simply falling to pieces—I don't know what those people did to it, but it's utterly past mending—and two others are in the wash. You know our laundress doesn't come until to-morrow."

"But—but you don't mean to say that's all you have!"

"Yes. I've let my supply run low lately because—oh, because I've been so busy breaking up and moving and all! I haven't had time to replenish my clothes. And besides—the semiannual sales come next month." A tinge of defiance colored her tone, for she knew that her thrifty patronage of sales somewhat irritated her lord.

"H'mph!" he sniffed. "Well, what are you going to do?"

"That's what I don't know! What can I do?"

"Haven't you *anything*?"

"Not a thing."

"Borrow one."

"From whom? I don't know a soul on this side of the river. If we'd lived here a month, I might have at least a bowing acquaintance with my next-door neighbor, but—I can't very well go to perfect strangers at midnight and wake them up to borrow a night-dress, can I?"

"No, I suppose not." In spite of himself he laughed at her plaintive tone, but immediately curbed his amusement, recognizing her genuine distress. "Why not get one from one of the maids?"

"The maids! Barry McLean, do you think I'd offer the cook's night-dress to Mrs. Baxter?"

A vision of Mrs. Baxter, cool, mirthless, and exquisitely fastidious, crossed his mind.

"No, I suppose not," he again replied.

"Oh, if the washing were only done, I could iron one myself, at a pinch! *Why* doesn't our woman come on Monday?"

"Give it up. I suppose it wouldn't do to offer her my pajamas? There are those silk ones, you know." Her glance shattered his suggestion. "No, I suppose it wouldn't do. Why not tell her? Wouldn't she understand?"

"Not in the least. She lives by clock-work—and *she* never had to move a thousand miles, with a small boy and a sick nurse! She couldn't understand,—and if she did, it wouldn't alter the situation, would it?"

"No, of course not."

"Barry, there must be a shop somewhere within ten miles. Take us home quickly, invent some excuse for leaving us, find a shop and a man with a key to it, and make him sell you—"

"At this hour? It would take half the night. Besides, they'd probably think I was drunk and have me run in."

"Well, then, find a shop and break into it!"

"Nonsense! The thing is simply to make the best of it. Explain the whole situation to Mrs. Baxter—"

"Barry dear, I couldn't do it! If it were anybody else—any other sort of woman—anybody I knew well—if she had even the vaguest sense of humor—but not Mrs. Baxter! I could not do it!"

"Well, then, what the deuce—"

"I don't know! I've got to go back to them. But think, Barry! Think! Somehow—some way—we've got to beg, borrow, or steal a presentable night-dress for that woman, for explain to her I cannot!"

The McLeans had entertained the Baxters at dinner, and subsequently the four had taken a long drive, through warm, moonlit air, in the host's inexpensive but reliable little car, stopping on their way home for rest and refreshment at the Country Club, where a business acquaintance had put McLean up for a fortnight, hoping to secure him as a member.

The dinner, though modest, had been perfect, and the drive no less so. Under the genial influence of the evening, Mrs. Baxter had unbent, until Pauline had temporarily forgotten the trepidation with which, scarcely yet settled in her new abode or wonted to her new servants, she had anticipated the coming of this

critical elder woman; and in Mr. Baxter's expansive mood Barry found cause for self-gratulation. McLean had recently come from the West to form a new company, requiring a much larger invest-



"BARRY MCLEAN, DO YOU THINK I'D OFFER THE COOK'S NIGHT-DRESS TO MRS. BAXTER?"

ment than his own firm could command, and Elihu Baxter's capital and Elihu Baxter's influence would be alike invaluable to him.

The earlier part of the drive had been marred by the suppressed anxiety ever bred by the presence of city guests at suburban entertainments, concerning the correctness of timepieces and the exact moment of train departure. Encouraged by the gracious mood of the visitors, however, and warmly seconded by his wife, McLean had finally won the consent of the couple to remain overnight, and thereafter no cloud had dimmed the effulgence of his content until he had been transfixed by that glance from Pauline.

Mechanically he brought the car around and attended to the comfort of his party. Mechanically he responded to question and comment as they hummed through the illumined night, his mind still busy with Pauline's problem. They were within a few blocks of home when his attention was arrested by a sudden inquiry from Mr. Baxter, apparently apropos of nothing.

"By the way, Mr. McLean, have you approached John L. Corson with this proposition of yours?"

"No," said Barry, instantly alert.

"Why don't you?"

"I have wanted to, but I understand that Mr. Corson is somewhat difficult to interest, and I've not cared to make the attempt until I could do it in the right way."

"I see. H'm. You'd like to meet him?"

"Very much."

"H'm. He's going to take lunch with me to-morrow. Will you join us?"

"With pleasure." Barry's tone was quiet, but his very soul sung within him, for here was indisputable proof that, despite their brief acquaintance, he had won Elihu Baxter's confidence and support. Men were not lightly asked to meet John L. Corson. And if, with Mr. Baxter's help, he could interest Mr. Corson in his project, his mission in the East would be brought to a successful issue, the new company formed under the most auspicious conditions, and his own future—with that of his wife and son—practically assured.

"He's rather eccentric, as I dare say you've heard," pursued the guest. "Never takes anybody's estimate of a man. Always forms his own—sometimes in

queer ways. You never know how a thing's going to affect him, even when it's funny—and his sense of humor is one of the keenest things about him. I was reminded of him because I think he lives somewhere in this vicinity, doesn't he?"

"Does he? You see, we've been here so short a time, we don't know much about the neighborhood."

"I believe he does. I've never been at his house, but I understand he lives in one of these little suburbs. Why a man with his income should prefer a village street to a city house or a country place I won't attempt to explain. That's a part of Corson's eccentricity. He's simple in his tastes—very. Now there, for instance, is an attractive place, but who wouldn't prefer fifty or a hundred acres on Long Island or up the Hudson?"

They were passing a large, handsome house, set between other houses, and with pleasing but not large grounds.

"This must be an honest neighborhood," commented Mrs. Baxter, at the moment that Pauline leaned forward and closed tense fingers on her husband's arm.

"Why?" asked Barry, swinging the automobile around a corner.

"*The washing was still hanging out in that back yard!*" To their guests, Mrs. McLean's tone conveyed only the surprised disapproval of the systematic housewife; to her husband it was vibrant with suggestion.

"Nonsense!" he replied, opposing the undercurrent.

"But it was! I saw it!" persisted Pauline, tightening her grasp. There was a surreptitious movement of her other hand, and something shot from it into the street.

"It undoubtedly was," affirmed Mrs. Baxter. "How can any one be so careless?"

"Probably the mistress of the house is away," said Pauline, "and the mice are consequently at play. They ought to lose something—temporarily—as a warning." Again she pressed the arm. "Retribution should overtake them."

"Well, probably it will, properly and in due course," responded McLean, adding rather enigmatically to his guests, "Anyhow, I'm no journeyman providence!"

"Barry, please stop!" cried his wife an instant later, as they veered into another street. "I've lost my gloves!"

He obediently slowed up, suggesting:

"You probably dropped 'em on the floor of the car. We'll find 'em when we get home."

"No, I—I rather think they went overboard."

"Oh, well, that being the case, they're gone!" He would have started on.

"No, no! Please! They're new. I don't want to lose them."

"But, my dear girl! We've covered thirty or forty miles to-night! We can't—"

"I had them just a minute ago, dear,—had them in my hand."

McLean turned in his seat to scrutinize her, and in her face he read supplication.

"I'm sorry to be a nuisance," she wistfully added. "I know it seems stupid, but would you mind walking back to look for them? I saw something drop out just after we turned the corner this side of—of the house where the washing was, just before this last turn. I'm sure it was the gloves."

"Oh, well, get some more!"

"I can't! Mamma brought them to me from Paris. It won't take five minutes—and Mr. and Mrs. Baxter will humor my weakness?"

The guests promptly offered assurance of their entire sympathy with her, and added their request to hers that a search be made for the missing gloves.

"We'll wait here while you walk back. It isn't over half a block, and we couldn't see them from the car," concluded Pauline.

"All right; just as you say." McLean stepped down from his seat. "I'll go and look for them, Polly—but I make no promises," he added, to her pleading eyes.

"Oh, I know they're there. It will be so easy—and don't you come back empty-handed!"

As he strode through the deserted, shade-checkered street, the skirts of his long dust-coat flapping about his knees, he laughed, half in irritation and half in tenderness. How absurd of Polly to insist upon making such an opportunity for him, or to imagine for an instant

that he would take advantage of it! He admitted that the situation was probably an awkward one for her, but surely there could be nothing very humiliating in a frank statement of the fact to Mrs. Baxter. Still, explanations were never easy to Polly. In spite of her four years of motherhood, she was still in many ways like a child herself—a shy, wistful, trusting little child; and remembering this, the heart of Pauline's husband grew very tender toward her, and all the irritation was dissolved.

"Poor girl!" he said to himself. "I wish I could help her! I would if I could—but I draw the line at robbing my neighbor's clothes-lines!" And then he saw the gloves.

They were lying a little to the side of the broad, moonlit street, and beyond them, stretching straight before him, was an alley, presumably intersecting the block and certainly touching, at the back, the place which they had seen and commented upon from the front. Barry dropped the gloves into his pocket and stood looking amusedly down the lane.

"Clever child!" he murmured. "Bright, quick-witted little girl! And now—I'll go back and give you your gloves."

Instead, however, he stood staring absently down the alley. He knew just what would happen when Pauline found that he had heeded only the letter of her request. The wistful, childish look of grieved wonder would widen her eyes for a moment, her lip would tremble ever so slightly, and then she would laugh and begin talking of something else. But the hurt look would linger in her eyes, and he hated to be responsible for it. Still—

He shrugged his shoulders and turned to retrace his way to the waiting car. Polly should not have expected of him anything so absurd, so unreasonable, so obviously impossible—and there he halted, sharply confronted by memories of more than one occasion when she had not paused to consider the wisdom of his desires. She had only to know that they *were* his desires, even though she did not understand them. Never once, in any crisis, had she failed him. This very matter of entertaining the Baxters at this time was an exemplification of

her cordial readiness to sacrifice her comfort and convenience to his wishes, and now—

“I wonder—”

He strolled on around the corner, where he informed himself as to the name of the street, and past the house in question, noting its number and the white gleam of linens hanging in the moonlight behind a thin screen of shrubbery, after which he sauntered back to his former position at the mouth of the alley. The streets were entirely deserted and every house was dark.

Taking out his pocketbook, he searched through its contents until he found a new, firm five-dollar bill, which he ruminatively regarded after he had replaced the flat little leather book. Presently he broke into laughter.

“Gad! I’ll make a try for it, anyhow!” he exclaimed, under his breath, thrusting the crumpled bill into the side pocket of his coat.

A tingling, predatory zest of adventure, dormant these many years, awoke and took possession of him; and with it, a background for the vivid glow of the moment, came shadowy visions of certain orchards and watermelon-patches of his bucolic youth.

Speculatively he eyed the tall board fences, as he slipped along them through the alley, estimating their height and his own agility. The gate, he decided, when finally he came to it, was not to be trusted. It would probably be locked and would certainly creak. He had even heard of back gates which were electrically connected with bells in the house. Somewhat ruefully he glanced from his evening clothes to the painted fence, realizing that he had not dressed the part. However, he slipped off the long linen coat—first transferring the bill to his waistcoat pocket—and threw it over the top of the fence to serve as a partial protection for his clambering knees. He resisted a natural desire to remove also his dinner jacket, for he foresaw that he might make a hurried exit, and that it would not be desirable to reach the haven of the waiting automobile breathless from running and without his coat. Whimsically wondering what he should do if there should happen to be a dog, he gathered himself

together, jumped, caught the top of the fence, and pulled himself up.

“All serene!” he triumphantly told himself. “No dog, no lights, no obstacles—and a full clothes-line!” Thereupon he dropped softly into a freshly spaded bed and made at once for the object of his quest.

“Ha! Here we are! Feels like a cobweb and looks like sea-foam. All lace and embroidery and frills and things. Surely this is all right? Anyhow, it’s decidedly the best-looking one. How the deuce do I get the thing? Oh, I see!” He pulled off the clothes-pins and took down the filmy white garment, laying it across his arm while he fumbled in his pocket for the five-dollar bill, which he pinned to the line where the night-dress had been. “That’s by way of being rent,” he chuckled. “Next week this household will be astounded by the mysterious return of this article—by mail—from New York. There you are! Guess that will stick!” He pulled gently at the bill to make certain that it was firmly secured, and then turned his attention to his booty.

Perplexed for the moment by the necessity of secreting it so that it should not attract the attention of their guests on his return to the automobile, its soft texture speedily solved the problem, and rapidly unbuttoning his waistcoat, he wound the delicate fabric snugly around him like a belt, and by dint of some effort succeeded in rebuttoning the waistcoat over it, reflecting the while that his dust-coat would effectually conceal any unnatural rotundity which might otherwise be evident on the way home. Once arrived there, it would be a simple matter to excuse himself long enough to rearrange his apparel.

“After which,” he contentedly concluded, “it’s up to Polly.”

He turned to depart, but paused. In his pockets, after some search, he found a scrap of paper, and on it he scrawled: “Requisitioned in the Queen’s name. Return next week.” This he pinned carefully to the line with the bill.

Emerging from the enveloping drifts of fresh-laundered linen, he was making his way rapidly to the spot where his coat lay over the fence, when an upper window was flung open and an irate masculine voice shouted:

"Hey, there! What are you doing?"

McLean lost no time in explanation. He leaped to the boundary, not even glancing in the direction whence the voice had come, set his foot on the lower girder, and jerked himself to the top of the fence. As he did so, he felt his sleeve crack at the shoulder, but the incident seemed of little consequence in that moment.

"Hey! Thief! Thief! Stop thief!"

Barry dropped into the alley, snatched his linen coat, and ran in the shadow of the fences toward the street, followed by the piercing tremolo of a police whistle vigorously blown.

In his college days McLean had had some reputation as a runner, and he was fully living up to it when he reached the junction of the alley and the street down which he expected to turn. It chanced that a man making equal speed down the street reached the same point at the same moment, and the two came into sharp collision, with the natural and inevitable result. In falling, Barry became entangled in the folds of the long coat, which he had hung over his arm, and before he could extricate himself and arise, the party of the second part recovered his equilibrium sufficiently to seize McLean by the collar and bear him again to earth; which done, he

planted a firm knee on the captive's shoulder and lustily shouted to him of the shrilling whistle:

"Hi! Hi, there! Here's your man! I've got him!"



HE MADE AT ONCE FOR THE OBJECT OF HIS QUEST

"What? Got him?"

"Yep. Hurry along!"

"All right. Hold him!"

From the opposite direction floated an inquiring "*honk. honk,*" which the prostrate man recognized as addressed to him.



AN IRATE VOICE SHOUTED, "STOP THIEF!"

"Let me up, you idiot!" he gasped, struggling.

"Not on your life!" replied a cheerful if rather breathless young voice. "Think I'm going to be catapulted to the brink of eternity by a chap of your ilk—lie still or I'll thump you!—just for the fun of letting him get away after I've caught him? Nixie! *Nimmer!*"

"But you're mistaken! I'm not—not your man."

"No? You weren't leaving that glittering wake of police whistle behind you, I suppose? Well, that's a difference of opinion which we'll settle later."

"*Honk! honk!*" anxiously urged the horn, under Pauline's fingers.

"Let me up! Don't you know a man

of your own caste when you hear him speak?"

Voice and accent are their own credentials, and McLean's captor, turning an attentive gaze upon his prisoner, eventually removed the knee of oppression.

"All right," said he. "Get up. But don't try any funny business or there'll be more trouble for you right away. Here comes your friend."

From the street on which the house fronted came the sound of hurrying feet, and presently, while Barry brushed himself off, recovered his hat, and slipped into his dust-coat to cover his torn and dishevelled raiment, they were approached by a corpulent, gray-haired, heavy-voiced man, who panted slightly from running.

"Oh, hello!" said the young fellow, as the other joined them. "I thought that sounded like your voice!"

"That you, Garrick? Got him?"

"Yep. Caught him red-handed."

"I admit the capture, but not the rubescence," said McLean, with a short laugh. At the words, the newcomer turned toward him sharply and in evident surprise, scrutinizing him in the moonlight.

"You don't look like a thief," he said, bluntly. "Sure you got the right man, Phil?"

"Well, if you'd seen him sprinting down the alley—"

"Your friend caught me, as I caught him—running," lightly interrupted McLean, following up his apparent advantage. "His greater agility in recovering his footing explains our present relative positions, which otherwise might have been reversed."

"*Honk? Honk, honk! Honk?*" imperatively demanded Pauline, around the next corner.

"You're in evening dress!"

"I was," a trifle grimly, "until I met your athletic young friend here."

"I don't think there can be any doubt about him, sir," eagerly explained the youth addressed as Garrick. "He was running like the very—"

"So were you," interrupted McLean.

"Yes, but I was running *toward* the whistle," was the significant reply, "and by the same token, I got what was coming to me!"

"The man I saw wore dark clothes," said the older man.

"So did this one. He carried the duster on his arm."

"The only way I could identify him would be by a tear in the shoulder of his coat. I noticed that as he went over the fence."

"Was he in your house, sir?"

"No. At least, not that I have discovered. I had just come in—been playing bridge around at the Doctor's—and was on my way up-stairs, when I noticed, from a window on the landing, a suspicious movement among some clothes hanging in the back yard. I stopped to see what it meant, and at that moment a man came out from them. I opened the window and called to him, and he jumped the fence. Then I blew the whistle."

"I heard the whistle," Garrick took up the narrative, "and thought it came from the street ahead there, so I was making tracks for the scene, when this chap came flying out of the alley, caught me amidships, and we both went down. Now, what were *you* doing?"

"*Ho-onk! Ho-onk! Ho-onk, honk, honk!*" wailed the horn.

"My automobile is around the corner there," replied McLean, "with my wife and some guests who have been dining with us. My wife missed her gloves and I came back to look for them. I heard the whistle, and not caring to get mixed up in a scrap—and knowing that my friends would naturally be somewhat alarmed by the sound of a police whistle coming from this direction—I



"LET ME UP, YOU IDIOT!" BARRY GASPED

decided to get back to them as quickly as possible."

"Well, you were making good time!" dryly commented his captor.

"Down a blind alley," the third man added. "This doesn't go through to the next street."

"Looking for his wife's gloves, dropped from an automobile," supplemented Garrick.

"Oh, I found the gloves."

"Quite so." The householder's decision was evidently formed. "Well, my interesting friend, we'll just turn you over to the police and let them see what else you 'found' down that alley." McLean opened his lips to speak, but the other checked him with a gesture. "I admit that you don't look like a thief, but somehow," quizzically, "you haven't exactly the aspect of maligned innocence, either. I imagine the cat that ate the canary looked something as you do when he was discovered."

"*Honk! Honk! Honk!*"

The lights of an automobile circled around the corner and the machine bore down upon the group.

"I suppose that's your car," ironically inquired Garrick.

"It is," replied McLean, between his teeth; "my car—and my wife."

"Barry? Barry, is that you?" The automobile swung in toward the curb and stopped.

"Yes, here I am. It's all right."

"Did anything happen? We heard a police whistle and shouting, and we were afraid that— Why didn't you come back? Mr. Baxter said—"

"Baxter?" said the man beside McLean, incredulously. "Is that Elihu Baxter?"

"Eh?" queried that gentleman, peering at the standing group, whose faces were in shadow. "Why—bless me, this is fortunate!" He nimbly hopped out of the car and joined the bewildered men on the sidewalk, warmly shaking hands with the one who had hailed him. "Speak of the—ahem! We were just talking about you. I see you've already made Mr. McLean's acquaintance."

"Um—hardly," was the rejoinder. "We were simply discussing the—er—the occasion for all that whistling. You say this is a friend of yours?"

"Mr. McLean is a young man in whom I have lately become very much interested. I've just arranged to have him take lunch with us to-morrow. This"—turning to his dismayed host—"as you have undoubtedly guessed, is Mr. Corson."

The introduction was formally acknowledged, and involuntarily Barry closed his eyes as he saw his new-born hopes go shuddering into chaos, for in Mr. Corson's steely glance there was no softening.

"You've met Mr. McLean recently, you say?" the capitalist grimly inquired.

"Yes. He has just come on from the West in connection with some business which we'll discuss with you to-morrow. To-night, Mrs. Baxter and I have been dining— By the way, you've never met my wife, have you? Come over and be presented."

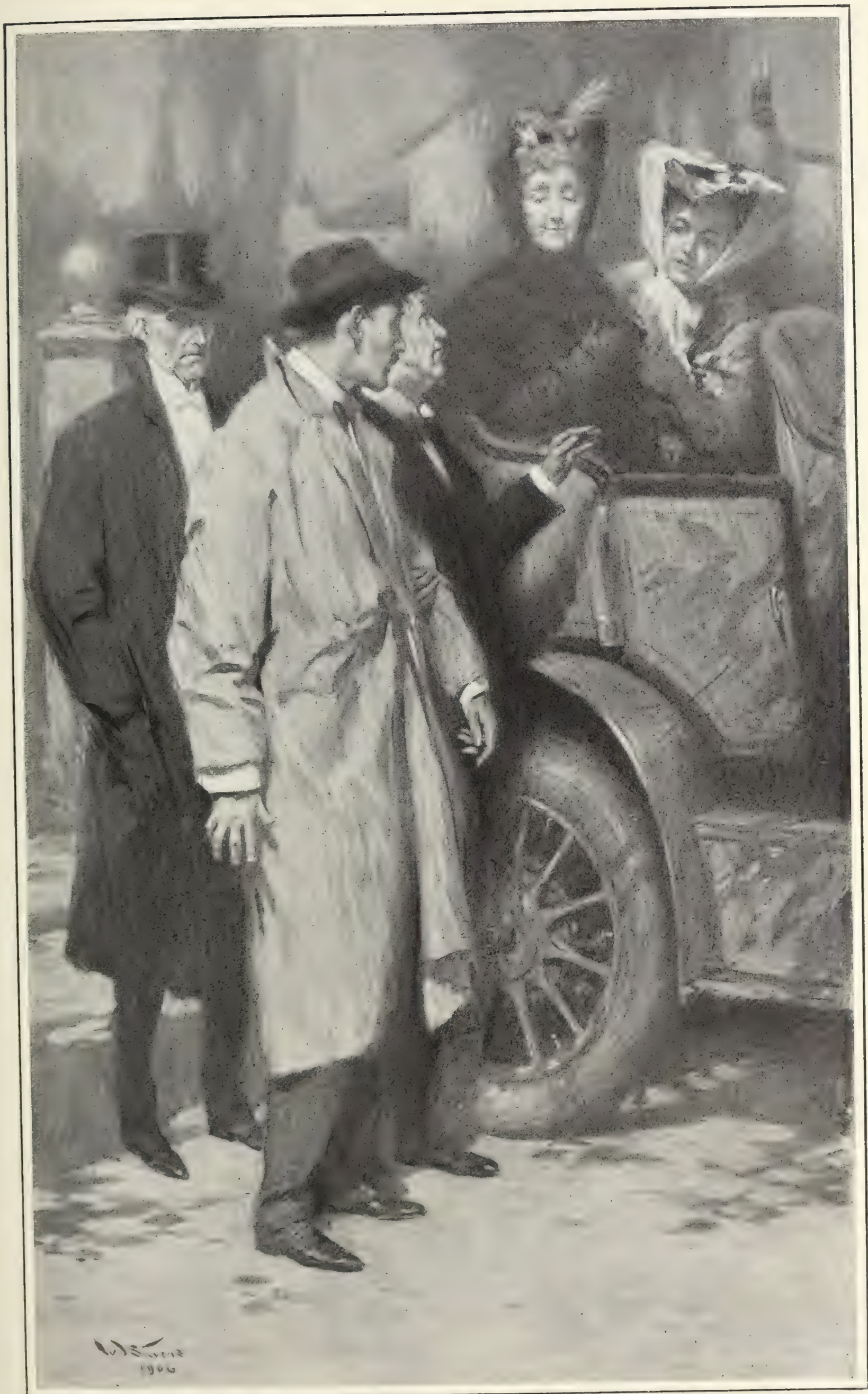
"I'll be going on," quietly suggested Garrick in Corson's ear. "This is evidently all right, and you don't need me any longer."

"I'm not sure about that," was the low reply. "It's up to somebody to explain or apologize—and it may be us." His tone was sceptical. "Anyhow, you'd better stay and see it through."

Accordingly, the four men stepped over to the car and general introductions followed. It was explained that Mr. and Mrs. Baxter had been persuaded, while driving, to remain overnight, and the pleasure of both couples in this unexpected extension of the visit was duly dwelt upon.

Thereafter, by a few well-directed questions, Mr. Corson satisfied himself that his friend's acquaintance with McLean was limited and of brief duration, and that their relations were based rather upon confidence than upon any absolute knowledge possessed by the older man. When, therefore, Pauline, vaguely alarmed by a danger scented but not perceived, suggested that the hour was late and that they had best be moving homeward, Mr. Corson interposed a protest.

"By no means!" he objected, a strongly detaining hand on Barry's arm. "I make no promises for your business proposition to-morrow, Baxter, but to-night I share your interest in this young



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

THERE REMAINED FOR THE MCLEANS NOTHING BUT ACQUIESCENCE

man to such an extent that I am unwilling to let him out of my sight until I know more of him. Besides, you've never been in my house and you may never be so near it again. My daughter, who is also my housekeeper, is away for the night, but I guess we can find a bottle and some biscuits. Anyhow, you must come in. I insist."

Mr. Baxter, delighted by the capitalist's interest in his protégé, promptly accepted the invitation, and there remained for the McLeans nothing but acquiescence.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Baxter immediately and properly divested himself of his dust-coat.

"If you don't mind," said Barry to his jailer-host, "and if the ladies will excuse me, I'll keep mine on. I—I'm afraid I'm not very presentable underneath." Then, seeing the surprised glances of his own party, he added, nervously: "About the time that police whistle went off, I came into sudden and violent contact with a fellow who was running at a lively clip, and—"

"Barry! Were you hurt?" cried his wife.

"Not in the least." He attempted a reassuring smile.

"You were! You're as white as death!"

"You're imaginative, Polly. I was not in the least hurt, but he bowled me over, and as a consequence I'm pretty dusty and dishevelled, I'm afraid."

"Never mind that! We'll make allowances." As he spoke, Garrick, who had been surreptitiously brushing himself off, deftly seized the collar of McLean's coat and turned it well down over his back. "Ah?" said he, quietly. "You must have had quite a tumble. *Your sleeve is torn out at the shoulder.*"

Meanwhile, his unexpected action had pulled the screening folds away from McLean's figure in front, and Mr. Corson's alert glance lingered an instant on the strange and unusual bulge at the waist-line before sweeping on to Barry's flushed and guilty face.

"Yes, quite so." He turned toward the drawing-room. "We'll not misinterpret Mr. McLean's very natural desire not to take off that coat, under the circumstances. Will you come this way, ladies?"

"Mr. Corson," desperately said Barry, "I'd like a moment with you—to explain—"

"No further explanation is necessary, Mr. McLean. We quite understand. And I assure you your appearance is irreproachable." The tone was entirely courteous, but in the cold eyes and rigid lines about the mouth Barry read inflexible conviction, and he preceded the vigilant Garrick into the adjoining room, moodily brooding over the wreck his impulsive prank had made.

It was not that he feared conviction or even suspicion of theft when he should have explained the situation to Mr. Corson, as, of course, he must explain it before leaving the house. The five-dollar bill pinned to the clothes-line would bear mute testimony to his honest intention. But it was bitter irony that he should have to make this explanation to this particular man at this time, not only precluding the possibility of his enlisting Mr. Corson's help in carrying out the business project which was of vital importance to him and to those whom he represented, but reflectively alienating Mr. Baxter, who naturally would be wary of entrusting his own interests or committing those of his friends to the judgment of a man capable of this piece of boyish folly.

Thus mentally chafing, he still bore his part, as did his wife, in the light chit-chat around the dining-table, where they were sitting over the beer and cheese sandwiches brought by a sleepy maid. But now and again, in the midst of the laughter, Pauline's troubled eyes searched his face, vainly seeking reassurance and comfort, and ever he avoided meeting her glance. Over and over the situation turned itself in his mind, and he saw but one way out—and that way the path to failure. And like a man sick of a fever and stung by a gnat, he tossed under the thought that he could not now save Pauline from humiliation in Mrs. Baxter's sight.

Then, like a meteor, opportunity flashed across his sky.

The conversation had drifted from automobiling to war, and from India to Manhattan roof-gardens. It was in this connection that Phil Garrick asked:

"Has any one seen that fellow de

Vigne at Prochstein's? That's a great stunt of his! I've seen it four times, and I call it black magic—no less!"

"Oh, I don't know," carelessly deprecated McLean. "Those juggler chaps seem wonderful unless you happen to hold the key to their mysteries, but really, they're not so much."

"No?" said Garrick. "You think not?"

"We fellows used to do a lot of that sort of thing at college. I'm rather out of practice now, but perhaps I can show you what I mean. It's easy to do things that look impossible—if you know how."

He asked for a pack of cards, and the others pushed their chairs back from the table, the better to watch his very pretty exhibition of card-throwing, "just to get my hand in," he explained. In reality it was a device to gain time in which to perfect his audacious plan. Then, standing at some distance from the table, he buttoned his coat, pulled up his sleeves, and began.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, as you all know, I have had no opportunity to make special preparation for this exhibition. I have been among you—one of you—all the evening, and a man does not carry about with him in the ordinary walks of life the mechanical paraphernalia commonly used by prestidigitateurs. Therefore, any manifestations which I may be able to make for you here you will readily recognize as unquestionable proof of the remarkable control I possess over the powers of earth and air, rather than the result of any previous preparation or present illusion. I especially disclaim any supernatural influence. What I am about to show you will be the normal and natural result of normal and natural powers legitimately used. Kindly keep that in mind. Will some gentleman in the audience kindly oblige me with a five-dollar bill? Preferably a crisp, new one. Any gentleman?"

Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were frankly amused and interested, Pauline's face wore an anxious, puzzled smile, and Garrick's eyes were suspiciously narrowed. Mr. Corson sat at the end of his table, alert, unmoved, courteous, and cold.

"Thank you, Mr. Baxter," Barry buoyantly proceeded. "Now this, ladies and gentlemen, is a feat requiring the

utmost skill—the greatest caution and concentration. I beg that you will not interrupt me during its performance"—here he addressed himself directly and deliberately to Mr. Corson—"and if I blunder in doing it, I bespeak your patience. The trick is technically known as 'The Cat and the Canary.'"

For a moment during the pause that ensued, the host's countenance remained unchanged. Then a flash of recollection woke the rigid features to life, and he leaned forward on his elbow, curiously watching.

"Here you see a five-dollar bill—crisp, new, authentic. Would you like to examine it?"

The bill was passed around the table, and Garrick furtively made a memorandum of its number on his cuff. Mr. Corson waved it aside, keeping his steady eyes fixed on Barry, into whom the zest of adventure had again entered.

"Thank you. You have all examined it and know it to be exactly what it seems. Now I fold the bill into small compass—thus; I place it in the palm of my right hand—thus," he closed his fingers over it; "and I put my right hand inside my coat—thus." The hidden hand seemed to fumble for a moment and then was still. "Now, by a supreme effort of the will, I am going to transmute that bill into something absolutely different." He wriggled slightly under the enveloping coat. "Into something so different that there can be no question of any paltry trick. It will be genuine transformation. What shall it be? Will this do?" His left hand unbuttoned the coat, but still held its edges together, while his right dragged forth something long and white which ultimately resolved itself into a delicate and beautifully wrought *robe de nuit*.

"Elihu, I think that is perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter. "How did he do it?"

"You will find the five-dollar bill," continued Barry to Mr. Corson, "pinned to the clothes-line in your back yard."

"Oh!" gasped Pauline, enlightened.

"By Jove!" Garrick sprang to his feet. "May I go and see?"

Barry stood motionless, his head thrown back, smiling slightly, and steadily meeting Mr. Corson's keen, level



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

gaze. It was only an instant that they remained thus. The host's glance, into which amusement was creeping, flickered around the table, comprehensively touching Mrs. Baxter and Pauline; and then he began to laugh, a slow, chuckling regurgitation which, once started, apparently he could not check.

"Well, by George! That's a good one!" he ejaculated. "Phil, go and rescue that bill before it blows away! Mr. McLean, my congratulations! When I am in need of a juggler, I'll remember you. You're hard to beat! The Cat and the Canary, eh? I was sure I recognized the lock!"

"Perhaps you know the taste of canary yourself, sir," quietly suggested Barry.

"Eh? Well, perhaps I do! Perhaps I do!" Again his words were submerged by a wave of chuckles. "Anyway, I have known the appetite."

Garrick presently returned with the money and a slip of paper. The one was restored to Mr. Baxter; the other Mr. Corson read and tucked into his pocket, smiling whimsically at McLean as he said,

"I'll keep this—as security."

He went to the door and whispered lengthy and apparently mystifying instructions to the sleepy maid, whom they

found turning away from the automobile when they went out to take it a few moments later.

"Baxter," said Mr. Corson, standing on the curb with a hand on McLean's shoulder, "be sure to produce this young man at lunch to-morrow. I must know more of him. He'll go far!" Leaning toward Barry, he whispered: "You'll find another canary somewhere in your car. It's my daughter's. Return it at your convenience. I hold your note of hand."

Barry laughed jubilantly and climbed into his seat. Under pretext of tucking in the dust-robe, he squeezed his wife's hand, and she flushed prettily. She did not yet understand, but she saw that he was elated, and her heart was full of joy.

"By the way, Mr. McLean," said Mrs. Baxter, half an hour later, "I've been puzzling over the name of that wonderful trick of yours. I don't quite see the connection."

"Don't you?" Barry smiled quizzically. "That's the way the cat explained why he ate the canary."

"Oh, is it? But I don't see— Anyway, it was wonderful, wasn't it, Elihu?"

"It was clever," said her husband.

A Prayer for Freedom

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

PRAY thou for me,
 Though I of heaven am faithless!
 Pray that thy power may be
 Loosed, and that I go scathless!
 Not to the Powers above,
 But to thine own heart, Love,
 Pray, till thy prayer remove
 From me all danger:
 So that I, loosed from thee,
 Stand separate and free,
 Reft of my deity,—
 To thee a stranger!

A Little Dunker

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE Dunker sat on the dike tending her cow. The morning winds sang to her. The meadow spread wide before her. But the Dunker did not see the meadow nor the red cow feeding on it. Her dark eyes were fixed gravely on the clouds floating overhead—swelling clouds, piled with darkness and broken by little rims of light. They stretched, far as the eye could see, above the level meadow—cornstalks and dry short grass and green turnip-fields and brown earth radiant in their light. It was the light of early spring, or late fall, clear and liquid, and mysteriously deep. The Dunker's heart was filled with it as she sat very still looking at the clouds.

The Dunker was only nine years old—though from the cut of her blue dress she might have been sixty. It was full in the skirt and high in the neck and buttoned in front. It had been made by her mother after a pattern of her own. It was not a costume to gladden the heart of a child. But as it spread its blue folds on the bank, and the thin straight waist and dark head and folded hands rose above it, it might have belonged to some eternal saint seated in shining light.

The Dunker was far from a saint, and her name was not "the Dunker," but Mary. She had been rechristened by the motormen who ran the little branch trolley that skirted the meadow. When the trolley ran its first trip, it found the child already in possession of the meadow. She had pastured her cow there for six months, rain or shine.

The motorman of the first car leaned out to watch the blue figure sailing across the meadow in a gale of wind. "Whose is that?" he demanded of the conductor, who had joined him in his glass cage for the flying trip across the meadow. The windows were open and the breeze came in freshly. The con-

ductor leaned out beside him to watch the blue figure.

"They live over in 'Little Venice.' I don't know their name—Dunkers, I guess."

So the child was named. The whole line came to know her and to watch out for the quaint figure plodding among the daisies or seated, as now, on the green bank watching her cow.

Before the coming of the trolley the sun had been her clock, and the shadows of the telegraph-poles, lying miles across the meadow, had marked the hours. But now the day was full of excitement—whir and yellow flash and swift buzz struck the quarter-hour. The Dunker learned to know their coming to the fraction of a minute.—Deep silence—long stretches of green—floating clouds—light and shadow on the grass—and then through it, swift as a shuttle, the flying whir of yellow car—and silence again, deep and clear. The wind hummed in the telegraph-wires, and the Dunker laid her ear to the gray pole, listening with wide, intent eyes. Her life was full of wondering and a little wistfulness. Of the world outside her meadow she knew little. She watched, wondering-eyed, as it whizzed by her in the open cars. If the car slowed a trifle for the ascent of the dike, and a woman leaned to another, pointing out the queer blue frock and clumsy shoes, the child did not guess that it meant her. She was shy as a meadow-mouse, but not self-conscious. She watched the cars, with their freight of gay ribbons and big hats, as some grass-born thing might watch—wistful and a little awed. Then she drove her cow along the way.

The car was coming now, headed for the dike. The Dunker waited its approach with quiet eyes. It mounted the dike beside her, with scarcely a diminution of the whirring wheels, stood abreast her for a second, and plunged down the

other side. The Dunker turned her head to watch it as it rounded the curve in the road. Then she rose from the bank and descended to her cow.

The cow moved on with stately pace, switching her tail a little—as one who, deep in philosophic thought, yet holds the earth by slender thread. The tail flicked a late fly and fell to idle swaying as the red cow bent her head to crop. To the casual eye she was merely a common, or red, cow with wide-spreading horns and clear, brown eyes. But to the Dunker she was a personage. She had shared the vicissitudes of the family, but they had never caused her to turn a hair or look other than gravely bored. Each spring when the river, rising in its might, swept across the meadow and, creeping around an unprotected corner of the dike, flooded the streets of “Little Venice,” the red cow was in danger of her life. Each spring she stood unmoved while the water crept up her slender legs, inch by inch. And each spring she had been rescued from a watery grave by some new and strange device. Sometimes her master led her through the flood, scarcely more than her chin and nose uplifted above its yellow surface. Once he had conceived the idea of borrowing from a thrifty neighbor a boat, driving it through the narrow doorway and embarking the red cow—a tilting load of brown-eyed passiveness. But midstream the boat upset, and the red cow was saved only by a miracle. The next spring, when the flood overtook them, a platform was built for her, and there—mounted on stilts, as it were—she was milked night and morning till the waters subsided. None of these unseemly incidents could have been guessed from the red cow’s back as she switched her tail and chewed her cud and cropped the short grass.

No other cow would have been allowed on the meadow. Its great unfenced stretches were not for the feeding of kine, but for grass and corn and potatoes and wheat. No land yielded so richly as the meadow-land. Time had been when to own a strip of it and a pew in the First Church had been the patents of nobility in the little town behind the dike; but that was long ago when Indians were plentiful and factories few.

Now the first families owned factories and mills and stores, and the meadow-land was passing into the hands of foreigners. “Dagoes” and “Dutchers” and “Frenchies” owned each his little patch, and tilled it, on hands and knees, after a day’s work in the factory, turning up the fresh brown earth with a sense of home and thankfulness. The Dunker’s father had a little patch, far on the western edge, sown to turnips; and always as the Dunker passed that way she stopped to look at it. Sometimes she stooped and patted the green leaves. There was no one to see her but the sky and the red cow—both intent on affairs of their own.

It may have been the red cow’s discretion that had won her the right to wander over the great meadow, or it may have been the Dunker’s quiet eyes, or perhaps it was a kind of sixth sense in both, that told them when to crop and when to pass on. No one forbade them and no one warned them off. A mouthful of grass here and there, a handful of daisies for the child, would not be missed, even by a poor man; and many acres still remained in the hands of the rich, who held them for tradition’s sake. The mill-owner, on the bluff to the right, owned the great strip that stretched below him. It had belonged to his father and to his grandfather, and to fathers and grandfathers before them. The deed ran back to the original grant, and the mill-owner had refrained from parting with it—though one machine in his factory yielded more in a day than the meadow all summer. But the mill-owner liked to walk there in the cool of the day. A road ran through it and another road branched from it to town, following the curve of the bluff and crossing the dike near the trolley track.

Three figures were coming along this road. They had come down from the big house on the hill. The Dunker stood still to watch them. They came so slowly, scarcely faster than the red cow grazed, that she had time to study each detail, though she knew them already by heart—the light floating dresses of the two little girls, the mother’s face, with its quiet smile. The Dunker loved the mother’s face. She often stood to watch it, looking out between the wide leaves

of the uncut corn. To-day the corn was cut and stacked, but the Dunker stood and watched them, unmindful of herself. The little girls flitted from side to side, playing at nothing—beautiful to the Dunker's wistful eyes. The one with the golden hair that floated wide was the most beautiful. In her dreams the Dunker had golden hair that floated, and deep blue eyes with shadows in them like a cloud.

The three had come abreast of her now, where she stood in the grass, her clumsy shoes planted well apart, her wide eyes intent. The mother scarcely glanced at her. Her eyes were on the children playing before her. Suddenly the children stopped. They had seen the Dunker. They stared at her. Then they laughed, and one of them—the one with the golden hair—whispered a word in the other's ear. They laughed again and walked backward, hand in hand, lightly, staring at her. She had started, and a look of wonder came into her face and, slowly, a little spot of red in either cheek, as if some one had struck her.

"Adelaide!" said the mother, reprovingly.

The children tittered and ran on.

The mother stopped for a moment to speak to the child, who waited, rooted among the short, crisp grass, the look of wonder still in her face.

"You must not mind them," said the mother. "They are only little girls—and very thoughtless."

"I do not mind, ma'am," said the child. Her breath caught a little. "They are so pretty. I like to look at them."

The mother's breath caught, too, for a minute. She bent and touched the child's face with her hand. "You are pretty, too," she said.

Then she passed on and the child stood watching her out of sight. They took the curve to the left and went up over the dike to the town.

The child turned away, singing in her heart. The light was aquiver, trembling on the grass. Little shadows ran and stopped. The great meadow lay still. Morning everywhere. The Dunker's heart sang with it. She folded her hands and waited. She often stood with her face lifted, waiting—she could not have

told for what. It could not have been for the wind passing softly over the grass, nor the shadows creeping slowly to the east, nor the dry grasses that whispered in the wind, rubbing their little blades and sighing gently. It may have been for the marsh-hawk that sailed slowly into view, his great wings curved a little at the tip. She watched him out of sight. Then she laughed and started on. By and by she ran a little. She smiled as she ran, and shook her two little braids in the wind. The sunshine was in her blood. Her heart grew big and sang with it. . . . Suddenly she stopped. Far across the level stretch a meadow-lark called low—like spring—and sweet. She lifted her head to listen. Then she followed the sound, the red cow going before her. She would never quite reach the lark, she knew, for always as she came he lifted wing, but she followed, trusting. She loved the high, sweet note coming across the grass; and when it sounded like this, an echo of spring in it, it floated to the clouds and rested there. All the songs of all the larks were there, and when the Dunker raised her face she heard them calling clear—on the south wind they came—calling "*Ma-ree—Ma-ree!*" out of the cloud and the wind. The great meadow held her round. It waited for her trampling foot—the heavy shoe and happy foot that wandered free all day.

The Dunker had dreams as she wandered in the meadow. Some of them were of what she should be when she grew up. She wanted to be as good as her mother. But in her dreams she never saw herself dressed like her mother, for her mother wore a sunbonnet made of calico, with a short, scant cape in the back. In her dreams the Dunker wore a large hat, like those that whirled by in the trolley—very large, with feathers and roses and lace. It was a superb structure, built up, tier on tier, out of nice fluffy dream-stuff. The Dunker had another dream—only this one was faint, like the call of the lark. . . . Straight from the meadow rose a mountain, and beyond the mountain was a college, where girls were. Sometimes they crossed the mountain and strolled in the meadow, two and two. They stopped to speak to the Dunker. They took an in-

terest in the cow and in the flowers the Dunker had picked. Sometimes they sat down with her and wove daisy-chains and hung them round their necks and hers. They wore no hats, and their eyes were clear and shining. When the Dunker looked into them she saw far things. Then they would go away again over their mountain. And when the Dunker looked toward it she dreamed the dream.

There was another dream. It grew out of a tin-peddler's cart. The peddler was a kind man with red hair, and his route lay, from town to town, across the meadow. Each month the orbit of the cart and that of the red cow crossed, and the peddler and the child talked together. She sat upon the high seat beside him and listened to tales of the great world. The cart travelled slowly, with the red cow in view, while the peddler expounded the world and the child's eyes grew wide and happy. It was a life of wonder—to travel from town to town—to see and to know and to do! Her eyes dreamed along the road.

Far down the level stretches a red blur was shaping itself. It was peddler's day! The child's eyes brightened. She waited till the cart reached her in its slow progress, looking at it eagerly.

It halted beside her.

The man looked down from his high seat. "You here?"

"Yes, sir." She waited with dancing eyes.

The man moved along on the seat to make room, and she clambered up beside him.

The old horse moved slowly on. The man looked down at her. "Nice day."

"Yes, sir." She lifted her face a little to the breeze that came across the meadow.

"Good day to run away," said the man.

She gave a little, shy smile, hardly more than the turn of her head. It was their one joke—that she was to ride away with him some day, over the dike and through the town and out into the great world.

"Got your things ready?" said the man.

She laughed out happily. "I can't leave my cow," she said.

"Um-m! She'd be lonesome, I s'pose. Well, *I'm* lonesome." He looked down at her solemnly from his blue eyes.

The child's face dimpled to the joke. "You see folks—lots of 'em—every day."

"Yes, I see folks—" The man's eye strayed over the meadow. "You remember them Barrowses I was tellin' you about—the ones that had a bulldog chained up and a peacock in the yard?"

"Yes." She gave a sigh of content and moved a little nearer.

The man's eye smiled a little as it watched her face. "Well, they've done the cur'usest thing . . ." Then his voice went on and on, weaving dream to dream, wonder to wonder. The cart jogged slowly and the red cow ambled behind.

When they came to the top of the dike the child climbed soberly down. "Good-by, sir," she said.

"Wait a minute," said the man. He climbed down beside her. He opened the great door of the cart. A gleam of tinware flashed in the sun. The child's shining eyes feasted on the rows of pans and pails and dippers and cups.

"Don't they look nice!" she said.

The man nodded. "Take what you like," he said, gruffly.

The shining eyes flashed a question. "Me!"

"Take it, or leave it," said the man.

The child drew a deep sigh. She reached out a hand to the shining things and drew it back. "They're *all* nice," she said.

The man laughed shortly. "I must be gettin' on."

Her eyes had returned to the cart. She laid her hand shyly on something that hung from the highest shelf. "I'll take this."

The man detached it and laid it in her hand. "Know what it is?"

She shook her head slowly. "I like it." Her fingers were handling it gently, turning the little wheel at the end, touching it here and there.

"That is a pie-crust crimper," he said, proudly. "You see how it works? You roll the edge along this way"—he made a pie in the air and ran the little wheel around it—"then you turn it, t'other end to, and cut the crust off like this—" peeling into the air.

The peddler mounted his cart and drove away over the dike, out of sight, and the Dunker stood with the pie-crust crimper in her hand, looking wistfully

at the spot where he had vanished against the sky. She knew that her mother would grieve a little when the "crimper" was laid before her. A milk-pail would have been more useful, or a broom, or even a dipper. But the Dunker's heart held its dream. Some day—who knew?—she, too, might travel far, and feel the wind on her face, and see the world beyond the dike!

She was turning away, but three figures were coming round the curve—the little girls again and the mother with the eyes that smiled. The Dunker waited on the top of the dike, watching them as they came. They were playing a new game—"walk the track"—and the little girls, balanced on each rail, tilted and laughed and reached out a hand to the mother, who walked between them, her hands outspread.

It was a pretty game. The Dunker had played it. But it was not so easy for her wide-soled, heavy shoes as for these tiny things, hardly more than feathers, that rested so lightly on the rails. They came like floating down, a kind of thistle lightness, till they almost ran. Then there was a stumble and a little cry. One of them had slipped and fallen forward. She was on her feet again in an instant, laughing. But one little foot was caught in the flange of track where it swerved at the foot of the dike. "We shall have to take off the shoe," said the mother. She pulled off her gloves rapidly. "Take these, dear." She held them out to the other child and bent above the foot, with swift fingers. . . . "It is a fast knot. Never mind! It will only take a minute." She was on her knees before the child, and her voice came clear and untroubled to the Dunker on the bank.

The Dunker watched the pretty scene, her wide eyes filled with interest and wonder. Something within her clicked—and she wheeled about. . . . Behind her, down the track, the yellow whir and flash! For a moment the sun and sky stood still. Then the Dunker spread her arms. The heavy shoes flew, striking the track, clatter, clatter. The breeze leaped to meet her face as she ran.

"It's the Dunker—gone crazy," said the motorman. But his hand was steady on the wheel, slowing it inch by inch.

He leaned from the window. "What's up?"

The child, in front of the car, her face raised, panted a little. "You mustn't go over," she said, slowly. "You'll hurt 'em."

The motorman nodded. "All right. Stand away." The car moved on and the child trotted beside it, one hand on its yellow side—to hold it back. Slowly it mounted the dike and stood there, looking down.

The mother was kneeling, with fingers that trembled. The child's set face gleamed from the gold hair. With a little wrench the shoe parted from the foot, and the stockinged foot lay in her mother's hand. The air was so still that a field-sparrow near by broke into singing.

The car waited above.

In a moment it was over. The child was drawn close to her mother's side, the track was clear, and the car descended slowly, with curious glances.

From the dike the Dunker watched them, a sweet, happy smile on her face. Then she turned away and went down to the red cow. When the shoe had been replaced and the mother and children came to the top of the dike, the Dunker was far away, a misty bit of blue in the great meadow.

At luncheon, when the mill-owner heard the story, his face turned suddenly white and the hand that set down his glass trembled a little.

"We must do something for the child," he said. "Find out what she wants."

From either side of the table two trusting blue eyes were turned to him, and across the table his wife's glance met his, full of wistful light.

"I don't think there is very much we can give her," she said, slowly. "She has everything. You should see her eyes."

He looked at her inquiringly.

"They are full of big things."

"Full of dreams?"

"Yes."

He laughed easily. "But we will make the dreams come true."

"Yes, we will make the dreams come true—if we can." A little sigh went with the words, as if a breath stole up from the meadow and touched them.

Editor's Easy Chair

THE Veteran Novelist sat before his desk pensively supporting his cheek in his left hand while his right toyed with the pen from which, for the moment at least, fiction refused to flow. His great-niece, who seemed such a contradiction in terms, being as little and vivid personally as she was nominally large and stately, opened the door and advanced upon him.

"Do I disturb you, uncle?" she asked; she did not call him great-uncle because that, she rightly said, was ridiculous; and now, as part of the informality, she went on without waiting for him to answer. "Because, you know, you wanted me to tell you what I thought of your last story; and I've just read it."

"Oh, yes!" the veteran novelist assented brightly, hiding his struggle to recall which story it was. "Well?"

"Well," she said firmly, but kindly, "you want me to be frank with you, don't you?"

"By all means, my dear. It's very good of you to read my story." By this time, he had, with the help of the rather lean volume into which his publishers had expanded a long-short, and which she now held intensely clasped to her breast, really remembered.

"Not at all!" she said. She sat down very elastically in the chair on the other side of his desk, and as she talked, she accented each of her emotions by a spring from the cushioned seat. "In the first place," she said, with the effect of coming directly to business, "I suppose you know yourself that it couldn't be called virile."

"No?" he returned. "What is virile?"

"Well, I can't explain, precisely; but it's something that all the critics say of a book that is very strong, don't you know; and masterful; and relentless; and makes you feel as if somebody had taken you by the throat; and shakes you up, awfully; and seems to throw you into the air, and trample you underfoot."

"Good heavens, my dear!" the veteran novelist exclaimed. "I hope I'm a gentleman, even when I'm writing a novel."

"Your being a gentleman has nothing to do with it, uncle!" she said severely, for she thought she perceived a disposition in the veteran novelist to shuffle. "You can't be virile and at the same time remember that you are a gentleman. Lots of *women* write virile books."

"Ladies?" the novelist asked.

"Don't I say that has nothing to do with it? If you wish to grip the reader's attention you must let yourself go, whether you're a gentleman or a lady. Of course," she relented, "your book's very idyllic, and delightful, and all that; but," she resumed severely, "do you think an honest critic could say there was not a dull page in it from cover to cover?"

The novelist sighed. "I'm sure I don't know. They seem to say it—in the passages quoted in the advertisements—of all the books published. Except mine," he added sadly.

"Well, we will pass that point," his great-niece relented again. "I didn't intend to wound your feelings, uncle."

"Oh, you haven't. I suppose I *am* a little too easy-going at times."

"Yes, that is it. One can't say dull; but too easy-going. No faithful critic could begin a notice of your book with such a passage as, 'Have you read it? No? Then hop, skip and jump and get it. Don't wait to find your hat or drink your coffee. March! It's going like the wind, and you must kite, if you want one of the first edition of fifty thousand!' Now that," his great-niece ended fondly, "is what I should like every critic to say of your book, uncle."

The veteran novelist reflected for a moment. Then he said, more spiritedly, "I don't believe *I* should, my dear."

"Then you *must*; that's all. But that's a small thing. What I really wonder at is that with all your experience, you are not more of a stylist."

"Stylist?"

"Yes. I don't believe there's an epigram in your book from beginning to end. That's the reason the critics don't quote any brilliant sentences from it, and the publishers can't advertise it properly. It makes me mad to find the girls repeating other authors' sayings, and I never catch a word from a book of yours, though you've been writing more than a century."

"Not quite so long, my dear, I think; though very, very long. But just what do you mean by style?"

"Well, you ought to say even the simplest things in a distinguished way; and here, all through, I find you saying the most distinguished things in the simplest way. But I won't worry you about things that are not vital. I'll allow, for the sake of argument, that you can't have virility if you remember that you are a gentleman even when you are writing fiction. But you *can* have *passion*. Why don't you?"

"Don't I? I thought—"

"Not a speck of it—not a single speck! It's rather a delicate point, and I don't exactly know how to put it, but if you want me to be frank I must." She looked at her great-uncle, and he nodded encouragement. "I don't believe there's a single place where he crushes her to his heart, or presses his lips to hers in a long kiss. He kisses her cheek once, but I don't call that anything. Why, in lots of the books, nowadays, the girls themselves cling to the men in a close embrace, or put their mouths tenderly to theirs— Well, of course, it sounds rather disgusting, but in your own earlier books, I'm sure there's more of it—of passion. Isn't there? Think!"

The veteran novelist tried to think. "To tell you the truth, my dear, I can't remember. I hope there was, and there always will be, love, and true love, in my novels—the kind that sometimes ends in happy marriage, but is always rather shy of showing itself off to the reader in caresses of any kind. I think passion can be intimated, and is better so than brutally stated. If you have a lot of hugging and kissing—"

"Uncle!"

"How are your lovers different from

those poor things in the Park that make you ashamed as you pass them?"

"The police ought to put a stop to it. They are perfectly disgraceful!"

"And they ought to put a stop to it in the novels. It's not only indecent, but it's highly insanitary. Nice people don't want you to kiss their children, nowadays, and yet they expect us novelists to supply them with passion of the most demonstrative sort in our fiction. Among the Japanese, who are now one of the great world-powers, kissing is quite unknown, in real life. I don't know the Japanese fiction very well, but I doubt whether there's a single kiss, or double, in it. I believe that a novel, full of intense passion, could be written, without the help of one embrace, from beginning to end."

"Uncle!" the girl vividly exclaimed, "why don't you *do* it? It would be the greatest success! Just give them the wink, somehow, at the start—just hint that there was the greatest kind of passion going on, all the time, and never once showing itself, and the girls would be raving about it. Why *don't* you do it, uncle? You know I do so want you, for once, to write the most popular book of the month!"

"I want to do it myself, my dear. But as to my writing a book full of suppressed passion, that's a story in itself."

"Tell it!" she entreated.

"The Easy Chair wouldn't give me room for it. But I'll tell you something else. When I was a boy I had a knack at versing, which came rather in anticipation of the subjects to use it on. I exhausted Spring, and Morning, and Snow, and Memory, and the whole range of mythological topics, and then I had my knack lying idle. I observed that there was one subject that the other poets found inexhaustible, but somehow I felt myself disqualified for treating it. How could I sing of Love, when I had never been in love? For I didn't count those youthful affairs when I was only in the Third Reader and the first part of the Arithmetic. I went about trying to be in love, as a matter of business; but I couldn't manage it. Suddenly, it managed itself; and then I found myself worse disqualified than ever. I didn't want to mention it; either to myself

or to her, much less to the world at large. It seemed a little too personal."

"Oh, uncle! How funny you are!"

"Do you think so? I didn't think it much fun then, and I don't now. Once I didn't know what love was, and now I've forgotten!"

"No such thing, uncle! You write about it beautifully, even if you're not very virile, or epigrammatic, or passionate. I won't let you say so."

"Well, then, my dear, if I haven't forgotten, I'm not interested. You see, I know so much more about it than my lovers do. I can't take their point of view, any longer. To tell you the truth, I don't care a rap whether they get married or not. In that story there, that you've been reading, I got awfully tired of the girl. She was such a fool; and the fellow was a perfect donkey."

"But he was the dearest donkey in the world! I wanted to h—shake hands with him; and I wanted to kiss—yes, kiss!—*her*, she was such a lovable fool."

"You're very kind to say so, my dear, but you can't keep on making delightful idiots go down with the public. That was what I was thinking when you came in and found me looking so dismal. I had stopped in the middle of a most exciting scene because I had discovered that I was poking fun at my lovers."

"And here, I," the girl lamented, "didn't take the slightest notice, but began on you with the harshest criticisms!"

"I didn't mind. I dare say it was for my good."

"I'm sure I meant it so, uncle. And what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, I must get a new point of view."

"Yes?"

"I must change my ground, altogether. I can't pretend, any longer, to be the contemporary of my lovers, or to have the least sympathy with their hopes and fears. If I were to be perfectly honest with them, I should tell them, perhaps, that disappointed love was the best thing that could happen to either of them, but if they insisted on happiness, that a good broken engagement promised more of it than anything else I could think of."

"That is true," the girl sighed. "There are a great many unhappy marriages. Of course, people would say it was *rather* pessimistic, wouldn't they?"

"People will say anything. One mustn't mind them. But, now, I'll tell you what I've been thinking, all the time we've been talking."

"Well? I knew you were not thinking of *my* nonsense!"

"It was very good nonsense, as nonsense goes, my dear. What I've been thinking is that I must still have the love interest in my books, and have it the main interest, but I must treat it from the vantage-ground of age; it must be something I look back upon, and a little down upon."

"I see what you mean," the girl dissentingly assented.

"I must be in the whole secret—the secret, not merely of my lovers' love, but the secret of love itself. I must know, and I must subtly intimate, that it doesn't really matter to anybody how their affair turns out; for in a few years, twenty or thirty years, it's a thousand to one that they won't care anything about it themselves. I must maintain the attitude of the sage, dealing, not unkindly, but truthfully with the situation."

"It would be rather sad," the girl murmured. "But one likes sad things."

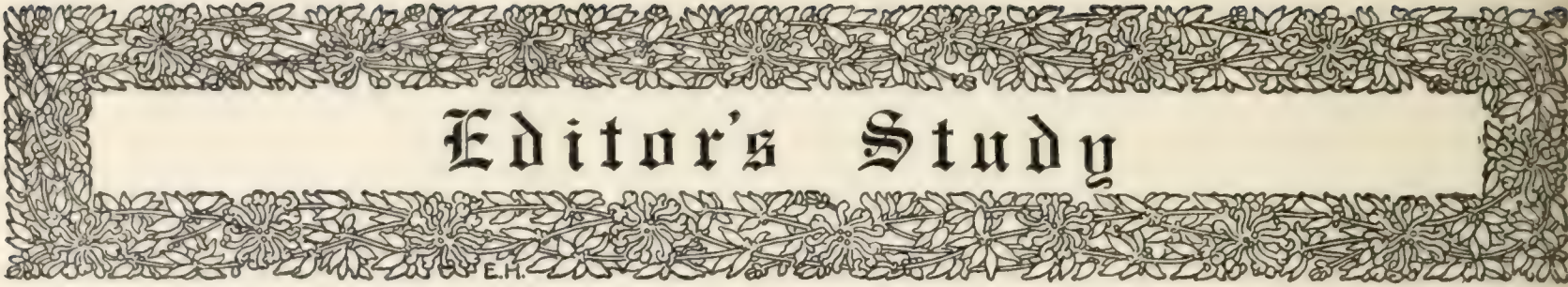
"When one is young, one does; when one is old, one likes true things. But of course, my love-stories would be only for those who have outlived love. I ought to be fair with my readers, and forewarn them that my story was not for the young, the hopeful, the happy."

The girl jumped to her feet and stood magnificent. "Uncle! It's grand!"

He rose, too. "What is?" he faltered.

"The idea! Don't you see? You can have the publisher announce it as a story for the disillusioned, the wretched, and the despairing, and that would make every girl want it, for that's what every girl thinks she is, and they would talk to the men about it, and then *they* would want it, and it would be the book of the month! Don't say another word. Oh, you dear!" In spite of the insanitary nature of the action, she caught her uncle round the neck, and kissed him on his bald spot, and ran out of the room. She opened the door to call back: "Don't lose a single minute. Begin it *now*!"

But the veteran novelist sank again into his chair in the posture in which she had surprised him.



Editor's Study

PERHAPS Mr. Kipling has never uttered anything more characteristic of his individual genius than his speech last May at the banquet of the Royal Academy. There was a legend, he said, "that when a man first achieved a most notable deed he wished to explain to the tribe what he had done. As soon as he began to speak, however, he was smitten with dumbness, he lacked words, and sat down. Then there arose, according to the story, a masterless man who had taken no part in the action of his fellow, who had no special virtues, but was afflicted—that was the phrase—with the magic of the necessary words." This man described the action in so eloquent a fashion that the words "became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers." Thereupon the tribe, seeing the power of such magic, fearing that it might be falsely or dangerously used, took him and killed him. "The old and terrible instinct," Mr. Kipling went on to say, "which taught our ancestors to kill the original story-teller warns us that we shall not be far wrong if we challenge any man who shows signs of being afflicted with the necessary words." The world has the right to demand of the story-teller that at any cost he shall tell the truth.

The celebrated master of fiction was responding to the toast for "Literature," and would have betrayed the trust reposed in him if he had meant to contrast the man of deeds with the man of words to the latter's disadvantage. He duly exalted the power of speech. "A bare half-hundred words breathed upon by some man in his agony, or in his exaltation, or in his idleness, ten generation ago, can still lead whole nations into and out of captivity, can open to us the doors of three worlds, or stir us so intolerably that we can scarcely abide to look at our own souls."

Returning to our own time, Mr. Kipling rehearsed a modern legend of a tribe

in South Africa which complained of its rain-makers—men who were supposed to have the magic of words necessary to the miracle expected of them—that they were doing their work so partially and ineffectually. "But," retorted the masters of incantation, "what has the tribe been doing? Hunting jackals and chasing grasshoppers, and so long as they continue these ignoble practices the heavens, in answer to our spells, will give but patches of cloud and scanty showers." The challenge, then, is to the men of action as well as to the men of words—they must do their best. There must be the old-fashioned miracles of faith and heroism and passion, else the old miracle of words will fail.

These allegories stand, having a veracity inexpugnable, though they are not and were not intended to be faithful transcripts of historical facts as to the relation of the record to the action. But it is interesting to note the actual relation, and especially the fact that originally the record of a notable achievement of the tribe, taking the form of song, was as communal as the action itself, all being participants; and equally communal were those earliest spells and incantations by which the gods themselves were held in fief to the tribe. Yet in the natural course of development the individual hero arose and was worshipped as a demigod, and in like manner the individual singer, whose nativity or burial-place would be claimed by many cities—such distinction was accorded him after death; and while he lived so far was he from mortal peril that his soul was cherished, and at every feast he held the place of honor and was given the widest audience. Nor was he severely challenged in the interests of truth or even restrained from flattery in his adulation of a people's heroes; and that other order of singer—the *vates*, or master of vaticination—was sacredly immune, while holding in his

hand the fate of royal personages, as in the case of the unfortunate Iphigenia. His special function seems to have been to obscure all truth, to promote fictions, and to keep the gods in hiding, having himself the monopoly of them.

In the later days of the tyrants and the Cæsars the singer was degraded into the court gossip or the servile recorder of the king's triumphs. But Suetonius died in his bed. It was the habit of the Cæsars to be assassinated. Even more immune than the recorder was his record, since it survived him, and without it, whatever its vices, the most masterful of deeds must have soon withered, lustreless, sharing the lot common to mortals. It may have been that the primitive tribe did not so much sing because it had achieved as achieved that it might indulge in the exultant song; certainly the possibility of an unfading memorial has been no small reinforcement to heroic aspiration in every generation. That is, since the record began. For there was a time when the human sense of passing prevailed,—the sense of being gathered into the past, as "unto the fathers," the curtain of oblivion closing down upon the prospect, as if Nature disdained to remember "what was so fugitive."

It was Memory in man which defied the apparent despite of Nature. The song, which seemed as brief as the action it registered and to live only on the singers' fleeting breath, through the virtue of remembrance could be repeated generation after generation—the vibrant current, keeping more surely and immutably the record in its original shape than could any written text, which must always be subject to the arbitrary modification of irresponsible copyists.

But the tribe, with its particular dialect, subject moreover to corruption of speech from its mingling with other tribes, and having more and more a kind of cosmopolitan aspiration, sought to expand its record beyond the limited channel to which the living current of choral expression was confined, so that it might be read of all men. Letters would not serve this purpose, but pictures would.

So Memory gave birth to art—to a kind of art, crude and formally, or typically, truthful. As in every other stage

of human progress, life was sacrificed for structural form.

An old friend and early contributor to this Magazine, Mr. William C. Prime, used to contend that art essentially consisted of this early kind of shorthand record, in pictures easily recognized and having even more than literal veracity—a position well enough becoming an archaeologist or a professional man of letters. But Mnemosyne, true mother of the Muses, missing the old living note, had little heart for these trifling toys, however significant for their story-telling function, and while mortals were courting a factitious immortality, whose vanity increased with its attempted expansion, she meditated in her heart on deeper disclosures of life in the vital symbols of imaginative art. The stone which Nature had given her when she asked for bread, and in which men had carved their ambitious tokens commemorating victories and treaties, she made, through architecture and sculpture, the means of a superior nutrition and culture.

Then it was that letters were invented, to preserve the old songs and to displace the pictorial hieroglyph on tablet and pillar. Thus literature at first served the mnemonic and memorial function repudiated by art. Finally in its nobler office it also bowed to Mnemosyne and by another and more lasting gateway than that of stone entered the realm of the Ideal.

From our present point of observation, it would seem that the future belongs to literature rather than to art, or, perhaps we should say, to any other art. Such supremacy as architecture, sculpture, and painting have had in the past—and they have had it to the highest degree when all these arts were combined to produce a single harmonious effect—is due to the kind of appeal; that is, to an appeal made directly through the senses to an æsthetic sensibility quickened by an absolute faith—the ground of every great miracle of art—and quickly responsive, with no need of explication. For a long period and to the vast majority of beholders no other kind of appeal was possible than one wholly remote from any literary intention. Apply the standard which controls poetic

or dramatic expression to Michael Angelo's work in the Sistine Chapel, and it becomes utter confusion, though in its appeal to the æsthetic and emotional sensibility of the age which built cathedrals it was the grandest and most impressive thing on earth, and is to-day the wonder of artists for its majesty of form and its marvellous color-harmony. Passing from this chapel to the picture-gallery of the Vatican, and noting the paintings there of our own time, we are in another world both as to the method of appeal and the modern sensibility appealed to. So it is in all the modern art galleries of Europe. It is not so much the time of great painting as it is the time of great pictures, in each of which a definite story is told with fine artistic effect, but the old miracle is not wrought.

The great pictures of to-day have technical excellence and, in the work of masters, impressiveness, since in all time art must live through impressions; but they have almost always something more than these indispensable features—something which responds to the modern demand for purely intellectual satisfaction through an explicit dramatic motive. In a word, the possibilities of the art in the old sense, the old mystery, seem to be exhausted, and painting is perforce attempting to do what is often as well and sometimes better done in literature. Goetze's picture, "Despised and Rejected Men," which recently created such a sensation in Liverpool that it had a separate exhibition in the Walker Gallery, is a good example of this kind of adventure. It has not, like so many of Hogarth's pictures, a moral purpose; nor is it, like Cole's "Voyage of Life," a didactic allegory; but it is in every feature poignantly explicit—it tells a story, though for its full understanding it is supposed to need further explication in a threepenny pamphlet. It is good art, but, in its pointedly dramatic effect, overleaps art's proper intention and enters the field of literary expression.

A wiser instinct prompts the painter to revert to the older appeal and to fit his pictorial effects to some architectural scheme, but it must be admitted that he finds it necessary to work quite independently of such schemes, which are seldom calculated to inspire his creations

or in any positive way to harmonize with them. In this independent fashion Abbey and Sargent achieved some really strong imaginative effects in the Boston Public Library. Mr. Abbey has been equally fortunate in his wonderful illuminations of Shakespeare, finding some worthy motive for his work in the association of his imagination with that of the master poet. But the greatest artists must, at their best, find any advanced thoroughfare exceedingly difficult and solitary, since they are no longer embodying living illusions born of human hopes or fears and are powerless to revive them.

The arrest of the drama, as a distinct art following its original purpose, is equally conspicuous. It maintains its old advantage as an appeal to the eye and ear, its objective impressiveness, but in such phases of its progress as are novel, it also has invaded the field of literature. The best of its creations have always had more prosperity with the reader than with the beholder or auditor and form an essential part of literature itself. To secure novel effects and to make up for exhausted possibilities in its proper and original course of development, it attempts the subjective drama and comes more and more to demand of its audience the reading and introspective habit, which is the death of all objective art and the life of literature.

Literature, whatever it, in common with art, may have lost by the passing of the old illusions, has had the power to create new illusions which are the illuminations rather than the disguises of the essential truth of life, and which therefore cannot pass. In the attempt to express this essential truth the older arts are handicapped by the very necessity of an appeal to the senses. The beauty which they have created for us "is a joy forever," and we shall never cease, through any atrophy of sensibility, to cherish new creations; but it is inevitable that these new creations must fall short of the old miracle, since, whatever their technical excellence, they no longer minister to the illusions which made that miracle possible, and that they shall occupy a new field of ministration, to intellectual and premeditated purposes, as in portraiture, decoration (as we moderns understand it), and memorial monuments.

Editor's Drawer

The Boarding-house Keeper

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

WALK right in—I didn't hear you till you rang the third time. Mind you don't stumble over the dust-pan. "A stitch in time covers a multitude of sins," I say. Maria's cleaning out the cellar before she makes the bread. No boughten stuff here—just good, *solid*, home-made bread. So I had to let you in.

Please step as softly as you can—my second floor front is sick to-day. She caught a terrible cold night before last hanging out of the window waiting for her husband to come in. He's an actor—at least he says he is—he does some of that dumb talk in one of those shows, pantomime, he calls it, but I don't see where the acting comes in when he don't say anything. She's feeling better this afternoon. She didn't eat any lunch, so I just took her up a mustard plaster and some rice pudding to put on her chest. She enjoyed them very much. She'll be better soon. She's an artist's model—she's perfectly respectable, though. They have their marriage certificate framed and hung behind the stove-pipe. Such a sweet idea. She's having a marble bust made of her arm now.

..... Yes, the hall is sort of dark, but you don't notice it once you're half-way down the steps. There's always a light burning till the last one in at night

puts it out. I don't have any trouble about it except when my third-story hall back comes in late. . . . Oh, no, he's never noisy about it, and he's a good church member, and he knows enough to take off his shoes before he starts up. One morning I found them in the card-basket on the hall stand. He's engaged to a very nice young lady up to Little Falls—he's from Grand Rapids. She teaches school and writes him three times a week. He goes to see her every two weeks.

The gentleman who had the room before him I had to get rid of—he used to smoke a pipe in bed and read, and one night he set himself afire and burned up one of my best quilts. Miss Selby smelled the smoke and came running out sudden, and that was the way we found out she wore a wig. There's very little about my people I don't find out—not that I'm prying, but I take an interest—you know there's a great difference, and I'm not that way.

But there, sit down—it's just as cheap as standing. . . . Oh, not on that chair—the leg's broke. . . . Oh, not on the sofa—there's something the matter with the springs. Miss Mudd is keeping company with Mr. Smoot—he's something in the coal line, and very dark and heavy, and I told her if he set on that sofa four nights out of the seven something was



Florence Stone Sherr

THAT'S A PRETTY FUR NECK-PIECE YOU'VE GOT ON

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going to happen to it. There, that one's all right.

That's a pretty fur neck-piece you've got on—I lost one exactly like it when I was up to the city last week. . . . Oh, no, I didn't think so. But it's precisely like mine. I've wondered who found it and is wearing it now. . . . Why, how you talk! I said I didn't think any such thing.

The crayon portrait on the easel with the silk drape with the crape border is—*was*—my husband. He ain't dead. You can see by looking at him I ain't used to this. Of course this ain't a boarding-house—I take pay guests—references given and taken. My table I set according to my conscience—ice-cream once a week, sausages Monday morning, waffles and syrup Sunday nights. We had a grand house up to Mosholu—ten rooms, and a mirror in every room. We used finger-bowls every day. I don't have them now—I think the guests feel it's more homelike without them. Yes, he was a fine man, my husband was. Do you like cabbage? We have it twice a week. . . .

. . . . Privacy? Oh, no, indeed, you needn't worry about that—we're just like one family—every one knows about every one else. Why, Miss Mudd ain't had her fourth griddle-cake before we all know what time Mr. Pratt came in the night before. Oh, no, every one's sociable. . . . Oh, you want privacy? Well, I say every one to their own taste. I don't know why you can't have privacy here—if you *want* it—just as well as anywhere else. Besides, no servants running up and down the front stairs here—no, ma'am, we have a spinal staircase in the back. Mr. Hodge used to find it very convenient when he was getting his divorce from his first wife, and she used to come and sit on the front steps with a horsewhip.

But then, I don't have much bad luck with my lady and gentleman guests. Miss Smith, who lives further down the block, just a step from the cemetery, had a terrible time. One Sunday morning, after she'd no more than got her front steps cleaned, one of her gentleman boarders—she takes mealers, too—come home and committed suicide right on 'em. And she'd spent at least an hour cleaning those steps. People used to say she thought more of the state of her front steps than her salvation, and it was a judgment on her for breaking the Sabbath. Funny he should have picked out Sunday of all times to do it in. Well, "a bird in the hand is worth a stork on the roof," I suppose.

We have a Shakespeare class every Saturday night—Miss Doty, she teaches up to the Academy, she got it up. His works seem to be very popular now. He writes plays, too. I went to one up to the Opera-house the other night—it was awful sad; one of the ladies goes clean off her head and the young gentleman doesn't like his mother. Mrs. Snaffles said, afterward, she thought she had heard the author was dead. I'm going to ask Miss Doty—she'll know. You ought to see her when she lets down her back hair and puts on a kimona and plays Julia to Mr. Hodge's Romero. She does it in the dining-room after Maria's cleared off. She's a grand reciter.

. . . . You've had trouble with servants? Don't talk to me about 'em. Last one put starch in the sheets and sugar in the oysters—we have 'em every second Sunday—and I had to send her off. Besides, Miss Mudd complained of her—she's so modest—and that girl had hung Mr. Fox's pajamas next to Miss Mudd's shirt-waist right on the line in the back yard, and she looked out of the window and saw it, and she tells me



she near fainted she was so afraid Mr. Fox would see it. You see, they're both hall-backers—second and third.

She's a Hoodoo Scientist. . . . Never heard of it? No, I believe it's a new one—it's meant to get the best of all the others. Their chief aim is charity, Miss Mudd says. Sometimes I think she's crazy, she does such queer things; but she says it's just the science. It sort of works out, I believe. She's pretty noisy about it sometimes, and one day we thought she was dying, but she was only taking some sort of breathing exercises. It seems to be a very comforting kind of religion, though, for when I told her her hair was getting thin in one spot, she said no, it wasn't—I only thought it was. That it was only matter anyway, and there really wasn't any matter any way, so it didn't matter any way you put it. Dreadful queer, I think.

. . . . What's that? Oh, no, I haven't got any rooms to rent now. . . . Yes, I know, but you didn't ask me—I'm real glad to have seen you, though. Perhaps you'll drop in to one of our Saturday-night Shakespeares—run in any time

when I ain't so busy and have more time to talk. I'm always glad to see new strangers! Mind the dust-pan again. Good-by.



ON THE FRONT STEPS WITH A HORSEWHIP

Disappointed

A CAR had stopped at a busy corner. Just as the conductor had reached to give the signal to start, there were yells of warning, and an answering yell from the outside.

"Wait till I get my clothes on!" cried a shrill voice.

The passengers craned their necks and looked out. A small boy with a basket of laundry was trying to get aboard.

He Approved

AN Irishman, having resided the required number of years in this country, one day made application to the judge for final naturalization papers. The judge, following the usual practice, interrogated the applicant in a general way with reference to his knowledge of things American, to the end of determining whether he would prove a good citizen. Among the questions

put was, "Have you read the Constitution?"

"Yes, your honor," glibly replied the Irishman, "an' I'm glad to say that I were very much pleased with it."

An Adjustment

KENNETH was playing with his brother's baseball glove, when quite suddenly hunger overtook him, and he sent up a wail for bread to his mother, who was working up-stairs. She came to the stairway and looked down.

"What! what! a boy with a baseball glove on *crying*!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "A big boy like that!"

The wail momentarily ceased, then rose again. Hunger prevailed over even the desire to be "big," but Kenneth was no longer blind to the proprieties. The big padded glove slipped to the stair beside him.

"I've taked it off, mamma,—boo-hoo-ooo-ooo!"

Business

THERE is a large lumber operator in Maine, who on occasion personally superintends the crews breaking up log jams in the river. Once, it appears, the spruce log on which the lumberman was standing slipped from under him, precipitating him into the water under the logs.

One of the crew, a French Canadian, who had seen the accident, immediately proceeded to the rescue, and succeeded in getting the operator on land. The latter merely grunted his thanks, and nothing was said about the mishap.

After a day or so the Frenchman grew anxious, for he had thought of a reward commensurate with the service rendered. Approaching the operator, he stuttered:

"I—I—see you—you fall in, m'sieur, and I run queek to pull you from ze wataire before you are drowned, eh?"

"Yes," snapped the lumberman, "you did; but if you had been attending to business, as you oughter been, you wouldn't have seen me fall in!"

Had the Symptoms

MCGINNIS was a man of somewhat hasty temper. A long siege of sickness had made him exceedingly irritable, and taking care of and waiting on him had proved a great trial to Mrs. McG., under which she had borne up with commendable patience and fortitude, never complaining, no matter

in what form her husband's crankiness manifested itself.

One day, when the doctor called as usual, he cheerily remarked:

"Well, Mrs. McGinnis, how is our patient getting along this morning?"

"Sure, doctor, ye're too late," she moaned, disconsolately. "It's after bein' dead he is, I'm thinkin'."

"Why, it can't be possible your husband has dropped off like that!" exclaimed the doctor in tones of surprise. "He was worth a dozen dead men when I saw him last. You certainly must have made a mistake, Mrs. McGinnis. Are you positive that he is really dead?"

"Well, doctor," said Mrs. McG., choking back her sobs, "if the poor mon isn't dead he has all the symptoms of it. I wint into the room jist now, an' he didn't find fault n'r t'row annything at me."

A Valuable Witness

A SOUTHERN lawyer tells of a case that came to him at the outset of his career, wherein his principal witness was a darky named Jackson, supposed to have knowledge of certain transactions not at all to the credit of his employer, the defendant.

"Now, Jackson," said the lawyer, "I want you to understand the importance of telling the truth when you are put on the stand. You know what will happen, don't you, if you don't tell the truth?"

"Yassir," was Jackson's reply; "in dat case I expects our side will win de case."



The Lazy Onions

"Although 'tis late," said little Ned, "the onions still are in their bed."

I'm sure, were I as strong as they, I'd get right up and walk away."



The Caged Cockatoo

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

“DO you suppose perhaps,” said she,
 “It’s not a really bird?
 But that some Princess, long ago,
 Made some magician mad, and so
 He spake an awful word,
 And now she’s ever doomed to be
 A bird, and suffer terribly?”

“Of course that may be so,” said he;
 “But then I really guess
 It’s nothing but a cockatoo
 That lived across the ocean blue
 In some wild wilderness.
 But maybe on its ocean trip
 It travelled in a *pirate ship*.”

“If it could only speak,” said he,
 “Of all it must have seen!—
 Doubloons and ships and pirate kings,
 Odsbodkins, zounds, and such-like things,
 Or shout ‘Ahoy!’ ‘I ween!’
 It seems a parrot-kind of bird,
 And yet it never says a word.”

“Oh, shall we ever learn,” cried she,
 “What’s really truly true?
 If we could find some fairy folk
 Who know the word that genie spoke,
 The spell we might undo.
 Of course I know that no one knows,
 But tell us just what you suppose.”



Mr. Crowley, to his credit, was not long in finding out why his newly purchased auto-car was called a Runabout.

An Unsuccessful Illusion

LITTLE Frances listened wide-eyed to the story of the little red hen and her adventure with the rapacious old fox. My intention was to personify the heroine of the tale to the point where Frances would forget her hen-identity and thereby enter into a more complete sympathy with her. So I lingered over the descriptive details of her diminutive household furniture—the stove, the chairs, the table, the bed, etc. Then I took up the little hen's wardrobe and spoke of the different occasions when she would wear the different gowns.

"When she went to market," I said, "of course, she wore her little gingham sunbonnet and tied the little red shawl around her shoulders. She took a little basket with her, to carry home her groceries. She would buy flour and potatoes, and beans and bread and butter and eggs and—"

"But why didn't she lay her own eggs?" flashed out without warning, and I saw the futility of my attempt at illusory creations.

Economical Robert

AT an early age, Robert showed signs of unusual thrift and economy, and at seventeen he was taken into the village post-office as general clerk. As there was only one train a day, business was not rushing, and the new assistant had plenty of time for thought.

Half an hour before train-

time, Robert was told to load the mail-pouches into the wagon that waited to carry them to the station. The bags going Chicagoward were filled to the brim, but those destined for local points along other lines were two-thirds empty.

Robert loaded the filled bags on the wagon, but left the others hanging in their places, where the dismayed postmaster found them five minutes after the train had pulled out.

"For goodness' sake" he exclaimed. "Here are five pouches that should have gone on that train. How in the world did this happen?"

"Why," explained Robert, "they weren't half full, and I never supposed you'd think it was worth while to send them off before they were."

When Mother Goes Away

WHEN mother goes away
It's kind of lonely, but I haven't time
To miss her much, for I must run and play,
And there are books to read and trees to climb.
But when the night comes on and it grows late,
And all the house is dark and still, oh, then
It seems as if I really couldn't wait
Till she comes home again.

E. S. RANKIN.



*"Upon a thorn my dress I've torn,
Thanks to my careless haste;
Mother will sigh and scold, but I
Suppose it must be faced."*



Satire

"What's the matter, stranger; bust your auto?"

"Nope. Run over a chicken and punctured the tire on the pin-feathers."

Sufficiently Dead

GRANDMA BAILEY always managed to find something pleasant to say, even when the circumstances would seem to warrant a little captiousness on the sweet old lady's part.

One day a neighbor rushed in with the news that another neighbor, who had been a widower for only a short time, was about to be married.

"That shows," said charitable Grandma Bailey, "that he was happy in his first matrimonial experience."

"But, Grandma! His wife has been dead only three months!"

"My dear," returned the good old lady, reproachfully, "she's just as dead now as she'll ever be."

Squaring the Account

"ON my arrival in California," said the humorist, "as a joke I sent to a friend of mine at home, well known for his aversion to spending money, a telegram, with charges to collect, reading, 'I am perfectly well.'"

"The information evidently was gratifying to him, for, about a week after sending the telegram, an express package was delivered at my room, upon which I paid four dollars for charges. Upon opening the package, I found a large New York street-paving block, on which was pasted a card, which read, 'This is the weight your telegram lifted from my heart.'"

What Did She Mean?

A PHILANTHROPIC person heard of a negro family that was reported in destitute circumstances, and calling at their home, he found the report true.

The family consisted of mother, a son nearing manhood's estate, and two young children. The benevolent old gentleman, after hearing the mother's story, gave the oldest son one dollar to get a chicken for the Thanksgiving dinner, and took his departure.

No sooner was he gone than the negress said to her son,

"Sambo, you gib me dat dollah and go get dat chicken in de natchral way."



MRS. RHINO. "Look, dearie! Is my horn on straight?"

The Heart of Rameses

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

A recent issue of the *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy contains an account of the successful identification of the heart of Rameses II., the Sesostriis of the Greeks, after having been preserved since 1258 B.C. in soda and resinoid antiseptics.—*New York Newspaper*

O THE Heart of Rameses,
They have found it, if you please;
It's been packed away in soda where they've
kept it nice and warm.
Since before old Aristotle
It's been lying in a bottle
With an antiseptic dressing to protect it
from the storm.

O the Heart of Rameses,
Could you speak, what memories
You could bring to light of Romance on
the borders of the Nile!
What a tale of queer conniptions
Of the jolly old Egyptians
You could tell us if the Powers would but
let you speak awhile!

Precious Heart of Rameses.
As you lie there at your ease,
What a store of hope you give me when I
think of Chloe dear!
When I think of the persistence
Of your æons of existence
I no longer vex my soul with bodings deep
and jealous fear.

For, O Heart of Rameses,
From the aborigines,
If they've kept you safe these thousand years
so simply, then shall I
Take my love to some Pagoda,
Where I'll blow her off to soda
Till I've got her heart in pickle for a blest
eternity!



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The Spanish Jade

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Cada puta hile: Let every jade go spin.
—SANCHO PANZA.

INTO the plain beyond Burgos, through that sunless glare of before-dawn, upon a soft-padding ass that cast no shadow and made no sound; well upon the stern of that ass, alone in that immensity of Castile, and as happy as a king may be, rode a young man on an April day some fifty years ago, singing to himself a wailing, winding, minor chant all about El Cid Campeador and the matchless Ximena. I say that he was young: he was very young, and looked very delicate—"handsome, beardless, and lady-faced," as an old court chronicler put it of another youth long before. He had a sagging old straw hat upon his round and shapely head, a shirt—and a dirty shirt—open to the waist; he had a broad band of scarlet cloth—his *faja*, as they call it—some dozen times about his middle, with a murderous long knife stuck in it; cotton drawers, bare legs, and feet as brown as walnuts. All of him that was not whitey-brown cotton or red cloth was walnut-color; but his hair was black, and his eyes were light gray, keen, restless, and bold. He was sharp-featured, and when he smiled he could be bewitching. His name was Estéban Vincaz, his business pressing, pleasant, and picus. He was about to slay a girl.

His eyes, as he sang, roamed the sun-struck land and saw that it was good. The winter corn in patches struggled sparsely through the clods; darnels, tares, dead-nettle, couch, the vetches of last

year and the poppies of next, contended with it, not at all in vain. The olives were in flower—each tree in its own puddle of mud: everything was as it should be. By and by a clump of smoky-blue iris caught his chance looks; he vaulted off his ass and snatched a handful. "The sword-flower," he said to himself, accepting the omen with a laugh, and jumping into his seat again, kicked the beast with his naked heels into the shamble that does duty for a pace. He resumed his song:

"En batalla temerosa
Andaba el Cid castellano
Con Búcar, ese rey moro,
Que contra el Cid ha llegado
A le ganar á Valencia. . . ."

He hung upon the pounding rhymes, and his heart swelled with the thoughts as if his errand had been that crowning one of the hero's.

Graceless son of a perfectly graceless couple, horse-thief, sheep-thief, contra-bandist, bully, all that you choose to call him, he had the look of a seraph when he sang and the voice of an angel of the Ascension. And why not? He had no doubts, he could justify every hour of his life; he had the manners of a gentleman and the morals of a hyena—that is to say, none at all. I doubt if he had anything worth having except the grand air. He only knew elementary things; he knew hunger, thirst, fatigue, desire, hatred, fear. He feared the dark and God in the Sacrament—nothing else. He regretted nothing and pitied nothing, be-

cause when it came to feeling the loss of a thing, it came naturally also to hating the cause of its loss; and so the greater need swallowed up the less. This was why he intended to kill Miguela, because she had been his sweetheart and because she had left him. Three weeks ago she had left him, in the middle of the fair of Pobledo. That had spoiled the fair for him; he had earned nothing, because all his time had been taken up in finding out where she had gone. Now that he knew, he had only delayed for one day, to get his knife ground. He knew exactly where she was, and at what hour he should find her, and with whom. God had been good, and the sword-flower a proof of that.

Presently he came within sight of, and, since he made no effort to avoid it, presently again into, the street of a mud-built village. Going in, he looked to the east to judge the light. Sunrise was nearly an hour away: he could afford to obey the summons of the cracked bell and hear mass. He tethered his beast in the little plaza and went into church. Immediately confronting him at the door was a hideous idol; a huge brown wooden Christ with black horsehair tresses, staring white eyeballs, and staring red wounds, towered before him, hanging from a cross. Estéban knelt to it, and remembering his hat, doffed it by pulling it sideways over one ear. He said his two *paternosters*, and then performed an odd ceremony more. He took the long knife from his waistband, laid it flat before the crucifix, and looking up at the tormented God, said Him another *pater*. That done and the blade slipped home again, he knelt upon the floor beyond in company with kerchiefed women and some beggars of incredible age, and rose to one knee, fell to both, covered his eyes, watched the celebrant, or the youngest of the women, just as the server's little bell bade him.

Mass over, our young avenger prepared to resume his journey by breaking his fast. A hunch of bread and handful of acorns sufficed him, and he ate these sitting on the steps of the church, watching the women as they loitered on their way home. One he approved: she had fine ankles, and wore a flower in her hair like an Andalusian. He had never been

in Andalusia, but was sure that the women were handsome. A fine-sounding word, Andalusia; and besides, would women wear flowers in their hair unless they dared be looked at? Then the priest came out, fat, dew-lapped, greasy, very short-breathed, but benevolent.

"Good day, good day to you," he said. "You are a stranger—from the north?"

"My reverend, from Burgos." This was a lie.

"Ha! from Burgos! A fine city, a great city."

"Yes, sir, it's true. It is where they buried our lord the Campeador."

"So they say. You are lettered! And early astir."

"Yes, sir. I am called to be early. I still go south."

"Seeking work? You are honest, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, a perfectly honest Christian," said Estéban. "But I seek no work. I find it."

"You are lucky," said the priest, and took snuff. He waved his hand, wagging it about. "Go with God."

"At the feet of your reverence," said Estéban; "adios."

Altogether he delayed for an hour and a quarter in this village—a material time.

Ahead of him some three leagues or four, or rather, converging upon a common centre that distance from our friend, was one Osmund Manvers, a young English gentleman of easy fortune, independent habits, and pleasant disposition; also riding, also singing to himself, equally early afoot, but in very different circumstances. He rode a horse tolerably sound, and had a haversack before him reasonably stored. He had a clean shirt on and another embaled, a brace of pistols, a New Testament and a *Don Quixote*, white duck breeches, and brown knee-boots, a tweed jacket, and a straw hat neither picturesque, comfortable, nor convenient. He would have looked incongruous in the elfin landscape if he had not appeared to be as extremely at home in it as our young Estéban himself. But there was this difference further to be noted, that whereas Estéban seemed to belong to the land, the land seemed to belong to Mr. Manvers—the land of Spain and all those vast distances of it,

the enormous span of ground and the enormous arch of sky. He might have been a young squire at home, overlooking his farms—one eye for the tillage, another for a covey, or a hare in a furrow. Occasionally he whistled as he rode, but broke now and again into a singing voice, more cheerful, I think, than melodious:

“If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?”

Not an old song. Henry Chorley made the tune to it the summer before Manvers left England, and it had caught his fancy—both the air and the sentiment. They suited his scoffing mood, and helped to heal him the wound which Miss Eleanor Vernon had dealt his heart—Miss Eleanor Vernon, with her disdainful eyes. “If she be not fair for me!” Well, Eleanor Vernon was not to be that. Let her go hang, then, and—“What care I how fair she be?”

Osmund Manvers was a pleasant-looking young man, sanguine in hue, gray in the eye, with a twisted sort of smile which was by no means unattractive. His features were irregular, but he looked wholesome; his humor was fitful, sometimes easy, sometimes unaccountably stiff; he was hot-tempered and quick-tempered, but his crooked smile never deserted him, and the light beard which he had allowed himself since he left England led one to imagine his jaw less square than it really was. I suppose that he may have measured five foot ten in his boots, and I suppose him to have been strong. He was, at any rate, a strong swimmer and fond of the exercise. He had a comfortable income, derived from land in Somersetshire, upon which his mother, a widow lady, and his two unmarried sisters lived, and attended archery meetings. Cured of his wounded heart by means of travel, he was now travelling for his pleasure, or, as he told himself, to avoid the curate. By this terse periphrasis he referred to his obligations to church and state in Somersetshire.

At six o'clock on this fine April morning he had already ridden far—from Sahagun, indeed, where he had spent three or four idle days, lounging and exchanging observations with the inhab-

itants. He was popular with them, for he was perfectly simple; never asked what he did not want to know, and never refused to answer what it was obviously desired that he should. But man cannot live on small talk, and as he had taken up his rest in Sahagun in a moment of impulse, so now he left it. “Great Heaven!” he had cried, as he sat up in bed, “what the devil am I doing here? Nothing, nothing on earth. Let’s get out of it.” So out he got, and would not wait for breakfast. He rode fast, desiring to make way before the heat began, and also because the going happened to be fair; but by six o'clock, with the sun an hour above the horizon, he was not sorry to see towers and a dome, or to hear across the emptiness the clangorous notes of a deep-toned bell. “The muezzin calls the faithful,” he reflected, “but for me another bell must be rung. That town will be Palencia. I’ll breakfast there by the grace of God.”

Palencia it was—a town of pretence, if such a word can be applied to anything Spanish, where things either are or are not, and there’s an end. It was as drab as the landscape, as bald and austere; but it had a squat officer sitting at the receipt of custom, which Sahagun had not, and a file of peasants as usual before him, bargaining for their chickens and hay. Upon the horseman’s approach the functionary arose, saluted, and inquired for gate-dues with his patient eyes. “A shirt,” said Manvers, touching his valise, “the New Testament of our Saviour Christ, the incredible history of Quixote de la Mancha, a tooth-brush, and a comb.” He seemed to refer, in tolerable Castilian, to a Castilian gentleman of degree: so much was evident to the *douanier*; but his twisted smile, we may believe, won him the entry. The official just eased his peaked cap. “Go with God, sir.”

“Assuredly,” said Manvers, “but pray assist me to the inn.”

The Providencia was named, indicated, and found. There was an old man in the yard of it plucking a live fowl—a barbarity with which our traveller had long ceased to quarrel.

“Cease your horrid task, my brother,” he said; “take my horse and feed him.”

The bird was released, and after shaking, by force of habit, what no longer, or

only partially, existed, rejoined his companions. He showed that he could pick as well as be picked.

"Now," said Manvers to the ostler, if such he was, "give this horse half a feed of corn, then some water, then the other half-feed—but give him nothing until you have cooled him down. Do all this, and I give you one peseta. Omit it, and I give you nothing at all. Is that a bargain?"

"It will be a bad bargain for your grace, for I shall get the better of you in it."

"We shall see," said Manvers, and went into the Providencia for his breakfast of eggs in oil, fried liver, and thin wine.

A meal to which good spirits were contributed by the guest and very bad ones by the establishment, as he humorously put it, followed by a walk in the arid street of the town, which revealed nothing but some fragments of Roman masonry, a bridge, and a Gothic cathedral of real barbarity, decided the young man to tempt the heat rather than be bored. If his maps told him the truth, one league and a half on the road to Valladolid should discover him an extensive cork wood, beyond which, skirting its south-eastern face, should be the handsome river Pisuerga. Here he could bathe, loiter away the noon, and take his *merienda*—the best Palencia could supply:

"Muera Marta
Y muera harta"—

"Let Martha die, but not on an empty stomach." He knew his *Don Quixote* better than most Spaniards.

He furnished his haversack with bread, ham, sausage, wine, and oranges; ordered out his horse; satisfied himself that the ancient depilator had earned his fee, and departed at a leisurely pace. Just outside the gate he had an adventure which occupied him until the end of this narrative—and, indeed, beyond it.

The Gate of the Sun—what town in Spain has not such a gate?—is really no gate at all, but a gateway. What walls it once may have admitted to, have fallen in their contest with time. Buttress and rubbish-heap, a moat of blurred outline, a watch-tower, and much ordure alone testify to former pretensions. Outside

that was a sandy waste, called an *Alameda*, a littered place of brown grass, dust, and loose stones, fringed with parched acacias, and diversified by hillocks, upon which, in former days of strife, standards may have been stood up, mangonels planted, perhaps Napoleonic cannon. It was upon one of these, one which was shaded by a tree and dead upon his road, that Manvers observed—and paused to observe—the doings of a group of persons—some seven boys and lads, concerned with a young girl. A kind of uncouth courtship seemed to be in progress, or (as he put it) the holding of a rude court: he saw a Circe of picaresque Spain with her satyr rout about her. To drop such flights, the young woman sat upon the hillock, with her half a dozen tatterdemalions about her in various stages of amorous enchantment.

He could not see the girl well enough to know whether she was personable or otherwise, far less to decide whether she was what she should be or not. He saw that her hair was all tumbled about her shoulders, and that it was of a dusty gold tinge; he saw that she was barefoot; he guessed her sunburnt and a vagrant, supposed that she was of that sort you see any day at a fair, jigging outside a booth in red bodice and spangles, a waif, a little who-knows-who, an iridescent bubble, one might say, thrown up by some standing pool of vice, as filmy as that, very nearly as fleeting, and quite as poisonous. It struck him, as he watched her, as really extraordinary that these ephemerids must abound, predestined to misery; must come and sin, and wail and go, with souls inside them to be saved, which no one could save, and bodies fain to be loved, which no one could stoop to love. Had the scheme of our Redemption scope enough for *this*—for this trifle—along with Santa Teresa, and the Queen of Sheba, and Catharine the Great, and Manon Lescaut? Idle questionings, prompted in him he knew not how.

Hatless, shoeless, coatless were the oafs who surrounded the object of his speculations, some lying prone, with elbows forward and chin to fist, some more mischievously inclined, creeping, scrambling, darting behind, to pull her hair, and duck lest she should look round; some squatting at a distance with ribaldries to ex-

change. And there was one, sitting a little above her, on his hams, who seemed a sort of proprietor; for he did nothing but watch, and had enough of mastery over the others to prevent what he might at any moment choose to think an infringement of his rights. A sullen, dull dog, Manvers agreed; a broad-shouldered, black-avised kind of a brute, a bully by inheritance who must end in the hulks.

"What's going on here?" he asked himself. "Is this an affair of Circe and her tributary swine, after all? Or is it a capture by satyrs, the preliminary to a horrible meal? I'm not satisfied—I'll wait a little." He was well out of eye-shot, behind the farthest fringe of trees.

He saw that the girl sat brooding, not so much enduring as ignoring the rough attentions she was receiving—as if ruminating on more serious things (such as famine or thirst), her elbows on her knees and her face cupped in her two hands. That is the true tramp's attitude, he knew. A flower was in her mouth, or he thought so, judging from the blot of scarlet thereabouts; her face was set fixedly towards the town—he thought at first that she must have seen him, but found that he had no care whether she had or not. He took no particular interest in her—all he cared about was to consider the manners of the game which centred about her. Manners! He had travelled far, and could not help reflecting upon the difference between Italy, for example, and this rude land of Spain. Where in that peninsula, outside Naples, would you have witnessed such a scene as this? Or what people but the Spaniards, among Latin races, know themselves so certainly lords of the earth that they may treat women, mules, prisoners, Jews, and bulls according to the caprices of appetite, without shame or ruth? That an Italian should make public display of his property in a woman or his scorn of her was a thing unthinkable; but if you came to consider it, so it was that a Spaniard should not. There is no other country in Europe where things so grossly cruel, or cruelly gross, may be done, and none where they may be done with an air of franchise, serenely sure enough to rob them of nearly all their vileness.

Meditating these things, Manvers saw the very thing in process, when the lump-

ish fellow above the girl suddenly put his hand upon her and kept it there, and the others thereupon drew back and ceased their tricks, as if recognizing just such an act of possession—a taking of seisin, as the lawyers call it. To Manvers the act was hateful. He felt the blood surge in his neck, caught himself muttering to himself, swearing: "Damn him, I've a mind—Oh, vile!" But he did nothing, because the girl did nothing whatever; she neither moved nor seemed to be aware.

Emboldened by her passivity, the swain advanced by inches, visibly. He looked knowingly about at his juniors, he whispered in her ear, whistled gallant airs, regaled the company with salted songs. Piqued at last, perhaps, or swayed by some wave of desire, he caught her round the waist and kissed her neck; and then, all at once, she seemed to awaken, to shiver and collect herself; and without warning she shook herself free from her tyrant, and hit him a blow with her fist on the side of the nose with all her force. He reeled back, the blood gushed over him; immediately a scuffle began, the most unequal you can conceive, and the most impossible; for one and all of these rascals set upon their late admiration, with fists, with stones, with horrible imprecations, revilings. How she got to her feet, how kept them, is not to be understood. She fought like one possessed, and kept her breath for the business. All that she did was done in silence, and desperately done.

A minute of this—it lasted hardly so long—was more than enough for Mr. Manvers, who, when he had recovered himself, pricked into the fray at a canter and began to lay about him with his riding-crop. "Dogs! dogs' sons! children of Judas! Jews' minions—down with your hands!" His Spanish was fluent, if imaginative, but his science with the whip beyond dispute. "Have at you there!" he cried, and thwacked a skull. "Have at you here!" and an arm went limp suddenly. Such commentary drove home the text.

The prime mover of these events was, long before the end of them, on the top of the hillock, where, with a remnant, he unmasked a battery of stones upon the attack. He had to be dislodged, to the disgust of Manvers's horse—a Spanish

horse of Oviedo, who knew more of the property of stones than he cared about already; for in Spain they spare the whip in favor of the handier arm. Dislodged, however, he was, he and his force; but hillocks were plenty and stones abounded. The fire was resumed from a safer distance, and the marksmanship remained excellent.

Meantime the girl lay moaning on the ground, her arms extended, her right leg twitching. She was bleeding at the ear.

Manvers was under fire, but dismounted as coolly as he could, and led his horse about to cover her from the stones. "Come," he said, as he stooped to touch her, "I must move you, I see. Saint Stephen—blessed young man—has forestalled this means of going to heaven. You and I are too late-born." He used no ceremony, but picked her up as if she had been a dressmaker's dummy, and set her on her feet—where, after swaying about and some balancing with her hands, she presently steadied herself, and stood dazed and empty-eyed.

"Take your time, my dear," he said, and held her by the arm. "Can you stick on if I put you up?"

She nodded her head. "Up you go, then," and he would have taken her; but she held him off with a stiffening arm while she wiped her face with her petticoat and pulled herself into some sort of order. She did this deftly and methodically, with the practised hands of a woman who has had plenty to practise with. She might have been an actress at the wings, about to go on. Nor would she allow him to touch her till all was in order—her tumbled hair, the neck of her bodice, the set of her torn slip. That done, she allowed him to put her into the saddle, and sat there astride, as cool as a circus-girl.

She was handsome, in a striking, fierce way—but very thin, and apparently a child barely grown to be a woman. With this dusty gold mane of hers, with her sunburnt skin, vivid red lips, sleek and soft, with her sea-green, serious eyes, she was—and he owned it—an embarrassing addition to his equipment. Knowledge too various lay behind those eyes, acquaintance too wide made sleek those lips; she was too vivid altogether for the squire

of Somerset. However, he could not leave her here to be stoned, that was certain; nor did he care for more of the martyrdom himself; there was nothing for it but he must spend the day in Palencia.

But when he turned her face that way she began to implore him urgently. "Never, never—caballero, I pray you,—never, never! Here sooner than there—for the love of God," she said, and struggled to get down. The stones were flying, Manvers had twice been hit, and was beginning to lose his temper.

"Damn the stones!—and don't be a fool, young woman." He pushed her back by the knee. "What the mischief is the matter with the town?"

"This is the truth," she then told him. "Out here I can die; but in Palencia I cannot die." She shook her head; she nodded it as she looked down at his restraining hand. "That will not be allowed me." She said this in a voice so grave and mournful, with a sincerity so shocking, and an implication so out of doubt that Manvers had nothing to reply.

"Great God!" he said. "That's it, is it? Very well, then—I take you with me. But it is to the first convent, mind you."

She nodded her head, not looking at him. "Where you will, sir," she replied. He turned his patient horse towards the south, mounted behind his convoy, and ambled off.

Seeing that she more than once lurched in the saddle, he found it necessary to stop after a little, to ply her with wine, to induce her to eat bread out of his haversack. These attentions heartened her, and, supported by his arm, she was fit to proceed. But the sun was now half-way up towards noon, burning upon them out of a cloudless sky; there was no wind and the flies were maddening. The girl stooped her head, as if she were wilting like a picked flower. The heat came surging up in waves from the cloddy ground, and to that she bent sideways and began to sway again. He knew that it was impossible that she could be exposed much longer, bareheaded as she was, to such sword-strokes of the sun. He made her drink a little more wine, then gave her his pocket-handkerchief to cover herself. At this, when she understood its use, she laughed for the first time; and having fixed it on in a fashion which



ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

Painted by Elizabeth Shippen Green

TURNED HIS PATIENT HORSE TOWARDS THE SOUTH

hooded her face and became her well, she looked round into his for approval—found it, and smiled.

“I see that you are better, my girl,” he said to himself, “and I see also that you are a handful. I am tempted to kiss you, I admit, and on that account shall be glad to be rid of you.” If she be not fair for me! No, no. Manvers was a very honest young man in his way. For all that, a sort of relationship was established between them. More than once she turned her face to his and laughed, by no means unpleasantly; and more than once he laughed back.

Ahead of him now, through the crystalline flicker of the heat, he saw the dark rim of the wood, the cork forest for which he was looking, and which hid the river from his tired eyes. No foot-burnt wanderer in Sahara ever hailed his oasis with heartier thanksgiving—but it was still a league and a half away. Pushing his best, he was presently aware of a traveller behind him—not by ear, for a donkey makes no sound, but by the general sense which we all have when we are not alone. He looked back and saw a donkey and his rider come briskly in his track. And as he looked, the girl before him turned her head and shoulders also and looked. She stiffened immediately under his arm and slowly resumed her position. She said nothing, but he felt her tremble.

“God save your grace,” said Estéban; for it was he, who, sitting well upon his donkey’s rump, with exceedingly bright eyes and a cheerful grin, now forged level with Manvers and his burdened steed.

The horseman looked down at him and thought him a queer fish, but it did not enter his head to inquire what Estéban might think of him, for self-consciousness was not one of his vices. If an archbishop or a baggage or a duchess had happened to be sharing his saddle, an arrangement must be presumed—and how could it concern an Estéban on a donkey? Nor did he remark any longer that the girl before him was now sitting up, every muscle of her on the stretch, as taut as a ship’s cable in the tideway, and that she kept her face rigidly in profile to the newcomer.

“Good day, good day,” was the Eng-

lishman’s reply. “You ride light and I ride heavy, otherwise you had not overtaken us.”

Estéban showed his fine teeth and waved his hand towards the distance. “Who knows that, sir?”

“Well,” said Manvers, “I do, for example.”

Estéban shrugged very lightly. “There’s a providence of the road,” he said, “and a saint in charge of travellers. And we know, sir,” he added, “*á cada puerco viene su San Martin*, all the world over.” A tremor went through the girl’s body. Manvers, not usually observant of such things, noticed that.

“Your proverb is oddly chosen, it seems to me.”

Estéban gave a little chuckle.

“Not so oddly, sir, by your leave. I referred to the ways of Providence, under a figure. It might have been your destiny to have outpaced me: the odds were in your favor. On the other hand, as you have not, it must have been my destiny to have overtaken you.”

“You speak philosophy,” said Manvers, “and more explicitly than most. I am very glad to see you—so long as our ways coincide.” Estéban raised his sombrero.

“I hope your grace’s lady is not disturbed by my company; for to tell you the truth, sir, I propose to enjoy your own as long as you and she are agreeable. I am used to companionship.”

“She will speak for herself, no doubt,” said Manvers; but she did not; and the three kept silence for some time—a silence emphasized by the plodding hoofs, broken only by the Englishman’s occasional swishing at the flies. And at last they entered the cork wood, and Manvers thanked God for the shade and the prospect of food and rest.

The forest began tentatively, with heather, with sparse trees, and mounds of cistus and bramble; and it began with a bridle-path which led apparently to the point of the compass which our traveller had appointed to himself. He followed it, therefore, without hesitation until he saw that it was taking him—as such a track would—through the more open parts of the wood. When he saw the welcome thickets on either hand, deep tunnels of dark, shadowy places

where the sun could not stab, he turned aside to the broken ground. Finally, having reached what seemed to him the perfection he craved, he pulled up.

"Now, my child," he said, "I shall give you food and drink, and then you shall go to sleep, and so will I; and then I will consider what is best to be done with you. What do you say to that?"

"Si, Señor Caballero," she said, but in a whisper. Manvers dismounted and held out his arms to her. She let herself fall into them, as lightly as a feather drops to water, and very modestly. There was no more coquetry; she hardly lifted her eyes.

Estéban sat his donkey, looking gravely upon his company, blinking his keen eyes, humming a winding air. He was perfectly unhampered, seemed not to consider himself in the way, and watched with curious attention—became quite absorbed in the preparations for a meal which Manvers was now making with the ease and despatch of an expert in camps. He produced ham and sausage, rolls of bread, oranges, cheese, dates, his wine and water, salt, olives, a knife and fork, a tin plate. Every article had its own paper; many were marked in pencil, what they were. All was spread out upon a blanket, which had been laid with especial heed to ants' nests: nothing seemed wanting, and Estéban was desperately hungry. Yet the Englishman was looking at his hands and seemed dissatisfied. Presently he glanced up at Estéban as he sat watching there, and asked, "How far away do you suppose one might find water?"

Water? The young man collected himself. Water? He nodded his head towards the display on the blanket. "It is under your hand, caballero. That bottle, I take it, contains water."

Manvers agreed.

"And so it does. But, you see, I want more. I want to wash myself. I must go and find that blessed river." He turned away, saying to the girl, "Sit down, child, and eat what takes your fancy."

She showed him a face now of extreme terror; it paled her sea-green eyes to such an extent that her face looked like a mask. "What on earth—?" and he understood her caked throat to reply:

"Let me come—let me come with you. I will never leave you."

"What on earth—?" indeed. He wondered at her; she was beside herself with panic. One hand was in her bosom, working there; the other arm was rigid, the fist clasped. When she opened it there was blood in the palm of her hand. What on earth—? indeed. Then he happened to see Estéban grinning like a sick dog: and yet it was the Spaniard who spoke first.

"I think she is right, sir. I think she should go with you," he said, pleasantly; adding, "The loss will be mine."

Manvers looked alternately at these curious persons, so clearly conscious of each other, yet so strict to avoid recognition. He was puzzled, but irritated too, sick of the whole business.

"I don't know what you mean, my friend"—this to the man,—“and I don't care what you lose or gain, or what your opinions are. As for you, my child”—he spoke more gently to the girl,—“I am sure you have nothing to fear now. What are you expecting, pray?"

She glanced at him hastily, then away again, searching the dark places of the wood. She struggled to compose herself, and answered him, "Nothing, sir," as if under duress.

"It is certain," said Manvers, "that you can't accompany me on my expedition—perfectly certain. I am going to bathe. There's nothing in the world for you to be afraid of, so far as I can tell; but if, while I am gone, you are really alarmed, remember that I have put you in charge of this countryman of yours. And do you remember it, my friend," he added, turning on Estéban, who waved an airy hand.

She could say no more, but shook like one in a fit of mortal cold; she held herself forcibly with both hands, and yet shook. Manvers repeated his injunctions to the young man.

"Hark you, my friend," he said, "I shall return very shortly, and in the mean time I invite you to eat what you please. And I place this young woman in your charge—don't forget that. She has had a fright, and good reason for it: and she's been hurt. I leave her in your care, with every confidence that you will protect her."

Estéban considered the words, rubbing his chin; he considered the speaker, who was waiting to be answered; and lastly he considered the shaking, yellow-haired girl in her brown rags. He became superb, rose to the height of the argument, took off his sombrero and held it at the length of his arm. "Let the young lady fear nothing, Señor Caballero. I engage my honor until your worship's return. She will be as safe as a shrine of the Virgin. Go, sir, with God." Manvers nodded and went to find the river.

Directly he was gone the girl sat down under the tree where the meal was spread, put her elbows to her knees and face between her hands. Estéban remained very still on his donkey, watching her intently. He rolled himself a *papellito*, still watching, and as he lighted it looked at her over the flame. After two luxurious inhalations, discharged in dense columns through his nose, he said,

"I have come to kill you, Miguela."

"I know it," she answered from between her hands. "Why don't you do it?"

He inhaled enormously, lifted his head, and shot the smoke up towards the light. It floated and spread there into radiant blue layers. Then he replied: "For reason—for good reason. I have promised your lover that I would not." She started, and looked at him now.

"My lover!"

Estéban nodded. "I must deal with him first. He will return. He will eat and drink, then he will sleep. He will not wake; and I shall have his horse."

"You are wrong," said she. "I shall tell him what you intend."

"No doubt." He was making another *papellito*, to light from the former. He twisted up the end of the paper. "No doubt—but he won't believe you. He will laugh—and eat."

She rose, and without fear went across to Estéban where he sat his donkey. She saw the knife in his *faja*, but had no fear at all. She came quite close to him, with a burning, ardent face, with eyes on fire, and her scarlet lips parted to show her teeth. She stretched out her arms like a man on a cross and lifted her face towards him.

"Kill, kill, Estéban," she said, "but

listen first. That gentleman has done you no wrong. He took me out of a scuffle at Palencia, where I might have died, or worse. I never saw him until this noon, and beyond saving me then and protecting me since he has had nothing to do with me. He is taking me to a convent. All this I swear upon the Cross of Christ." He laughed her down.

"A convent—you! You swear lies, Miguela. No man would act like this—for nothing. What's lost to-day may be won to-morrow: who doesn't know that? And let me tell you, no use, your 'chuck, chuck,' to an old dog."

Tears filled her eyes, angry tears which made her blink and shake her head. But she came closer yet in a passion of entreaty. She was so close that her bosom touched his knee. She looked like one pleading desperately for love; but "Kill, kill!" was what she said. Estéban folded his arms and showed all his disdain.

"Impossible, my girl. I have promised. And besides, what kind of a fool do you think me? Am I to lose him, and lose his horse, and put my neck in his halter? Think of it, think of it! Suppose I killed you now—what would he do when he came back from his washing? He would range the Castiles for me—and find me in the end. He would be angry, his blood would be hot, he would never drop the scent. Go back, therefore, to your place and wait your turn."

Her arms were about him now, as if she must have love of him or die. "Estéban, Estéban," she was whispering, and he shivered at a memory. Closer and closer she clung to him, her face pressed against him, crimson with the stress of her anguish.

"Loose me, loose me, you jade!" he cried, sharply, but she clove the closer, and one hand crept upwards to his breast, as if it would climb to his shoulder. "Down with you, Miguela," he said again; but she whipped the long knife out of his band and with all her sobbing force drove it into his side. She stood staring at what she had done.

Estéban uttered a thick groan, threw his head up, rocked twice; then his head dropped, and he fell sideways off his donkey.

Miguela let him lie and returned to the spread food. The Englishman's tin plate was there awaiting him, his napkin, knife, and fork. She went down on hands and knees, stooped her head, and kissed the middle of the plate. Then, kneeling still, she felt within her shift and drew out a brass crucifix. She put it to her lips, pulled the string over her head, and laid it, all as it was, upon the Englishman's plate.

Her next care was to move the body, and the task made her crimson again with exertion; but she got him well away from the scene of the picnic and covered him thick with ling and palmetto, which she cut with the famous knife. It was now time to go. One last look at the preparations for the feast, one lingering touch of her crucifix, and she mounted Estéban's donkey and urged it through the trees. She never looked back.

Mr. Manvers returned whistling from his bath, in excellent spirits. He had found the river and swum in it, dressed himself, and walked slowly back lest he should get hot again. He was not very surprised to find that his companions had deserted him. "Queer people," he reflected, "but I had a notion that they knew each other. I suppose they've made a match of it. So much the better for me." Then he saw the crucifix lying on his plate. "Hulloa!" He stooped to pick it up. It was still warm. "Now that's charming of her. That's a pretty touch—from a pretty girl, too, not all baggage, I see. I'll warrant now that was all she had upon her—and I know it's the last thing to leave 'em. I'm repaid, and feel rather a scoundrel. I'll wear you for a bit, my friend, if you won't scorch a heretic's neck." Here he slipped the string over his head. "I'll treat you to a chain in Valladolid, little friend," he thought, as the cross dropped to its place.

He poured and drank, hacked at his ham-bone and ate. "By the Lord!" he went on commenting, "they've not had a bite or sup. Too busy with their match-making, or too delicate to feast without invitation—which? I invited the *maja*; but did I include the swain? If not, the thing's clear. She wouldn't eat without him, and he couldn't eat without me. Poor devil! and I'd taken

a dislike to him for some reason. If I ever meet him again, I'll ask him to dinner—see if I don't."

He finished his meal, filled and lit a pipe, smoked half of it drowsily, then lay and slept. Nothing disturbed his three hours' rest—not even the gathering cloud of flies, whose droning over a neighboring thicket might have kept awake a lighter sleeper. Indeed, he was so fast that he did not hear footsteps in the wood, nor the sound of picking in the peaty ground.

It was four o'clock when he awoke, sat up, and looked at his watch. Yawning and stretching at ease, he then became aware of a monk, with a brown shaven head and a fine beard, who was digging not far off. The monk, who had been waiting for recognition, paused in his toil, struck his spade into the ground, and came towards him, bowing as he came.

"Good evening, caballero," he said. "My name is Fray Benito, at your service, of the Convent of N. S. de las Angustias near by. I have to be my own sexton; but will you be so obliging as to commit the body while I read the office?"

It had been said by Manvers's friends at Cambridge and elsewhere that he could only express himself by different sorts of laughter—that he had laughed at birth, would laugh when he proposed himself in marriage, and would certainly round off the death-rattle in a chuckle. I think that he did not confine his emotions within such narrow limits; and certain it is that he did not laugh when he saw the staring light eyes of Estéban Vincas in mute appeal to the tree-tops and blue heaven above them. On the contrary, he turned very pale and let his jaw drop. "Good God! what is this?" was his unintelligent inquiry. Fray Benito explained what he knew of it. A young girl, riding an ass, had come to the church of the convent, where he happened to be watching the Blessed Sacrament. She was in haste, she said, to be absolved; but she was not in fear. She reported that she had killed a man to save the life of a gentleman who had been kind to her—who had, in fact, saved her life at the peril of his own. "If you doubt me," she had said, "go into the



ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

Painted by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE STOOD STARING AT WHAT SHE HAD DONE

forest, to such and such a part. There you will find the gentleman asleep. He has a crucifix of mine. The dead man lies not far away, with his own knife near, with which I killed him. Now," she said, "absolve me, reverendo, for I must be off, lest the Guardia Civil get to hear of me."

"Sir," said Fray Benito, gravely, "I would not have you conceive that I am violating the secrets of confession. Far from that, I had it urgently from the penitent herself that I should seek you out with her tale and rehearse it to you. In obedience to her, also, I am now to ask you if it be the truth."

Manvers displayed the crucifix. "It's perfectly true," he said. "I'm going to get a chain for this thing. God in heaven! what a country! And I thought she was a baggage."

"All countries are very much the same, as I take it," said Fray Benito, "since God made them all at once, and put man to be the master of them, and took the woman out of his side. The place whence she was taken, they say, can never fully be healed until she is restored to it; and even when that is

done, it is not always healed. Such being the plan of this world, it does not become us to quarrel with its manifestations. Now, Señor Caballero, if you are ready, I will proceed. A handful of earth at the proper moment is all I shall ask of you." The office was said.

"Fray Benito," said Manvers, holding out his hand, "will you take this trifle from me? A mass, I suppose, for that poor devil's soul, would not come amiss."

"Far from it," replied the monk, "it would be extremely proper. It shall be offered, I promise you."

"That's excellent. Now I wonder if you can tell me this? Which way did that young woman go off?"

Fray Benito shook his head. "No lo sé. She came to me in the church, and spoke, and passed like the Angel of Death. But she went out absolved, for her sin was pardonable and her cause just. May she go with God!"

"Hope so," said Manvers; "she has got my handkerchief." He took his horse and rode the way of Valladolid. It was some sort of gratification to him to think that each had some token of the other. He thought of it often on his road.

Song of the Sum of All

BY FALLOW NORTON

I HAVE loved many, the more and the few—
I have loved many, that I might love you.

All of my life was but loving and proving—
The near and the far, the constant, the roving,

The sad and the joyous, the shadow, the part,
With signs of their lacking marked down in my heart.

(For never the goal and the whole were for me.)
They were handle and hint, they were crutch, they were key,

They were bramble and bud, but never the flower;
They were dawn, they were dark, nor ever noon hour;

They were soil-of-life, spoil-of-life, symbol and clue,
But the soul-of-life, whole-of-life waited for you.

They were wave, they were tide, they were shade on the lea,
But you are the earth, and the sun and the sea!



CHURCH OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTO

A Little Mexican Town

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

SINCE the last third of the seventh century, when the Toltecs founded it—I am quoting a local historian—Coyoacán has lain sunning itself on a gentle slope below the mountain chain that rims the southern side of the Valley of Mexico: high enough up for the air to be very fresh and sweet; low enough down for the brown peaks southward and the snow-capped volcanoes eastward to dominate it with the easy swagger of great mountains on terms of accepted intimacy with the upper reaches of the sky. It is a little town that for twenty years and more has had a very warm place in the geographical section of my affections; and now that I have been made (by a hospitality so gracious that my very gratitude exacts my reticence) literally a denizen of it, I am firmly

persuaded that it is nothing less than the most entrancingly picturesque, and the most seriously interesting, and the most wholly lovable, little town in the whole world.

Half a dozen miles away to the north of it stands the City of Mexico. Of a morning in the rainy season—it is then that the sun shines brightest in the clean-washed dustless air—the tiled domes of the city's churches show glittering, over beyond the intervening groves and meadows, against the dark background of the Tepeyac hills. To the south of it, stretching away to the far-off brown mountains, is the Pedregal—the Stony Place—in part a harshly desolate region of bare lava-rock; in part, where the rock has disintegrated and become soil, a gentle wilderness of little gardens and

orchards; in part a semiwaste overgrown with misshapen cacti and dotted with clumps of graceful pepper-trees: from which, in their blossoming time, and from the lichens on the rocks when the rains extract their crisp odor, the soft wind that blows down at night from the mountains wafts over Coyoacán an aromatic sweet perfume delicately delectable.

The town itself, being a blending of the picturesque and the dignified, is in keeping with its setting. Its grand part is its broad mile-long street that goes stately—beneath old tall trees wide-spreading, and between old stiffly square Spanish-built houses—from the great church of San Juan Bautisto on the east to the little chapel of San Antonio de Padua on the west; and that has at one end of it what once was the home of Cortés, and at the other the home of his lieutenant—the hero of that famous leap on the broken causeway—Pedro de Alvarado. These two imposing dwellings are among the oldest built by Christians (as they were pleased to call themselves) in Mexico; while a third—a dark house, fairly reeking with tragedy, that stands a little aside from the eastern end of the Calle Real—I believe to be the first building of substantial construction erected by Spaniards on the Mexican Plateau. As Coyoacán also contains what pretty certainly is the second oldest church on the Plateau, the Capilla de la Concepcion; and as a civic government was established here before the municipality of the City of Mexico was organized, we are justified in claiming, as we do claim with a marked complacency, that our town is senior—materially, religiously, and politically—to the Capital.

From an antiquarian point of view, as will be perceived, the Calle Real is an alluringly interesting thoroughfare; but for me its keenest charm is the trist air, of withered pride and battered stateliness, about its massive old houses: that to my fancy makes them seem as though they were a rusty company of Spanish poor gentlemen: true hidalgos, grizzled with age and nipped by poverty, clad in garments of rich stuffs gone frayed and thin-worn, but still holding themselves lofty in their threadbare dignity—proudly content that no blemish mars their

pedigree nor their honor, and that no stain tarnishes their swords.

I can imagine that these members of the old architectural nobility regard mighty contemptuously the suburb of smug new-rich dwellings that disastrously has come into being lately at the eastern end of the town: villas which blaze with uncontrolled outbursts of color, and which are very porcupines in the fretfulness of their aggressively sharp gables and meaningless little pointed towers. It is with pain that I refer to them. They are as out of keeping with their environment as they are with abstract architectural propriety. Their one merit is that they stand distinct, grouped in their own unloveliness, and so may be shunned.

Hidden away modestly behind the Spanish old houses—which yet are but mushroom growths in comparison with it—is what, after all, is the real Coyoacán: the Indian village that was planted here a round eight centuries before ever the Spaniards came worrying into the land. Only a step aside brings one into the midst of it; but to take that step is to drop backwards into primitive times.

Off from the Calle Real alluring shadowy lanes lurk away to the southward between high-walled gardens—having about them an air of stealth and mystery, that gains in grim flavor from their low iron-clamped doors which hint at abductions and assassinations—and by those lanes one comes shortly to still more alluring footpaths: that tempt one on and on, by enticing bends ahead that must be rounded, into a bosky maze of little orchards and little gardens—where, in little adobe houses bright brown in the sunshine, such as their ancestors lived in, tilling in the same way the same soil that their ancestors tilled, dwell the lineal descendants of those old-time gardeners who settled themselves here before ever history began. Practically nothing has changed in the on-sweep of the ages. All is as it was—as fresh and as odd and as primitive and as beautiful—back in the ancient centuries.

It is the part of our town that I most delight to take my walks in: being sure always of finding some new delightful bit—a vine-bowered little house, a rose-crowned wall-corner, a great maguey in

strong sunshine standing out against a brown wall or the cool shadow of an orchard background—better than any bit that ever I have found before. Of necessity—because the charm of this humble paradise is too delicate and too subtle to be snatched in passing—my walks are snail-like saunterings: with long rests in shady nooks to look about me and to think things over; and pauses to pass the time of day across low hedges or low garden walls with the kindly gardening folk; and halts to coax into friendliness the shy small brown children who bask lizardlike in the sun.

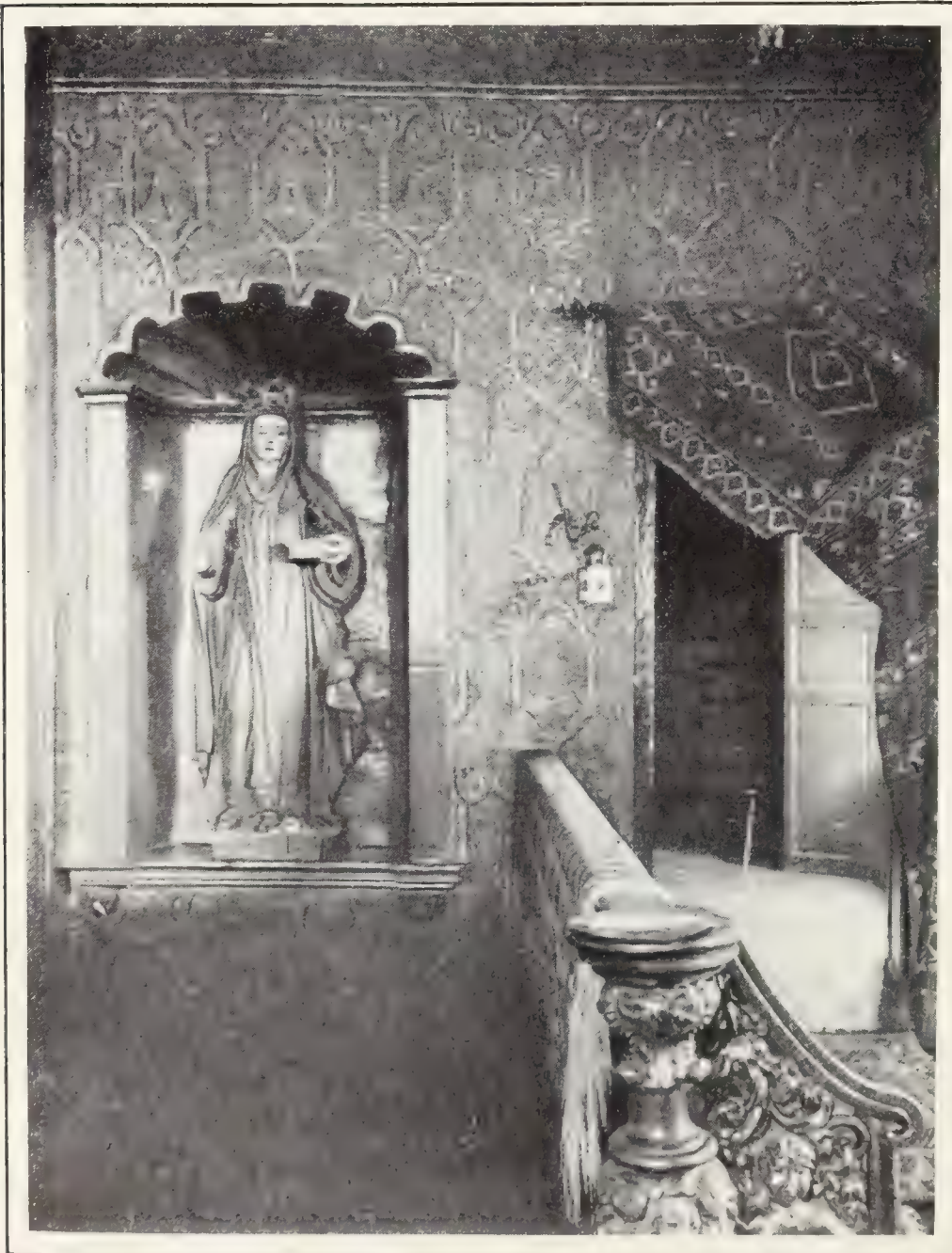
Even were slowness not my natural habit, and very much to my liking, its sedative sweetness soon would beguile me here. The dignified calm of our old Spanish houses, and equally the peaceful brightness of our smiling tangle of little sunlit gardens, disposes us to a placid restfulness that is not languor, and sets us gently to thinking placid thoughts.

As I have travelled about through the world I have observed that those towns which are characterized by an especially sunny cheerfulness—from Paris downward—are apt to have very lurid patches in their history. Coyoacán precisely falls in with this generalization. With the swarm of stories that the prehistoric historians tell to our discredit—of luring treacheries, of unfair fights, of ambushes leading on to bloody slaughters, of savagely cynical contempts and cruelties—I shall not here concern myself. Frankly, I doubt if anybody's prehistoric ancestors would make a bit better showing. It is enough to say of our ancient lapses that we simply accommodated ourselves to the customs of our country and to the spirit of our age.

But our sinnings in historic times cannot be whistled down the wind so lightly. We must face the facts that here in our town certainly was committed (in that dark old house of which I have spoken)

the greatest private crime of the Conquest period, the murder by Cortés of his own wife; that the greatest public crime of that period, the torturing of King Guatemoc to compel him to reveal the hiding-place of the Aztec treasure, probably was committed here too; that here took place the first great drunk of Christians—as distinguished from the casual intoxications of Pagans—in America; and that along with these major scandals went minor scandals—in the way of cruelties and outrages put upon the Indians—which were minor only because the standard of iniquity was set so high.

Of our badly tarnished record in Conquest times I confess that we are less ashamed than we ought to be. Human nature delights in notoriety; and we feel—while regretting, of course, that we cannot be eminent in virtue—that it is something to the good to be lifted above the commonplace by our eminence in crime. We do draw the



ON THE STAIRWAY, CASA ALVARADO

line, however, at the great drinking-bout that came off here: the banquet—that ran down-hill rapidly into orgy—that Cortés gave to his fellow conquistadores, in the week following the reduction of the Aztec capital, in celebration of their victory. That performance, we admit without qualification, was a disgrace to our town.

Cortés presided at the feast—which was well supplied by a ship just come in from Cuba with a lading of fresh pork and of many barrels of strong Spanish wine—having with him the Lady Marina; and present also were twelve Spanish ladies—of “the blessed Mary Flanders” type—who had come with certain of the captains of the conquering army into the land: and I regret to state that, excepting possibly the General, all the members of that company—the captains, and those light ladies, and the common soldiers feasting at tables set apart from their betters—drank themselves into a drunkenness so excessive that it may not be described!

Bernal Diaz tells with a characteristic raciness of those scandalous doings; which were so very scandalous, he adds, that their chaplain, Fray Bartolomé de Olmedo—who certainly was a chaplain of stout stomach, and no stickler at trifles—put a penance on the whole army: and ended it with as hot a sermon, straight from the shoulder, as ever a gang of rascalion adventurers was set to hear.

A fact overlooked by Bernal Diaz—and by all writers on Mexican history—is that in the outrageous gayety of that great drunken feast there was a tingling undernote of possible tragedy. Cortés and his little company of daredevil cut-throats, his captains and his men-at-arms, and those camp-following twelve

light Spanish ladies, were in the heart of a hostile country: with no supporting force of their own people nearer than Cuba, on the other side of the Gulf of Mexico; with their sea base, and their chance of sea escape, to be come at only



DOORWAY OF THE CASA ALVARADO

by a march through dangerous regions of more than a hundred leagues. They were conquerors; but their conquest, not a week old, was too freshly made to afford them firm assurance that it was complete; and even under the guard of their Tlaxcalan allies—who, presumably, for the most part kept sober—they were taking large chances that day as they tossed their pots of heady Spanish wine. A mere broken remnant of the Aztec forces could have made short work of them: those few staggering Spaniards—drunkenly powerless to fight, too drunk even to flee; and had such an attack been made, or had the Tlaxcalans taken it

into their heads to get the full fruit of victory by killing off their allies, Mexican history would have come down to us on very different lines. Fray Bartolomé seems to have confined his religious exercises to penance and to preaching. He well might have added—the penance and the preaching being ended—a *Te Deum* of thankfulness that the sin and its withering punishment had not gone hand in hand!

I am glad to say that Coyoacán settled down, when the tempest of the Conquest was ended, into a calm orderliness that lasted for nearly three hundred years—until a fresh storm, which blustered for more than half a century, was started by the revolt against Spain. During that cut-and-thrust period our town was so bedevilled by outlaw revolutionists, and by plain outlaws who made the Pedregal their hiding-place, that for a time all but the poorest of its inhabitants abandoned it—being in fear for their property, and in greater fear for their lives. Now and again, in that clashing time, a few stray murderous

robbers would be caught and hung here—a half-dozen of them once swung together from the branches of the big tree that stands in front of this very house which now is my home—but such spasmodic corrections worked no permanent cure. Not until Diaz, the regenerator of Mexico, had carried through heroically his heroic reforms could peaceful folk again abide in safety in Coyoacán. That great work was accomplished nearly a generation ago; and since it was brought to its good ending life has flowed on here in the sunshine very softly—as I am finding it flowing on here now.

I share Yorick's belief that names have a deal to do with destinies; and therefore I am disposed to charge up the black spots on our record to the Toltecs: on the ground that the name which they fastened upon our town gave it a bad start. *Col-hua-can*, as the word should be written, means "the place of the masters of coyotes"; and in Mexican picture-writing it is expressed by a coyote with outthrusting tongue and bristling hair—"signifying a lean and hungry



THE FIRST HOUSE OF CORTÉS IN COYOACÁN



THE SECOND HOUSE BUILT BY CORTÉS—NOW THE CASA MUNICIPAL

animal." To saddle with such a name and with such an emblem a town all smilingly beautiful was to set it off-hand in the way of perdition. Yet the Toltecs, being put to defend their prehistoric outrage, no doubt would have argued that their place-name was intended to embody a place-fact, and therefore was appropriate. Hereabouts, in Toltec times, coyotes abounded; and even yet they live on here and—to the indignation of the goatherds—pounce out kid-catching from their lairs in the fastnesses of the Pedregal. Only the other day, in the course of one of my walks, I came across a rudely stuffed coyote set up in front of a goatherd's hut—and the goatherd had a dismal story to tell me of the stuffing that that coyote had done on his own account before the tables were turned!

As the coyotes thus obviously have gone on managing their own affairs in their own fashion, and quite at their own convenience, it would seem that the Toltec boast of mastery over them lacked something on the side of practicality.

But the name of Coyoacán stuck fast. In the Mexican picture-records a coyote with bristling hair and outhanging tongue is the town's symbol; and till this present day that lean and hungry animal is the town's device. I confess to feeling pretty hotly against the Toltecs. Having been started with a name like that, it is no fault of ours that now and then things in our town have gone wrong.

Of all our old Spanish houses we are most proud (a little shamefacedly, to be sure) of the one in which Cortés strangled his first wife. We admit, of course, that his act was not a commendable one; but the fact that he committed it here in our own Coyoacán does give us a pleasantly tickling sense of our own historical importance. The house is a fortress-like structure of stone—built in part of squared blocks taken from a temple or from a cacique's dwelling—and has a sinister look about it that fits it to a nicety. Later, the Conqueror built for himself a second house here—the first



CAPILLA DE LA CONCEPCION

one really must have had very unpleasant associations—that now is our Casa Municipal. Still later, after his grand second marriage, he forsook Coyoacán altogether and made Cuernavaca his country home.

Doña Catalina—the first wife, the strangled one—was ill-advised in coming over unasked from Cuba, after the Conquest, to join her husband in Mexico. The fact seems to be established that Cortés—although he put a good face on the matter by receiving her with a great show of state and dignity—was in dudg-eon at her coming; and I gather—from bits scattered through the chronicles, and from the testimony given when his mother-in-law vainly tried to have him hanged for murdering her daughter—that there was more or less squabbling between them from the start. It is my conviction that the unfortunate lady had a short temper and was given to nagging; and those qualities, while scarcely justifying her husband in his radical method of dealing with them, would be found especially objectionable by a man of the Conqueror's stamp. As for Cortés himself, he seems to have been a person who liked to have his own way and who was not particular as to how, or at whose expense, he had it. Since the essence

of conquest is a domineering insistence upon making somebody else uncomfortable, I suppose that conquerors must be of that temperament; but it makes them exceedingly disagreeable people to have dealings with—as the luckless Doña Catalina found out, with finality, on All Souls' eve in the year 1522. Since “men will murder upon holy days,” that was a time most proper for a tragedy. As is well known, on All Souls' eve the entire host of devils is let loose from hell.

There was a dance followed by a supper in our old house—which then was a brand-new house—that evening; and while the supper was forward Doña Catalina had a spat about the servants with Don Hernando that sent her away from the table huffed and sorrowful—so sorrowful that she said out plainly to her tirewoman that she longed to die. Very shortly that longing was gratified. Cortés came up to their chamber some time later; and presently the serving-folk left them together for the night—to be called hurriedly, in the early hours of the morning, and to find their mistress dead in the bed with livid marks on her throat as though of fingers and thumbs. In answer to the question of Ana Rodriguez, the tirewoman, “How came those marks there, my lord?” Cortés answered;

"I made them in breaking loose her necklace, that she might the better breathe"—and apparently regarded as circumstantial evidence in his favor the fact that the gold beads of the necklace, the thread broken, undeniably were scattered all over the bed and on the floor. Bernal Diaz tells politely that Doña Catalina died of an asthma—which is stretching politeness about as far as it will go!

The poor lady was hurried into a shroud; some sort of a hood or wrapping (*toca* is the word used) was so arranged as to hide the livid marks upon her throat; and, without wasting time over the matter, she was buried that very same afternoon. Her burial-place, doubtless, is in or near the chapel of the Concepcion—the primitive church of Coyoacán, standing close by the house in which her "asthma" overtook her. But the popular belief in our town is that she lies beneath the mound of lava-rock in the atrium of the church of San Juan Bautista—the mound is a relic of pagan worship, and the church was not founded until long after her death—and that Cortés himself caused to be placed upon that mound the stone cross, having at its base a skull and cross-bones, which stands there still.

I do not think that I am betrayed by my fancy into believing that the house in which that cruel murder was done still rests under the spell of it. Of my farther fancy, that Doña Catalina, reincarnate, at the present time is living again in the dwelling that saw her dismal taking off, I speak with less assurance. Personally, however, I am satisfied that such is the case.

In the passing of the years the old building has been mauled and battered badly. New doors and windows have been opened; the window of what I take to have been the dressing-room of Cortés (ad-

joining the bedroom in which Doña Catalina was strangled) has been walled up; the interior court—as I made out in the glimpse that I stole of it—has gone to wrack and ruin; and I am told that the despoiled upper chambers are desolately broken and worn. Occupying the corner room on the ground floor is a mean little shop so bare and so abandoned-looking as to imply that its real purpose is to distract attention from whatever may be the doings in the long range of rooms beyond. According to the information that I have received, the ostensible business of the present inmates of the house is the extraordinary one of breeding peacocks! The pretension seems preposterous. If peacocks really are bred on those crime-stained premises—for myself, I saw not so much



DOORWAY, CAPILLA DE LA CONCEPCION

as an egg of one—I am persuaded that 'tis only for a blind; that nothing less evil than the planning of burglaries and assassinations—with, perhaps, a little coining thrown in betweenwhiles—is the real occupation of the secretive dwellers within those sin-smirched walls.

I speak bitterly about the house because I feel bitterly. I was badly used there. Mexicans, as a rule, are so cordially obliging that I had counted confidently upon gaining permission—at the cost of a few civil speeches, and a little present to end off with—to explore its interior thoroughly: and so to reconstruct Don Hernando's wife-killing on the very scene of it with a relishingly blood-curdling realism. But in

entertaining that reasonable expectation I was much deceived.

The suspiciously bare shop was deserted when I entered it. In a moment a fat woman of middle age came hurrying in upon me—startled-looking and remonstrant, as though at that very moment coining were going on. To speak quite frankly, she was an out-and-out shrew—and when a fat woman belies her fatness by being ill-tempered there is no hope for or from her. In response to my assertion that the house had belonged to Cortés—a truism not open to argument—she admitted grudgingly, and with a derisive gesture, that such was the fact; but when I asked her permission to see the interior of it, and especially to see the ancient living-

rooms on the upper floor, she met me with a flat denial. On the plea of antiquarian interest, I persisted in my request; and she yielded so far as to ask me if I had a permit to visit the house from its owner: to which I answered diplomatically that my permit was written on silver—and offered her thus at the beginning the dollar that I had intended to give her at the end. It was evident from the softening of her manner that I might have got something for my dollar—probably not much, though—had the matter rested with herself alone; but the responsibility was too great to be taken on her own fat shoulders, and she left me to seek instructions—with a curious carefulness closing the door behind her, as though to make sure that I did not see into the room beyond. Presently she came back again: bringing the conclusive answer that for me to see the interior of the house was “impossible”—and as she thus delivered herself she set her hands on her fat hips and thrust out her fat elbows with an air that gave finality to her words.



THE SACRISTAN

At the far end of the shop was a door to the zaguan—the passage between the main entrance from the street and the inner courtyard—and the door stood open. I went through it briskly—determined to have at least a peep at the interior—before the fat woman could come from behind the shop counter and head me off. The inner end of the zaguan was closed by a modern wall in which was a door, also open, and I got as far as that door—and saw for myself that the courtyard was a wreck, and that shabby wooden steps had replaced the ancient stone stairway leading to the upper floor. But that was the extent of my seeing. In an instant the fat woman, very red, had whipped in front of me and had banged the door shut in my face. “It is impossible for the Señor to see the interior,” she said again—and by her resolute act even more than by her resolute words I was convinced that it was! Clearly, I was defeated; and there was nothing for it but to accept my defeat and to abandon my campaign. Thanking her ironically for her courtesy—my words were received in a grum silence—I shook the dust of that guilt-stricken house from off my feet and came away.

As I left the shrewish woman, so masterfully ordering matters in the house of the Conqueror, I was possessed by my fancy that she was Doña Catalina alive again in a reincarnation; and that she was managing things in her second life in much the same way that she had managed them in her first life, nearly four hundred years ago. If there is a stratum of fact beneath my fancy—and who can affirm that there is not?—I think that something is to be said on the side of Cortés in regard to his ultra-energetic doings in that upper chamber which I was not permitted to see.

Because of the rebuff that I had suffered at the hands of Doña Catalina (I

prefer so to style her, that vixenish accessory to the alleged breeding of supposititious peacocks) I found all the more refreshing the kindly treatment that I received when I went onward from the Conqueror's aforetime dwelling to visit the church in which aforetime he



THROUGH AN OPEN DOORWAY

worshipped; in which, possibly, he knelt beside the old confessional box that I found there and told circumspectly about his drastic dealings with the original Doña Catalina—that ended in her attack of “asthma” and in peace in his home.

Excepting the church of San Francisco, at Tlaxcala, the Capilla de la Concepcion, as I have said, pretty certainly is the oldest church foundation on the Mexican Plateau. It stands a hundred yards or so away from the house of Cortés, in an unkempt churchyard of two acres or more—where big old trees make shade for the burden-bearing Indians who, passing that way, lay down

their burdens beneath the branches and rest a while. It is a dignified little building: a nave crowned by a relatively large, and beautifully proportioned, dome; with a tower-flanked façade, admirably wrought in stucco, pierced by a very graceful semi-Moorish door.

That I might enter the chapel—it was locked—I applied myself to a little house, standing close in the rear of it, that reasonably might be supposed to contain the sacristan. It did not. What it did contain was a most obliging smiling woman and a singularly handsome and sweet-natured yellow cat. In response to my friendly stroking, the cat arched its yellow back and purred its answering friendliness; and the smiling woman, in response to my questioning, told me (as I understood her) that I would find the sacristan in the *peluquería*, to which she pointed, over on the other side of the churchyard. She added—being pleased by my liking for her pet, and by my handsomely expressed admiration for it—that he surely would be very glad indeed to open the chapel for me; and, as I gave her my thanks and bowed and left her, she threw in a fresh handful of smiles.

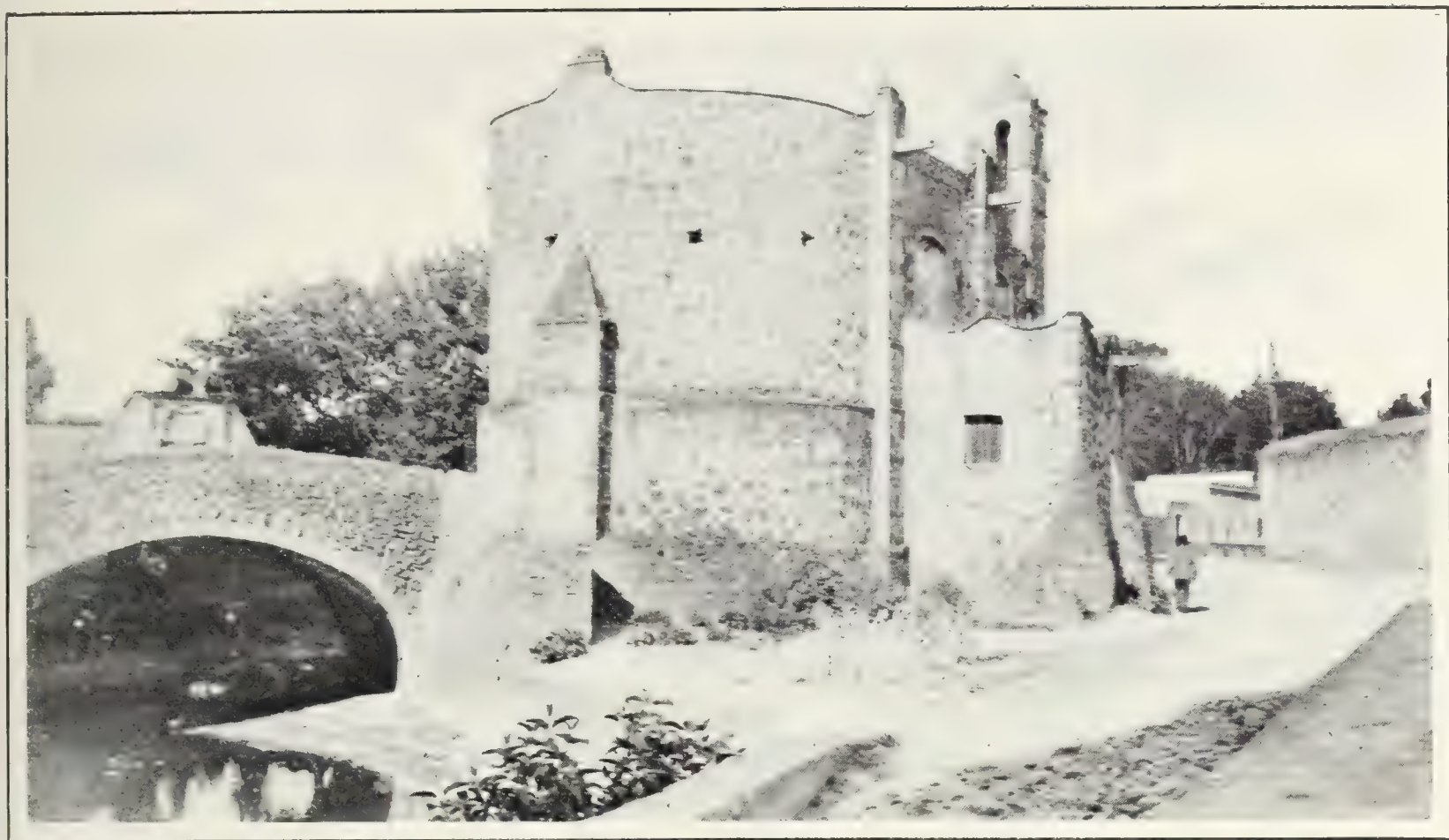
When I was come to the barber shop—one of a row of little adobe houses—I found within it a very old barber slowly clipping the hair of a very small and resigned-looking boy. I employ advisedly the word clipping. The old barber was plying the clipping instrument that is used on horses; and he had worked so zealously with it that one side of the boy's head was as good as bald. He was an amiable old man, and of a cheery temperament—but his cheeriness worked sluggishly, being grown rusty with age. I bade him good day; and said good day to the boy also—trussed up on a high stool, a dingy sheet swathed about his small shoulders, what with his one-side-bald head and his look of utter hopelessness, he was a most grotesquely dismal little object—addressing him as “Master Little-horse.” It was some moments before the old man perceived the point of my small pleasantry—the boy, who missed it entirely, only stared at me with his big black eyes wonderingly—but when his slow old wits at last did grasp it he welcomed it with a cracked and aged

laugh. “Señorito Caballito!” he repeated—and gurgled over it wheezily, as though it were the best joke in the world.

Having thus set matters on a pleasant footing, I begged him to have the goodness—presently, when his work on the little horse should be finished—to come with the key and open for me the capilla. A puzzled look overcast his face—and then cleared away as he answered that no doubt I was looking for the sacristan; whom I would find, he added (and that, of course, was what the smiling woman had told me) in the house next door. Thereupon, with civil speeches, we parted. “Señorito Caballito!” he said to himself as I left him; and so went back—slowly chuckling over this admirable witticism—to clipping into harmonious baldness the other side of the head of the unhappy little boy.

The real sacristan proved to be—as Mexican sacristans almost invariably are—a dear old fellow: with a look of true benevolence that fitted with his gentle manners and his kindly ways. He would show me the capilla with much pleasure, he said: and got down from its peg a foot-long key, and then led me into the churchyard and across it and opened the old iron-studded door.

After all, when once inside, there was little that I cared to see. Painful renovations have made the interior of this very old church very new-looking. The walls are bright with whitewash and with bluewash; the old pulpit, vase-shaped, has been freshly painted a lively green; the altar is a pseudo-classic structure of the early years of the last century—re-deemed in part, to be sure, by enshrining a beautiful figure of Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion that conceivably has come down from Conquest times. Of ancient properties left untampered with, I found only a curiously primitive organ—up in the choir-loft, under the vaulted roof—and the confessional box, of antique make, that I associate with Don Hernando's ex-parte statement of his doings on that long-past All Souls' eve. Even in the sacristy—a poke-hole in which, usually, the queerest belongings of Mexican churches are found—there was nothing of interest but a worm-eaten chest of drawers for holding vestments, and an Ascension of the Virgin that



REAR VIEW, CAPILLA DE SAN ANTONIO

Cabrera may have painted—it has the look of his work—two hundred years or so ago.

I fear that I got a little at odds with the truth in my comments upon what I saw in the Capilla de la Concepcion—but my dear old sacristan admired so sincerely and so reverently everything in this, his own, church that I should have requited his kindness but shabbily had I not echoed his praises with my own. At any rate, having pleased him as I meant to please him by my toyings with veracity, I turned over the whole matter to the Recording Angel—to strike a balance between my good intentions and my sin.

I parted from that warm-hearted old man with an honest hand-shake, grateful to him for his friendliness; and I was grateful also for the smilingly expressed good-will of the obliging woman, and for the purringly expressed good-will of the yellow cat. The cordial three of them had so smoothed out my ruffled feelings—set bristling by my encounter with the sourly reincarnated Doña Catalina—that I was at peace again with myself and with the world at large.

Happily, we are well done now with all of our exciting scandalings and murderings; and things jog along with us so

smoothly and so easily that only of a Friday—our market-day—is there what fairly may be called a bustle in our town. Even then it is a very little bustle; but in a tiny pool a tiny ripple makes a great commotion, and on our Fridays we have such a feeling of boisterous upheaval that it seems as though earthquakes were around.

Really, from our point of view, a great deal is doing here on that tumultuous day. Often we have as many as a hundred market-people: Indians with fruit and vegetables from the roundabout orchards and gardens; with fire-wood from the brown mountains; with baskets and earthenware and woodenware from villages far and near. And with these are merchants—in a very small way of merchandising—who come out from the city with rebosos and with bright calicoes for petticoats, and tinware and cheap cutlery, and chap-books for the learned, and for the children sweets and toys. All of this company—standing beside gay-colored booths, or squatting beside sheets spread on the ground to serve for counters, or bending over braziers cooking good-smelling little messes for the refection of the hungry—make a busy show-out. And when is added half the women of our town, and a good sprinkling of the men—come to buy moderate-

ly for household needs, and to talk immoderately for the sheer pleasure of talking—the result is such a humming and buzzing about our market-place as would come from the loosing of a swarm of giant bees!

Among our Indian market-folk one very pretty custom obtains that I have not observed elsewhere: the offering of a small part of what they have to sell in tribute to Heaven—a sort of impersonal charity that I fancy runs far back of Christian times. Nowadays the recipient of these offerings is Saint Anthony of Padua; and even though he may suspect that he has but taken over the business of some Aztec deity, as pretty certainly is the case, this kindly Saint is the very last of all the saintly company—excepting only Saint Francis—to fail in speaking in the right quarter a good word for these humble givers who give of their scant substance in simple faith.

Saint Anthony sits at the receipt of custom in his own chapel: which stands on the bank of the little river Magdalena—our town's western boundary—presumably on the site of a temple of older days. Beside it is the highway; and along the highway come the Indian market-folk—bringing fruit and vegetables from the orchards and gardens in the region south of San Angel, and fire-wood from the brown mountains on the far side of the Pedregal. The upper part of the door of the chapel is of wide-set wooden bars; and within the doorway is a box for alms.

Here, to Saint Anthony in trust for Heaven, is the tribute rendered. The Indians, bearing their heavy back-loads, swerve aside from the highway and approach the chapel reverently, their hats in their hands. Being come to the doorway, they cast between the bars—to fall on the chapel floor—their tiny offerings: a single onion or carrot or potato, a little bunch of lettuce leaves, an apricot or a peach or a pear, from the back-load of

fire-wood a single thin stick; sometimes—but this is too great an oblation to be made by many of these poor folk—into the alms-box is slipped a copper coin. Then they cross themselves, and say a little prayer; and so go onward with their heavy loads. The giving, individually, is pathetically small; but it is large in proportion to the ability of the givers, and in the aggregate it is so considerable that Saint Anthony has much to be thankful for when his Friday harvestings come to an end.

Only once did I see silver go into the good Saint's chest: put there by a young couple in thankfulness, I am well persuaded, for the happiness that they had in each other and in the baby that had come to make them glad. They were not market-people, and from the neat spruceness of their dress I inferred that they were going a-visiting—possibly to exhibit the baby to a grandmother or an aunt. Talking and smiling together, they came lightly down the road—the baby tucked snugly in its mother's reboso and cuddled close to her breast (not hung in her reboso on her back, as is the usual cus-

tom) where every moment she could look down upon it and see the prodigy of it with her own eyes. It was a very little baby—certainly not more than six weeks or two months old—and they evidently believed it to be the most wonderfully perfect baby that ever had been born into the world!

Like the others, they took off their great straw hats as they neared the chapel; and stood, as the others stood, for a little while before the doorway in



THE AZTEC SYMBOL FOR
COYOACÁN

prayer—but in their bearing was a more than usual reverence, and their faces had a look of deep earnestness as they prayed. When their prayer was ended, the woman turned and said something to the man that set him to smiling very tenderly. Perhaps she said that they must make a thank-offering to the gentle Saint who loved babies; and who, for his pure holiness, was permitted to hold the Christ child in his arms. Certainly, that was

what they did. From the bosom of his shirt the man drew forth a big calico handkerchief and unrolled it carefully until he came to its knotted end. Untying the knot, he still more carefully took out—I saw the sunlight glint on it—a silver coin: a very small silver coin it was, but also it was a very large thank-offering for such folk to make even for great happiness. The mother loosed her reboso, and drew from its folds the baby's plump little hand, into which for a moment they pressed the coin—and then the father took it again and dropped it into Saint Anthony's chest. They made another little prayer—as though to waft their offering upward into heaven—and then went their way onward: talking together in low voices happily, a peaceful content enfolding them because of their good deed.

Told in this bald way, I fear that the whole affair seems trifling. But it did not seem trifling to me as I witnessed it. In the way that their gift was made was so sure a trustfulness, so tender a simplicity, that it was as though Saint Anthony's sweet spirit had entered into them, and had filled with his own naïve loving-kindness their artless souls.

It is by intention that I have kept till the last what I had to tell of Saint Anthony's tribute: because that loving giving of charity in faith, being exemplary of our present gentleness, shows how well away we have come from our old-time evil deeds; how in keeping with the pure freshness of our air, and with the pure brightness of our sunshine, is the present life of our town—as it flows on very softly in these its tranquilly happy later days.

The Dream-Child

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

WITHIN encircling arms he lies,
That shelter him from all save love,
Uplifting dream-inspired eyes
In wonderment to smiles above;
The warm gold curls are closely pressed
Against each lonely mother's breast.

They touch the curls, they see the smile,
They feel the arms that clinging, bless—
These wistful mothers, who, the while
In joy, their phantom babes caress;
As Mary, by the Christ-Child's side,
Each keeps eternal Christmas-tide.

It may be they shall never know
Save in fair dreams this child embrace,
That their full love must ever flow
In fancy round a silent space—
Their lips bestow their treasure where
The blessed vision fades to air!

Yet cradled against Age and Death
Each holds her dream-child, sweet and warm;
Time cannot still the slumbering breath,
No grave shall change the rounded form—
Deep cloistered in the mother heart,
What Fate can breast and dream-child part!

A Boy and a Girl

BY JAMES HOPPER

WHEN the boy and the girl heard that before leaving Manila they must be quarantined upon the little teakettle that was to take them to their stations, it was without great consternation. Of late a very pleasant philosophy had come into their lives.

"It won't be so bad, will it?" she asked.

She had very soft brown eyes; they looked up at him, liquid with questioning. There was a sudden glint in them that came and went will-o'-the-wisp fashion. He lost himself in a contemplation of this phenomenon, and his answer lacked precision.

"You will be there," he murmured.

"Of course," she said, and her head turned a little so that the brown and gold went out of his life. "That is why I wish to know if it will be bad."

But the turn of her head had now brought into view the white and rose tip of a little ear peeping beneath the undulating flow of brushed-back hair. A monstrous idea came into his brain. He thought that he would like to place his lips, very gently, not in a kiss (that would be desecration), but in a light flitting caress, like the touch of a wing, upon the glossy strand. He saw the correct place with an intensity of precise vision—just upon the crest of the long swell that passed above the rosy-white tip.

She stamped her foot mutinously, and her lips puckered in a pout. "You won't tell me anything," she complained.

"It will be great," he said, drawing a long breath; "it's cool out there on the bay."

"Yes, I know"—her enthusiasm, waiting only for a little encouragement, flamed up—"and the waters are just like liquid skies."

"At night the sun sets red behind Mariveles," he said.

"And the stars come down and play in the phosphorescence," she said.

They looked at each other a moment, astonished at this sudden burst of lyricism.

"I saw the little steamer this morning," he went on. "There's a wide main-deck, but that 'll be full of people. But up above, behind the pilot-house, is a little space. There's a long wicker chair, and close to it a skylight upon which one can sit. It will be moonlight. Do you mind smoking?"

"The blue haze of a cigar, and the blue light of the moon," she murmured, the vision in her eyes.

"You are a darling!" he said.

"I must go pack my trunk," she said.

They were young pedagogues, come with a thousand like them across the seas upon a transport cargoes with romance. They were to teach their Malay brothers to work and be strong, and to govern themselves like Americans, wisely and without graft. But during that languid month passed upon the Pacific, their mission, in some way, had sunk back to secondary importance.

The quarantine passed much as they had surmised. There were rose sunrises, red sunsets, and golden days. The waters were as blue as liquefied skies; at night the fish cut them in flaming phosphorescent streaks, and about the bows of passing launches stars played, enmeshed in silver veils. He smoked; the blue haze of his cigar blended with the blue rays of the moon, and the murmur of their voices harmonized caressingly with the whisper of wavelets along the boat's dark flanks. Then, one white and gold dawn, there was a running clang of anchor, a long roaring blast of the siren; the quarantine launch steamed back toward the Pasig as if in panic, and the little steamer began to glide. It crossed the bay, passed Corregidor, and turned south. For two days and two nights

they slid upon a lacquer sea, past golden-beached islands, beneath a turquoise sky, and at broad noon of the third day they came to anchor before a palm-lined city, shimmering white beneath the torrential sun. They transboarded to a lorcha and sailed off toward the round rising moon. Half-way across the strait they were becalmed, and all night they watched the golden orb glide imperceptibly through the blazing stars. A wind sprang up and swelled the ragged sails, and at dawn the boat ran its nose languidly upon a yellow beach lined with lithe palms, behind which a church spire peeped. "Bacolod," said the arraiz of the lorcha.

When, an hour later, they stood side by side before the division superintendent, he had the sensation that they should be hand in hand and he white-surpliced. He contented himself, however, with assigning them to towns in the south, pony distance apart; and they settled down in the patient wait for transportation.

Then, during that three weeks' wait in Bacolod, something very terrible must have happened. For when the quartermaster's launch at length lay at anchor on the edge of the reef, seeking to create forgetfulness of her sloth in coming by a wonderful trepidating show of hurry to depart, voiced in a rageful whining of her tin whistle, the girl went aboard in a banca foaming to the heave of twenty paddles; not with the boy, but with Lieutenant White of the constabulary—a long, red-headed young man of dashing decision of manner. The boy came later. His boarding lacked the piratical efficiency of the flaming-haired lieutenant. He wore, in the first place, an air of exaggerated mournfulness that gave him a vague appearance of being wet. Then, in his despairing indifference to life details, he had hired a paddler who was drunk and a banca that was cranky and leaked. At first, as he wished to die, he let it leak; but when the water had reached almost to his knees, a realization of the fact that they were still in the shallows of the reef, and that drowning in water reaching only to the lower vest button is at best a performance both difficult and lacking in grace, forced him to a pre-

cipitous bailing with his new Lukban sombrero. About that time the joyous hombre at the paddle began to see Q. M. launches at all points of the horizon, and to his conscientious effort to board them all, the banca began to spin on its cranky bottom like a top. So there the boy stuck, between shore and boat, diligently bailing water out of a craft that was chasing its own tail, his body all atingle with the hundred pin-points of garrulous eyes. Of these eyes, of course, only two mattered. In point of fact, they were at that very moment luminous with something that was far from joy; but whizzing as he was, and bent at his treadmill toil, he had no chance for careful inspection, and his heated imagination presented them to him full of unholy laughter. Meanwhile the fussy launch was blowing its little tin lungs out as if he only were delaying it (while really the beach was still strewn with the paraphernalia of the constabulary detachment which Lieutenant White was to establish at Sibalay, down south), so that when finally a rope, flung from the launch, fell across the boy's knees, he clutched it as a line from heaven. Immediately his arms were pulled almost out of their sockets. He held on. The banca ceased its merry-go-round. He pulled hand over hand, the banca sizzled through the water, the shadow of the launch fell upon him, he gave another tug, the banca's nose bumped the flanks of the launch—and he looked up into the smiling eyes of the red-headed lieutenant. The red-headed lieutenant held the fixed end of the rope. "Thanks," said the boy; but there were no thanks in his heart.

With an air of sauntering indifference, he made his way aft and sat down upon a box near the rudder-post. From there he had a very good view of the girl, who was talking to the red-headed lieutenant, scandalously close to him, the boy thought, and with smiles and tosses of the head and arching glances and exuberant gestures that from the distance seemed to express an unwarranted understanding between them. As a matter of fact, she was saying: "It's a fine day. I like the Philippines. I love teaching. Isn't the water blue? I

wish I could swim. Swimming is a good exercise, isn't it? I can't swim. I knew a boy once who could swim. He is dead now. His sister is a dear girl." Really, she was thinking of something else. She was thinking that it is very exasperating when, after a little quarrel, you meet a boy at the gangway of a launch, with eyes liquid with reproach and big with contrition, and that boy does not look into these eyes at all, but rudely turns his back and goes off by his lone, perverse self. And the gestures, the arch glances, the animated and confidential demeanor, were a spectacle calculated for the boy—to have him think that she didn't care for him a whit, and hence make him sorry.

But the boy didn't know this. Or, rather, if within him he really knew it, he pretended to himself that he didn't; he pretended that he thought that she was hollow and coquettish and false. For he wanted to be angry, and he wanted to have somebody to pity, which was himself.

So, after bitterly feasting his eyes upon the scene for a long moment, he turned, and pulling upon a painter tied to the stern, drew the jolly-boat that was at the other end of it till it was beneath the counter, and sprang into it. Immediately he was much alone. Above him curved the steamer's stern; a murmur of voices, crashes of loading merchandise, came to him—but he could see no one, and no one could see him. He lay at the bottom, a thwart across his shoulders, and, with his wet, flapping brimmed straw hat drawn down over his face, he thought.

He reflected on the vanity of life and the tragedy of clothes; he brooded upon the perverse doom that pursued him. He had made, that morning, a monumental mistake. He had not put on his new yellow leather puttees. He had put on a white suit, which, what with the leaky banca and the absurd boarding, was now not white. He should have put on his khaki suit—with the yellow leather puttees. Leather leggings, he reflected, made the man; they gave him a certain dash unnoticeable in baggy white trousers dripping and turned up at the bottom. And khaki, buttoned tight, produced an air of efficiency

most pleasing. The red-headed lieutenant wore a tight khaki jacket and yellow leather puttees. But then, the boy thought with increasing gloom, even these things wouldn't do *him* any good. He would still lack the brass buttons. The brass buttons—that was it. And the belt—the belt that tightens the waist and makes the whole body elastic. And the revolver, the big Colt's hanging along the hip—

Pride began to mingle with gloom in the boy's mind, a certain satisfaction at the sudden, deep-cutting insight of life—now his, through the bitter lesson of disillusion. And after a while a frivolous impulse began to frolic with the severity of his contemplation. He thought that he would like to stand up on the thwart, peer over the counter, and see if the girl was still speaking to the red-headed lieutenant. Pride immediately knocked the suggestion into a cocked hat, and it was not till he had persuaded himself that what he wanted to see was not the girl, but the progress of the loading, that he did it. He tugged at the painter till he was beneath the overhang of the stern, then, catching above with both hands, chinned himself till his nose was over the bulwark. The loading was going on famously. Already the little steamer disappeared beneath layers and layers of camphor-wood boxes and matting-wrapped bales, over which women, old crones and chiquitas, squatted, betel-chewing and chattering—the wives of the constabulary privates on the way to Sibalay. But really the boy had no time to notice all this. For as his blue eyes, with their dark brows, rose above the rail, followed by a nose curious as a squirrel's, they looked up into two big brown orbs with golden glints. The girl was there, very near, poised one foot forward in a pretty posture of surreptitious searching. The sudden apparition of a top of head, two eyes, and a slightly uptilted nose she was not prepared for. "Oh!" she said with a little scream—"oh, you scared me!"

She had dropped back one step, and stood now with her right foot behind, her weight back, both hands tight against her heart. Her eyes were luminous with a suggestion of tears, and



Drawn by Clarence T. Underwood

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

HE SAW THE GIRL TALKING TO THE RED-HEADED LIEUTENANT

her whole form palpitated with a most adorable excitement. The boy would have liked to spring up and reassure her with the comfort of his strong right arm. But he was a bad boy. The cud of his wrongs was still bitter in his mouth.

"Didn't intend to," he said, and his hands let go the rail, so that like a flash the top of head, the eyes, the nose, were out of the girl's sight again, and the boy once more sat in his boat, miserably triumphant.

He sat there long, too, this time. Thumps of bales, crashes of boxes, the grating of lighters against the launch's sides, a babel of voices, came to him, but he had no curiosity. The rhythmic clanking of the anchor-chain, hoisted up link by link through hawser, shook him at last out of his despairing torpor. He clambered aboard and squatted by the rudder-post. The boat was gathering headway. It glided as upon azure ice; palm-lined promontories were floating back slowly one by one—but what the boy saw was the girl. She was sitting forward with the lieutenant at an improvised table, and they were lunching.

The lieutenant spied the boy. "Come on, have something," he shouted with the vulgar generosity of the rival who feels sure of his place. The boy shook his head negatively, with a smile that was seasickish. "What's the matter with him, anyhow?" he imagined the lieutenant to ask the girl over a bottle of pickles—and the girl shrugged her shoulders. Some day, the boy decided, the lieutenant, at the moment of his doom, would be able to trace back the catastrophe to that indiscreet question he had asked of the girl.

Meanwhile the couple lunched gayly—a most absurd proceeding, the boy decided, for by the dark power of inner reading so lately his, he could tell that the expedition was sentenced to end in disaster. In the west the sun had set in bloody splendor—and now a curtain of clouds, heavy as if of bronze, was rushing over the world like the sliding lid of a box, so low that instinctively the boy dodged as it swept over the boat. The last crescent of blue to the east disappeared. The sliding lid struck the

confines of the horizon, shut the world up hermetically and made it black. A wind arose that seemed to come from nowhere, and the launch began to plunge. Then the black vault ripped in jagged blue rents of lightning, and the thunder rolled dully within the heavy confines.

The girl was now lying in her long wicker chair forward, bundled in her blankets, a tarpaulin, placed by the lieutenant, protecting her from the spray which was springing upon the deck with little self-announcing hisses. The lieutenant had gone to see to his men. The boat-length of darkness lay between the boy and the girl, but by the vacillating light of the binnacle he could see her face, marble white, with her eyes closed in an expression of vague suffering. The boy anchored himself with both hands to the rail upon which he sat, for an impulse had almost dashed him off toward the binnacle, to step a-tiptoe till his eyes looked down upon the drooping eyelids. He fully mastered himself, and then, very methodically, filled his pipe and lit it. So that now, through her long lashes, the girl could see the glow in the night, a beacon turned false.

To the thunder's battering the leaden vault of the heavens had cracked; the rain was falling, perpendicular, windless, with mournful violence, falling black out of a black sky, upon a black sea; and through it the little boat chugged steadfastly, with the persistence and some of the dogmatic assurance of a righteous soul making its way through spiritual dangers. At the bow the Tagal piloto was peering ahead, immovable as a mahogany statue. Suddenly both his arms shot out horizontally, and his voice rang out in the night: "Tras! Tras todo!"

The helmsman behind pulled ragefully at a bell, the deck began to boil with a churning movement beneath, and the boy felt his body incline forward. In the black smother ahead a more solid blackness delineated itself—a peaked island rising sheer. The launch stopped, turned to port, and chugged away in the direction from which it had come.

But not five minutes later again the piloto's arms shot out in arresting movement, again to his "tras todo!" the

screw churned backward and the boat stopped, almost upon a headland at the head of which a hissing of breakers could be heard.

This time the little boat went off to the right, and very slowly, too. "Chug," she said, wagging her nose distrustfully from side to side, and paused; then "chug," with another pause, during which she seemed saying, "I wonder where that fool pilot is taking me?" "Chug," she said again—"Oh!"

For she had bumped her distrustful nose against a coral reef rising sheer from a five-fathom bottom. A gigantic hand took the boy by the nape of the neck and bent him down till he sprawled flat upon the deck (which served him right); bales, trunks, and betel-chewing ladies rolled forward in indiscriminate avalanche; there was one long feminine shriek—and then a great silence.

"Tras," said the pilot, chokingly; "tras."

"Chug-chug-chug; chug-chug-chug," went the launch most willingly. There was a long grating. It was the keel sliding off, but every individual on that boat felt convinced that it was his own spine which was being scraped.

The boy picked himself up, full of the sense of golden chance. But he was too slow and too far away. He had taken but a few steps when he saw the tall, pliable form of the red-headed lieutenant bending over the long chair at the bow. By this time, also, the pilot having in his three excursions definitely ascertained the points of the compass, the launch was gliding serenely over a calming sea.

The boy went back to his place, bitter with the sense of lost opportunity, and, as all those in his situation, he began to pray for its return. He wished the miserable little craft would go kerplunk against some kind obstacle at full speed, blow up into kindling, and disappear into a surging black sea, on the top of which would miraculously float two beings (the only two beings, evidently, of any importance on the boat).

But the remarkable ill luck that had pursued him was still with him. Rocks stepped politely out of the way of the little steamer. The sea smoothed its wrinkles before it. The very heavens

entered into the conspiracy. The rain ceased, the clouds dissolved—and finally the moon appeared, full-orbed, and poured her enchantment upon the world. The boy swore.

And now, upon a luminous sea, beneath a luminous sky, through an air balm vibrating with bluish beauty, the little launch chug-chugged, glistening like a glowworm. The waters were as phosphorescent milk. Far to the left the coast showed its silver-sculptured palms; its scented exhalation was about the boat like a caress, a tender assurance of safety, of maternal solicitude. At the bow the girl opened her eyes, drew a deep, ecstatic breath. And the boy swore.

After a time he began again to hope. From the milky shimmer of the sea strange vapory forms were rising, to flit about in silent madness, like distracted dream-spirits. They slid over the milky surface with inconceivable swiftness; their unsubstantial bodies twisted, bent, concentrated, expanded; their inchoate arms threw themselves to heaven, lengthened immeasurably, twisted themselves about each other, wrung in grotesque grief. It was as if the sea, become god, were creating — creating malevolently, with weird malice of imagination. By tens, by hundreds, by thousands they sprang from the waters; soon the entire horizon-hemmed ring was filled with their insane vapory coursing. And then, as if at the hand-clap of their creator, they suddenly coalesced, and the whole world disappeared in the embrace of the fog.

It was the fog of the tropical seas—rare and precious. It clung with insistence, soft and warm as the protecting breast of a bird to its nestling. The rays of the invisible moon pulsed in it in liquid opalescence. It was as if the world had been enshrined within a gigantic pearl, or rather as if the pearls of this sea of pearls had vaporized, and now hung, a luminous haze, about the boat. Along the flanks of the launch a bare three feet of streaming water was visible. Beyond, in front, to the left, to the right, the fog shut off everything with its luminous but impenetrable curtain. The boy began to hope.

And his hope was to have its fulfillment. Suddenly the mystic charm of



Drawn by Clarence T. Underwood

TOWARDS DAWN SHE FELL ASLEEP

the night was broken most hideously. There was a shock forward, the launch came almost to a dead stop, then churned on again; there was another shock, then shock after shock, the boat recoiling to each and charging on again. A ringing tattoo, as if some giant forward with a hundred arms were beating with clubs the bow of the boat, resounded, then a fusillade of crackling wood. Things scraped along the flanks, like the tentacles of a devil-fish. The boy peered out to the right, and in the luminous smother he made out a long line of bamboo poles sticking out of the sea. "A fish-corral," he cried.

It was a fish-corral, one of those bamboo labyrinths which the Visayan fishermen erect upon the reefs to lure the fish; and the launch, with its happy-go-lucky piloto, was crashing right through it. It was not a dangerous act, in point of fact, but certainly a most terrible performance in point of noise. The boy moved toward the girl.

But he took one step only, and stopped paralyzed. For she was coming to him, the girl of his longings, coming to him most extraordinarily. She lay in her chair, wrapped in her rugs, and along the narrow alley against the starboard rail she was gliding to him, chair and all, in a smooth, silent, irresistible sweep. A dryness came into the boy's mouth, and his heart gave a big thump. He was in the presence of some wonderful psychic manifestation of the power of love, and his hair rose upon his head in reverence. At the same time he was aware of a decided desire within him to have the affair brought back to a more earthy plane. But the miracle continued. On came the chair, with its precious burden, in weird certainty of motion. Amidships the girl half rose, her arms stretched forward and up, half to God, half to the boy, and smoothly she glided on, her arms imploring, her eyes dilated, her lips parted in most adorable fashion, the opalescent haze ringing her loosened hair in a halo.

The boy flattened himself against the skylight, and leaning over as the chair passed, he whisked the girl up into his arms. The chair pivoted; then, keeping on, smacked against the stern bulwark and was still.

As many other psychic phenomena, this one had a material basis. One of the bamboo poles of the corral traversed by the launch, happening to lean in-board a few inches, had caught the back of the chair. As the pole, sunk in the bottom, held, and the launch was going forward, the chair, with its burden, had been rapidly whisked from bow to stern. In fact, it was the boy, upon the moving launch, who had gone to the girl in the motionless chair, and not the girl who had come to the boy, as was his egotistical impression.

The boy worked out the problem in his mind. It took him some time; and when he was through, the girl was still in his arms, palpitating like a little bird jerked rudely out of its nest. Then the boy seemed to enter upon another course of cogitation, still in gentle self-abstraction keeping his arms around his prey. And when he had reached his conclusion, he stated it aloud. "Enough of this rot," he said.

And supporting the girl about the waist, he stepped to the stern, pulled upon the painter taut there, and with tender vigor heaved her over the rail and into the jolly-boat trailing behind. Then with the end of the rope in his hand he sprang down after her.

For a moment the counter was above them and a milk-white churning beneath—then smoothly the steamer faded into the haze. The little boat yawed from side to side, cutting the water in two diminutive green wavelets, which gradually disappeared as they came to a stop. And they were alone, upon the sea, in the mysterious privacy of the fog.

When he had assured himself of the fact, the boy looked at the girl. She was in the stern-sheets; her shawl was wrapped about her shoulders and over her head in a hood, and she was motionless as a statue of severity. The boy's throat tightened a bit, but he sat upon the centre thwart, very calmly picked up the oars lying at the bottom, and slid them out between the holes.

In another second there came what he expected. Somewhere in the depths of the fog arose the hysterical shriek of the little launch. "Toot—toot—toot," she cried; "toot—toot—toot, toot—toot—

toot!" The boy listened attentively, his head bent to one side. "It's there," he whispered to himself, pointing with the bow of the boat; "right over there."

He dug his right oar deep into the water and took two strokes with the left. The little craft pivoted in a quarter-circle. Then very deliberately he pulled straight ahead, at right angles to the approaching screams of the launch. "Toot—toot—toot," came the launch. The boy bent back and forth with a will. Suddenly he shipped his oars and sat still, peering tensely into the smother. Behind the boat a vague shadow cut the fog from left to right; it disappeared, and the scared tooting died off in a gradual diminuendo.

"Fooled!" whispered the boy.

He pulled a while longer, then once more shipped his oars. They were in a great silence. At intervals a little wave smacked up against the side as in playful invitation to a game of tag. The girl still sat motionless, the haze as a halo around her hooded head.

Quietly the boy rose, stepped across, and sat down by her; gently he drew back the hood, and with stupor he saw glistening at the trembling tips of her eyelashes two little globules like dew-drops.

"You are mean to me," she said.

Then an opaque curtain seemed to drop away from before the boy's eyes. A moment before he had thought himself deeply wronged, his heart trampled to hash, and was firm in a determination to wring out an explanation. And sudden-

ly he saw that his conduct had been atrocious and that she was a saint.

"You poor little girl," he said, and he drew her head to his shoulder. "You poor little girl," he murmured again, drawling on the "poor."

"You won't do it again, will you, dear?" she asked, with an appealing little pout of her lips.

The boy groaned, speechless before the vision of the enormity of his offence.

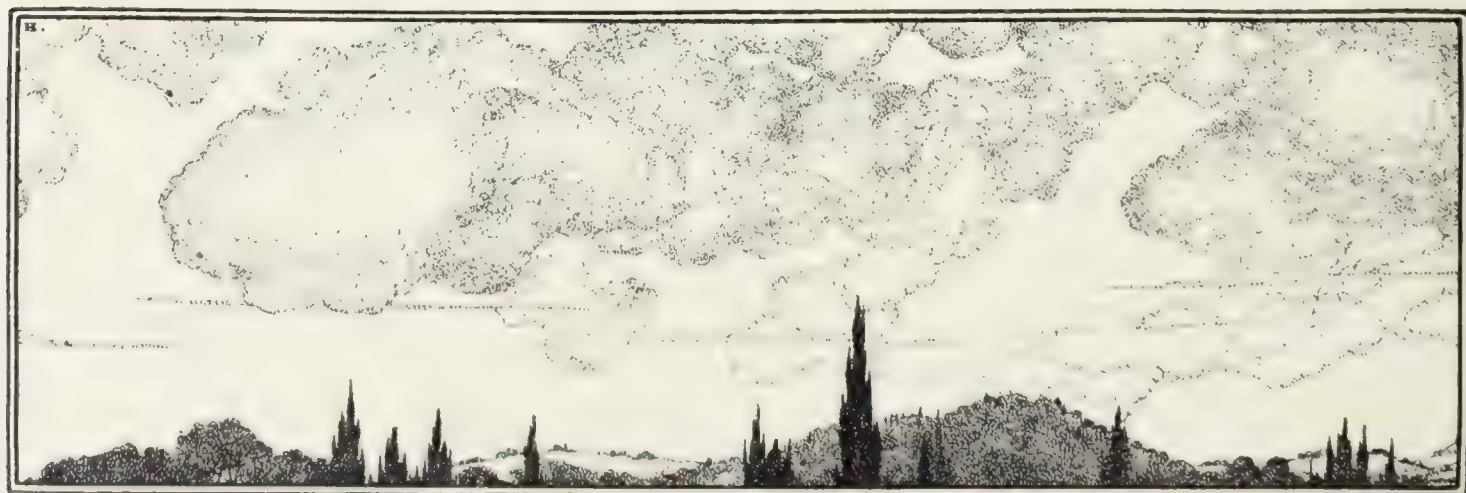
"Never mind, dear," she said, reassuringly; "you won't—any more."

He seized her, and she lay in his arms like a child, her eyes gravely up into his. They were all alone, in a little boat, upon a big sea, enwrapped in fog. At times the fog drew closer. And then they were two souls in space and eternity, and the only thing that existed in space and eternity was the ineffable attraction that drew these two souls together.

She fell asleep toward dawn, and he, watching over her, a great swelling softness in his heart, must have at length slept too. For suddenly he awoke, a screech in his ears. The fog had gone with the night and the moon, and upon the green resplendent sea, beneath the joyous sun, they floated embraced, in sight of the whole world.

"Damn!" said the boy. Not a quarter of a mile away the launch was steaming toward them, shrieking its little lungs out in garrulous salutation. At the bow, leaning far over, a coiled rope in his hand, was the red-headed lieutenant.

"Throw out the life-line," said the boy, resignedly.



Life and Sport in Nubia

BY CAPTAIN T. C. S. SPEEDY

AMONG the Nubian tribes of North Africa the Hadendoas bear a bad name for treachery, and on one occasion while on a hunting expedition I had a proof not only of this, but of the enmity that appears to be ingrained in their nature towards the white man. I was staying at a Beni Amer camp, when news was brought in one morning that a herd of elephants had been drinking at the village wells. This was too good a chance of sport to be lost, and taking three men with me, I set off in pursuit. Towards noon we reached that part of the jungle in which the animals were grazing, becoming aware of the fact before seeing them from the sound of cracking branches which resounded on every side. Carefully crawling under the thorny branches of the "kittar"—a species of acacia—I soon came across a fine tusker, and aiming behind the shoulder, fired and wounded him, but not fatally. A tremendous commotion immediately ensued, the whole herd crashing violently through the jungle and rushing headlong away in the opposite direction. We tracked the wounded animal until it was too dark to see, when my men advised that we should return to the camp, the elephant having doubtless gone off to the Langgeb hills, some twenty miles away, and as we were then on Hadendoa ground, remaining where we were was anything but safe. I, however, being very anxious to take up the trail with the first ray of daylight, overruled their objections, proposing that we should keep watch by turns during the night.

Choosing a well-sheltered hollow in which we thought we should be out of sight of the inimical tribe, we lighted a fire; and after a frugal meal—as, having brought provisions for only one day's march, I knew that our resources must be husbanded—I determined to take the last watch; for, being less used to fatigue than the natives, I felt that it was imperative

for me to secure an unbroken rest for some hours. I slept soundly till two o'clock in the morning, and was then awakened to take my turn. The stillness was supreme. All nature slept; and, alas! even on my watch I myself felt drowsiness overtaking me. To keep myself on the alert I rose and made up the fire, which was dying out, set the kettle on the embers, and boiled some coffee. After this slight refreshment I spread my sheepskin rug a couple of yards off, and turning my back to the fire, kept a lookout in front, as, owing to the precipitous stony cliff that rose on three sides of our camping-ground, I found it was next to impossible for any one to enter except in that direction. Suddenly a log which had been charred quite through fell asunder, throwing out a large shower of sparks, while a bright flame shot upwards. To my surprise I beheld before me an extraordinary sight which held my attention fixed, though for a moment I did not realize what I saw. Immediately before my eyes was the diminutive figure of a native, evidently, from his mop of hair, one of the Hadendoa tribe, but only about two inches in height, spear in hand, which he was quivering up and down as if on the very verge of striking a blow, a fiendish grin distorting his countenance. My astonishment lasted but an instant. I quickly perceived that this was the reflection in my spectacles of an enemy behind me, who must have slipped in while I was dozing, and that I was the object of the aim which in another second would have proved fatal. There was not time either to rise or turn, but flinging myself backwards I seized the savage by his foot, and pulling him forward, happily upset him on his back and closed with him.

The excitement and breathlessness of the struggle prevented me from calling out, especially as I had at first great difficulty in retaining my hold of my foe, owing to the slipperiness of his greasy

skin, but the sand which stuck to him as we rolled over and over together soon enabled me to obtain a better grip. Luckily in our rough-and-tumble contest we knocked up against one of my hunters, who, although sound asleep till that instant, was on his feet in a twinkling, and quickly settled the matter by slipping a cord round the elbows and legs of the man, who was thus secured.

Too exhausted at first to speak, I could only make signs to my men not to kill him, they being at once about to drive their spears into his body in the same manner that he had wished to run his own weapon into mine. They questioned him as to his name, where he had come from, and why he had wished to kill me,

but to no inquiry would he answer a single word, retaining the most dogged silence and an imperturbable countenance. Dawn soon broke, and keeping his arms still tightly bound, we took him with us many miles in the opposite direction to that from which he had come, and carrying off his spear, we then let him go.

My escape had been marvellous, and was due not only to the reflection of the man in my spectacles, but also to the fact of his having gloated lingeringly over his unsuspecting prey; had he at once struck a decisive blow, my fate would have been sealed.

To my great regret we soon discovered that it was impossible to track the "tusk-

er" any farther. Owing to the rocky nature of the country the spoor was entirely lost, we had not sufficient food for a protracted march, and the proximity of the Haden-dos rendered it unsafe for us, being so few in number, to remain any longer in that part of the country. We therefore retraced our steps to the Beni Amer camp, which we reached before sundown, after a forced march, so to speak, of thirty-odd miles in less than eight hours, over some of the most difficult ground I ever crossed, and in a temperature of 150 degrees in the sun.

A subsequent encounter with another elephant, in which I fortunately came off victorious after a day of vicissitude never to be forgotten, occurred when I was still with the Beni Amer tribe. On a certain Thursday evening my hunters as usual came to make their salaam and request leave of absence for the morrow, Friday being their Sabbath, or rest day. This I was nothing loath to grant. The



THE NATIVE WAS ON THE VERGE OF STRIKING

fatigues of the week had been great, and keen as my love of sport was, twenty-four hours of rest and leisure was a pleasant prospect. The result was, however, strangely different from the anticipation. Soon after daybreak on Friday a cowherd came to my cook and desired him to tell the "khawajah"—*i. e.*, "master"—that elephants had recently been drinking at the village wells and could not be far off. He also said that from the spoor and stride one of them was evidently a very large one. I sprang up, but replied that I had given my hunters leave of absence for the day, and as they had told me they would be off overnight to a neighboring camp, there was no one to accompany me. The cowherd at once offered his services, so I dressed without delay, and taking a hasty breakfast, was ready to start. I took two rifles with me—a heavy double barrel, which I gave to the cowherd to carry, and a lighter single barrel, which I carried myself.

We went straight to the wells and examined the spoor. Never had I seen so large a footprint. It measured twenty inches in diameter, showing at a rough calculation that the elephant stood over ten feet in height. The magnificent beast had evidently knelt while drinking, to draw the water, which was low, it being the dry season, from the well with his trunk, and after assuaging his thirst there was no doubt that he had bathed after the manner of elephants, drawing up the water and flinging it all over and round him, for the ground to a distance of several yards was still wet. He had thrust his tusks, while kneeling, into the damp ground, and the long deep holes that they had made were still intact. I took the man's spear, and putting it carefully down one of the cavities, found to my amazement that it measured close upon three feet in depth. Knowing that an equal length of tusk to that which is visible is always embedded in the head of an elephant, this measurement showed that in this instance the tusks would be at least six feet long. Losing not a moment, we made our way across the desert in the direction of a dense jungle some five miles off. On reaching it, in a space of time which would sound incredible to my readers, I found that, amidst a vast area of brushwood and almost impenetra-

ble vegetation which was interspersed with huge tamarind-trees and dôm palms, there were, strangely enough, long irregular glades of barren paths, from six to twenty feet wide, almost entirely devoid of undergrowth, though the monster trees that towered on either side spread their great branches overhead and formed avenues of deep refreshing shade.

Proceeding as noiselessly and yet as swiftly as might be, my guide and I were at last arrested by the unmistakable cracking of branches which indicated the vicinity of the quarry we were in search of.

Suddenly a magnificent tusker, no doubt the animal that had drunk at the wells, emerged from the jungle, and catching sight of us, stood for an instant stock-still, not above sixty yards distant. For only a moment, however, did our foe seem to hesitate as to the course he would pursue. Throwing up his trunk in a straight line above his head and spreading his colossal ears at right angles to his body to intensify the senses of hearing and smelling, he trumpeted forth a roar of defiance, and came running towards us at a brisk trot.

My rifle was instantly at my shoulder, and knowing that it was impossible to penetrate the vast mass of muscular tissue situated at the base of the trunk with a bullet, I aimed at the temple and pulled the trigger, but to my dismay and horror the cartridge missed fire. The click of the falling hammer, however, arrested the beast for a moment, and with the unerring sagacity of his kind he evidently scented fresh danger. Bringing his trunk down from its erect position, he coiled it tightly up below his tusks and came swiftly on. Now was my opportunity; the vital spot between and slightly below the eyes, which when penetrated by the smallest bullet would prove fatal, was clearly before me, and a steady aim was all that was needed to secure the prize. Dropping my lighter rifle, I stretched out my hand behind me for the heavy double barrel which my guide was carrying, but to my surprise received nothing! I swiftly turned my head to ascertain the reason, and beheld my man, rifle in hand, running with all his might in the opposite direction down the glade.

I instantly saw that no choice was left

me if I would save my own life but to run too! Death was imminent; escape lay only in flight. Not even casting a glance at my weapon on the ground, I turned and fled, running on and on as hard as I could go, hearing the dull thud of the enormous pads at my heels and almost believing that I could feel the hot breath of the infuriated animal actually on my neck.

I know not how far I had gone when I found myself on the edge of a bank down which elephants had made a path, a descent of twenty feet or more, to the "khor" or dry bed of the watercourse which lay below. Darting down this path without a moment's hesitation and going I knew not whither, I reached the khor and ran blindly on, sinking into the sand at every step.

Suddenly my foot caught in something that lay half buried in the ground, and I fell headlong, measuring my length on the sand. A liana, of about twenty years' growth, the size of a ship's cable, some three inches in diameter, had tripped me up, but by the greatest good luck had thrown me close to an enormous tree round which it had clung, but which now lay at full length crosswise in the khor. This tree, at least seven feet in diameter and over eighty feet in height, had been uprooted by a flood and had fallen from the edge of the bank where it had stood into the watercourse. The huge roots encrusted with mould and sand raised that part of the trunk nearest to them to a height of about five feet as it lay, while the remainder of it sloped gradually down till the top rested on the ground at the farther side of the "khor."

I at once saw the advantage this tree would give me. Creeping under the trunk, I flung myself on the ground on the farther side and listened. But one thought filled my mind—had my enemy lost sight of me, or was he still in pursuit? I was not left a moment in doubt; his eagle eye had evidently been upon me all the time, for his heavy footsteps slithered almost immediately down the bank, and with an angry bang he pushed his great chest against the tree and snorted out a threat. But for the moment he was baffled. Rage and disappointment filled his soul when he found that the space under which I had crept was far

too small for him to pass through; neither could he climb over. From the ground to the top of the fallen trunk at that end of it measured at least eleven feet, and this was a height he could not surmount. It then occurred to him that he might seize me with his trunk; stretching it towards me in a straight line from his forehead, he tried to grasp me, but I was beyond his reach. This effort was repeated several times, and so aggravating did it become that, feeling secure in my retreat, I could not at last refrain from putting out my hand and giving the trunk a smart blow. No sooner had I done so, however, than I regretted the action, for I not only hurt my own hand by its rapid contact with the tense muscular tissue, but my impetuous action unfortunately caused the animal to change his tactics. Apparently reflecting for a moment as to his next move, he suddenly made a rush for the roots and ran rapidly round them. He was within an ace of getting me, but I quickly scrambled back again under the tree to the side he had left, and once more he was floored. He immediately turned and ran back to get me on the side I had come to, but as before I crept back under the trunk into safety, and he was again baffled.

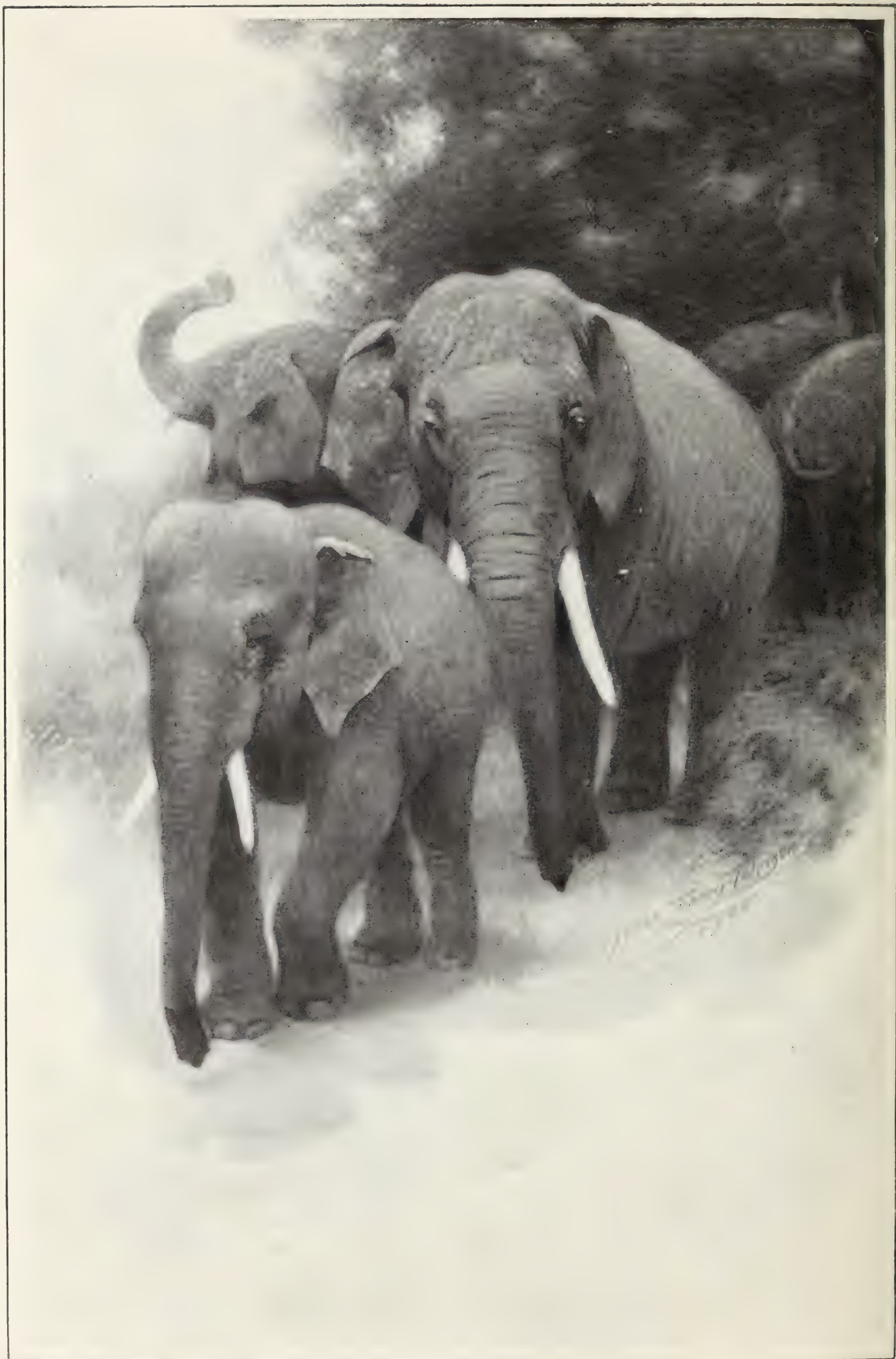
Our mutual manœuvres would have been amusing to a bystander, but to myself they wore a serious aspect, for this little game of hide-and-seek actually went on between us four or five times, the monster running round and round the roots, and I creeping backwards and forwards each time, exhausted as I was, under the fallen trunk. I watched every movement of my enemy, with satisfaction so far, and yet with apprehension, for I knew that the sagacity of the elephant is almost boundless, and each moment I feared he would attempt to reach me by some means for which I was not prepared. I soon found that I was not mistaken. He stood quite still for a moment and seemed to be holding counsel with himself, evidently determined not to be beaten, and then he made off at a brisk pace down the length of the tree, till he came to the spot where it began to taper towards the top; there he halted, and at a point where it lay only about three feet from the ground



Design by Frank Tenney Johnson

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

RAGE AND DISAPPOINTMENT FILLED HIS SOUL



Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson

THE WISE OLD TUSKER STATIONING HIS PERSONAL BODY-GUARD

he commenced to climb over it. While he was struggling through the withered branches, which just at that point were fortunately dense and probably hid me from his sight, I determined, having regained my breath, to seize this opportunity of making a rush for the bank and try a chance of escape once more in the forest, where I should be better able to run than in the sand of the watercourse.

I did this with all possible speed, turning only for a second at the top of the bank to see if my manœuvre had been observed. Alas! it had. My enemy was again in full pursuit of me. As before, my only chance was in flight. The jungle at the part I then entered it was happily rather open, and I remembered that the natives had often told me that in flying from an elephant a great advantage could be gained by taking a zigzag course. I therefore turned abruptly to my right, putting on my best pace for fifty yards, then sharply to my left for another fifty, and so on, going right and left some half-dozen times, until I had gained the denser forest, where under a huge tamarind-tree I flung myself on the ground as before and kept a sharp lookout to see if the monster was still following me.

To my consternation I perceived that in spite of my stratagem he was again in my wake. He had traced my first course, but to my great satisfaction I saw that he had not noticed my divergence from it, and that owing to his headlong pace he had overshot the point at which I had turned and gone beyond it a good sixty yards. Finding his mistake, he doubled back to pick up the scent, but, as the natives had said was often the case in similar circumstances, he had been thrown off the track each time I had zigzagged, the impetuosity of his pursuit increasing his difficulty in finding me. From where I lay, scarcely daring to breathe, I could hear him making, most fortunately for me, hasty but fruitless rushes, first in one direction, then in another; but presently he gave it up, having evidently lost my onward course, and took up my original trail on my way to the bank at the top of the "khor" in my first flight from him. Thus he had lost me, and had probably returned to the fallen tree. When the immediate sense of danger was past it was succeeded by one of intense

fatigue, and, utterly disinclined to move, I lay perfectly still where I was. What length of time thus expired while I was resting I cannot tell, but I was suddenly aroused by hearing a cry resembling that of a wild pigeon, apparently about a hundred yards distant to my right, after which silence ensued. A few minutes later this sound was repeated behind me, and, strangely enough, after another short interval this "coo coo" came from about twenty yards to my left. The repetition of this cry from different directions at the hottest part of the day, when all birds are silent, at length aroused my suspicions that it did not proceed at all from a bird, but that it was emitted by a human throat, and I then apprehended that my guilty gun-bearer, having seen from some hiding-place that the danger was past, had returned to look for me. I therefore replied to the signal, if such it was, by imitating the same note. On this the cowherd, for in truth it was he, slowly and sheepishly emerged from the brushwood and came towards me. At once I commenced rating him soundly for having deserted me in the time of peril, but I had scarcely uttered a word when he stopped me by excitedly whispering, "Iskut! iskut!" (hush! hush!), extending his hand with energetic pantomime in the direction taken by the elephant. The rascal would not speak, and it was very evident that he did not wish me to do so either, though I could not at the moment determine whether his desire for silence arose from the probable proximity of our foe or from fear of the abuse I was ready to shower upon him. His subsequent gesticulations clearly indicated that he was inquiring whether I wished to follow up the game or to return to the camp. In reply I signalled inquiry as to the whereabouts of the rifle I had thrown down when the cartridge missed fire. He turned at once, and beckoning me to follow, led me in almost a straight line to the glade where it lay. He picked it up in silence and handed it to me. I withdrew the cartridge, and replacing it with a fresh one, signed to him to track the elephant. Without hesitation he set off through the forest until we arrived at the path leading down the bank into the khor, and there he pointed out on the smooth white sand below the three

tracks that the animal had left—those in his first pursuit of me, those following me back to the forest, and those when having lost me he had returned to see if I had again taken refuge beneath the fallen tree. Arrived at the tree, we distinctly saw his freshest tracks going up the khor along the foot of the bank. This we followed for nearly half a mile, when, passing under some dense foliage which reached from the top of the bank almost to the sand of the khor, my guide stopped and picked up a branch that had evidently been only recently torn down and dropped by our foe—the end where it had been bitten off being still moist, which showed that only a few seconds before it must have fallen from his mouth. By this sign we became aware that we were in his immediate vicinity. Giving my man the light rifle, I took the heavy double barrel from him, determined this time to be on the safe side, and cocking the right hammer, stealthily followed the tracks, going in front of the native.

I had not proceeded more than twenty yards when a shout from behind made me turn, and there was the elephant sliding down the bank, again in pursuit of us. As I threw up my rifle he turned and came on as before in a direct line towards me, with his trunk well coiled up between his huge tusks. Aiming at the vulnerable spot in the middle of his forehead, I fired. The bullet penetrated his brain, and the magnificent beast sank slowly to his knees, dying without a struggle. There lay my mighty foe, silent and immovable.

An instance of the great sagacity of the elephant in preserving itself from the attacks of man, although almost incredible, was related to me by an old hunter on whom I could thoroughly rely. He told me that some years before there had been a well-known old bull elephant with a pair of magnificent tusks which had been long and earnestly coveted by every hunter in that part of the country. Their wise old owner, however, knew that he was hunted, and had hitherto frustrated all efforts to capture him. With a view to his safety he made it a rule never to wander from the rest of the herd, but, on the contrary, always keep as much as possible in the midst of them, and it

had been ascertained that he never slept without having posted sentries all around him. On the occasion of which the hunter was then telling me he said that he had climbed up into a tree, a dôm-palm, to view the herd from a safe position, hoping to find the bull by chance unguarded. It was noontide, and the veteran required his nap. The scene that followed was unique. The old tusker went quietly round from one to another of his followers and drove them out into the places they were to occupy, making them stand in a large circle, several yards from each other, with their heads outwards, so that they would be sure to hear or see any approaching foe. Most of them were evidently well tutored to their work, and understanding what they had to do, quietly obeyed, and took up the posts assigned them; but one young male turned refractory and ran off. The old tusker ran after him, and heading him, pushed him back, lashing him with his trunk till he had got him into position again. No sooner, however, was he placed than he broke loose a second time, and was again pursued, but this time the punishment was increased by a sound prodding.

After screaming with pain and trumpeting with rage, the unruly one was brought to obedience, and then a pretty scene took place. Two full-grown females—we may suppose the mother and aunt or two sisters of the rebel—went up to console and comfort him. They stroked him gently with their trunks, rubbed their heads against him, and evidently advised him to be a good boy and remain where he was. The veteran being confident that at last all was satisfactory, placed himself in the open space in the centre of the circle, and standing, as elephants invariably do while sleeping, took his midday rest, and the hunter saw that any attempt to get at him on that occasion was, as usual, hopeless.

This sagacious old animal managed to preserve his life to a very advanced age, but when infirm and feeble he was expelled by a young rival from the herd, and wandered off to Abyssinia, where he was ultimately shot. Had the Nubians possessed firearms at the period when he was in his prime, this would doubtless have been his fate many years previously.

A Personal Offering

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

MISS MARY MARTHA came slowly up through the garden with a dozen fresh eggs in her apron. It was a very little garden, almost filled by a great lilac-bush which overhung the cottage, and by an infinitesimal patch of green on which a cow was grazing. Something vaguely suggested that there was not too much of anything about the place.

Miss Mary Martha had been named for the Biblical sisters. In her youth she had been known as "Mary," but of late years people generally called her "Martha"; and as she came up the path, like Martha she was troubled about many things. It wanted but a week to Easter, and the egg-and-butter money, religiously put aside for this purpose through the year, amounted to a notable sum for "offering." Miss Martha could not remember a year when the cow and hens had done better. She could not remember, either, a year when the money had not been thus devoted; her mother had maintained the practice till she died, when the duty had devolved upon Miss Martha. She expected to fulfil it in her turn until *she* died. Miss Martha's whole life had been a rigid struggle to do her duty. But somehow to-day the ability to do it with such a satisfactory completeness this Easter, which ought to have been so sustaining, roused instead a sense of protesting injustice in Miss Martha's soul. She felt a kind of indignation towards her hens, as if they were part of a conspiracy against her.

For it had been a particularly hard, dreary winter—a winter in which she had to deny herself even the few small remaining indulgences of her life, reaching bed-rock, as she felt, with the cutting off of the library subscription. The leaking shingles of the southwest roof corner had not affected her half so much. She had gone through it all with a grim endurance which fenced off neighborly

sympathy as if by barbed wire; nobody had heard a single complaint from her; it had needed this day of sudden, blossoming spring, quick and warm with reviving life, to make her all at once rebel. As she stepped under the lilac it was faintly purple all over, and great whiffs of fragrance blew out of it with every little breath of air.

"I never remember its budding so early—not since I was a girl," thought Miss Martha, and memories of other Easters came upon her. Miss Martha loved lilacs—only she remembered why; for a moment she looked like the other half of her name. Then she gave herself a little shake and became Martha again.

"It feels like a real warm early spell; I must get out my straw bonnet and freshen it up a mite for Sunday," she thought, and sighed heavily.

"I s'pose everybody else will have a new bonnet—even Mrs. Stebbins," she went on, communing with herself, with a glance of disdain at her neighbor's garden. Mrs. Stebbins always managed to have something new every Easter, yet Miss Martha was morally sure her neighbor's "offering" was far less than her own.

And it was not only Louisa Stebbins; there were plenty more of that kind in the village, thought Miss Martha, severely; they were the folks who commonly "made a lot" of Easter. For herself, she looked forward to the Christian festival without joy or elation. It was a time for making an exposition of poverty,—for going to church in a shabby bonnet and thrice-turned gown, when everybody else flaunted something new. It only made her hug more closely the secret consciousness of superior piety, and annually sit in harsher judgment on those with less—which was equivalent to a little more barbed wire between her and her neighbors.

Only this morning—whether it was the

lilac budding so unduly with its messages out of all past Easters, or whether merely the limit of endurance had been reached, her sense of dreary resentment grew and mounted.

"Why, only see that lilac budding already!" exclaimed a fresh young voice,—and then the speaker, catching sight of Miss Martha, blushed and moved on with a rather stiff bow. It was Etta Wilson, one of the prettiest girls in the village. For a moment Miss Martha had hoped she was going to stop—but none of the young people ever did stop to talk with Miss Martha; and the next, she could hear Etta bubbling over to Mrs. Stebbins across the garden fence. All the young people stopped to chat with Mrs. Stebbins.

"I just *had* to come round and tell you about it," she heard Etta say, laughingly. "It's a Leghorn, and I'm going to have mull and pink roses on it."

"That 'll be just as becoming as can be," Mrs. Stebbins responded, sympathetically. "I thought of getting me a deep red rose myself; I do like to feel fresh and summery for Easter if I don't any other time."

Miss Martha heard her grimly. How about the folks, she thought, who never had anything summery or fresh for Easter or any other time?—did it ever occur to Mrs. Stebbins, or yet to Etta Wilson, to think about *them*? The price of their Easter clothes would go a good way towards making some folks feel summery—*some folks she knew*. And yet Louisa Stebbins was a favorite with the whole village. "Oh, send for Mrs. Stebbins," every one was always saying in emergencies, and now Etta Wilson must even come round to talk over an Easter hat with her. Not that Miss Martha had anything against Etta—she cherished a secret admiration for her, indeed; she knew Etta not only "made a living" as milliner's clerk, but "helped at home" also. Probably, too, being in the trade, she got things cheaper; still—a *Leghorn*—and pink roses!

Miss Martha went grimly into the house and climbed the stair to the attic, clean and bare like everything else about the place. She had to scant the house of everything but labor, but it robbed nobody—not even the heathen—if she kept

it spotlessly clean. She would just as willingly have expended the same labor upon the heathen had they been at hand.

She opened an ancient trunk and took out the bonnet and a shoulder-wrap. In the spring sunshine streaming in through the open window they showed utterly shabby—brown, rather than black, with age, and the bits of ribbon and veil which formed the forlorn adjuncts were hopelessly rusty.

"I'll look a good deal more like an object of charity when I get those on than some they call so," thought Miss Martha, surveying them bitterly. Every fibre in her revolted.

Poverty and pride are of no race, but the New-Englander alone has never been able to disconnect poverty from "shiftlessness"—the antique, pet, picturesque one and only sin for which New England has no place and no forgiveness. To be poor and of New England, therefore, has always been to taste a distilled bitterness, and underlies, however innocently, a vague moral shame before one's self. And to be poor and *published* so is the final crucifixion of New England pride. Miss Martha had drained the bitterness and undergone the crucifixion through successive years,—but to-day she let the bonnet and cape fall on the floor and walked despairingly to the window.

From it she looked straight down into the triumphant purple of budding, swaying lilac. It was not the hour of crucifixion, but of resurrection. Why should she alone have no part in it?

She saw herself once more sneaking late into the sanctuary, and hurrying forth almost before benediction to escape the greetings, pointed with glances, of her neighbors, many of whom would not have put in *their* envelopes on the plate half as much as *she* in *hers*. And in her heart there would be exactly what there was now—nothing remotely akin to an Easter spirit, but only pride, uncharitableness, and a submerging sense of injustice. Was that the kind of offering meet for the Giver of lilaes? Well, it was the only kind He was likely to get from her, thought Miss Martha, with a fierce sincerity. He should have the *money* same as ever, for *that*, she supposed, was a duty, but as for pretending to be a "cheerful giver," she wasn't,—

not while things went this way; and whatever else she was, she wasn't a hypocrite!—she would be honest with her Maker, if she couldn't be cheerful. There would be plenty of the cheerful kind, right there in the church, with new bonnets—and mighty slim offerings in their envelopes sometimes, too!

Miss Martha lifted her head proudly and walked across the garret to a small looking-glass hanging above the banished mirror. She surveyed steadily in its depths the fretful, discontented lines which never had stood out so cruelly clear as in this searching spring sunlight.

As she gazed, the tears sprang to her eyes—tears of sheer pity for herself.

"I'm getting worse and worse," she thought. "I'll have to do something—pretty quick, too. No wonder folks don't care to come to see me." "Folks" meant Etta Wilson. It was always towards the young that Miss Martha's heart most yearned with the passion of its own unspent youth.

"I guess I *could* look pretty near as well as some folks—if I had the chance," she thought, wistfully;—and now "some folks" meant Mrs. Stebbins.

She looked again at the bonnet and wrap lying on the floor; no, they were hopeless, sickening,—there was no resurrection in them conceivable, in keeping with that which was stirring the very sods of Miss Martha's soul. And no money in the house except the butter-and-eggs money, which she looked upon as already the property of her Maker,—since "Who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

The poor!—was there anybody much poorer than she? Miss Martha asked herself bitterly,—and then stood stricken. She had been "poorer than poverty" all her life, but never *in* that life had it occurred to her as possible to number herself among "the poor." Hers had been a superior station and degree from which she had condescended as patroness to these—"the poor." The thought which swept her now like a wave left her shaking from head to foot. She dropped into the nearest chair to think it out. To begin with, she had a roof above her head, albeit lacking shingles. And she was in no immediate danger of starvation. Could such a one be strictly called

"poor"? And yet—*was* she in no danger of starvation? she asked herself with sudden passion. Were there not more kinds of hunger than one? Had it not been said that man does not live by bread alone, and wasn't she starved clear through for the books she had done without,—the twenty-five-cent concerts she had denied herself,—the scraps of human intercourse and neighborhood life her unutterable shabbiness had deprived her of? She had never in her life turned away a beggar from her doorstep if "willing to do an hour's work," but she had turned persistently from "the beggar in the heart," willing to work any number of hours through any number of years, and only asking, after all, a meagre crust of satisfaction.

Miss Martha stood upright suddenly in the strength of her excitement.

"I guess He made me in His image as much as anybody," she said to herself, solemnly, "and I guess I've done about all I knew to spoil it. I guess I ain't such a great sight more pious than other folks. *I guess I'm a fool!*" she concluded, with emphasis, and picking up the rusty bonnet and wrap, she flung them into the trunk and shut it with a snap.

Etta Wilson looked up in surprise from the ribbon she was folding when Miss Martha entered the shop.

"I want to see a bonnet-form," began Miss Martha, turning over the things on the counter in a bewildered way, "and—some ribbon."

"Did you want it for yourself?" asked Etta, formally, with a doubtful glance at her customer.

"Yes—it's for me; I don't know exactly myself what I do want," answered Miss Martha, looking helplessly at the girl. "Something suitable—and for Easter—and not too expensive."

Some new accent in the voice or glance touched Etta.

"Perhaps I can help you," she said, impulsively, coming out from behind the counter. "These are our spring shapes,—suppose you try this one?"

"I'm sure I'd be grateful," began Miss Martha. "Oh, I could never wear *that!*"

"Why not?" Etta was smiling. "Just let me try it;—it's very becoming. Why, Miss Martha," she broke off with

delight, "do look at yourself! You look *young*,—and the lilacs are the very color of those in your yard," she added, with innocent art.

Miss Martha looked, and gasped ever so slightly.

"It—it does seem to suit me," she said, faintly; "but I'm afraid it's too youthful—and too dear."

"The idea!" exclaimed Etta. "It's just perfect for you. The price," she added, dubiously, after consulting a tag, "is four and a half."

"Oh, then it's no use thinking about it." Miss Martha put the bonnet down hastily. "I couldn't put that much into a bonnet," but she sighed as she said it.

The girl's face fell in sympathy; she glanced about the room at the other bonnets and back at Miss Martha, then her face brightened.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Martha," she said, "you might buy a shape—we have the same in a little coarser straw for seventy-five cents, and you can get a good width of ribbon for fifteen a yard and a spray of lilac for thirty-five cents, and I dare say you have something that will do for a crown-lining,—why, you could fix up that bonnet for less than a dollar and a half," she wound up with enthusiasm.

"Then that's what I'd better do," said Miss Martha, brightening.

She paid for her purchases with reckless haste, but with the package in her worn gloves she hesitated.

"Would you mind," she asked, diffidently, "my looking at that bonnet again? I ain't any great at trimmin', but I guess if I can study it once more I can, maybe, make out to copy it somehow."

Etta Wilson hesitated but a moment.

"If you'll let me—I'll come round right after supper to-night and trim it for you," she said, diffidently, in her turn. "It won't take me half an hour to do the whole thing, and—why, Miss Martha, I'd just *love* to do it!"

"Would you, really?" faltered Miss Martha. She looked into the girl's eyes doubtfully, and suddenly something fine passed between them. "I wish you *would*!" said Miss Martha, impulsively. "And mebbe," she continued, recklessly, "you could advise me about gettin' a shoulder-wrap? I can't spend more'n two-fifty for it."

Etta's cheeks began to glow; she looked at the clock.

"You wait fifteen minutes, Miss Martha," she said, "and I'll go with you to Smith and Thayer's; I know one of their head clerks," she added, the glow deepening.

When Miss Martha walked into her own yard, two hours after noon, it was with a dazed sense of changed identity. She looked at the lilac-bush, as if expecting to find that changed too, then furtively opened a corner of the bundle she carried and matched the shop lilac against the other.

"It's exactly the same shade," she sighed, with unfathomable content.

Under the lilac in the bundle lay not merely the shoulder-wrap, but a pair of pearl-gray gloves; Etta had not allowed her to buy black; she must have them "light and Eastery."

Miss Martha herself felt so light and Eastery that evening, under the excitement of a fresh young face opposite and the evolution of the bonnet beneath Etta's skilful fingers, that the long-silent floods were unsealed, and she told the girl many things she had not spoken of to any one for years—so many, that Etta began dimly to feel how naturally Miss Martha might have once loved lilacs as she herself loved pink roses.

All the following week Miss Martha worked with an energy unknown in years. She was fixing over the old black silk that had been her mother's, under Etta's directions, and while she worked she planned—and often she smiled. She had paid up the library subscription; two delightful books lay on the sitting-room table waiting to be read; two equally delightful oratorio tickets were tucked away in the top bureau drawer; shingles could wait in spring weather, and it had given her an altogether new thrill to see Etta Wilson's surprised and happy flush when she accepted the oratorio invitation. Now Miss Martha was busy with other potentialities. She contemplated buying a few more Plymouth Rocks, and trying the effect of a richer diet on the cow.

Easter morning she was up very early. It was just such a wonderful day as that of a week before, and the sound of the first bells came through the open window borne on the perfume of the lilac now in



Drawn by H. J. Peck

SHE TOLD THE GIRL MANY THINGS SHE HAD NOT SPOKEN OF FOR YEARS



Drawn by H. J. Peck

See page 538

"THE FACT IS, I PUT MOST OF MINE INTO A PERSONAL OFFERIN'"

full bloom—or bearing it; Miss Martha was uncertain which.

"I don't know why I don't feel real mean and selfish," said she, consideringly, to her image, as she fastened the pearl-gray gloves and contemplated the little lilac bonnet nodding above the soft hair, and the almost frivolous frills of the shoulder-cape. "But I don't—and it's no use pretending. I don't know when I've felt so good and pleased with myself—not to mention other folks."

She stopped once in the kitchen to pick up a little basket, and again in the garden to fill the empty space on top with blossoming lilac. Then she walked down to Mrs. Doyle's cottage and knocked at the door. "I s'pose," said Miss Martha, a little awkwardly, "you'll think it silly, but I've brought you a basket of Easter eggs. I amused myself makin' them like we did when we were girls. I ain't made any for years; knowin' you couldn't get out to church, I thought mebbe you'd enjoy them."

"Why, Mary Martha!" exclaimed Mrs. Doyle, leaning forward in her invalid-chair. "Now I call that real neighborly. Tell the truth, I *was* feeling a mite down, seein' all the folks go by and not bein' able to get out even on Easter,—but this is real divertin'. My sakes!—that's made out of your old dimity, ain't it?"—she held up one of the flowered eggs—"and that gray with lilac sprays—you wore that one Easter—the Easter Seth Slocum was keepin' you company—"

"Yes," said Martha, hurriedly, "so I did;—it hasn't come off very well; we didn't use aniline dyes *those* days."

"I guess we didn't! I declare, you ain't changed so much—you're lookin' real young and like old times, Mary Martha," commented Mrs. Doyle, surveying the figure before her. "I guess lilac always was your color."

"I guess so," replied Miss Martha. "I haven't worn it much of late. Well, I must be runnin' along, but I mean to come round soon and see if you've remembered the rest of those egg-dyes."

"So do," said Mrs. Doyle, heartily. "You've given me a real Easter feelin', and I'm more'n obliged to you, Mary."

She used the old name unconsciously, but Miss Martha started at the unexpected sound. She walked down the village

street in a strange beatitude, expanding with every step in the spring sunshine. Her thoughts were far away, where the Past and the Future met; only when she came to the church, instead of "sneaking in," she walked serenely to the seat she had occupied so many years. The pulpit was abloom with lilacs from her own bush, and to Miss Martha's restored spirit the whole service seemed full of fragrance and wonder, peace and warmth and beauty. When the plate came round, she laid her envelope with its solitary dollar upon it with tranquil composure. She had almost let the plate go by, indeed, so absorbed was she in making another and larger offering. The minister, coming to thank her after the service, was struck with the expression of her face.

"Why, Miss Mary," he exclaimed, "you look as bright and happy as your own flowers,—and they were an inspiration and a joy."

"I'm pleased to hear it," said Miss Martha. "I don't know how I never came to think of it before—though it isn't every year they'd be in bloom for such an early Easter. As for me,—I'm *feeling* real well and bright—real alive, and I want you should cut me out a good lot of work to do in the parish this year."

"I'll come and talk it over," said the minister, cordially,—then something impelled him to add, with a smile at Mrs. Stebbins, standing near, "but, for that matter, you have the best of all advisers next door; Mrs. Stebbins can tell you more about good works in my parish than I can."

Mrs. Stebbins's sunny face, under the new red rose in her hat, blushed to its color with pleasure. "Well, you see," she responded, with a frank laugh, "there isn't much else I *can* offer, to speak of, *except* good works, so I have to try to make it up that way, somehow."

Miss Martha's eyes met hers with a swift, new intelligence and sympathy.

"That's just my case," she said. "I don't feel I'm going to be able to spare so much money in the future as I have in the past, and I want to make it up."

The minister smiled again.

"Well—I think you'll both find enough to do. Money is wanted badly enough, but, after all, there are always a good many more people ready to give a dollar

than to give themselves." He shook hands with them both and passed on.

The two women eyed each other furtively. There had never been much intimacy between them; the rock of Miss Martha's piety had forbidden.

"I'll come in," said Mrs. Stebbins, suddenly, "and talk things over right after supper, if you like."

"I'd be real pleased," said Miss Martha, in response, with a dizzy sense of vast opening social vistas. "If you're goin' home, I'll walk right along now," she added, boldly, and the two fell into step, side by side.

Magnitudes possessed Miss Martha's soul; she could not have spoken of her own volition.

"That's a real becomin' bonnet and wrap you're wearin'," said Mrs. Stebbins, after several side glances at details.

"I'm glad you like it," returned Miss Martha, serenely. She was listening to the singing of the birds, feeling the sun, wondering dumbly at the extraordinary beauty of this particular Easter.

"Every one was saying," continued Mrs. Stebbins, "how well you was lookin'; seems to me you've fleshed up quite a bit, haven't you, this spring?"

Fleshed up!—what a phrase for increase of the spirit! But Miss Martha answered imperturbably,

"I guess likely it's my bonnet; colors make a sight of difference."

They pursued their way, each thinking her own thoughts.

"I wonder how the c'lection turned out to-day?" observed Mrs. Stebbins, with mild interest. "It's a grief to me that I can't put more in; but, there, I just *can't*, and be fair to the folks at home. I s'pose you made your usual offerin'?" she added, casually and a trifle wistfully.

"No," said Miss Martha, "I didn't;—not just 's I've been accustomed. The fact is, I put most of mine into a personal offerin'—a case I knew about."

"You don't say!" responded Mrs. Stebbins, her gentle face wearing an animated yet considering look. "Well, I don't know but it's really the best and most Christian way, when you're *sure* of the case. I hope 'twas a real worthy subject," she added, with instinctive caution, not untouched by curiosity, "and a real needy one?"

They had come to Miss Martha's gate, and in Miss Martha's eyes, fixed on the lilac-bush, there was something approaching a twinkle—the promise of future harvests—as she answered gravely, after a barely perceptible hesitation,

"Well, she was *needy* enough,—and I guess she was as worthy as most."

She held out her hand as she said it, turning upon Mrs. Stebbins a face so serenely happy that Mrs. Stebbins instinctively exclaimed with the hand-clasp,

"Well, good-by, and I wish you a happy Easter, Miss Mary."

"That makes *three times*," thought Miss Martha, as she walked, illuminated, past the lilac-bush into the house.

The Deeper Vision

BY CONSTANCE JOHNSON

HOW small this earth must be, which cannot hold
Myself at peace together with my grief
Within its little limits,—nor enfold
My sorrow, bursting forth to seek relief.

And yet how great it is when it expands
Into a world of earth and heaven and spheres!
And that which was too small to hold my tears
Contains a God,—unites the eager hands
Of dead and living,—bridging space and years.

A Horse's Tale

BY MARK TWAIN

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Although I have had several opportunities to see a bull-fight, I have never seen one; but I needed a bull-fight in this book, and a trustworthy one will be found in it. I got it out of John Hay's *Castilian Days*, reducing and condensing it to fit the requirements of this small story. Mr. Hay and I were friends from early times, and if he were still with us he would not rebuke me for the liberty I have taken.

The knowledge of military minutiae exhibited in this book will be found to be correct, but it is not mine; I took it from *Army Regulations*, ed., 1904; *Hardy's Tactics—Cavalry*, revised ed., 1861; and *Fomini's Handbook of Military Etiquette*, West Point ed., 1905.

It would not be honest in me to encourage by silence the inference that I composed the Horse's private bugle-call, for I did not. I lifted it, as Aristotle says. It is the opening strain in *The Pizzicato in Sylvia*, by Delibes. When that master was composing it he did not know it was a bugle-call, it was I that found it out.

Along through the book I have distributed a few anachronisms and unborn historical incidents and such things, so as to help the tale over the difficult places. This idea is not original with me; I got it out of Herodotus. Herodotus says, 'Very few things happen at the right time, and the rest do not happen at all: the conscientious historian will correct these defects.'

The cats in the chair do not belong to me, but to another.

These are all the exceptions. What is left of the book is mine.

LONE TREE HILL, DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE, October, 1905.

MARK TWAIN.

PART II

VII

SOLDIER BOY AND SHEKELS

"DID you do as I told you? Did you look up the Mexican Plug?"

"Yes, I made his acquaintance before night and got his friendship."

"I liked him. Did you?"

"Not at first. He took me for a reptile, and it troubled me, because I didn't know whether it was a compliment or not. I couldn't ask him, because it would look ignorant. So I didn't say anything, and soon I liked him very well indeed. Was it a compliment, do you think?"

"Yes, that is what it was. They are very rare, the reptiles; very few left, nowadays."

"Is that so? What is a reptile?"

"It is a plantigrade circumflex vertebrate bacterium that hasn't any wings and is uncertain."

"Well, it—it sounds fine, it surely does."

"And it is fine. You may be thankful you are one."

"I am. It seems wonderfully grand and elegant for a person that is so humble as I am; but I am thankful, I am indeed, and will try to live up to it. It is hard to remember. Will you say it again, please, and say it slow?"

"Plantigrade circumflex vertebrate bacterium that hasn't any wings and is uncertain."

"It is beautiful, anybody must grant it; beautiful, and of a noble sound. I hope it will not make me proud and stuck-up—I should not like to be that. It is much more distinguished and honorable to be a reptile than a dog, don't you think, Soldier?"

"Why, there's no comparison. It is awfully aristocratic. Often a duke is

called a reptile; it is set down so, in history."

"Isn't that grand! Potter wouldn't ever associate with me, but I reckon he'll be glad to when he finds out what I am."

"You can depend upon it."

"I will thank Mongrel for this. He is a very good sort, for a Mexican Plug. Don't you think he is?"

"It is my opinion of him; and as for his birth, he cannot help that. We cannot all be reptiles, we cannot all be fossils; we have to take what comes, and be thankful it is no worse. It is the true philosophy."

"For those others?"

"Stick to the subject, please. Did it turn out that my suspicions were right?"

"Yes, perfectly right. Mongrel has heard them planning. They are after BB's life, for running them out of Medicine Bow and taking their stolen horses away from them."

"Well, they'll get him yet, for sure."

"Not if he keeps a sharp lookout."

"He keep a sharp lookout! He never does; he despises them, and all their kind. His life is always being threatened, and so it has come to be monotonous."

"Does he know they are here?"

"Oh yes, he knows it. He is always the earliest to know who comes and who goes. But he cares nothing for them and their threats; he only laughs when people warn him. They'll shoot him from behind a tree the first he knows. Did Mongrel tell you their plans?"

"Yes. They have found out that he starts for Fort Clayton day after tomorrow, with one of his scouts; so they will leave to-morrow, letting on to go south, but they will fetch around north all in good time."

"Shekels, I don't like the look of it."

VIII

THE SCOUT-START. BB AND LT.-GEN.

ALISON

BB (*saluting*). "Good! handsomely done! The Seventh couldn't beat it! You do certainly handle your Rangers like an expert, General. And where are you bound?"

"Four miles on the trail to Fort Clayton."

"Glad am I, dear! What's the idea of it?"

"Guard of honor for you and Thorndike."

"Bless—your—heart! I'd rather have it from you than from the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, you incomparable little soldier!—and I don't need to take any oath to that, for you to believe it."

"I *thought* you'd like it, BB."

"Like it? Well, I should say so! Now then—all ready—sound the advance, and away we go!"

IX

SOLDIER BOY AND SHEKELS AGAIN

"Well, this is the way it happened. We did the escort duty; then we came back and struck for the plain and put the Rangers through a rousing drill—oh, for hours! Then we sent them home under Brigadier-General Fanny Marsh; then the Lieutenant-General and I went off on a gallop over the plains for about three hours, and were lazying along home in the middle of the afternoon, when we met Jimmy Slade, the drummer boy, and he saluted and asked the Lieutenant-General if she had heard the news, and she said no, and he said:

"'Buffalo Bill has been ambushed and badly shot this side of Clayton, and Thorndike the scout, too; Bill couldn't travel, but Thorndike could, and he brought the news, and Sergeant Wilkes and six men of Company B are gone, two hours ago, hotfoot, to get Bill. And they say—'

"'Go!' she shouts to me—and I went."

"Fast?"

"Don't ask foolish questions. It was an awful pace. For four hours nothing happened, and not a word said, except that now and then she said, 'Keep it up,

Boy, keep it up, sweetheart; we'll save him!' I kept it up. Well, when the dark shut down, in the rugged hills, that poor little chap had been tearing around in the saddle all day, and I noticed by the slack knee-pressure that she was tired and tottery, and I got dreadfully afraid; but every time I tried to slow down and let her go to sleep, so I could stop, she hurried me up again; and so, sure enough, at last over she went!

"Ah, that was a fix to be in! for she lay there and didn't stir, and what was I to do? I couldn't leave her to fetch help, on account of the wolves. There was nothing to do but stand by. It was dreadful. I was afraid she was killed, poor little thing! But she wasn't. She came to, by and by, and said, 'Kiss me, Soldier,' and those were blessed words. I kissed her—often; I am used to that, and we like it. But she didn't get up, and I was worried. She fondled my nose with her hand, and talked to me, and called me endearing names—which is her way—but she caressed with the same hand all the time. The other arm was broken, you see, but I didn't know it, and she didn't mention it. She didn't want to distress me, you know.

"Soon the big gray wolves came, and hung around, and you could hear them snarl, and snap at each other, but you couldn't see anything of them except their eyes, which shone in the dark like sparks and stars. The Lieutenant-General said, 'If I had the Rocky Mountain Rangers here, we would make those creatures climb a tree.' Then she made believe that the Rangers were in hearing, and put up her bugle and blew the 'assembly'; and then, 'boots and saddles'; then the 'trot'; 'gallop'; 'charge!' Then she blew the 'retreat,' and said, 'That's for you, you rebels; the Rangers don't ever retreat!'

"The music frightened them away, but they were hungry, and kept coming back. And of course they got bolder and bolder, which is their way. It went on for an hour, then the tired child went to sleep, and it was pitiful to hear her moan and nestle, and I couldn't do anything for her. All the time I was laying for the wolves. They are in my line; I have had experience. At last the boldest one ventured within my lines,



Drawn by Lucius W Hitchcock

THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT STAND BY

and I landed him among his friends with some of his skull still on him, and they did the rest. In the next hour I got a couple more, and they went the way of the first one, down the throats of the detachment. That satisfied the survivors, and they went away and left us in peace.

"We hadn't any more adventures, though I kept awake all night and was ready. From midnight on the child got very restless, and out of her head, and moaned, and said, 'Water, water—thirsty'; and now and then, 'Kiss me, Soldier'; and sometimes she was in her fort and giving orders to her garrison; and once she was in Spain, and thought her mother was with her. People say a horse can't cry; but they don't know, because we cry inside.

"It was an hour after sunup that I heard the boys coming, and recognized the hoof-beats of Pomp and Cæsar and Jerry, old mates of mine; and a welcomer sound there couldn't ever be. Buffalo Bill was in a horse-litter, with his leg broken by a bullet, and Mongrel and Blake Haskins's horse were doing the work. Buffalo Bill and Thorndike had killed both of those toughs.

"When they got to us, and Buffalo Bill saw the child lying there so white, he said, 'My God!' and the sound of his voice brought her to herself, and she gave a little cry of pleasure and struggled to get up, but couldn't, and the soldiers gathered her up like the tenderest women, and their eyes were wet and they were not ashamed, when they saw her arm dangling; and so were Buffalo Bill's, and when they laid her in his arms he said, 'My darling, how does this come?' and she said, 'We came to save you, but I was tired, and couldn't keep awake, and fell off and hurt myself, and couldn't get on again.' 'You came to save me, you dear little rat? It was too lovely of you!' 'Yes, and Soldier stood by me, which you know he would, and protected me from the wolves; and if he got a chance he kicked the life out of some of them—for you know he would, BB.' The sergeant said, 'He laid out three of them, sir, and here's the bones to show for it.' 'He's a grand horse,' said BB; 'he's the grandest horse that ever was! and has saved your life, Lieutenant-

General Alison, and shall protect it the rest of his life—he's yours for a kiss!' He got it, along with a passion of delight, and he said, 'You are feeling better now, little Spaniard—do you think you could blow the advance?' She put up the bugle to do it, but he said wait a minute first. Then he and the sergeant set her arm and put it in splints, she wincing but not whimpering; then we took up the march for home, and that's the end of the tale; and I'm her horse. Isn't she a brick, Shekels?"

"Brick? She's more than a brick, more than a thousand bricks—she's a reptile!"

"It's a compliment out of your heart, Shekels. God bless you for it!"

X

GENERAL ALISON AND DORCAS

"Too much company for her, Marse Tom. Betwixt you, and Shekels, and the Colonel's wife, and the Cid—"

"The Cid? Oh, I remember—the raven."

"—and Mrs. Captain Marsh and Famine and Pestilence the baby *coyotes*, and Sour-Mash and her pups, and Sardanapalus and her kittens—hang these names she gives the creatures, they warp my jaw—and Potter: you-all sitting around in the house, and Soldier Boy at the window the entire time, it's a wonder to me she comes along as well as she does. She—"

"You want her all to yourself, you stingy old thing!"

"Marse Tom, you know better. It's too much company. And then the idea of her receiving reports all the time from her officers, and acting upon them, and giving orders, the same as if she was well! It ain't good for her, and the surgeon don't like it, and tried to persuade her not to and couldn't; and when he *ordered* her, she was that outraged and indignant, and was very severe on him, and accused him of insubordination, and said it didn't become him to give orders to an officer of her rank. Well, he saw he had excited her more and done more harm than all the rest put together, so he was vexed at himself and wished he had kept still. Doctors *don't* know much, and that's a fact. She's too much inter-

ested in things—she ought to rest more. She's all the time sending messages to BB, and to soldiers and Injuns and what-not, and to the animals."

"To the animals?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who carries them?"

"Sometimes Potter, but mostly it's Shekels."

"Now come! who can find fault with such pretty make-believe as that?"

"But it ain't make-believe, Marse Tom. She does send them."

"Yes, I don't doubt that part of it."

"Do you doubt they get them, sir?"

"Certainly. Don't you?"

"No, sir. Animals talk to each other. I know it perfectly well, Marse Tom, and I ain't saying it by guess."

"What a curious superstition!"

"It ain't a superstition, Marse Tom. Look at that Shekels—look at him, *now*. Is he listening, or ain't he? *Now* you see! he's turned his head away. It's because he was caught—caught in the act. I'll ask you—could a Christian look any more ashamed than what he looks now?—*lay down!* You see? he was going to sneak out. Don't tell *me*, Marse Tom! If animals don't talk, I miss *my* guess. And Shekels is the worst. He goes and tells the animals everything that happens in the officers' quarters; and if he's short of facts, he invents them. He hasn't any more principle than a blue jay; and as for morals, he's empty. Look at him now; look at him grovel. He knows what I am saying, and he knows it's the truth. You see, yourself, that he can feel shame; it's the only virtue he's got. It's wonderful how they find out everything that's going on—the animals. They—"

"Do you really believe they do, Dorcas?"

"I don't only just believe it, Marse Tom, I know it. Day before yesterday they knew something was going to happen. They were that excited, and whispering around together; why, anybody could see that they— But my! I must get back to her, and I haven't got to my errand yet."

"What is it, Dorcas?"

"Well, it's two or three things. One is, the doctor don't salute when he comes . . . Now, Marse Tom, it ain't anything to laugh at, and so—"

"Well, then, forgive me; I didn't mean to laugh—I got caught unprepared."

"You see, she don't want to hurt the doctor's feelings, so she don't say anything to him about it; but she is always polite, herself, and it hurts that kind for people to be rude to them."

"I'll have that doctor hanged."

"Marse Tom, she don't *want* him hanged. She—"

"Well, then, I'll have him boiled in oil."

"But she don't *want* him boiled. I—"

"Oh, very well, very well, I only want to please her; I'll have him skinned."

"Why, *she* don't want him skinned; it would break her heart. Now—"

"Woman, this is perfectly unreasonable. What in the nation *does* she want?"

"Marse Tom, if you would only be a little patient, and not fly off the handle at the least little thing. Why, she only wants you to speak to him."

"Speak to him! Well, upon my word! All this unseemly rage and row about such a—a— Dorcas, I never saw you carry on like this before. You have alarmed the sentry; he thinks I am being assassinated; he thinks there's a mutiny, a revolt, an insurrection; he—"

"Marse Tom, you are just putting on; you know it perfectly well; I don't know what makes you act like that—but you always did, even when you was little, and you can't get over it, I reckon. Are you over it now, Marse Tom?"

"Oh, well, yes; but it would try anybody to be doing the best he could, offering every kindness he could think of, only to have it rejected with contumely and . . . Oh, well, let it go; it's no matter—I'll talk to the doctor. Is that satisfactory, or are you going to break out again?"

"Yes, sir, it is; and it's only right to talk to him, too, because it's just as she says; she's trying to keep up discipline in the Rangers, and this insubordination of his is a bad example for them—now ain't it so, Marse Tom?"

"Well, there *is* reason in it, I can't deny it; so I will speak to him, though at bottom I think hanging would be more lasting. What is the rest of your errand, Dorcas?"

"Of course her room is Ranger headquarters now, Marse Tom, while she's

sick. Well, soldiers of the cavalry and the dragoons that are off duty come and get her sentries to let them relieve them and serve in their place. It's only out of affection, sir, and because they know military honors please her, and please the children too, for her sake; and they don't bring their muskets; and so—"

"I've noticed them there, but didn't twig the idea. They are standing guard, are they?"

"Yes, sir, and she is afraid you will reprove them and hurt their feelings, if you see them there; so she begs, if—if you don't mind coming in the back way—"

"Bear me up, Dorcas; don't let me faint."

"There—sit up and behave, Marse Tom. You are not going to faint; you are only pretending—you used to act just so when you was little; it does seem a long time for you to get grown up."

"Dorcas, the way the child is progressing, I shall be out of my job before long—she'll have the whole post in her hands. I must make a stand, I must not go down without a struggle. These encroachments . . . Dorcas, what do you think she will think of next?"

"Marse Tom, she don't mean any harm."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, Marse Tom."

"You feel sure she has no ulterior designs?"

"I don't know what that is, Marse Tom, but I know she hasn't."

"Very well, then, for the present I am satisfied. What else have you come about?"

"I reckon I better tell you the whole thing first, Marse Tom, then tell you what she wants. There's been an emute, as she calls it. It was before she got back with BB. The officer of the day reported it to her this morning. It happened at her fort. There was a fuss betwixt Major-General Tommy Drake and Lieutenant-Colonel Agnes Frisbie, and he snatched her doll away, which is made of white kid stuffed with sawdust, and tore every rag of its clothes off, right before them all, and is under arrest, and the charge is conduct un—"

"Yes, I know—conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman—a plain case,

too, it seems to me. This is a serious matter. Well, what is her pleasure?"

"Well, Marse Tom, she has summoned a court martial, but the doctor don't think she is well enough to preside over it, and she says there ain't anybody competent but her, because there's a major-general concerned; and so she—she—well, she says, would you preside over it for her? . . . Marse Tom, *sit up!* You ain't any more going to faint than Shekels is."

"Look here, Dorcas, go along back, and be tactful. Be persuasive; don't fret her; tell her it's all right, the matter is in my hands, but it isn't good form to hurry so grave a matter as this. Explain to her that we have to go by precedents, and that I believe this one to be new. In fact, you can say I know that nothing just like it has happened in our army, therefore I must be guided by European precedents, and must go cautiously and examine them carefully. Tell her not to be impatient, it will take me several days, but it will all come out right, and I will come over and report progress as I go along. Do you get the idea, Dorcas?"

"I don't know as I do, sir."

"Well, it's this. You see, it won't ever do for me, a Brigadier in the regular army, to preside over that infant court martial—there isn't any precedent for it, don't you see. Very well. I will go on examining authorities and reporting progress until she is well enough to get me out of this scrape by presiding herself. Do you get it now?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I get it, and it's good, I'll go and fix it with her. *Lay down!* and stay where you are."

"Why, what harm is he doing?"

"Oh, it ain't any harm, but it just vexes me to see him act so."

"What was he doing?"

"Can't you see, and him in such a sweat? He was starting out to spread it all over the post. *Now* I reckon you won't deny, any more, that they go and tell everything they hear, now that you've seen it with yo' own eyes."

"Well, I don't like to acknowledge it, Dorcas, but I don't see how I can consistently stick to my doubts in the face of such overwhelming proof as this dog is furnishing."

"There, now, you've got in yo' right mind at last! I wonder you can be so stubborn, Marse Tom. But you always was, even when you was little. I'm going now."

"Look here; tell her that in view of the delay, it is my judgment that she ought to enlarge the accused on his parole."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell her. Marse Tom?"

"Well?"

"She can't get to Soldier Boy, and he stands there all the time, down in the mouth and lonesome; and she says, will you shake hands with him and comfort him? Everybody does."

"It's a curious kind of lonesomeness; but, all right, I will."

XI

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER. ANTONIO AND
THORNDIKE

"Thorndike, isn't that Plug you're riding an asset of the scrap you and Buffalo Bill had with the late Blake Haskins and his pal a few months back?"

"Yes, this is Mongrel—and not a half-bad horse, either."

"I've noticed he keeps up his lick first rate. Say—isn't it a gaudy morning?"

"Right you are!"

"Thorndike, it's Andalusian! and when that's said, all's said."

"Andalusian *and* Oregonian, Antonio! Put it that way, and you have my vote. Being a native up there, I know. You being Andalusian-born—"

"Can speak with authority for that patch of paradise? Well, I can. Like the Don! like Sancho! This is the correct Andalusian dawn now—crisp, fresh, dewy, fragrant, pungent—"

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"

—*git* up, you old cow! stumbling like that when we've just been praising you! out on a scout and can't live up to the honor any better than that? Antonio, how long have you been out here in the Plains and the Rockies?"

"More than thirteen years."

"It's a long time. Don't you ever get homesick?"

"Not till now."

"Why *now*?—after such a long cure."

"These preparations of the retiring commandant's have started it up."

"Of course. It's natural."

"It keeps me thinking about Spain. I know the region where the Seventh's child's aunt lives; I know all the lovely country for miles around; I'll bet I've seen her aunt's villa many a time; I'll bet I've been in it in those pleasant old times when I was a Spanish gentleman."

"They say the child is wild to see Spain."

"It's so; I know it from what I hear."

"Haven't you talked with her about it?"

"No. I've avoided it. I should soon be as wild as she is. That would not be comfortable."

"I wish I was going, Antonio. There's two things I'd give a lot to see. One's a railroad."

"She'll see one when she strikes Missouri."

"The other's a bull-fight."

"I've seen lots of them; I wish I could see another."

"I don't know anything about it, except in a mixed-up, foggy way, Antonio, but I know enough to know it's grand sport."

"The grandest in the world! There's no other sport that begins with it. I'll tell you what I've seen, then you can judge. It was my first, and it's as vivid to me now as it was when I saw it. It was a Sunday afternoon, and beautiful weather, and my uncle, the priest, took me as a reward for being a good boy and because of my own accord and without anybody asking me I had bankrupted my savings-box and given the money to a mission that was civilizing the Chinese and sweetening their lives and softening their hearts with the gentle teachings of our religion, and I wish you could have seen what we saw that day, Thorndike."

"The amphitheatre was packed, from the bull-ring to the highest row—twelve thousand people in one circling mass, one slanting, solid mass—royalties, nobles, clergy, ladies, gentlemen, state officials, generals, admirals, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, thieves, merchants, brokers, cooks, housemaids, scullery-maids, doubtful women, dudes, gamblers, beggars, loafers, tramps, American ladies, gentlemen, preachers, English ladies, gentlemen,

preachers, German ditto, French ditto, and so on and so on, all the world represented: Spaniards to admire and praise, foreigners to enjoy and go home and find fault—there they were, one solid, slanting, circling sweep of rippling and flashing color under the downpour of the summer sun—just a garden, a gaudy, gorgeous flower-garden! Children munching oranges, six thousand fans fluttering and glimmering, everybody happy, everybody chatting gayly with their intimates, lovely girl faces smiling recognition and salutation to other lovely girl faces, gray old ladies and gentlemen dealing in the like exchanges with each other—ah, such a picture of cheery contentment and glad anticipation! not a mean spirit, nor a sordid soul, nor a sad heart there—ah, Thorndike, I wish I could see it again.

“Suddenly, the martial note of a bugle cleaves the hum and murmur—clear the ring!

“They clear it. The great gate is flung open, and the procession marches in, splendidly costumed and glittering: the marshals of the day, then the picadores on horseback, then the matadores on foot, each surrounded by his quadrille of *chulos*. They march to the box of the city fathers, and formally salute. The key is thrown, the bull-gate is unlocked. Another bugle blast—the gate flies open, the bull plunges in, furious, trembling, blinking in the blinding light, and stands there, a magnificent creature, centre of those multitudinous and admiring eyes, brave, ready for battle, his attitude a challenge. He sees his enemy: horsemen sitting motionless, with long spears in rest, upon blindfolded broken-down nags, lean and starved, fit only for sport and sacrifice, then the carrion-heap.

“The bull makes a rush, with murder in his eye, but a picador meets him with a spear-thrust in the shoulder. He flinches with the pain, and the picador skips out of danger. A burst of applause for the picador, hisses for the bull. Some shout ‘Cow!’ at the bull, and call him offensive names. But he is not listening to them, he is there for business; he is not minding the cloak-bearers that come fluttering around to confuse him; he chases this way, he chases that way, and hither and yon, scattering the nim-

ble banderillos in every direction like a spray, and receiving their maddening darts in his neck as they dodge and fly—oh, but it’s a lively spectacle, and brings down the house! Ah, you should hear the thundering roar that goes up when the game is at its wildest and brilliant things are done!

“Oh, that first bull, that day, was great! From the moment the spirit of war rose to flood tide in him and he got down to his work, he began to do wonders. He tore his way through his persecutors, flinging one of them clear over the parapet; he bowled a horse and his rider down, and plunged straight for the next, got home with his horse, wounding both horse and man; on again, here and there and this way and that; and one after another he tore the bowels out of two horses so that they gushed to the ground, and ripped a third one so badly that although they rushed him to cover and shoved his bowels back and stuffed the rents with tow and rode him against the bull again, he couldn’t make the trip; he tried to gallop, under the spur, but soon reeled and tottered and fell, all in a heap. For a while, that bull-ring was the most thrilling and glorious and inspiring sight that ever was seen. The bull absolutely cleared it, and stood there alone! monarch of the place. The people went mad for pride in him, and joy and delight, and you couldn’t hear yourself think, for the roar and boom and crash of applause.”

“Antonio, it carries me clear out of myself just to hear you tell it; it must have been perfectly splendid. If I live, I’ll see a bull-fight yet before I die. Did they kill him?”

“Oh, yes; that is what the bull is for. They tired him out, and got him at last. He kept rushing the matador, who always slipped smartly and gracefully aside in time, waiting for a sure chance; and at last it came: the bull made a deadly plunge for him—was avoided neatly, and as he sped by, the long sword glided silently into him, between left shoulder and spine—in and in, to the hilt. He crumpled down, dying.”

“Ah, Antonio, it is the noblest sport that ever was. I would give a year of my life to see it. Is the bull always killed?”

"Yes. Sometimes a bull is timid, finding himself in so strange a place, and he stands trembling, or tries to retreat. Then everybody despises him for his cowardice and wants him punished and made ridiculous; so they hough him from behind, and it is the funniest thing in the world to see him hobbling around on his severed legs; the whole vast house goes into hurricanes of laughter over it; I have laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks to see it. When he has furnished all the sport he can, he is not any longer useful, and is killed."

"Well, it is perfectly grand, Antonio, perfectly beautiful. Burning a nigger don't begin."

XII

MONGREL AND THE OTHER HORSE

"Sage-Brush, you have been listening?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it strange?"

"Well, no, Mongrel, I don't know that it is."

"Why don't you?"

"I've seen a good many human beings in my time. They are created as they are; they cannot help it. They are only brutal because that is their make; brutes would be brutal if it was *their* make."

"To me, Sage-Brush, man is most strange and unaccountable. Why should he treat dumb animals that way when they are not doing any harm?"

"Man is not always like that, Mongrel; he is kind enough when he is not excited by religion."

"Is the bull-fight a religious service?"

"I think so. I have heard so. It is held on Sunday."

(*A reflective pause, lasting some moments.*) Then:

"When we die, Sage-Brush, do we go to heaven and dwell with man?"

"My father thought not. He believed we do not have to go there unless we deserve it."

PART II

IN SPAIN

XIII

GENERAL ALISON TO HIS MOTHER

.... It was a prodigious trip, but delightful, of course, through the Rockies

and the Black Hills and the mighty sweep of the Great Plains to civilization and the Missouri border—where the rail-roading began and the delightfulness ended. But no one is the worse for the journey; certainly not Cathy, nor Dorcas nor Soldier Boy; and as for me, I am not complaining.

Spain is all that Cathy had pictured it—and more, she says. She is in a fury of delight, the maddest little animal that ever was, and all for joy. She thinks she remembers Spain, but that is not very likely, I suppose. The two—Mercedes and Cathy—devour each other. It is a rapture of love, and beautiful to see. It is Spanish; that describes it. Will this be a short visit?

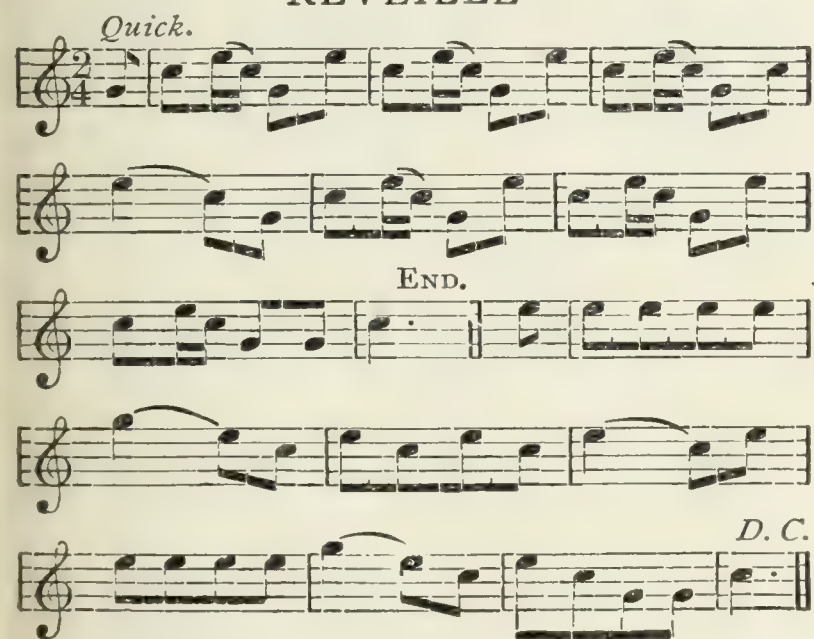
No. It will be permanent. Cathy has elected to abide with Spain and her aunt. Dorcas says she (Dorcas) foresaw that this would happen; and also says that she wanted it to happen, and says the child's own country is the right place for her, and that she ought not to have been sent to me, I ought to have gone to her. I thought it insane to take Soldier Boy to Spain, but it was well that I yielded to Cathy's pleadings; if he had been left behind, half of her heart would have remained with him, and she would not have been contented. As it is, everything has fallen out for the best, and we are all satisfied and comfortable. It may be that Dorcas and I will see America again some day; but also it is a case of maybe not.

We left the post in the early morning. It was an affecting time. The women cried over Cathy, so did even those stern warriors the Rocky Mountain Rangers; Shekels was there, and the Cid, and Sardanapalus, and Potter, and Mongrel, and Sour-Mash, Famine, and Pestilence, and Cathy kissed them all and wept; details of the several arms of the garrison were present to represent the rest, and say good-by and God bless you for all the soldiery; and there was a special squad from the Seventh, with the oldest veteran at its head, to speed the Seventh's Child with grand honors and impressive ceremonies; and the veteran had a touching speech by heart, and put up his hand in salute and tried to say it, but his lips trembled and his voice broke, but Cathy bent down from the saddle and kissed him on the

mouth and turned his defeat to victory, and a cheer went up.

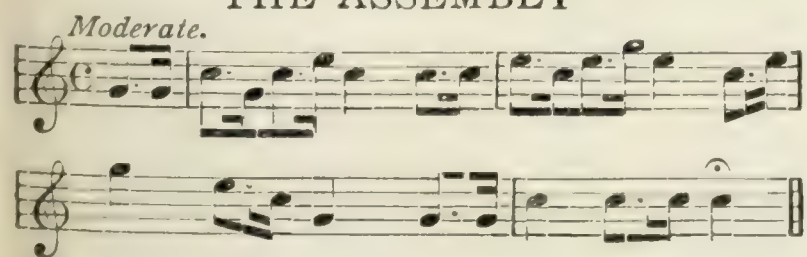
The next act closed the ceremonies, and was a moving surprise. It may be that you have discovered, before this, that the rigors of military law and custom melt insensibly away and disappear when a soldier or a regiment or the garrison wants to do something that will please Cathy. The bands conceived the idea of stirring her soldierly heart with a farewell which would remain in her memory always, beautiful and unfading, and bring back the past and its love for her whenever she should think of it; so they got their project placed before General Burnaby, my successor, who is Cathy's newest slave, and in spite of poverty of precedents they got his permission. The bands knew the child's favorite military airs. By this hint you know what is coming, but Cathy didn't. She was asked to sound the "reveille," which she did.

REVEILLE



With the last note the bands burst out with a crash! and woke the mountains with the "Star-Spangled Banner" in a way to make a body's heart swell and thump and his hair rise! It was enough to break a person all up, to see Cathy's radiant face shining out through her gladness and tears. By request she blew the assembly, now. . . .

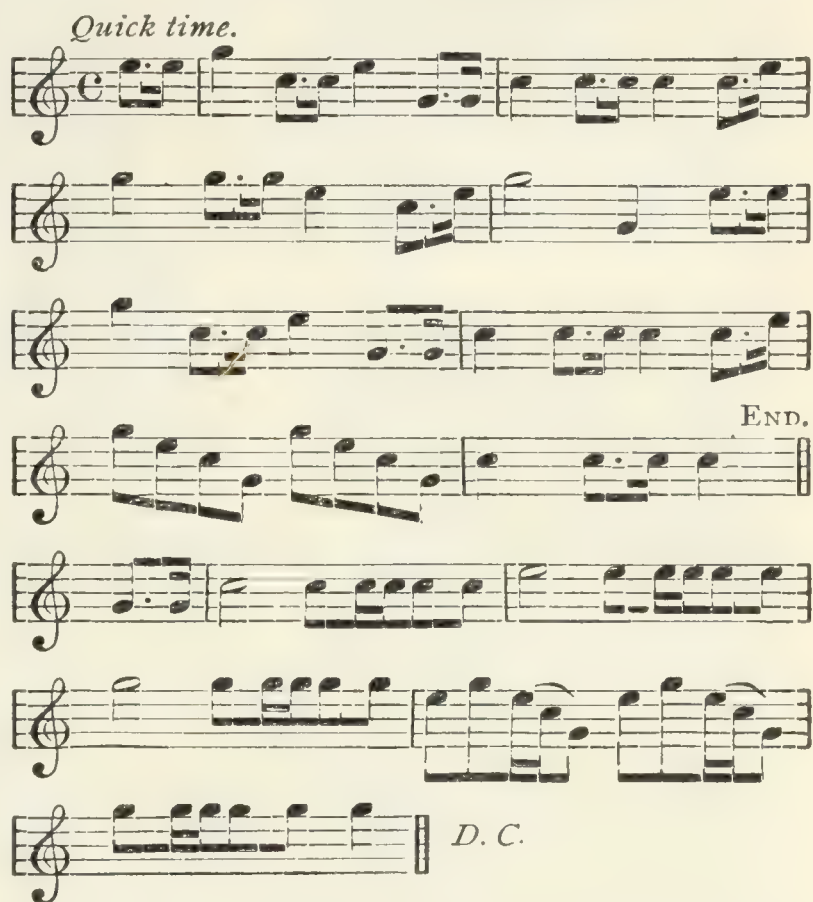
THE ASSEMBLY



. . . . Then the bands thundered in, with "Rally round the flag, boys, rally

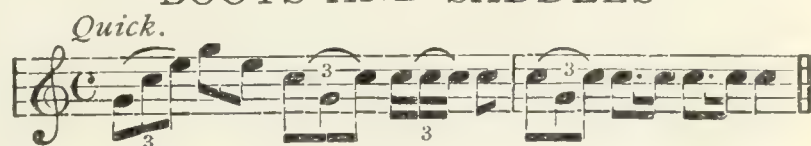
once again!" Next, she blew another call ("to the Standard")

TO THE STANDARD



. . . . and the bands responded with "When we were marching through Georgia." Straightway she sounded "boots and saddles," that thrilling and most expediting call. . . .

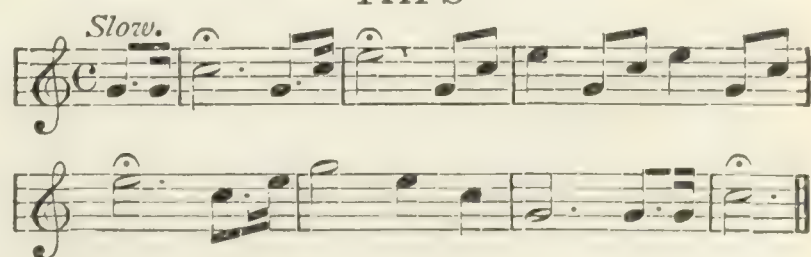
BOOTS AND SADDLES



. . . . and the bands could hardly hold in for the final note; then they turned their whole strength loose on "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and everybody's excitement rose to blood-heat.

Now an impressive pause—then the bugle sang "TAPS"—translatable, this time, into "Good-by, and God keep us all!" for taps is the soldier's nightly release from duty, and farewell: plaintive, sweet, pathetic, for the morning is never sure, for him; always it is possible that he is hearing it for the last time. . . .

TAPS



. . . . Then the bands turned their instruments towards Cathy and burst in

with that rollicking frenzy of a tune, "Oh, we'll all get blind drunk when Johnny comes marching home—yes, we'll all get blind drunk when Johnny comes marching home!" and followed it instantly with "Dixie," that antidote for melancholy, merriest and gladdest of all military music on any side of the ocean—and that was the end. And so—farewell!

I wish you could have been there to see it all, hear it all, and feel it! and get yourself blown away with the hurricane huzza that swept the place as a finish.

When we rode away, our main body had already been on the road an hour or two—I speak of our camp equipage; but we didn't move off alone: when Cathy blew the "advance" the Rangers cantered out in column of fours, and gave us escort, and were joined by White Cloud and Thunder-Bird in all their gaudy bravery, and by Buffalo Bill and four subordinate scouts. Three miles away, in the Plains, the Lieutenant-General halted, sat her horse like a military statue, the bugle at her lips, and put the Rangers through the evolutions for half an hour; and finally, when she blew the "charge," she led it herself. "Not for the last time," she said, and got a cheer, and we said good-by all around, and faced eastward and rode away.

Postscript. A Day Later. Soldier Boy was stolen last night. Cathy is almost beside herself, and we cannot comfort her. Mercedes and I are not much alarmed about the horse, although this part of Spain is in something of a turmoil, politically, at present, and there is a good deal of lawlessness. In ordinary times the thief and the horse would soon be captured. We shall have them before long, I think.

XIV

SOLDIER BOY—TO HIMSELF

It is five months. Or is it six? My troubles have clouded my memory. I think I have been all over this land, from end to end, and now I am back again since day before yesterday, to that city which we passed through, that last day of our long journey, and which is near her country home. I am a tottering ruin and my eyes are dim, but I rec-

ognized it. If she could see me she would know me and sound my call. I wish I could hear it once more; it would revive me, it would bring back her face and the mountains and the free life, and I would come—if I were dying I would come! She would not know *me*, looking as I do, but she would know me by my star. But she will never see me, for they do not let me out of this shabby stable—a most foul and miserable place, with two wrecks like myself for company.

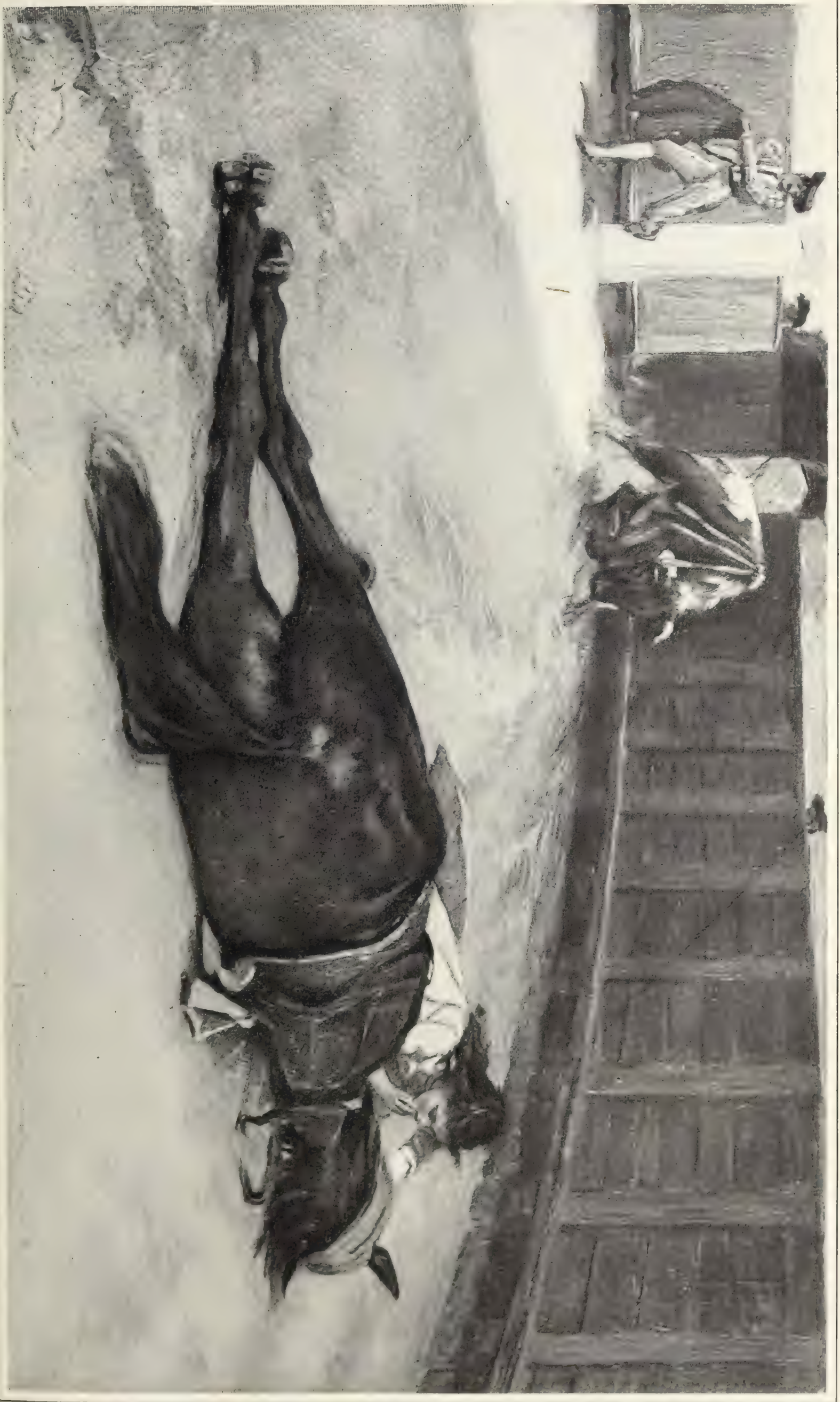
How many times have I changed hands? I think it is twelve times—I cannot remember; and each time it was down a step lower, and each time I got a harder master. They have been cruel, every one; they have worked me night and day in degraded employments, and beaten me; they have fed me ill, and some days not at all. And so I am but bones, now, with a rough and frowsy skin humped and cornered upon my shrunken body—that skin which was once so glossy, that skin which she loved to stroke with her hand. I was the pride of the mountains and the Great Plains; now I am a scarecrow and despised. These piteous wrecks that are my comrades here say we have reached the bottom of the scale, the final humiliation; they say that when a horse is no longer worth the weeds and discarded rubbish they feed to him, they sell him to the bull-ring for a glass of brandy, to make sport for the people and perish for their pleasure.

To die—that does not disturb me; we of the service never care for death. But if I could see her once more! if I could hear her bugle sing again and say, "It is I, Soldier—come!"

XV

GENERAL ALISON TO MRS. DRAKE, THE COLONEL'S WIFE

. . . To return, now, to where I was, and tell you the rest. We shall never know how she came to be there; there is no way to account for it. She was always watching for black and shiny and spirited horses—watching, hoping, despairing, hoping again; always giving chase and sounding her call, upon the meagrest chance of a response, and breaking her heart over the disappoint-



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

HIS STRENGTH FAILED AND HE FELL AT HER FEET

ment; always inquiring, always interested in sales-stables and horse accumulations in general. How she got there must remain a mystery.

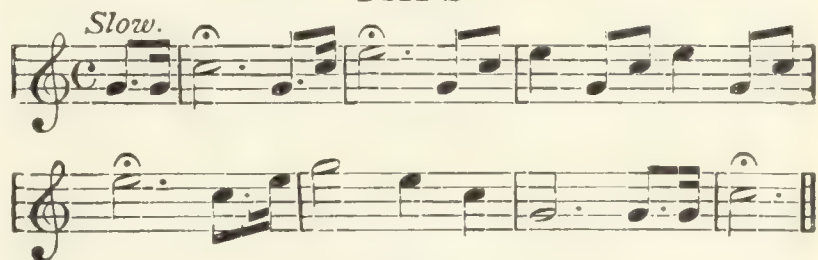
At the point which I had reached in a preceding paragraph of this account, the situation was as follows: two horses lay dying; the bull had scattered his persecutors for the moment, and stood raging, panting, pawing the dust in clouds over his back, when the man that had been wounded returned to the ring on a remount, a poor blindfolded wreck that yet had something ironically military about his bearing—and the next moment the bull had ripped him open and his bowels were dragging upon the ground and the bull was charging his swarm of pests again. Then came pealing through the air a bugle-call that froze my blood—"It is I, Soldier—come!" I turned; Cathy was flying down through the massed people; she cleared the parapet at a bound, and sped toward that riderless horse, who staggered forward toward the remembered sound; but his strength failed, and he fell at her feet, she lavishing kisses upon him and sobbing, the house rising with one impulse, and white with horror! Before help could reach her the bull was back again—

She was never conscious again in life. We bore her home, all mangled and drenched in blood, and knelt by her and listened to her broken and wandering words, and prayed for her passing spirit,

and there was no comfort—nor ever will be, I think. But she was happy, for she was far away under another sky, and comrading again with her Rangers, and her animal friends, and the soldiers. Their names fell softly and caressingly from her lips, one by one, with pauses between. She was not in pain, but lay with closed eyes, vacantly murmuring, as one who dreams. Sometimes she smiled, saying nothing; sometimes she smiled when she uttered a name—such as Shekels, or BB, or Potter. Sometimes she was at her fort, issuing commands; sometimes she was careering over the plain at the head of her men; sometimes she was training her horse; once she said, reprovingly, "You are giving me the wrong foot; give me the left—don't you know it is good-by?"

After this, she lay silent some time; the end was near. By and by she murmured, "Tired . . . sleepy . . . take Cathy, mamma." Then, "Kiss me, Soldier." For a little time she lay so still that we were doubtful if she breathed. Then she put out her hand and began to feel wandringly about; then said, "I cannot find it; blow 'taps.'"* It was the end.

TAPS



* "Lights out."



Kentish Neighborhoods, Including Canterbury

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE day we went to Dover we passed by a corner of the pier to see the landing of the passengers from the Calais boat, and to gloat upon what the misery of their passage had left of them; but before we could reach the dock they had found shelter in their special train for London. It used to be one of the chief amusements of the visitors at Folkestone to witness such dishevelled debarkations at their own piers, and we had promised ourselves the daily excitement of the spectacle; but the hour of the boat's arrival had been changed so as to coincide with our lunch hour, and we pretended that it would have been indelicate to indulge ourselves with the sight, when really it was merely inconvenient. All the sharper, then, was our disappointment at Dover, where our exploration of the old castle did not fully console us for it, or for the dulness of Dover itself, which looks its history as little as any famous town I know. It lies, smutched with smoke, along the shore, and it is as commonplace as some worthy town of our own which has grown to its effect in as many decades as Dover has taken centuries.

The difference in favor of Dover is that when at last you get outside of it, you are upon the same circle of downs that backs Folkestone, and on the top of one of them you are overawed by the very noble castle, which too few people, who know the place as the landing of the Calais boat, ever think of. Up and steeply up we mounted, with a mounting sense of never getting there; but at last, after passing red-coated soldiers stalking upward, and red-cheeked children stooping downward to pick the wayside flowers, hardily blowing in the keen sea wind, we reached the mighty fortress and waited in a courtyard till

we were many enough to be herded through it by a warder of a jocosity which I have not known elsewhere in England. He had a joke for the mimic men in armor which had to be constantly painted to keep the damp off; for the thickness of the walls; for the lantern that brings a faint glimmer, a third way down the unfathomable castle well; for the disparity between our multitude and the French father and daughter whom he had shown through just before us. At different points he would begin, "I always say, 'ere," and then pronounce some habitual pleasantry. He called our notice to a crusader effigy's tall two-handed sword, and invited us to enjoy his custom of calling it "'is toothpick."

All would not do. We kept sternly or densely silent; so far from laughing, not one of us smiled. In the small chamber which served as the bedroom of Charles I. and Charles II. on their visit to the castle, he showed the narrow alcove where the couch of these kings had once lurked, and then looked round at us and sighed deeply, as for some one to say that it was rather like a coal-cellar. In England, one does not make merry even with bygone royalty; it is as if the unwritten law which renders it bad form to speak with slight of any member of the reigning family were retroactive, and forbade trifling with the family it has displaced. I knew the warder was aching to joke at the expense of that alcove, and I ached in sympathy with him, but we both remained respectfully serious. His herd received all his humorous comment with a dulness, or a heartlessness. I do not know which, such as I have never seen equalled, in so much that, coming out last, I pressed a shy sixpence into his palm with the bated explanation, "That's for the jokes," and his sad face

lighted up with a joy that I hope was for the appreciation and not for the sixpence.

At no season does Folkestone cease to be charming, if not in itself, then out of itself. A line of omnibuses as well as a line of public automobiles runs to the delightful old village of Hythe, which was one of the Cinque Ports, finally seven and not five in number; Sandgate, which is on the way, has only one of the Coast Castles which Henry VIII. built. Hythe itself is mainly a single street of low houses, with larger ones, old mansions and new villas, on the modest heights back of its sea-level, where the sea is skirted by a horse-car track. The chief object of interest at Hythe, besides the human interest, is the ancient church. It is of the usual mixture of Norman and Gothic characteristic of old English churches, and it has the peculiar merit of a collection of six hundred skulls, which, with some cords of thigh and arm bones, well-nigh fill the crypt. They are not decoratively arranged, as in the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, but are squarely piled up, and packed on shelves. The surliest of vergers ventures no fable such as you would be very willing to pay for, and you are left to account for them as you can, by battle, by plague, by the slow accumulation of the dead in unremembered graves long robbed of their tenants.

The churchyard was half surrounded by humble houses of many dates, and we came down by one of the streets beside it to the main thoroughfare of Hythe at the moment two little girls were daring fate at the hands of the local half-wit, who was tottering after them, with his rickety arms and legs flung abroad as he ran, in his laughter at their mocking. It was a scene proper to village life anywhere, but what made us localize it in the American villages we knew was coming suddenly on the low wooden cottage which stood flush upon the sidewalk, quite in the manner of wooden cottages of quite the same pattern familiar to our summer sojourn in New England towns. It might have stood, just as it was, except for its mouldering and moss-grown roof of tiles, on some back street of Salem or Newburyport or Ports-

mouth, New Hampshire; yet it seemed there in Hythe by equal authority with any of the new or old brick cottages. There are, in fact, many wooden houses, both old and new, in Hythe; and in the window of the little pastry-shop at Hythe where we got some excellent tea, there were certain objects on a lavish platter whose identity we, with wildly beating hearts, scarcely ventured to establish, but, "What are these?" we finally asked.

"*Doughnuts*," the answer came, and we could not gasp out the question:

"But where are the baked beans, the fish-balls?"

We might well have expected them to rise like an exhalation from the floor, and greet us with the solemn declaration, "We are no more American than you are, with your English language, which you go round with, here, disappointing people by not even speaking it through your nose. We and you are of the same immemorial Anglo-Saxon tradition; we are at home on either shore of the sea; and we shall attest the unity of the race's civilization in all the ages to come."

Hythe was once the home of smuggling, and there is still a little ale-house which poetically, pathetically, remembers the happy past by its sign of "Smuggler's Retreat." It is said that there was formerly smuggling pretty much along the whole coast, and there is a heartrending story of charred bales of silk, found in a farmhouse chimney, long after they were hidden there, where the hearth fires of many years had done their worst with them. It grieves the spirit still to think of the young hearts which those silks, timely and fitly worn, would have gladdened or captivated. But Hythe could hardly ever, even in the palmiest days of smuggling, have been a haunt of fashion, though the police station, in the long, rambling street, had apparently once been an assembly-room, if one might trust the glimpses caught, from the top of one's charabanc, of the interiors of rooms far statelier than suit the simple needs or tastes of modern crime.

I do not know why my thought should linger with special fondness in Hythe, for all the region far and near was dense with equal allurements. Famous and

hallowed Canterbury itself was only an hour or so away, and yet we kept going day after day to Hythe for no better reason, perhaps, than that the charabanc ran accessibly by the corner of our lodgings in Folkestone, while it required a special effort of the will to call a fly and drive to the station and thence take the train for a city whose origin, in the local imagination at least, is prehistoric, and was undeniably a capital of the ancient Britons. The generous ignorance in which I finally approached was not so ample as to include association with Chaucer's Pilgrims, or the fact that Canterbury is the seat of the primate of all England; and it distinctly faltered before extending itself to the tragic circumstances of Thomas à Becket's murder. Otherwise it was most comprehensive, and I suppose that few travellers have perused the pages of Baedeker relating to the place with more surprise. The manual which one buys in all places is for retrospective enjoyment and identification of their objects of interest, and my "Canterbury Official Guide to the Cathedral Church, and Handbook of the City" could do no more than agreeably supplement, long afterwards, the prompt information of the indefatigable German.

The day which chose us for our run up from Folkestone was a heavenly fourth of May, when the flowers had pretty well all come up to reassure the birds of spring. There were not only cowslips and primroses in their convertible yellow, but violets visible if not recognizable along the railway sides, and the cherry-trees which so abound in Kent were putting on their clouds of bridal white and standing in festive array between the expanses of the hop-fields, in a sort of shining expectation. At first you think there cannot be more of anything than of the cherry-trees in Kent, which last so long in their beauteous bloom, that for week after week you will find them full-flower, with scarcely a fallen petal. But by and by you perceive that there are more hop-vines than even cherry-trees in Kent; and that trained first to climb their slender poles, and then to feel their way along the wires crossing everywhere from the tops of these till the whole landscape is netted in, they are

there in an insurpassable plenitude. As yet, on our fourth of May, however, the hops, in mere hint of their ultimate prevalence, were only beginning to curl about their poles just out of the ground, while the cherry-trees were there as if drifted by a blizzard of bloom. Here and there a pear-tree trained against a sunny wall attempted a rivalry self-doomed to failure; but the yellow furze gilded the embankments and the backward-flying plain with its honied flowers, already beginning to be neighbored by purple expanses of wild hyacinth. What, in the heart of all this blossoming, was the great cathedral itself, when we came in sight of it, but a vast efflorescence of the age of faith, mystically beautiful in form, and gray as some pale exhalation from the mould of the ever-cloistered, the deeply reforested past?

Canterbury Cathedral, however, though it is so distinctive, and is the chief of the sacred edifices which have in all Christian times incomparably enriched the place, might be lost from it and be less missed than from any other town of cathedral dignity. Without it Canterbury would still be worthy of all wonder, but with it, what shall one say? There is St Martin's, there is St. Mildred's, there is St. Alphege's, there is the Monastery of St. Augustine, there is St. Stephen's, there is St. John's Hospital, and I know not what other pious edifices to remember the Roman and Saxon and Norman and English men, who, if they did not build better than they knew, built beautifuler than we can. But of course the cathedral towers above them all in the sky and thought, and I hope no reader of mine will make our mistake of immuring himself in a general omnibus for the rather long drive to the sacred fane from the station. A fly fully open to the sun, and creeping as slowly as a fly can when hired by the hour, is the true means of arrival in the sacred vicinity. With this you may absorb every particular of the picturesque course over the winding road, across the bridge under which the Stour rushes (one marvels whither, in such haste), overhung with the wheels of busy mills and the balconies of idle dwellings, in air reeking of tanneries, and so into the city by streets narrowing and widening at



HYTHE IS MAINLY A SINGLE STREET

their own caprice, with little regard to the convenience of the shops. These seem rather to thicken about the precincts of the cathedral, where among those just without is a tiny restaurant which thinks itself almost a part of the church, and where some very gentlemanly young women will serve you an excellent warm lunch in a room of such medieval proportion and decoration that you can hardly refuse to believe yourself a pilgrim out of Chaucer. If the main dish of the lunch is lamb from the flocks which you saw trying to whiten the meadows all the way from Folkestone, and destined to greater success as the season advances, the poetic propriety of the feast will be the more perfect. After you have refreshed yourself you may sally out into the Mercery Lane whither the pilgrims used to resort for

their occasions of shopping, and where the ruder sort kept up "the noise of their singing, with the sound of their piping, and the jingling of their Canterbury bells," which they made in all the towns they passed through on their devout errand. They were in Canterbury, according to good William Thorpe, who paid for his opinions by suffering a charge of heresy in 1405, "more for the health of their bodies than their souls. . . . And if these men and women be a month in their pilgrimage, many of them shall be an half year after great janglers, tale-tellers, and liars. They have with them both men and women that sing well wanton songs." But what of that, the archbishop before whom Thorpe was tried effectively demanded. "When one of them that goeth barefoot striketh his foot against a stone . . . and maketh



THE ANCIENT CHURCH AT HYTHE

him to bleed, it is well done that he or his fellow beginneth then a song . . . for to drive away with such mirth the hurt of his fellow. For with such solace the travel and weariness of pilgrims is lightly and merrily brought forth."

Nevertheless, in spite of this archiepiscopal reasoning, the pilgrims seem to be largely a godless crew whom, if my reader has come in their company to Canterbury, he will do better to avoid while there, and betake himself at once to the cathedral when he has had his luncheon. It is easily of such interest, historical and architectural, that he may spend in it not only all that is left him of his fourth of May, but many and many days of other months before he has exhausted it. The interest will rather exhaust him if he forms one of that troop of twentieth-century pilgrims who are led sheeplike through the edifice under the rod of the verger. We fell to a somewhat

severe verger, though the whole verger tribe is severe, for that matter, and were snubbed if we ventured out of the strict order of our instruction at the shrine where Thomas à Becket, become a saint by his passive participation in the act, was murdered. One lady who trespassed upon the bounds pointed out as worn in the stone by the knees of more pious pilgrims, in former ages, was bidden peremptorily "Step back," and complied in a confusion that took the mind from the arrogant churchman slain by the knights acting upon their king's passionate suspiration, "Is there no one to deliver me from this turbulent priest?"

Perhaps it was not the verger alone that at Canterbury caused the vital spirits to sink so low. There was also the sense of hopelessness with which one recalled a few shadowy details of the mighty story of the church, including, as it does, almost everything of civility

and art in the successive centuries which have passed, eight of them, since it began to be the prodigious pile it is. St. Thomas, who, since he was so promptly canonized, must be allowed a saint in everything but meekness, is the prime presence that haunts the thought of the visitor, and yet it is no bad second if the French Protestant refugees, whom Elizabeth allowed to hold their services in the crypt, and who lived where they worshipped in their exile, possess it next; the Black Prince's armor and effigy are not in it, with these. The crypt is no longer their dwelling-place, but their rites (I suppose Calvinistic) are still solemnized there; and who knows but if the savage Puritans, who imagined they were abolishing episcopacy when they were destroying beauty, had been a little less barbarous they might not now enter third among the associations of the cathedral? We cannot doubt the sincerity of their self-righteousness, and there is a fine thrill in the story of how they demolished "the great idolatrous window standing on the left hand as you go up into the choir," if you take it in the language of the minister Richard Culmer, luridly known to neighboring men as "Blue Dick." He himself bore a leading part in the vandalism, being moved by especial zeal to the work, not only because "in that window were seven large pictures of the Virgin Mary, in seven large glorious appearances," but because "their prime cathedral saint, Archbishop Becket, was most rarely pictured in that window, in full proportion, with cope, rochet, crozier, and his pontificalibus. . . . A minister," the godly Blue Dick tells us, modestly forbearing to name himself, "was on top of the city ladder, near sixty steps high, with a whole pike in his hand, rattling down proud Becket's glassy bones, when others present would not venture so high."

Of course, of course, it is all abominable enough, but it is not contemptible. The Puritans were not doing this sort of thing for fun, though undoubtedly they got fun out of it. They believed truly they were serving God in the work, and they cannot be left out of any count that sums up the facts making the English churches so potent upon the imagination. These churches were of a pow-

erful hold upon my age than those that charmed my youth in Italy, because they bore witness not only to the grand political changes in the life about them, but also to the succession of religious events. The order of an unbroken Catholicism is not of so rich a picturesqueness or so vital an importance as the break from the Roman Church, and then the break from the English Church, the first protestantism obeying the king's will and the second the people's conscience. Each was effected with ruinous violence, but ruin for ruin, that wrought by Henry VIII. is of twice the quantity and quality of that wrought by the zealots of the Commonwealth. When they tell you in these beautiful old places that Cromwell did so and so to devastate or desecrate them, you naturally, if you are a true American, and inherit in spirit the Commonwealth, take shame to yourself for brave Oliver; but you need not be in such haste. There was a Thomas Cromwell, who failed to "put away ambition," when bidden by the dying Wolsey, and who served his king rather better than his God; and it was this Cromwell far more than Oliver Cromwell who spoiled the religious houses and the churches. A hundred years before the righteous Blue Dick "rattled down proud Becket's glassy bones," there were royal commissioners who rattled out the same martyr's real bones, and profaned his tomb in such wise that one cannot now satisfy the piety which drew the pilgrims in such multitude to his knee-worn shrine. It is to be said for the first Cromwell and his instruments, who were not too good to stable their horses in a church here and there, like the Puritan troopers who bettered their instruction, that they would forbear their conscientious violence if the churchmen would pay enough, whereas no bribe could stay the hands of such followers of the second Cromwell as Blue Dick when once they lifted their hands against "cathedral saints."

We revered whatever was venerable in the cathedral, and then came rather wearily out and sat down to rest on a friendly bench commanding a view of as much of the edifice as the eye can take in at a glance. That was much more than the pen could tell in a chapter, and I will

only generalize the effect as such rich repose for soul and body as I should not know where else to find again. We sat there in a moment of positive sunshine, which poured itself from certain blue spaces in a firmament of soft white clouds. The towers and pinnacles of the mighty bulk, which was yet too beautiful to seem big, soared among the tender forms, the English sky is so low and the church was so high; and in and out of the coigns and crevices of its Norman, and early English, and Gothic, the rooks doing duty as pigeons, disappeared and appeared again. Naturally, there were workmen doing something to the roofs and towers, but as if their scaffolding was also Norman, and Gothic, and early English, it did not hurt the harmony of the architecture. When we could endure no more of the loveliness, we rose, and went about peering among the noble ruin of the cathedral cloisters, the work of the first Cromwell who tried to fear

God in honoring the king, not the second Cromwell, who tried to honor God without fearing the king.

These are somehow more appealing than the ruins of St. Augustine's monastery, which is still a school for missionaries in its habitable parts. He began to build it while King Ethelbert yet mourned, in his conversion, for his Christian Queen Bertha, but it was a thousand years growing to the grandeur which Henry VIII. spared and appropriated, and in which it remained to be the sojourn of all the sovereigns visiting Canterbury from his time till that of Charles II. It is not clear how it fell into its present dignified dilapidation, through the hands to which it was granted from age to age; but it could not be a more sightly or reverently kept monument. The missionary school is like some vigorous growth clothing with new sap the flank of a mouldering trunk long since dead. It is interesting, it is most estimable;



THE MILITARY CANAL, HYTHE.

it tenderly preserves and uses such portions of the ancient monastery as it may; but the spirit turns willingly from it, and goes and hangs over some shoulder of orchard wall, and gloats upon the picturesqueness of broken, sky-spanning arches, ivied from their pillar bases to the tops of their mutilated spandrels.

It was here, I think, that one first saw that curious flintwork which so abounds in the parts of Kent: the cloven pebbles of black-rimmed white set in walls of such pitiless obduracy that the sense bruises itself against them, and comes away bleeding. The monks who wove these curtains of checkered masonry, what an adamantine patience they must have had! But the labor was the least part of their bleak life, which was well put an end to, soon after it was corrupted into something tolerable by the vices attributed to them. Vicious they could not have been in the measure that the not over-virtuous destroyers of their monasteries pretended, and I think that amidst the ruins of their houses one may always rather fitly offer their memory the oblation of a pitying tear. I am not sure whether it was before or after we had visited the still older scene of St. Augustine's missionary effort at the church of St. Martin, that I paid some such tribute to his successors at the monastery; but the main thing is to have visited St. Martin's at any time. It is so old as to have forgotten not only its founders, who are dimly conjectured to have been some Christian soldiers of the Roman garrison in about the year 187, but also the name of its first tutelary

saint, for St. Martin was not yet born when St. Martin's was built. He died about 395, and his fame crossed over from France with the good Bertha, when



OLD HOUSES BY THE RIVER, CANTERBURY

she came to wed the heathen King Ethelbert, of whose heathenism, with St. Augustine's help, she made such short and thorough work that after her death he became a Christian himself, and after his own death a saint. She dedicated the little Roman church to St. Martin, and she lies buried in a recess of the wall beside the chancel. The vergers who showed us her stone coffin in its nook said, with a seeking glance from the corner of his eye: "This is where she is

supposed to be buried. They say she is buried in two other places, but I think, as there is nothing to prove it, they might as well let her rest here."

He was probably right, and he was of a subacid saturnine humor which suited so well with the fabulous atmosphere of the place, or else with our momentary mood, that we voted him upon the whole the most sympathetic sexton we had yet known. He made, doubtless not for the first time, demurely merry with the brass of a gentleman interred beneath the chancel, who, being the father of three sons and ten daughters, was recorded to have had "many joys and some cares," and with the monumental stone of a patriarch who had died at a hundred and of whom he conjectured grimly that if he had not so many joys as his neighbor, he had fewer cares, since he had never married. If the jokes were the standard drolleries purveyed to all travellers, we yet imputed from them a more habitual

humor to the English race than Americans are willing to give it credit for. I still fancy something national in his comment on the seven doors, now all but one walled up in the side of the church: Roman, and Saxon, and Norman doors, which formed a pretty fair allowance of exit from a place not much more than thirty feet long, even if one of the Saxon doors was appropriated to the Evil One for his sole use in retreating when hard pressed by the sermon within. I believe, or I wish to believe, that our verger's caustic wit spared that sad memorial of past suffering and sorrow which one comes upon again and again in the old English churches, and which was called the Lepers' Squint in days when the word had no savor of mocking, and meant merely the chance of the outcasts to see the worship which their affliction would not suffer them to share.

It would be a pity to seem in any sort wanting in a sense of the solemnity of



IN THE NORMAN CRYPT, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, CANTERBURY

that pathetic temple, so old, so little, so significant of the history of the faith and race. The tasteful piety which is so universal in England, and is of such constant effect of godliness in an age not otherwise much vowed to it, keeps the revered place within and without in perfect repair; and I hope it is not too fantastic to suppose it in tacit sympathy with any stranger who lingers in the churchyard, and stays and stays for the beautiful prospect of Canterbury from its height. We drove through some streets of old houses stooped and shrunken with age, to that dotting monument of the past which calls itself the Dane John, having forgotten just what its right name is. The immemorial mound, fifty feet high, which now forms the main feature of a pretty public garden, is fabled to be the monstrous barrow of those slain in a

battle between the Danes and Saxons, but it need not be just that to "tease us out of thought" of our times; for wars are still as rife as in its own century, and dead men's bones can still be heaped skyward on the bloody fields. Some sixty or seventy years ago a public-spirited citizen of Canterbury planned and planted the pleasaunce one may now enjoy there, if one will leave one's carriage at the gate and stroll through it. Half of our little party preferred resting in the fly, seeing which a public-spirited citizeness came and protested against the self-denial with much entreaty. This unknown lady, hospitable and kindly soul, we afterwards fancied tardily fulfilling a duty to the giver of the garden which other ladies earlier spurned, if we may trust a local writer to whose monograph I owe more than I should

at Lyminge, two miles away, whither we decided to walk. The main object of interest at Eelham was an old Tudor manor-house, which we had not quite the courage, or perhaps the desire, to ask to see except from the outside. The perspective from the sidewalk through the open doorway included a lady on a step-ladder papering the entry wall, and presently another lady, her elder, going indoors from the garden, who was not averse to saying that there was plenty of room in the house, but it was much out of repair. We inferred that we were not conversing with the manorial family; when we asked how far it was to Lyminge, this old lady made it a half-mile more than the miller; and probably the disrepair of the mansion was partly subjective.

The road to Lyminge was longer than it was broad, though its measure was in keeping with an island where the roads cannot be of our continental width. It opened to a sky smaller than ours, but from which there fell a pleasant sunshine with bird-singing in it; and there was room enough on the borders of the lane for more wild flowers than often grow by our waysides. When the envious hedges suffered us a glimpse of them we saw gentle fields on either hand, and men at work in their furrows. From time to time we met bicyclers of both sexes, and from time to time people in dog-carts. Once we met a man with a farm-cart, who seemed willing, though dull, when we asked our way. "Turn to left just inside the windmill," he directed us; and by keeping outside of the mill, on a height beyond, we got to Lyminge.

I am sorry to report of the pastry-shop there that we had with our tea the only rancid butter offered us in England, and that in a country where the bread is always heavy and damp, it was here a little heavier and damper than elsewhere. But we were at Lyminge not for the pastry-shop, but the church, and that did not disappoint us, even to the foundation of the Roman edifice which is kept partly exposed beside it. The actual church is very Norman, and it is of that chilly charm which all Norman churches are of when the English spring afternoon begins to wane. From the tower down through the dim air dangled long

bell-ropes bound with red stuff where the ringers seized them; and we heard, or seem now to have heard, that there had lately been a bell-ringing contest among them which must have stirred Lyminge to its centre. The day of our visit was market-day, and there had been cattle sales which left traces of unwonted excitement in the quiet streets, and almost thronged the bleak little station with the frequenters of the fair. One of these was of a type which I imagine is alien to the elder country life. The young man who embodied it was so full of himself, and of his day's affairs, for which he was appropriately costumed in high boots and riding-breeches, that he overflowed in confidences to the American stranger. He told what cattle he had bought and what sold, and he estimated his gains at a figure which I hope was not too handsome. In return he invited the experience of the stranger whom he brevetted a cattle-dealer of perhaps a more old-fashioned kind, but whose errand at Lyminge on market-day was doubtless the same as his own. It was mortifying not to be able to comply, but my thoughts were still busy with the somewhat ghostly personage whom we had found deciphering an inscription on a stone in the churchyard, and whose weirdness was heightened by an impediment in his speech. He was very kind in helping us out in our mild curiosity, and I hope he has felt that brace in the change of air to Lyminge from Folkestone which he offered as a reason for his being where we met him. But he liked Lyminge, he said, and if one does not care much for the movements of great cities there may be worse places than the churchyard of Lyminge, where we left him in the waning light, gently pushing, not scraping, the moss from

—the lay

Graved on a stone beneath the aged thorn.

If the reader thinks we were too easily satisfied with the events of our excursion, he can hardly deny that the children and their mothers or aunts or governesses getting into the trains at the little country stations, with their hands full of wild flowers, and eyes bluer than their violets, were more than we had a right to. When at one of those stations a young man,

with county family writ large upon his face and person and raiment, escaped from a lady who talked him into the train, and then almost talked him out of it before it could start, we felt our cup run over. We instantly dramatized, out of our superabundant English fiction, the familiar situation of the pushing and the pushed which is always repeating itself; and in the lady's fawning persistence, and his solid, stolid resistance we had a moment of the sort of social comedy which should provoke tears rather than smiles. But the pushed always yield to the pushing in the end. This adamant aristocrat, if such he was, was ultimately to be as putty between the fingers of the parvenue, if such she was, and since she was middle-aged enough to be the mother of a marriageable daughter we foresaw her ultimately giving him her child with tears of triumph.

Travel is obliged to make up these little romances, or else it is apt to feel that it has had no genteel experiences, since it necessarily moves on the surfaces and edges of life. I was glad of any chance of the sort, and even of the humbler sort of thing which offered itself more explicitly, such as the acquaintance of a milkman and a retired exciseman, with whom I found myself walking outside of the pretty town of Rye on a May morning of sunny rain. At the entrance of a hop-field, where there was a footpath inviting our steps across lots, the milkman eliminated himself with his cans and left us with the fact that hop-raising was not everything to the farmer that could be wished, and that if, after all his expenses, he could clear up a pound an acre at the end of the season, he was lucky. Up to that moment our discourse had been commonplace and businesslike, but now it became sociological, it became metaphysical, it became spiritual, as befitted the conversation of a Scotchman and an American. The Englishman had been civil and been kind; he was intelligent enough in the range of his experiences; but he was not so vividly all there as the Scotch body, who eagerly inquired of the state of Presbyterianism among us. He did not push the question as to my own religious persuasion, but I met nowhere any Briton so generally in-

terested in us. In the feeling promoted by this interest of his, we united in our good opinion of his actual sovereign, whom it was fit, as a pensioner who had been "for-r-ty years in his Majesty's sar-r-vice," he should praise as "a good-natured gentleman." As for the late queen he had no terms to measure his affection and reverence for her. I do not know now by what circuit we had reached these topics from the Scriptural subjects with which we started, or how it was he came to express the strong sense he had of the Saviour's civility to the woman of Samaria, as something that should be "a lesson to our gentry" in kindly behavior to the poor.

Wherever he now is, I hope my friendly Scot is well, and I am sure he is happy. Our weather included, from the time we met till we parted after crossing the wide salt marsh stretching between Rye and the sea, every vicissitude of sun and rain, with once a little hail; but I remember only an unclouded sky, which I think was his personal firmament. I left him at the little house of the daughter whom he said he was visiting, outside the only town gate that remains to Rye from its medieval fortifications. There is a small parade, or promenade, at a certain point near by, fenced with peaceful guns, from which one may overlook all that wide level stretching to the sea—with a long gash of ship channel and boats tilted by the ebb on its muddy shores—and carrying the eye to the houses and vessels of the port. Rye itself was once much more impressively the port, but the sea left it long and long ago, standing like the bold headland it was, and still must look like when the fog washes in about its feet. It is an endearing little town, one of hundreds (I had almost said thousands) in England, with every comfort in the compass of its cozy streets; with a church, old, old, but not too dotingly Norman, and a lane opening from it to the door of a certain house where one might almost live on the entrancing perspective of its tower and its graveyard trees. A damp blind beggar on a stone, who was never dry in his life, and was, of course, a mere mass of rheumatic aches and pains, is a feature common to so many perspectives in England that it need not be dwelt upon. What is pre-

cious about Rye is that with its great charm it does not insist upon being dramatically different from those hundreds or thousands of other lovely old towns. It keeps its history to itself, and I would no more invite the reader to intrude upon its past than I would ask him to join me in invading the private affairs of any English gentleman. A few people who know its charm come down from London for the summer months; but there is a reasonable hope that it will never be newer or other than it is. I myself would not have it changed in the least particular.

I should like to go there May after May as long as the world stands, and hang upon the parapet of the small parade and look dreamfully seaward over the prairielike level, and presently find myself joined by a weak-eyed, weak-voiced elder who draws my attention to the blossoming hawthorns beside us. One is white and one is pink, and between them is a third of pinkish white. He wishes to know if it is because the bees have inoculated it, and being of the mild make he is, he rather asks than asserts, "They do inockerlate 'em, sir?"

In Passage

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

ON, on, to the North! How our chartless flight
Beats up on the streaming gale!
Not a wing shall stoop from our headlong troop
Till the boreal seas unveil.

The North! The North!
For we seek the verge of the bounding surge
Where a mist-wound cliff looms pale.

By the storm's steep path we fling our course
Where the wrack whirls torn and spent;
And our long wings comb the azured dome
Of the wide earth's firmament.

The North! The North!
'Tis the ultimate peak of the world we seek
Where the sea-mists pitch their tent.

We have passed the night's tall ranks of stars
And its half-moon pale with sleep;
And we saw the morn when the sun was born
Blood-red from the womb of the deep.

The North! The North!
And the lagging wind is far behind
With the sails that nod and creep.

Oh the keen desire that thrills our wings
And hurls us day and night
To that dreaming land where the pale mists stand
At guard on the bare cliff's height!

The North! The North!
There's an ache in the breast for the peak and the nest
At the end of our sky-girt flight.

A Tragedy in the Tree-Top

BY JENNIE BROOKS

"Oh, they listened, looked, and waited."
—WHITTIER.

STORIES not only lie around loose for the "pickin'" among human-kind, but offer themselves to us from beneath the rose branches, for there are the cardinals and the catbirds; from the honeysuckle-vines, where madame of the butterfly wings locates her lichen-covered home; even from the dark recesses of a chimney, where the graceful swift rears her young; and from the tips of swaying elm branches, where the oriole nests; from cozy nooks in orchard trees, nests of the robins and the warblers—everywhere there are constant marvellous happenings among the birds.

Judge for yourself of a single robin's nest beneath my window, not long ago, and see if the whole of life's love and life's tragedy lay not within the tiny circlet of a wisp of grass.

First came the courtship of these prospective home-makers; then consultations as to where that home should be located, the pair finally concluding, after picking over last year's nest, to build in a new place, high on the wind-sheltered side of a splendid young maple. Her material the female bird found beneath the osage hedge. The foundation and the lining were of the usual mud, which she carried to the nest on her gray wings and ruddy breast. Once on the nest, she forced the wet clay to take shape by pressing it firmly down with her breast, and so cunningly lined the hollow that when we examined it later it seemed to have been smoothly turned on a potter's wheel. She wove no rags in among her material, but crowned the completed nest with a circlet of ragged strips of white cotton cloth that I tore up and tossed to her, piling it up fully two inches above the nest proper. As the rags were not a necessary complement to the nest, her idea in using them must have been purely decorative. The nest when finished pre-

sented the appearance of a little brown bowl made of twigs, grasses, and clay, with a wide rim of soft white rags woven about and about and dripping down in pendants, and into this downy place the robin settled herself, her back deeply curved, with head and tail sharply elevated by this unprecedentedly high rim.

She had been sitting on her eggs for a week, when, thinking to tempt a second robin to make a home near her, I ordered a ducky to remove from the lowest crotch of a pear-tree the remnants of the already once rejected nest. Being called suddenly away, I left the ducky to do his work, and, on my return, found he had with great difficulty climbed the maple-tree, driven off the brooding mother-bird, and rudely torn from its fastness the new nest, her hard-built home.

There it was, tossed on a pile of grass cuttings, two blue eggs broken in its depths, and the sides of the nest crushed—a pitiful wreck of lovely hopes and artistic skill. The two birds were frantic, and had they been jays, would probably have picked out the big rolling eyes of the marauder; but, being robins, only flew about, distressfully chirping. At my railing that stupid ducky nodded and grinned appreciatively: "Yaas, 'um! Yaas, um! Fo' de Lawd's sake, did I git de wrong one? Dem birds sho' act pow'ful upsot!"

For many years the robins had nested safely among these trees, and there was now no remedy but to take down the older nest, leaving thereby more chances for rebuilding. Hoping against hope that the new nest might yet be repaired and used again by the birds, it was placed low down in a peach-tree, though this seemed adding insult to injury. For two days the robins hopped about in the grass in seeming bewilderment, stopping under the peach-tree and staring up at the nest with puzzled eyes. For long minutes

they stood considering, often gazing up at the old place in the maple, as if the whole affair was quite beyond their comprehension. But they did not touch the damaged nest, preferring finally to begin a second home in the campus opposite. When this nest was well under way, they seemed unaccountably dissatisfied, and coming back to our lawn, tried establishing a home in another maple-tree. This, too, proved unsatisfactory, the birds going about it half-heartedly, finally concluding this would not do either, and they came at last to the pear-tree closely adjacent to the first maple. Here they very warily made their nest.

All went well until the young birds were hatched. At that time a stray Maltese cat attached herself to the household, and though, in fear for our tenants, we tried to drive her away, stay she would and did. Just at dusk on a Sabbath evening the friend of all the birds, sitting at her window, saw the Maltese stealing softly—oh, so softly!—over the grass to the foot of the tree which sheltered the little home. That meant mischief, and the dear old lady of this “Thrums window” looking into Birdland could not stand it, and, though not too strong, she hied herself to the door, and seizing what came handy, and what proved to be a flowering plant called “Patience,” cast it, pot and all, at the would-be robber. Too late! The cat was up the tree in a flash and standing directly over the nest, the old birds flying about trying to drive her down. Into the wood-shed then hasted this valiant friend, her willing but slow-moving feet on an errand of mercy bent—mercy and murder. Reinforcing herself with a clothes-prop, she dragged it to the garden and, with undreamed-of strength, lifted it, and with a mighty whack brought down the reluctant pussy. Here ended her accomplishments, for the “Thrums” lady could not climb a tree, and when I returned home it was too dark to investigate. In the early morning my “farmer girl” and I raised a ladder and peeped into the nest. There was one half-feathered nestling in it, with its head hanging limply over the edge of the nest—quite dead. At the foot of the tree lay a tiny fluttering robin, the second occupant of the nest.

He was gasping for breath, and had evidently lain in the wet grass all night. The latter we returned to the nest, hoping the parents would care for it, which they did. They came to it, looked at it carefully, and then flew off for provender. When, returning, the mother bird held the tempting morsel of worm down to the little bird, the nestling made no response, but lay still as if in extremity of life. The mother gazed questioningly, then gently laid the worm down beside the helpless infant, as though she thought it possible the little one might be able to reach it in that way, as this strange condition was beyond her understanding. After waiting a few moments to see the result, during which time the fledgling lay as before, gasping for breath, away went the robin a second time, and securing another worm, offered it as she had the former. This also elicited no response, and again she laid the worm beside the youngster, then took up the first one she had brought and threw it out of the nest. Then, standing on the rim of the nest, she watched intently for any movement on the part of the occupant, at times calling to it with a coaxing chirrup. Then her mate came and they talked things over, perching in different parts of the tree and tilting away down to see if anything transpired below. When, finally, they seemed to realize the little one could not or would not eat, the female flew to the nest and carried away the remaining worm, and they both forsook the youngster. All the morning the slowly dying bird was alone, the old robins evidently considering it a hopeless case. At noon the “farmer girl” carrying a tin can holding a few choice earthworms, climbed the tree, and lifting the head of the little bird, forced open its mouth and dropped therein a piece of “angleworm.” In this wise a number of them were forced down the reluctant throat, and, trusting to the old birds to carry on the good work, we left the tiny one in the nest. But come again they did not, and by night the little bird was dead.

On the second morning after, the parent birds were again in the tree. The mother bird, arriving first, stood on the edge of the nest, and after long con-

templation, flew away, returning shortly with her mate. The old birds studied the nest and its contents with almost human intelligence. It was precisely as if one looked, then questioned her mate, and the other, looking also, assured her by a shake of the head that this inscrutable mystery of death was quite past his understanding. For a long time they stood gazing into the nest in a worried way, then departed, returning and departing several times, until, with sudden alertness, they dropped to the ground, as if finally they had decided upon a course of action—upon what absolutely must be done. Busily and quickly they plucked at the cut and dried sweet-smelling hay, selecting the smallest, most pliable grasses.

They mean to build again, we thought. What indomitable pluck! But if they meant to build, it was on the very top of the old nest with its pitiful occupant, for to it they carried their building material and worked steadily all morning, and as quietly as mice. Not a chirp, not a note we heard until the work was apparently done, then they flew away, cheerily trilling as if life yet had something left for them. The following day they came not at all; if the nest was ready, they were not ready to occupy. Neither the next day came they, nor the next,—not even into the garden anywhere, and we again investigated, this time bringing the nest to the ground. To our utter astonishment, no bird was to be seen. Had they carried away the little one? Let us see. Here is the nest with its clayey foundation, its sides of sticks and straws and rags, and on the top is a closely packed mass of delicate grasses, with a few more sticks. Not a hollow, as a nest moulded into shape by a soft, feathery breast, but evenly, compactly pressed down, the grasses

woven around and about the top of the nest, completely covering the rags until the whole was tightly enclosed. The cup-shaped hollow was full—full and running over with a soft mass of hay and dry clover blooms laid firmly. Let us take out a little at a time, as this marvel in bird architecture lies before us on the moss-covered flagging. Very daintily we lift a little of the grass, a little more—nothing yet; more and still more, until we approach the mud-lined bottom of the nest. What is this which now mixes with the grasses as we lift it out?

Feathers, small blue quills, bones, all that is left of a tiny, tiny body shrunken, but decently covered and safely buried out of sight. Until we reached this point in our investigations, there was not the slightest indication of the nest's contents; showing how completely the robins had done their work and almost hermetically sealed the door of this aerial tomb.

That the old birds meant it for a finality, and not as a foundation for a new nest, was conclusively shown by the form of the covering, by its light material, and by their complete desertion of the nest after the work was done. They had used no mud, a few sticks, nothing to give stability, only what would make a thick covering. Whether in despair and simply to cover from sight what was so painful to them, or whether from motives of cleanliness this curious act was performed, who can say? After all, the old legend of the "Babes in the Wood," where

The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves and over them
spread,

may be historical, for never before have I heard of such a burial among our "little brothers of the air."



Follette

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

BRISBOIS BRIÈRE took off his dogs' harness slowly. He was tired from the long trail and disappointed in the day's collection of fur.

"Sacré Dieu!" he muttered, throwing the last trace into a corner, "an' you, Follette, look mos' lak' womans som'taim!" He bent over one of the eight dogs that sat about his feet, staring fixedly into its face. The look was given straight back—unblinking and steely light gray the brute's eyes were.

"Tiens!" Brisbois whispered, "tiens! Dere ees som't'ing fonnee een dos' eye dat look comme ça!" He turned away, went out of the shed, leaving the dogs to rustle their beds into the pine-needles and leaves.

The wild North land was deep with snow, and the forest about was sombre; cold in the fading afternoon hours. The light wind that droned wearily away among the peaks of the Hemlock and Pine had the sting of the ice barrens. Brisbois stopped at the low doorway of his hut, looking at the skies.

Mass on mass, sluggishly turning and writhing, the snow-clouds dragged across the tree-tops, vanishing only because forced on by the crowding banks behind.

To the left of the little clearing a trail led away somewhere into the north-east, its faintly discernible opening visible for but a few feet beneath the spreading branches. At the right a winter road broke the evenness of the forest ring, but its bed was clean and even, unbroken by man or beast.

"Lisette!" he called, going in.

"Hein?"

"Souper readee?"

"Baim-by, few minutes."

He sat down by the little stove and slowly drew off one moccasin. It dripped water over the bright floor.

"Tu Bris!" she laughed, noticing, "tak' hoff houtside!"

"Bon, Lisette."

The big Canadian stalked to the door again, leaned against the jamb, pulled off the other moccasin, wrung it dry in his powerful massive hands.

"Stockeeng aussi?" he asked, smiling.

"Non." She turned from her fry-pan on the stove. "For toi Ah mak' clean de floor!"

He took two steps, huge they were, reached her side and kissed her.

"Dat's paie for do eet!" and he laughed, the great sound filling every nook and corner of the cabin, reverberating within its cramped walls.

"Tu mauvais!" she smiled, unconsciously arranging the great masses of black hair that coiled loosely on her head.

"Là!" she put hot moose-steaks on the tiny table; these were cut thick, and the red juice eddied about them in the deep tin plate. Warm bread, steaming tea, and molasses followed.

He began eagerly, while she watched, a glow of pleasure on her strong yet pretty face.

"C'est bon, hein?"

His mouth full, another piece on his fork, he looked up.

"Dat de bessis' een le Canadaw! You mak' eet, dat 'nough for me, Lisette!"

"Méchant!" she murmured, softly.

"Com'! Eat den!" he ordered; she sat down opposite to him, and they ate together, he watching her furtively, she noticing each mouthful he took.

No sound for a few moments but the clatter of knives, the harsh rattle of tin forks on tin plates, the great sucking gulps that Brisbois took of the tea (his mouth crammed with bread each time), but she didn't care, so long as she had what he wanted.

After supper he stretched himself indolently on a rabbit blanket near the stove, lighted his pipe, and smoked in silence—thinking. Lisette cleared away the plates, brushed the table clean with a spruce bough, and sat by him.

For a time all was still, save for his draws on the pipe and the exhalations of thick blue smoke. The cabin was dark; only the sheen of the red-hot stove-cover broke the pall.

"Lisette!" taking a breath of clear air.

"Hein?" She waited, listening.

"You kno' dat Follette ees som't'ing crazee weet her eyez?" He smoked again.

"Non; Ah no see 'tall." She waited again.

"Si! Dat chienne hav' drôle look en face! Ah see eet dees aftairnoon, near to Lac des Près. Ah was for mak' de trap dere; no see good place; ask self, 'W'ere?' By gar! turn roun', see Follette leesten, an' she ronnie hup de wataire to Cariboo Cross'n; stan' dere den! Ah mak' trap; to-mor' go see eef catch som't'ing. By gar! Ah t'ink dat chienne she leesten!"

The girl laughed merrily. "Tu Bris, *mon* gar! you t'ink t'ings curious all taim; not'ing dere! Follette she no know w'at you say, onlee — Marrse! Allez!"

"Mabbè!" he answered, slowly. "Mabbè."

They sat in stillness then, he smoking calmly, she with half-closed eyes.

"Ah'm go bed," she whispered, and crawled into the big bunk. The great Canadian paid no attention, smoking on.

Of a sudden he sat up, shoved his pipe under the stove, crept carefully to the door, and listened. 'Way out among the forests echoed a strange, wild cry. It rang and rang, cutting the black stillness sharply.

"W'at dat?" he breathed.

No wind, no sound—nothing.

"Ah dr-ream, hein?" He turned back, when again the eerie sound filled the silence of the forests with its piercing volume. As he listened, breathing fast now, the call came oftener, each time nearer—still nearer. Brisbois was frightened.

"Dieu an' Sainte Vierge!" he muttered, "dat le Ninivoshi!" But he stayed by the door.

Then everything was quiet. Not a crackle of a branch, not a soft step on the snow, not a whisper of living thing came to his straining ears. Long he

waited and watched, his eyes wide open, keen with a trapper's keenness. Nothing but shooting-stars and the glowing northern lights met them. The vast trees stood motionless as images carved into the dark-blue scintillating heavens.

"Bah!" he whispered then, and "Bah!" again; "Ah'm tire hout an' have bad t'ink!"

He went in, curled up beside the girl, and slept deeply while the dark hours passed on.

The next morning it was snowing hard. From far up in the low skies the white flakes tumbled and whirled, eddied and circled. Brisbois woke, saw the girl still asleep, crawled out of the bunk quietly, and lighted the fire. He went to the door.

"Misère!" he muttered, then cursed. "Dam' dat snow! She come w'en Ah wan' find hout som't'ing!"

As he pulled on his coarse stockings and moccasins, still damp, she opened her eyes.

"Et tu?" sleepily.

"Go 'sleep, Lisette. Ah'm mak' déjeuner; goin' Lac des Près; be back een haight—ten hour mabbè."

She turned under the blankets and slept again.

He cooked a slice of caribou meat, fried a bit of pork, gulped some tea, inhaled a few whiffs of his pipe, and went out to the dog-shed. The brutes leaped round him, licking his hands, but none so caressingly as Follette, the bitch leader of the team. He fed them one by one. They didn't fight; they knew him—and the result. Brisbois watched them eat and chuckled grimly.

"Eef Ah no giv' you for food, w'at happen, hein?"

Seven paid no attention, but Follette looked up quickly from the dried fish she was tearing and whined. The trapper started back involuntarily.

"Dieu! She on'stand!" he whispered.

When they had finished, he harnessed them to the light sledge.

"Allez! Marrse!" Away the eight went, Follette in the lead, pulling valiantly. Two hours passed, he sitting on the sledge sometimes, sometimes striding beside it on his snow-shoes. They came to Caribou Crossing.

"Merci donc!" he said aloud, seeing

a black fox in his trap. He carefully sprung the steel jaws, releasing the long, lithe body.

"Dat fine!" he muttered, in ecstasy, smoothing the black hairs, unbending the rigid limbs.

Something disturbed his happiness and triumph. He looked down and saw Follette's gray eyes on him, and he remembered that by her insistent pawings at Caribou Crossing he had set his trap where she indicated, and—the choicest fur of the forests was in his hands. "By gar! ef you no hav' show to moi w'ere for mak' de trap, Ah no got dees!" he whispered, a superstitious fear creeping over him. He was fascinated by the intelligent gleam in the dog's eyes.

"W'at you?" he sprang at her, shaking her by her long rough coat.

"Dieu!" he screamed then, as she licked his hands. "W'at you? Tell, hein?" She turned from him, settled in the traces, and waited.

"Allez! Marrse!" He flung himself to the sledge, already coated with snow.

The team went on and on obediently, first to the right, then to the left, as he directed. Then he stopped them. As far as his eyes could reach were wavering, trembling drifts. No wind moved the flakes—they eddied by their own weight. The silence was drear; only the seething of falling snow came to him. He tried this way and that, then gave it up.

"Ah'm los'! O bon Dieu!" Sweat burst from his forehead, and froze there as it came into contact with the bitter air. An unutterable sadness dropped into his eyes; he caressed the black fox, muttering hoarsely.

"An' weet dees Ah wass goin' de Ligne, got two-t'ree hun'er' dollaires for mak' present Lisette!" He looked round, agony and loneliness in his face.

"Ah'm no los'!" He cursed then fiercely, started the team, and travelled for a long time, twining his slow way in the bewildering drifts. No familiar landmark could he find—nothing but the mercilessly falling snow that heaped on his shoulders heavily. He realized that he was absolutely lost. He stopped. Gently piling on him, coldly embracing him, the great flakes came in silent myriads, dropping from the skies with coquettish motion. Here, there, everywhere, was

the same deathlike stillness. The snow seemed to know, and gathered about his legs, climbing upwards inch by inch. He shook it off, turning his head dazedly to the four points of the world. Then he knew that he was face to face with death, and he idly wondered how long he could withstand the cold. The knowledge of what death meant numbed his mind.

"Ah starve here!" he groaned—and felt a warm tongue on his hand.

"Follette?"

The brute licked on appealingly, looking at him with the same steady gray eyes.

"W'at?" He spoke aloud unconsciously.

She yelped, started off to the northeast, came back, licked his hands again, and squatted on her haunches, staring at him.

He thought hard.

"B'en, allez, Follette! Marrse, vous autres!"

Into the northeast they went, the leader straining every muscle.

"Dere ees de big Pine!" he shouted with relief in a few hours. Follette looked back and yelped.

Some time later he reached his home, stabled the team, fed them bountifully, and took the black fox into the cabin.

"Qu'est magnifique!"

The girl cried out, seeing the gorgeous fur.

"An' Ah'm los' eef no for dat Follette!" he announced, gravely. Tears came to her eyes as he told how he had been saved.

"An' she mak' eet so Ah catch black fox aussi!"

A silence then. The interior was shadowed by the coming of night. Corners lost their outline, the roof seemed farther away, the bunk a vague big thing.

"Par Dieu!" he worked his great hands together till their joints cracked, "dat chienne ees de fines' in Canadaw; een monnaie, mabbè hun'er' feefty dollaires, hein?"

The girl looked at him with surprise and sorrow.

"You goin' sell Follette aftaire w'at she have do for you? Bah!" She swung away. "Ingrat!"

He stared at her, not understanding her point of view.

"Mais, chérie, ef Ah get hun'er' feefty

dollaires, dat paie de debte au Hodson Baie Compagnie." He was hurt that she couldn't understand him.

"You have mor' beeg debte to Follette," she answered, slowly. "Tak' de black fox an' paie Hodson Baie."

"By gar! dey no geef not'ing 'tall, mabbè debte, pas plus, an' black fox breeng two—t'ree hun'er' dollaires at de Ligne!"

Lisette shrugged her clean-cut shoulders and lighted the candles. They had supper. Neither spoke often—he trying to make his rough, simple mind see what she wanted; the girl, with a woman's quick sentiment and sympathy, revolting against selling this dog that had done so much for her.

When his pipe was drawing well, the stove sending out a luxurious warmth, the table cleared, she sat down on the blanket beside him and worked a small brown hand into the huge fist that lay at rest on his knee.

"Bris!"

"Hein?" He looked down at her kindly.

"No sell Follette, for me?" She edged closer; then he put her head on his giant shoulder.

He stared for a time into the open draught-holes of the little stove, and the red reflection of the wood coals glittered dreamily in his eyes.

"Non!" He rubbed the black bowl nervously. "Ef you no want me for sell Follette, Ah no sell!" and he smoked again.

"Merci, Bris." She came still closer to him, and his long gaunt arm encircled her. Thus they sat in peace.

A knock.

"Who ees?" he asked, leisurely standing up, taking his arm away unwillingly.

"Osasquinini," came a heavy, powerful voice.

"Dat Indien, f'om Baie Terrible," Brisbois muttered, opening the door. A blast of wind, burdened with snow, whirled in as the tall, lanky Indian entered. He shook the white bits from his capote, took it off, threw it in a corner, and went over to the heat.

"Bo'jou'—bo'jou'!" he said, quietly.

"Bo'jou'!" Brisbois lighted his pipe as he spoke. "An' you, w'ere go?"

"Ev' place!"

The Canadian looked up, startled by the sadness in the other's voice.

"Hungree; giv' eat!" The Indian waited.

Lisette looked at her husband, he motioned, and she got cold moose-meat, some bread, and soggy flour-cakes.

"Miguetch" (thanks). Osasquinini bolted the food. When it was all gone he squatted cross-legged on the blanket. "Smok'?"

Brisbois took his pipe from his lips and passed it to the other.

"Miguetch!"

Puff—puff—puff from the Indian; no words.

"W'ere go?" Brisbois asked again.

The Indian, his emaciated face aglow, spoke monotonously. "You white man, understand Indian?"

"Ah-ha" (yes), the Canadian answered.

"You want hear story?"

"Ah-ha!"

Stillness in the cabin, while the Ojibway warmed his long hands, smoking the while. Brisbois sat down.

"You know Indian belief? When dead, Indian turn into animal?"

"Ah-ha!"

"Long time ago, twenty-four moons, Osasquinini marry. Be marry eight moons. White Man's Sickness come to squaw. Osasquinini don't know what do. Squaw die!" The Indian's voice shook, and the guttural words of his language trembled at each utterance.

"Indian know she animal, Indian know she love him now—and—Indian cannot find. Osasquinini has searched everywhere, and called the language of the animals he knows. Was near here last starlight, calling to the wolves; no answer!"

The Canadian drew a deep breath, shuddering. Lisette was staring at the bronzed face with breathless curiosity.

"An' squaw? W'at like?" she asked, in the jargon the Indians know.

"She was strong like the beaver, tall like the caribou, quick as the sable, clever as the fox." He stopped, smoking hard; then continued. "Osasquinini hunt everywhere for her. Can see only her gray eyes, can—"

"W'at say?" the girl interrupted, fiercely.



Drawn by Oliver Kemp

FOLLETTE LEAPED TO THE INDIAN, CROUCHING BETWEEN HIS KNEES

The Indian looked at her contemptuously.

"Osasquinini get no help from white woman; he go!"

"Pash-ke-san!" (wait), she whispered, getting to her feet.

Brisbois felt the Indian's power, and hers. He sat on. She went out into the wild night, struggled to the dog-shed.

"Follette!" she called. A whimper, a rustling, and the leader crouched at her feet.

"Marse!" she ordered, while the seven others growled and grumbled. She fastened the door on them; then led the way in the chilling snow-drifts to the cabin.

"Viens, Follette!" she coaxed; the dog hung back.

"Viens, marrse!" she stamped excited-

ly on the threshold; the brute followed her in then. She shrank behind the shadows of the bunk, watching.

Follette looked about, saw the Indian, leaped to him, crouching between his knees, her eyes on his face. He stiffened, leaned forward and kissed the long mouth, smoothing the rough hair on her head. Brisbois's face was white in the wavering candle-light.

"Dieu!" he whispered.

The Indian stood up, inch by inch, Follette at his knees. "Osasquinini has found," he muttered. "Miguetch!"

He went to the door, Follette at his heels, her gray eyes fixed on him.

"Miguetch," the Indian said again, slowly, and vanished into the snowy night, the dog following.

The Fairy's Beseeching

BY A. HUGH FISHER

WEEVERLY woverly stranger man,
Were you wishing a longer span—
Wishing you might begin again
And death call after you in vain?

I am a fairy from fairy-land,
With years as many as grains of sand.
Never have I known pain or grief,
Only a weariness past belief.

Change! Oh, change your heart with mine!
Live till the Sun has ceased to shine,
Live till the earth is bare and cold,
Live forever and never grow old!

Give your heart to your little guest,
Put it here in my weary breast,
Let me feel the warm blood flow—
All the pain of it let me know!

Oh, the joy of the burning tears!
Oh, the sweetness of passing years!
Oh, the bliss of a mortal breath!
Oh, the rest and the peace of death!

The Wonders of Cellulose

CHEMISTRY OF COMMERCE—IV.

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry in the University of Kansas

IN the world of living organized beings there exists a certain substance which, like gold and silver in the non-living mineral world, is too tough a morsel for time to swallow; when pure, it rusts not, neither does it decay, and it can endure throughout all generations. This substance is called *cellulose*; it is the organic archetype of conservatism.

Unlike gold and silver, however, cellulose is the commonest of common things. When dry, more than one-third of all the vegetable matter in the world is cellulose; in fact, we may throw in all the animal as well, and find that, still, one-third of the mass is cellulose. As everybody knows, a plant is built up of microscopic cells. It is the walls of these cells that contain the cellulose. Sometimes the cells are arranged in one way (Fig. 1) and sometimes in another (Fig. 2), but however they may be arranged, it is always the sum of them that constitutes the form of the plant. Cellulose is, thus, the structural basis of the plant, the skeleton of it, and as each little cellulose cell acts as a containing-vessel for the protoplasmic aggregates whose actions and reactions cause vital activity, we may, if we like, call cellulose the very temple of life. How the plant builds up its cellulose skeleton nobody has the remotest idea; outside of visionary speculation all we know is that it rises into being in the sun and air. What cellulose is, molecularly, is equally wholly beyond the comprehension of present-day man. When a man speaks of cellulose, there is a certain abatement of the voice that signifies awe. He can make in his laboratories indigo and camphor and nicotin, and a thousand other products of vital activity; he knows how their atoms are arranged, and he can arrange them for himself without the employment

of vital energy; but cellulose!—that is another thing. The mystery of cellulose lies in its complexity. While its formula may be empirically indicated by the little expression $C_6H_{10}O_5$, that tells us only that it is made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in certain proportions by weight. Its actual molecule may be fully a thousand times greater,—let us say $C_{6000}H_{10000}O_{5000}$ —and the layman knows as well as anybody else the infinite number of configurations in which it is possible to arrange 21,000 things. Given that a certain unseen house consists of 6000 pieces of wood, 10,000 pieces of stone, and 5000 pieces of iron, and build its duplicate blindfold; this is a problem something more or less difficult than the synthesis of cellulose. What increases the difficulty a hundredfold is the additional fact that cellulose substances and compounds are not crystalline; they are either amorphous or jellylike substances—called “colloids” in the lecture-room and “messes” in the laboratory—substances up to within a year or two impossible to deal with, and left, for the most part, severely alone. All this indicates that however interesting this cellulose is as the structural basis of life, and however important it may be to us to build it up and split it down, cellulose research is a difficult matter.

In truth, an attack upon cellulose has all the gallantry of a forlorn life in these days, when the universities of our country measure their men of science by the number of pages they publish. The professor who must attempt the mediocre thing he knows he can do rather than go tilting against a hundred to one, would be advised to keep out of cellulose. It is, eminently, no place for old ladies or little children. Still, even with the probability of a blank page as the result of

a year's work, the temptation is great—as great as the enormous potential prizes. It is the demonstration of this, it is the notable effect upon the implements of our

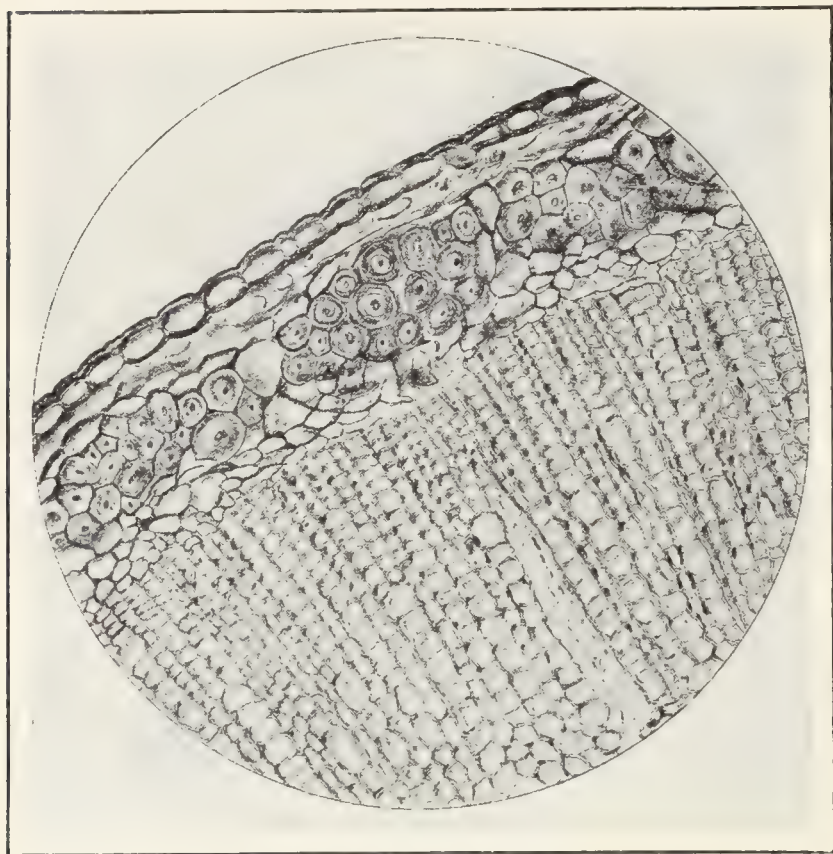


FIG. 1.—FLAX. TRANSVERSE SECTION OF STEM

civilization of hacking off from the cellulose molecule here a fact and there a fact, that carries us straight into the business of our subject—the applicability of modern science to Industry. We propose to show that every fact won from cellulose, however “academic” its importance, has been capable of industrial application, and we use this demonstration as a specific affirmation of a general principle established by long and invariable experience that there are no results of chemical investigation, however recendite they may appear, which are not in their due order absorbed into the province of technology. The subject of cellulose is a relief; it is a relief to turn out of a world suffering indigestion from a plethora of new knowledge into a nursery of knowledge such as a cellulose laboratory, and to walk there, like Alice behind the Looking-glass, into a world where anything may happen at any time, and current chemical explanation is turned topsyturvy. But this is speaking chemically. From the standpoint of industrial utility the subject of cellulose can only be characterized as stupendous. First, let us consider those industries based upon that property of cellulose

with which we began our chapter, its inertness and its resistivity to the disintegrating action of air and moisture. Here we have factories for paper, cotton and linen fabrics, thread and twine and rope, and many other substances, all of them using cellulose more or less pure.

First in importance comes paper. If one asked “the man in the street” what paper was made of, he would almost certainly say “rags,” and for the fair white sheet upon which I write this would be true, but for paper in general the answer would be absurdly inadequate, for there exists not one one-thousandth part of the “rags” that would be necessary. Our civilization exists largely on a paper basis, and in England alone it requires 650 mills, producing some 30,000 tons a week, to fulfil our needs. To feed these mills science laid her hand on cellulose, which we cannot make, but can only take from plants. In the plant the cellulose of the cell walls, with the exception of cotton, which is unique, does not stand up pure and free and uncombined, but exists always encrusted chemically with some other substance. The substance of woody fibre is thus always cellulose X,

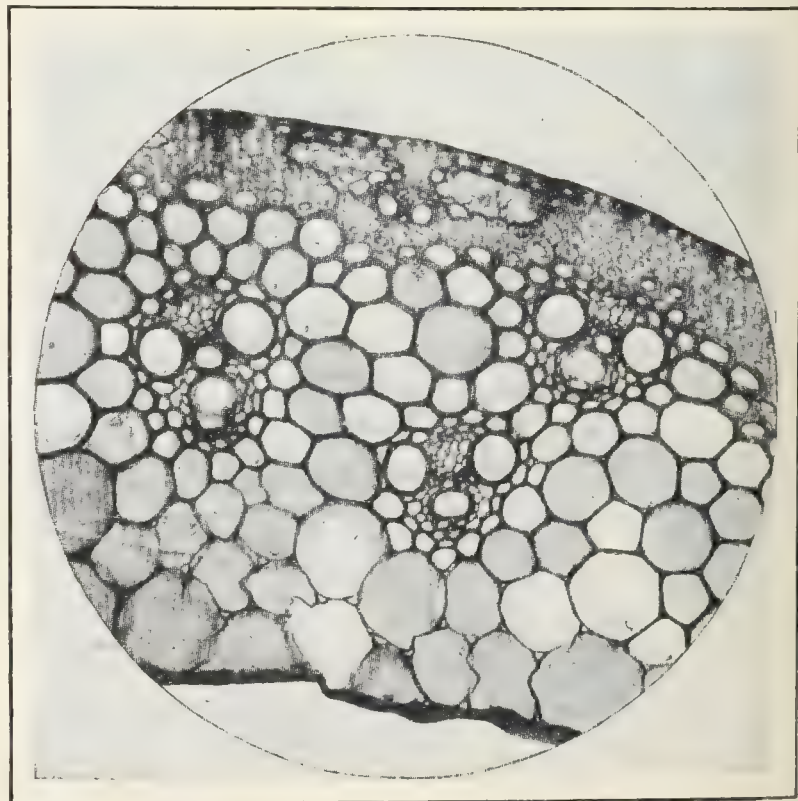


FIG. 2.—STRAW (WHEAT). TRANSVERSE SECTION OF STALK

and the problem for science was either to manufacture paper directly out of cellulose X (ligno cellulose or wood fibre), or to devise some practical method of ex-

tracting the X substance from the cellulose, and thus obtain it pure and free for paper. Both methods are practised to-day. Paper boxes, wrapping-paper, and almost all the newspapers of the land, are made, not of rags, but simply of disintegrated deal boards pounded and mashed and amalgamated into paper. Any one of the large London or American daily papers consumes each day fully ten acres of an average forest. Such paper does not last. The wood fibre out of which it is made is, unlike pure cellulose, acted upon by light and air and water and the organisms of decay. This is bad, but not wholly bad, for most of the literature appearing on this paper is made as mechanically as the paper itself, and it is fitting that it should be as ephemeral in fact

as it is in nature. But sometimes Literature (with a capital L) appears on this wooden foundation—and that is a tragedy. Had Mr. Pepys written his admirable diary upon what we call “scribbling paper,” we would, to-day, have no Mr. Pepys. England alone, every year, imports some 350,000 tons of this mechanical wood-pulp to turn it into paper. She imports also some 200,000 tons of what is called

“chemical wood pulp,—i. e., wood from which the encrusting impurities have been chemically removed, and which consists of cellulose almost pure. For chemistry has succeeded in doing this, and it is doubtful whether any chemical discovery of modern times has had a success so spontaneous and so immense in industrial value. In fact, the success has been achieved in several ways. Possibly the sulphite method, which we take for illustration, is the most typical.

Factories using this method exist nearly always in the neighborhood of pine forests and deposits of iron-pyrites. The sulphur dioxide obtained by roasting the pyrites is passed up through a high tower packed with limestone, down through which a stream of water trickles. Under these conditions the burnt sulphur gas enters into combination with the lime, and ultimately constitutes a liquid consisting partly of free sulphurous acid and partly of bisulphite of lime. This liquid passes into a “digester,” filled with wooden chips, where, at a temperature of about 117° C., it attacks and demolishes everything in the wood but cellulose. The cellulose is thus left free and uncombined and, after being bleached by chloride of lime, pure. Thence it passes

as cellulose to the paper - factories, and emerges there as paper for books so good that only an expert can tell the difference between it and a paper made from the cellulose of rags. To such an extent are the forests of our country being swept up into newspapers and books that it urgently requires supervision; the only comfort, apparently, being that there is a cycle of reaction by which the newspapers and books will ultimately be



FIG. 3.—MICROPHOTOGRAPH OF A “SPECK” OF “HARPER’S MAGAZINE”

Showing that the paper consists of chemical wood pulp and that the wood is poplar. (Magnification 200 D)

burnt, or will decay, into carbon dioxide, which will be absorbed by the forest into new wood, which will appear again as newspapers and books *ad infinitum*. For the cellulose from wood is different from the cellulose from cotton or linen—it *does* decay, or at any rate it *may* decay—certainly it is not so strong. The paper of this Magazine, for example, consists wholly of cellulose extracted chemically from wood, and if the reader will examine the accompany-

ing diagram (Fig. 3) he will notice in it certain little sievelike bodies which prove that the wood was poplar, not pine—a peculiarity found only in American papers, and depending on another process of extraction. The paper itself is the best that the Magazine could use; for a pure rag paper for the purpose of a magazine is simply out of the question. The pages with pictures on them are heavier than the others, owing to the fact that they are finished with starch.

Just why cellulose from wood is not so good as cellulose from cotton we cannot explain by current chemical theory; we know only that the cellulose molecule seems to carry upon itself the cicatrice and weakness of the structural rupture by which the cellulose was extracted.

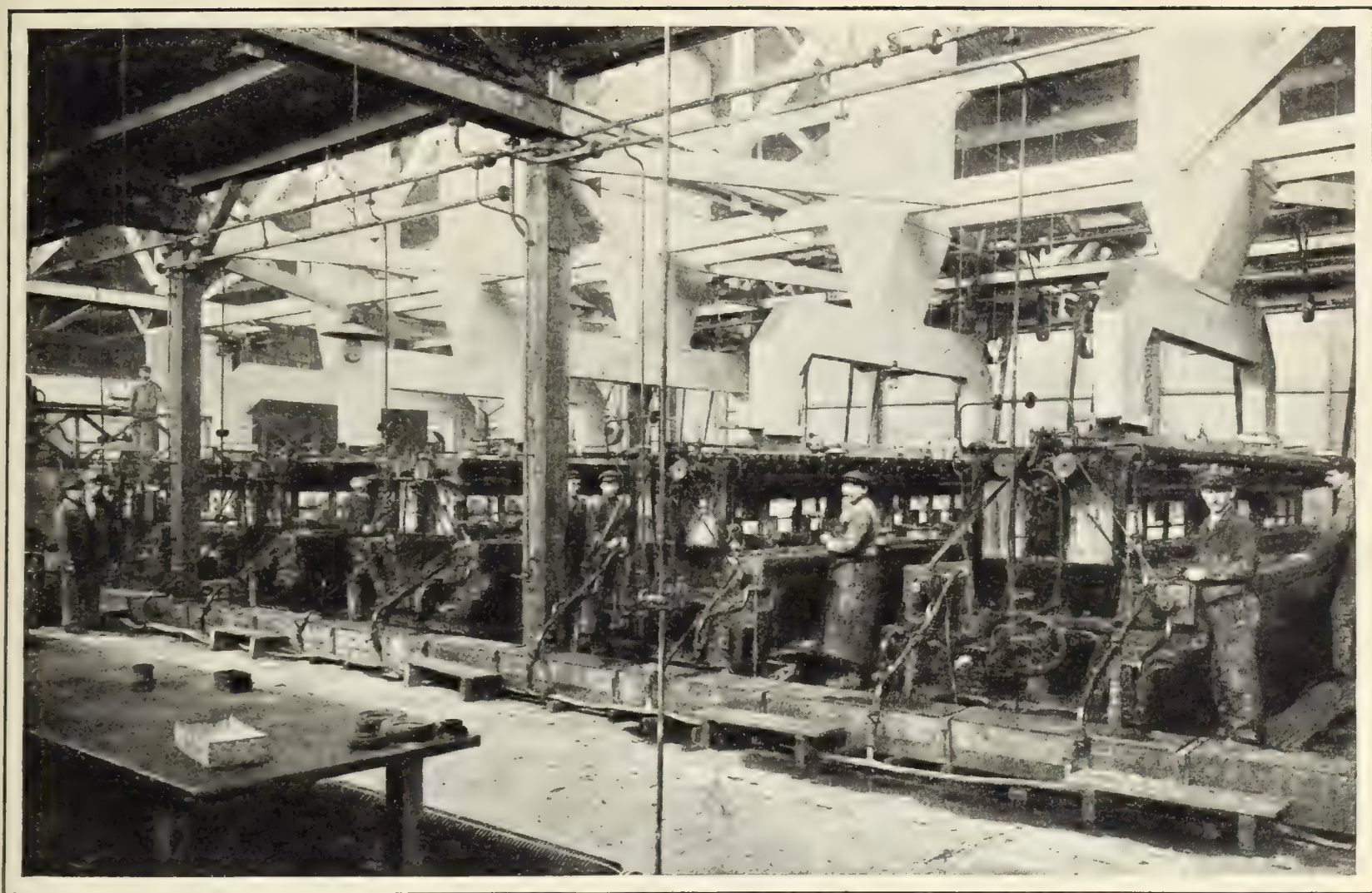
There is a brilliant opportunity for somebody to transform wood cellulose into the lasting cotton-cellulose variety. There is an opportunity equally great for devising some method of turning into utilizable chemical products the portion of the wood torn away from the cellulose. This constitutes fifty per cent. of the weight of the wood, and at present it goes down the drains—an example of horrible waste. In the paper-factories themselves chemistry is applicable in a

variety of ways. For example, there is a question of *sizing* the paper in order to make it resistant to ink, there is the question of making paper water-proof, there is the gentle art of making the paper appear other than it is by loading it up with extraneous material. In such matters as these chemistry is entirely applicable, and the present practice unfortunate. Owing to the fact that the paper-makers have in the cellulose pulp that comes to them a magnificent example of the applicability of chemistry, it is interesting to compare the enormous output of paper indicated above with the chemists employed in its manufacture. The whole paper trade of England employs at least ten chemists at salaries actually exceeding in certain cases five hundred dollars a year!

Turning now to cotton, we find ourselves in the presence of an industry which may be considered almost to have reached a condition of terminal perfection along mechanical lines. The beautiful machinery for cotton fabrication is a marvel of human ingenuity. But however mechanical cotton fabrication may appear, since it deals with the elaboration of a natural product, it rests upon a chemical basis; and since in the United



FACTORY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF "VISCOSE" FOR ARTIFICIAL SILK YARN



INTERIOR VIEW OF "VISCOSE" FACTORY

Kingdom alone there are some 42,000,000 spindles working it up to the extent of a billion and a half pounds a year, any little chemical fact concerning cotton manufacture is bound to have its importance. Let us illustrate this by one small fact discovered by John Mercer; it was known for thirty years before it was deemed significant. If a piece of cotton—which, it must be understood, is pure cellulose—be placed in a strong solution of caustic soda, the soda causes the cellulose to unite with a molecule of water, the cotton shrinks nearly twenty per cent., it becomes nearly fifty per cent. stronger, and it takes on a greater dyeing capacity. But this is not all; if, now, the cotton fabric be stretched tightly upon a framework so that the shrinkage mentioned above cannot take place, the soda solution brings about a transformation in its constituent fibres in such a way that the fabric assumes over its surface a silken sheen. The beautiful fabrics so manufactured are known as mercerized cotton, and this manufacture now amounts to an enormous industry. Just one little fact established this business, and since the molecule of cellulose is a

forest of complexity swayed, within certain limits, by every breath of chemical influence, the number of potential facts is indefinitely large. We find in recognition of this that the textile companies "occasionally employ a chemist at an economical salary."

The very business of dyeing, which is all chemistry, is founded upon another little chemical fact, that the cellulose molecule contains, feebly, acid and basic groups which unite with the dyes and hold them fast. As to the nature of these groups, we are perfectly ignorant, though their discovery would be vastly important. But some dyes refuse to cling to the cellulose fabric, and so advantage is taken of still another empirical fact of cellulose, that on digesting it with certain mineral basic salts—for example, tin—the cellulose entangles the salt within its molecule, with the result that the cellulose clings to the salt, and the salt to the dye, and so our cloth is colored in despite. This process is called mordanting.

Another important cellulose fabric is linen. The Irish flax trade employs over 800,000 spindles, and the value of the



PACKING THE SKEINS OF ARTIFICIAL SILK

linen exports amounts to \$25,000,000 a year. Chemically, a linen fabric and a cotton fabric are identical substances, for they are both pure cellulose; mechanically and practically there is a huge difference, which depends upon the form and structure of the fibres. Linen cellulose is prepared from flax in a much more complicated way than cotton is obtained. The cellulose in the flax is intricately combined with other substances, and one of the most valuable discoveries for this industry would be a thoroughly feasible method of separating out the bast fibres in some other way than by the traditional one of steeping the flax in stagnant water until the separation is accomplished by a rotting fermentation. We omit here other chemical possibilities of flax cellulose in order to pay a resentful reference to the process in use for the cleansing of both linen and cotton textiles. Laundry-work constitutes in these times an enormous special industry. It is computed that in England the average family spends five shillings a week in washing, and since there are 40,000,000 people, with five persons to a family, the whole country must spend £2,000,000 a week for laundry. It is high time this work was organized along sensible chemical lines.

At present the laundry practises its trade with a joyous ignorance of the properties of cellulose and of the chemical agents it employs, and it is admirable only as it increases the consumption of textiles. Why do they not use in a modified way the same process for cleansing cotton or linen that the manufacturers of it use for bleaching and finishing it? It is to be hoped that some day some man will write a chemical "Song of the Shirt" that will establish in the minds of laundrymen the conditions that make for its longevity.

Another interesting cellulose fibre is that of jute, which plays the humble part of providing us with sacking, and wrapping and baling cloth, as well as with the lowest grade of floor-cloths, in which it acts as the foundation for the linseed-oil mixture that makes up the ornamental element. Not a very elevated function, truly, but useful to such an extent that the city of Dundee alone imports raw material to the value of \$35,000,000.

Still another fibre that obtains a peculiar interest, from the heart-breaking mistakes and discouragements of its initiation, is ramie, or china-grass. This plant grown in India and southern Italy, yields a long lustrous fibre, which is cellulose

in excelsis. The difficulties concerning its manufacture have been overcome, and the industry is now properly delimited and on a basis of sound practical utility. It is used for twine, sail-cloth, fishing-nets, dress goods, tapestry, plushes and velvets, and ladies' wraps and shawls. It is inimitably good as the cellulose basis of incandescent gas-mantles.

Finally, there is hemp, and with its mention we close the list of fibres used for woven material in Europe.

For the twine and rope industries there are used, in addition, the fibres of manila, sisal, phormium, and a few monocotyledonous plants. We mention them simply in order to place beside the summation of them the following statement.

There exist in the world approximately 110,000 species of flowering plants. The stem of no one species is identical with any other; they are of infinite variety, possessed of infinite fibre-making possibilities. Out of them all, through chance or through blind tradition, we use the fibres of those mentioned above. Is it not possible that, in spite of the rigorous requirements for matriculation into the fibre-using industries, there might be some that for special purposes are somewhat better?

We have so far considered cellulose only from the standpoint of the merit of its inertia, only from its negative side, and we now turn to consider it as a chemically active body. And in what follows it is immaterial what form of cellulose is used, whether from cotton, linen, wood-pulp, or what not.

For a certain reason that nobody knows anything about, cellulose will dissolve slowly in a hot concentrated solution of zinc chloride, with the production of a sticky syrup. This syrup when forced through a narrow orifice into alcohol precipitates a thread which is carbonized, and utilized in these days for the manufacture of filaments for incandescent electric lights. Again, it is used as "vulcanized fibre" by soaking paper in four times its weight of the concentrated solution, and working up the gelatinized mass into blocks and sheets, which are turned into handles and the backing of instruments and many other objects. For a

reason equally unknown, cellulose will dissolve better in ammoniacal cupric oxide. This solution constitutes a blue syrup of very high viscosity, from which the cellulose may be precipitated by the addition of agents such as alcohol or common salt. This method of dissolving cellulose has important industrial applications. For example, paper or cotton fabrics are passed through the solution, and so "surfaced" by a film of the gelatinized cellulose which retains its copper constituent in such a way that it dries of a bright "malachite" green color. Fabrics so surfaced become water-proof and immune from the attacks of insects and mildew. Many of the heavy coverings used for express-wagons and "busses" are made of these "Willesden" goods—so called from the town in which the company has its seat. If the fabrics so treated are rolled or pressed together when in the gelatinized condition, they become welded to form an extraordinarily thick and resistant texture. During the South-African war compound papers of this manufacture were employed as barricades, for they are bullet-proof.

Under proper conditions of treatment, cellulose will dissolve, also, in acetic acid (acetic anhydride) with the formation of a viscous liquid which dries into films of great tenacity and high lustre. Owing to its water-proof character and to the fact that it is a non-conductor of electricity, this cellulose acetate provides a splendid insulating material for electrical wires, and its manufacture for this purpose is now an established industry.

Perhaps the most interesting solvent for cellulose is that discovered by Cross and Bevan. When "mercerized" cotton, which we have already described, is exposed to the action of carbon disulphide the substances unite together, with the formation of a substance which, chemically, rejoices in the name of alkali-cellulose-xanthate. Popularly it is called "viscose," and it constitutes a remarkable achievement in cellulose technology. Viscose is perfectly soluble in water to a solution of extraordinary viscosity. But its most interesting property—the property that makes it valuable—is the spontaneous decomposition of this solution. You start with alkali, carbon disulphide, and cellulose, and after leav-

ing for a short time the viscose so formed, you get alkali and carbon disulphide and cellulose again—an interesting cycle of change. The cellulose thus regenerated is hydrated and highly plastic. It is applicable enough for moulding and casting into all kinds of useful forms,

sugar. We know of no industrial corporation manufacturing grape-sugar by this process, but we do know of one that proposes to make alcohol by it—for the transformation of grape-sugar into alcohol is relatively easy.

The action of nitric acid is wholly different from sulphuric. It is additive in its nature. Thus, if we add to cellulose-cotton nitric acid in the proper proportion (or a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid), the state of Nirvana in which the cellulose has so far complacently rested vanishes, and while the cotton looks as innocent as ever, it has suddenly assumed a supreme power of settling international disputes or (since it is so easily made) of forcing in upon despotic rulers some regard for their responsibilities. We know this substance as cellulose hexanitrate or, commonly, guncotton. This guncotton is a "high explosive," good for blasting, for torpedoes, and for military mines and bombs. To modify it down into a "propulsive" explosive it is mixed with

nitroglycerin, and it thus becomes "blasting gelatin," and the "smokeless powders" used for military purposes, such as "ballistite" and "cordite."

The American government, though, prefers to use, both for army and navy, a smokeless powder made solely of cellulose nitrate of a certain strength of nitration. For "sporting" powders, also smokeless, the cellulose nitrate is mixed with barium nitrate and a certain proportion of camphor or nitrobenzene. Such are the "E. C.," "S. S.," and others. Altogether, the manufacture of explosives based upon the nitrates of cellulose has assumed enormous proportions. In the United States, in 1900, there was an output of 3,053,126 pounds of smokeless powder alone, worth at the works



A CHARACTERISTIC FABRIC OF ARTIFICIAL SILK BROCADE
An artificial silk pattern on a ground of natural silk

and for the manufacture of thin, tough, transparent films that possess a high degree of elasticity. These pure cellulose films are finding a useful application for tying over the stoppers of bottles and, scientifically, for making dialyzers. They will resist three atmospheres of pressure, and, consequently, they form a perfect hermetic seal. But the great use for "viscose," the use in which its factory management is wholly preoccupied, we shall refer to later on.

Such are the solvents for cellulose; but there are other substances with which it reacts in a manner wholly different. For instance, there is sulphuric acid, which, when concentrated, attacks cellulose in force and completely breaks up its formation—disorganizes it into grape-

\$1,716,101, and we may look with reasonable confidence to a time in the near future when black gunpowder will have become as effete as the bow and arrow. But the cellulose nitrates have uses not merely *destructive*, but *constructive*. The Hyatts of Albany discovered the curious little fact that the lower nitrates of cellulose are soluble in solid camphor and alcohol (no chemist would ever have thought of such a thing), and, furthermore, they discovered that the resulting product, under proper heat and pressure, could be worked like rubber. Thus came to us "celluloid," which is now cut into sheets, stuffed through die-plates, moulded under pressure, turned, and the like, into a thousand types of products to amuse or minister to mankind, and of a value of nearly \$4,000,000 a year in the United States. The fact that "celluloid" is a sister to guncotton does not mean that she has all the eccentricities of her big brother, though in the intimacy of the fireside it is wise to recognize the relationship. If instead of dissolving these lower nitrates of cellulose in camphor they are dissolved in a mixture of ether and alcohol we obtain collodion. This is a useful substance, finding employment in a multitude of ways—as a vehicle for medicine, as a substitute for sticking-plaster, for bandages, and in photography simply indispensable in a dozen ways. Altogether, the industries based upon the nitrates of cellulose form a remarkable contrast to the industries based upon the *inertia* of cellulose. They constitute a picture of what an industry ought to be, carried on, as they are, with a high degree of precision, and with mechanical and chemical efficiency.

We are now in a position to consider, briefly, the use of cellulose solutions in the production of one of the great

triumphs of technological science—artificial silk. Of making artificial silk there are as many different methods as there are solvents for cellulose. To-day the favorite method is that of Count Hilaire de Chardonnet or Dr. Lehner. Bleached cotton (cellulose) is treated with nitric acid to form a cellulose nitrate of a strength somewhat under that of guncotton. It is then pressed and thoroughly washed. Next, it is dissolved in a mixture of ether and alcohol, and filtered, as collodion, into a reservoir. From this reservoir it is forced, under a pressure of some 650 pounds to the square inch, through capillary tubes, whence it issues as a fine thread. As the thread issues into the air it solidifies, is conveyed to a bobbin by the operative, and, mingled with other threads, ultimately arrives in the condition of a silky lustrous skein. In this form, however, it is still, more or less, guncotton, and wholly unsuitable for ladies' gowns. It must be denitrated, and for this purpose it is passed into sulphhydrate of calcium (one method), by which it reverts to pure cellulose, sub-

stantially identical in chemical composition with the cotton from which it started, but differing widely from it in appearance; for now, to all appearances, it is silk, fine, and actually more lustrous than natural silk. Another method in manufacturing practice starts with cellulose dissolved in ammoniacal cupric oxide; another, with its solution in zinc chloride; but, possibly, the most formidable rival to the process we have described is the "viscose" method by which wood-pulp is caused to react with caustic

soda and carbon disulphide, and, in the form of the xanthate, spun and consequently decomposed into cellulose. In all these methods, outside the chemical value of the product, is the interesting fact that no matter into what combina-



A POSSIBLE RESULT OF PRINTING BY ELECTRICITY

tion the cellulose is tortured—whether into nitrates or xanthates—the plasticity of the product is the plastic power of cellulose, the same power that functions in cellulose as the structural basis of plant life.

Artificial silk is to-day used to a large extent for braids, and such classes of trimming, where it is much more brilliant than natural silk; for covering electric wires; for mixing with other textiles, particularly silk, and also as a fabric alone and on its own merits. It does not, however, parade the shops as such, for while the shopkeepers are almost inevitably in possession of artificial silk, they do not know it. The amount of artificial silk manufactured in Europe amounts to five tons a day, and the demand greatly exceeds the supply. The total amount of natural silk manufactured in Europe does not exceed twenty-five tons.

A pine-tree is worth \$10 a ton; cut and stripped, it is worth \$15; boiled into pulp, it is worth \$40; bleached, it is worth \$55; which, turned into viscose and spun into silk, is worth \$5500. From these data it is seen that cellulose has interesting possibilities. Yet so far we have entered but on the fringe of its possibilities. Prospects and indications of a mine of wealth lie everywhere. For example, cellulose is, within certain limits, extraordinarily sensitive. A certain substance known as diazoprimuline is but slowly affected by light; but place it upon a cellulose paper and it is (for unknown reasons) spontaneously decomposed by sunlight. From this fact arises a process of "positive" photographic printing. Again, cellulose seems, to a certain extent, a conductor of electricity. Attach a coin to the positive end of a battery and a sheet of moist paper to the negative end; press the coin on the paper, and, after suitable development, the image illustrated on the preceding page is formed upon the paper. Or again, reverse the polarity and press the coin on the paper. No result

is apparent, for the image is latent, but even after the lapse of months treat it with a silver salt and developer and there will at once be seen the image of the coin. It is by no means impossible that this little fact will lead to a method of electrical printing without ink. In all sorts of ways cellulose is an "active" substance if we but knew how to take advantage of it. The plant knows, for in certain cases it must break down its cell walls in order to utilize their contents. Certain enzymes, also, are able to react with it, for, occurring as they do in the digestive tracts of animals, they are able to resolve it. Then, as for the synthesis of cellulose, while we cannot accomplish it for ourselves, it is, nevertheless, being done. Thus, in beet-sugar juice cellulose is spontaneously formed through the action of some certain enzyme; while among the microbes, the bacterium *xylinium* can manufacture it out of grape-sugar.

The object of this paper is to show that the cellulose industry, in common with other industries that have the greatest influence upon human affairs, is developed upon an exceedingly slender knowledge of the raw material, and that it behooves the manufacturer on the one hand and the centres of technical education on the other to recognize this.

Specifically for cellulose, if the technical departments of the universities would remove from their windows the young men who stand there desperately waving their arms for employment in the dye industries, and would, instead, turn them in upon a study of the material upon which the dye is placed, it would greatly conduce to the profit and satisfaction of the manufacturer and, incidentally, to our own.

The cordial thanks of the writer are due to Mr. C. F. Cross, of London, the doyen of cellulose science, for the information contained in this paper, and to Mr. J. F. Briggs, his assistant in the laboratory, for his many interesting experiments.

The Obsession of Ann Gibbs

BY MARGARET POTTER

THE sunshine of a May afternoon slanted long and low over the reach of field and fence and fringing wood that formed the outlook of the Gibbs farm, as its owner and Dr. Merriam came down the porch steps together and along the path to the roadside, where a mare and phaeton waited at the hitching-post. The young doctor was reluctantly being detained by his companion, whose retarding gait suggested the puzzled anxiety so plainly visible in his tanned, hairy face and faded eyes. Yet Henry Gibbs did not note how resolutely the doctor, as he undid the strap and tightened his horse's check-rein, kept his face turned away from the inspection of the farmer's eyes. The doctor had been talking rapidly; but as he ended the recital of his very unusual directions, Gibbs's drawling voice asked again, with an evident, dogged persistence:

"But ye say 'tain't dang'rous, this trouble o' her'n?—not, so's to say, dang'rous to life?"

"My dear Gibbs"—was the doctor's impatience a little too marked?—"my dear Gibbs, your wife is in no more physical danger than I am. At the same time, there are diseases, not affecting life, that are serious enough. Mrs. Gibbs has been under a great strain: suffered a severe shock in the death of the children, and has mourned them secretly more than any one has suspected, perhaps. Last winter was a hard one; and life in the country is monotonous enough, Heaven knows! Since, as you tell me, you cannot possibly afford to take her away, say to a city, for a few weeks—"

"I can't do it, Doc. I thought o' that myself, though Ann ain't never asked it. But I ain't never been rich. An' the scarlet fever last fall, an' the double funeral, an' the cemetery lot—an' the spring about gone, crops comin' on, all

the income o' the year dependin' on the next few weeks— Doc, I couldn't do it ef I *had* the money."

The man's rough voice was made rougher by his deep feeling, and toward the last it had trembled, perceptibly. In that moment Robert Merriam half regretted the profession that brought before him all these sordid troubles—tragedies mercifully unsuspected but by him, such as this. But his voice rang clear with professional cheeriness as he said:

"Right, Gibbs! Right! I understand the situation perfectly. You mustn't worry in the least. Though we can't give Mrs. Gibbs change of scene, right here and in Darrowville you yourself can do more for your wife than I can."

"Me, doc?"

"You. You see, your wife wants change of thought, recreation, pleasure, more than anything else. She has a touch of melancholia—begun in October when Lottie and little Henry went, you see. Now you must cheer her up. Visit the neighbors; take her into town Saturdays; get her books from the library, and subscribe to some papers and magazines. Even give a dance in the barn, if she'll consent. Within two weeks, when I come down again, you'll see the change yourself."

Merriam laid a kindly hand on his companion's shoulder, but waited for no further question or remark as he sprang into the vehicle and laid the whip over his horse's back, guiding her straight ahead toward a house four miles farther on, where a paralytic awaited his weekly longed-for visit.

As the buildings of the Gibbs farm dwindled and the long stream of white dust rose and settled behind his wheels, the cheery mask dropped from the doctor's face, and there appeared two weary and saddened eyes, a troubled mouth, and a dozen lines furrowed not by time, but by that experience of human pain

and woe that simulates age in men of thirty. As his thoughts spun on, Merriam's sad eyes took a yet sadder light, and, all unconsciously, he shook his head, communing with himself aloud:

"Typhoid — pneumonia — even tuberculosis—there's something to be done there. But the mark of a god-forsaken life, of long labor and constant loneliness, the creeping *deadliness* of it—Good God! How many of 'em I've watched, helplessly! I wait till others see and know, and then one more is sent on to Alston or to Elgin, quietly or in violence, to live and die behind bars. Now it's this poor, pinched, silent creature, Ann Gibbs! And I thought her heartless, when she's been grieving her very brains away—in her queer silence."

Quite different, meantime, was the mental state of Henry Gibbs, who, as he walked back to the house, was whistling;—an air somewhat mournful and timeless, indeed, yet one that unfailingly betokened a kind of cheerful placidity in him. Perhaps the doctor could not guess how little perspicuity was this man's, or how reassuring to the simple mind had been a prescription not at all of medicine, but merely of a certain amount of that graceless luxury—recreation.

Still, as he lounged into his house and back to the room where Dr. Merriam's patient was laying the supper-table, a touch of uneasiness stirred his new-found comfort. For there was that in the appearance of Ann Gibbs, even to-day, which brought an insensible chill to every human heart that fathomed her at all.

Standing there in the doorway, lazily watching the familiar task, there rushed upon the farmer a sudden memory of the first time he had seen it in his own home; of the brisk, trim, clear-eyed young woman of twenty-five in whom he had felt a pride unexpected, almost fearful. It was only ten years ago, that time when he and she had come "home" together, from their wedding in Lewiston, forty miles away. Only ten years. And was this actually *that* girl? Was *that* the woman now in the room before him? Was it some witch's curse that had descended upon her in a night? Better

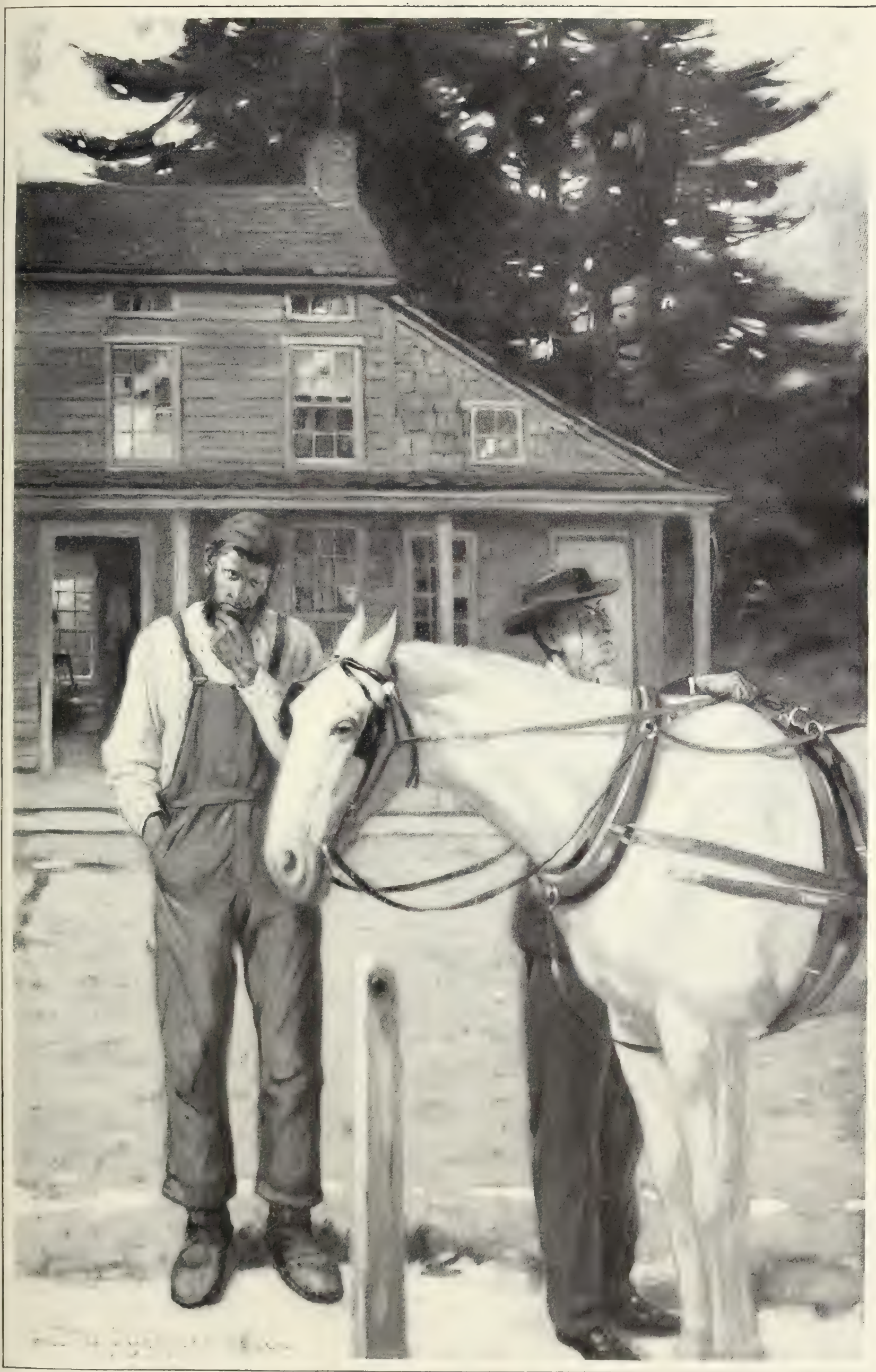
that, perhaps, than the reality—that ten years of wedded life could have brought that Ann Palmer to this Ann Gibbs!

Of the ten years of her wifehood, hard work and loneliness had been the key-notes of the first four. Then came respite, rare and ecstatic. A baby girl found her home in Ann's lean arms, a pillow on Ann's flat breast, fired now by a sacred love. Twenty months later a son was added to the daughter, and with him came the empyrean of his mother's life.

Despite her happiness, however, Ann's constitution had been rather seriously weakened. Hence, the farm prospering, a maid servant was added to the Gibbs farmhouse; and, for the hour, the life of the lonely woman was blessedly full. Two years, in point of fact, did this full life continue, peacefully, placidly, without one prophecy or shiver of foreboding. Then, first, came the winter of Henry's sickness following upon a summer of poor crops for them, and yet no rise in the price of grain. Wherefore the little maid servant's departure, and the remaining woman now became mother, nurse, housekeeper, helper, and manageress. Even this she found bearable, however; for Lottie now took care of herself most of the time, and two or three years more would see her at dish-towel and duster—in summer, at least, when she was out of school; young Henry, meantime, beginning his apprenticeship at the plough.

Brave dreams!—that they should prove so futile was surely overcruel even for this bitter world. In the October following, the red death of fever passed across the country; and when it was gone, the Gibbs household was desolate, and Darrowville cemetery saw a new lot, in which beginning had been made already, in the shape of two very little mounds, which the snows must wrap long before there should rise those crocus and tulip buds, planted by a thin-faced man who wept, and a haggard woman whose burning eyes knew no refreshment of tears.

Eight months. The snows melted. The crocuses sent their first spears through the mould upon the graves. Eight months—and behold Ann Gibbs laying the supper-table, while Henry watches and meditates from the doorway.



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

"BUT YE SAY 'TAIN'T DANG'ROUS, THIS TROUBLE O' HER'N?"

A woman of middle height, she looked taller than she was because of her exceeding thinness. Her bloodless face had the grayish pallor that seems to be born out of mental pain. Her hair, drawn tightly back from her brow and wadded into a thin little knot at the back of her head, was lustreless and thickly sprinkled with a gray very apparently immature. Her face, seamed with infinite tiny lines, had once been of a pleasant oval, but was now drawn into a sharp point, which also accentuated the height of the newly prominent cheek-bones.

The figure of Ann Gibbs, clad in its loose-hanging gingham gown, fulfilled the prophecy of the face—the thin chest, pitifully flat; the shoulders bowed; the slender wrists showing upon their inner surfaces the same delicate mesh of startlingly purple veins that marked her temples.

Finally, last and most eloquent of the features speaking the mental history of the woman, the one ever-changing, undeceivable feature of every face, were her eyes. Once they had been of a clear gray, black-shot, so quick and so brilliant that for the stranger their shade often remained for some time matter of fascinated conjecture. Yet those were the same as these orbs, faded, deep sunken, dull, forever framed about with a faint tinge of red, which, after four or five minutes of unceasing but weary dragging to and fro between table and cupboard, cupboard and stove, she finally lifted to the scrutinizing gaze of her husband, and asked, in her dull, expressionless voice,

“’S he gone?”

“Yep.” And Henry tilted his chair back against the wall, throwing one ankle across the other knee.

A moment’s pause. Then Ann once more:

“Hev ye the perscription, ’r ’d he leave suthin’?”

“He ain’t done neither.”

Ann dropped both arms to her sides and stared, till her husband, after a moment’s screwing up of his forehead in puzzled thought, set about repeating, with laborious effort after strict accuracy, Merriam’s suggestions for his treatment of Ann. The matter took

some moments; but finally the conclusive paragraph, pithiest of the whole, was attained:

“’N’ so, to-morrow ’r nex’ day, we’ll drive in to town ’n’ git ye a libr’y subscripsh’n, ’n’ buy some papers ’n’ magazines, likely. Then you c’n call ’t the Tabors, ’n’ Egglestons, ’n’ Newtons, ’n’ they’ll help ye ’bout town invitations t’ a bee er a dance, mebbe, f’r nex’ week er so.”

He had spoken with great solemnity; for, in spite of their strangeness, the doctor’s words were as Holy Writ to him; and it never entered his brain to doubt that Ann, also, would obey them to the letter. It came, then, as a serious shock when his wife, who had listened in silence, but with widening eyes, at his conclusion burst suddenly into a storm of harsh, hysterical laughter. It was almost as if she pierced the subtle irony of her position: this injunction to her—her, the empty-hearted, the iron-pierced—to forget herself in a sudden round of gayeties!

Indeed, there was neither bee nor dance at the farm that spring. Instinct, rather than understanding, made Henry refrain from either urging upon or reference to the subject, on which, barring that terrible fit of laughter, Ann had never uttered a syllable. But Henry never dreamed how hotly, in her secret heart, she resented what she felt to have been some sort of vague insult to the memory of her dead children.

The doctor’s wishes were not, however, wholly disregarded. Calls Ann did make; and had them returned—friendly visits, not of the twenty minutes of city formality, but comfortable, three-hour gossip over mending and knitting, that Ann took, however, in some indifference. Moreover, of books, papers, and current periodicals Henry had laid in a supply that neither he nor his wife could have finished in two years. Of all these, that to which Ann seemed to take with some faint show of interest was, wonderful to relate, the most incongruous of all: the *Chicago Tatler*—a fashionable, biweekly chronicle of society events, club matters masculine and feminine, theatrical and book criticisms, and the fads of the hour in dress. Over this mélange,

designed chiefly for those who saw, or aspired to see, their own names printed often under "Society's Doings," Ann Gibbs pored regularly. True, the winter season of balls and crushes had ended at Easter. But the spring had been late this year, and, various leaders having taken it into their heads to remain at home till summer advanced apace, a second season had suddenly risen, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the first; the editors of the *Tatler* beamingly contemplated an extra week of vacation in August; and Ann Gibbs, like several thousands of unknown and unguessed companions, began to know many new names by heart, and conjure up, in her stunted imagination, glorified personalities to fit them.

It was the first real pleasure she had known in seven months. The second, one far greater, far more dangerous, and utterly unforeseen, came to her by accident and the good nature of her blundering, affectionate husband. It was on a Saturday evening—the second in May—that he brought home and gave into her hands the first large bundle of papers and mail, among which lay a three-hundred-page illustrated catalogue of a great Western mailing-house. It is probably the largest house of its kind in the world; and, though it sells only to a country trade, carries a good and expensive line of articles. The farm, the farmer, his wife, his children, his house—nay, his very table—are all to be supplied with their every want, and the best of each thing. Their encyclopædic catalogue is filled with illustrations, accompanied by descriptions and prices of nearly every article in stock, from threshing-machines to stick-pins; and armchairs to *fois-gras*. And it was now, at this psychologically crucial moment of Ann's broken life, that this book opened before her new-seeing eyes.

In less than the fortnight of Merriam's prediction, Henry Gibbs perceived the difference in his wife's condition. On the second Friday night came the doctor himself, to whom his patient's change was striking indeed; yet hardly that which he had expected. She had become singularly difficult to analyze; but he studied her in vain for really healthy

signs. Of excitement, of some hidden interest, however, there were plenty; and Merriam decided to watch the case closely through the ensuing weeks.

This resolve Merriam conscientiously followed. But it was, alas! not in masculine nature to solve the mystery; though even now he did not underrate the dangerous and increasing possibilities of her case. Henry, indeed, was delighted at the signs of renewed interest in life betrayed by his wife; and Merriam could see no good in weighting the hard-working farmer with his own rather indeterminate dissatisfactions. Thus many days passed without enlightenment, rapid as was the development of the new Ann.

Reason there was for the mystery, but one too feminine and too trivial for comprehension by a doctor who was very much a man. Ann Palmer and Ann Gibbs, Ann girl and Ann woman, had been throughout her life quite unused to those luxuries and refinements of existence so necessary to all dwellers in cities and the well-to-do of sward and sky. Yet, in spite of her artistic starvation, the desires and the instincts of womanhood, all those small, endearing vanities and graces, lay deep within her, replete with possibility, waiting only for the light of day. Ann knew naught of artificial beauty; either of great arts or the small daintinesses of personal adornment. But the spirit of all the race of her feminine predecessors was within her, ineradicable; and with the first lifting of the curtain upon this world unknown, her soul leaped up within her, clamoring.

And that lifting of the curtain?—Ah! how simple an incident! Only the opening of a big paper book, and, lo! the world was changed! At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, her brief afternoon's work done, Ann sat her down with Fate, at her elbow, to open idly the pages of the catalogue—not upon the parts devoted to implements of farming, but on those containing cuts and explanations of the new-fashioned children's furniture; fascinating little pieces, of white enamel, rose-strewn, the little bed hung with fine curtains of point d'esprit; one of the little chairs actually a tiny replica of Dan Hale's huge, leather rocker, which she and Henry had envied the Hale family for years.

Through this section and the next, containing toys which she saw through a mist of tears, Ann went. And already there had risen in her heart another emotion than that deadening grief of the last long months. As she continued to turn pages, it was this new emotion that brought the spots of color to her cheeks and gradually dried the eyes that were presently fastened hungrily on plates of furniture of mature size; on beautiful woods and leathers; on china that would make dish-washing a delight; finally even on feminine garments, underwear, jewelry, of fashions new and delightful: such things as, once possessed, would make her a power in her small world. . . . A thousand covetable articles she pored over, admired, returned to with a continual augmentation of that rare, new pleasure that was already bringing a tinge of youth to her worn face. . . . Two blissful hours in all she knew. And then, there was Henry, wonderingly inquiring for his Sunday supper of cold meat and tea.

Truly an odd cure for melancholia, this occupation so common to most women of the world and out of it. But to Ann Gibbs, unconscious anchorite, this year-old catalogue had become a book of Arabian Nights' Entertainment. And had it remained a mere record of wonders unattainable, the perusal of the catalogue might have done her inestimable mental service, by bringing her back from mourning heights, the far country of her grief. But it was only for one week that the new light remained undimmed in Ann's eyes and her hours with the catalogue were hours of joy.

The knowledge that pleasure unalloyed was gone from her new occupation, came as suddenly as it had been invidiously born. All in an instant, it seemed to her, she was in a red flame of envious desire. Her eyes, wandering over her house, now saw the shabby pine furniture and thick white dishes replaced by Flemish oak and painted egg-shells; herself, working among her treasures, clad not in gingham but in muslin; or, of a Sunday, the old, old alpaca replaced by a certain elaborate gown of lustrous Liberty satin, over which she lingered daily and long. Preposter-

ous!—A fact. Desire, sprung full-born out of the void of her heart, ruled her brain and soul.

Certainly from this stage to a wild resolution to possess certain of these things was no long road. And, one point gained, she knew content—nay, pleasure—for a little while. For she began, in secret, to write a list of things desired: two long columns of names followed by their prices, in figures so neat that they *looked* fearless. Proceeding with this daring task, she could bear to leave out no desirable thing; for this was the only use to which she would put common sense. Even one of the extravagancies being actually impossible to her, why, in imagination, deny herself any? As it was, the feminine half of the catalogue being long, and she busy most of the day, she had nearly a week of growing delight ere, the last page done, she set herself to the dread task of—addition! Within twenty minutes the sparkle was gone from her eye, the flush from her cheek. Outside her window the bees droned, the gnats murmured, a stray robin warbled fitfully. Within the neat kitchen where she sat, the clock ticked solemnly; and to its monotonous syllables were added those of the thing the woman, aghast, was saying, mentally, over and over again: "Seven hundred and ninety dollars and eighty-five cents!"—a sum of money such as Ann Gibbs had never dreamed of as existing outside a bank!

Now during the next three or four days, farmer Henry bethought himself once and again to speculate upon the unusual trend of Ann's recent conversation. She had developed an interest all unwonted in the prospect of the summer's crop: that same prospect that occupied his own mind from summer dawn to dusk. Her questions related not much to quality, however, but to quantity, and the proceeds and net profit of the sale of the rye and wheat. Her questions asked, he formulated replies to the best of his ability, nor gave the lowest figure which he had trained himself to look for. Therefore it was difficult to understand why Ann, even after hearing how, year by year, a little was being laid by in the bank, wherein, even after the

expenses of last autumn, there still remained some sixty dollars, should have turned away from him with a face so blank, eyes so dull? this wife, who had not, in the ten years of her life with him, asked him for one penny over what he allowed her for groceries and clothes.

Yet Ann walked from him out into a wilderness in which she wandered, helpless and hopeless, for three days. It took all this time, seventy-two hours of almost ceaseless thought, to bring her to an act the exact conception of which she could not remember, so always had the idea seemed to be with her. At bottom, she was a woman not without pride, a certain deep-seated dignity of feeling, that shone, now and then, through the gaucheries of her words and deeds. Certainly, in normal times, she was far enough above the beggar's level. Yet this was precisely the depth to which, in her unnatural extremity, she fell. Ann Gibbs, desiring certain petty but unobtainable luxuries of existence, sought to obtain them through charity.

Painfully, secretly, line by line, she wrote her odd letter, appended the list that gave it reality, addressed and then sent it, by means of a neighbor waylaid on his road to town, entirely without her husband's suspicion. It was an appeal to one of those women whose names and abodes she had learned by heart in the *Tatler*:—a letter little dissimilar to thousands mailed every day to people of the class of the Cyrus Getchells, of which fact, however, Ann never dreamed. She knew these people to be still at their city house, because, in ten days' time, they were to give a great lawn fête in honor of a certain celebrated wanderer. For two issues now the *Tatler* had talked of little else. And how should it not seem to the wife of a lonely Missouri farmer that she, who could spend \$5000 on one afternoon's pleasure, would and could answer her plea for less than one-fifth of that sum for the purpose of making habitable her home? How, again, should she know that there is never a week of a wealthy woman's life but she could give away the half of her fortune, by answering the appeals that passed through the hands of her secretary—a few of them almost as ridiculous as that of Ann Gibbs?

In the hours immediately following the sending of her letter, Ann knew a peace, a contentment, that amazed her. It was as if the eight hundred dollars lay within her purse. And during the evening meal she so vibrated with unwonted life that the two hands, Luff Carter and Jabe Henders, whose souls rarely rose above the delight of plenty of butter on their ears of corn, noted her with slow surprise. So also Henry. But he had been asleep and snoring for two hours before the change came and her spirit was attacked by the vanguard of the army of doubts, of dread, of—shame.

During the five ensuing days, she grew experienced in every pang of these states of mind. And then, by degrees, as the hours continued to pass and there came no hint of either check or letter, hypothetical cares became merged into a reality of disappointment. Keen as had been her sentence before, it was now greatly increased. Vaguely she realized that stained-oak chairs and gold-sprigged china were giving her a month more fervid than that in which she had watched her two children sink irresistibly away from her mother-clasp. But her world was spinning through strange places now. And, while certain of her senses were quick with an abnormal keenness, over other of her emotions gray clouds were closing in. Bit by bit she was becoming a soul ill-balanced, a mind unhinged.

About dusk on the seventh day after the sending of the letter, Dr. Merriam, driving by, was hailed by farmer Gibbs, and so stopped for a moment. He remained on the veranda with man and wife for half an hour, studying Ann, noting her languor, her pallor, the pinched look of her face, and the straight, drawn lines of brow and lip. But in it all he found little of what was most to be dreaded; for determination stood proclaimed in her face, under its displeasure. And where these stand together the mind holds strong.

Merriam was partly right in his reading. Determination had now replaced the sickening relaxation of Ann's disappointment regarding her *idée fixe*. And yet, already, the woman knew moments in which a shadow of dreadful night



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

SHE BEGAN ONCE MORE TO PORE OVER THE CATALOGUE

seemed to be creeping, batlike, over the twilight of her far-reaching, visible future. And could Merriam have beheld the mental shuddering that seized, at such moments, upon Ann, his complaisance over her would have dropped away.

However, temporarily, she had again come to a decision, the result of which was a second letter, posted at evening; this time by Luff Carter, who walked the eight miles gladly for the sake of a silver quarter and the prospect of a seat on the apple-barrel in front of "Phalen's groc'ry" during the half-hour in which a grave circle there discussed the recent remarkable connection between Ann Gibbs and Mrs. Cyrus Getchell, of Prairie Avenue, Chicago.

Yes, Ann had written a second letter: one unconsciously piteous, but accompanied by the same preposterous list of articles desired. The act brought seventy-two hours' respite from emotion; and then came a diversion in the shape of a very full account of the Getchell lawn fête, now over, containing not only lists of names, but the toilet of every lady present, together with minute details of the elaborate decorations, the various diversions provided, and the refreshments served. Over this Ann, returning for the nonce to her first allegiance, pored, adoringly, while she reflected also in her heart that, with all this to be planned and made ready—notes to write, food to prepare (engraved invitations, secretaries and caterers, being beyond her ken), it was small wonder that the great lady had had as yet no time to consider the request of Ann Gibbs of Darrowville in Missouri.

It was in this spirit of comprehensive hospitality that Ann managed, not without many an hour of dreary foreboding and doubt, to endure eight days more. Surely by this time Mrs. Getchell, probably about to leave town for the summer, might have found one hour to devote to her petitioner! So thought Ann to herself a hundred times, though this thought more than any other seemed now the precursor of that terrible pang that throbbed at the base of her tired brain. She began once more to pore over the catalogue, whole pages of which now presented themselves before her staring eyes by night, while beyond it stretched grotesque visions of her slow-rolling, bar-

ren future, which must seize her in its octopus-grasp the instant she left this one, last, tossing spar that bound her still to realities—to hope.

This was Ann's third letter, dated June 20, 190—, P. O. box 217, Darrowville, Mo.:

"DEAR MRS CYRUS GETCHELL,—Twice before this time you have heard from me; but in the gay whirl of society you have forgot what I made bold to ask. I am only a poor woman and I know you are a very rich lady. But I want my house to look pretty like you do yours. I an't nothing now but this to think of having lost my little girl and little boy last October the same day like I told you and this being a lonely part of the U. S. I seeing few friends or neighbors, so feeling lonely nearly always.

"I got an M and G catalogue, and I picked out the things that will make this house pretty though not so fine as yours would be you being so rich and Henry not always sucksessful with the crops. I have wrote down that list of what I mean to get with prices that you may see I will not spend the money any other way than I say. This seems a strange thing to ask I always having dispised all beggers. But there is a reason I'm asking you to send articles or money. I cant let you know that reason but it is real indeed. Oh please send me the money-order or else buy these things! The money-order would be easier as I do not want to trouble you too much, having been bold to ask at all and my husband not knowing.

"I dont know how wrong this is for me to do, Mrs Cyrus Getchell. Probly it is very bad but I darent go on as I am now so I pray God to let you see it like I mean it and help me to hapiness. So let me hear soon as I dont sleep now for waiting. It is fourteen days. Please do Mrs Getchell. You are so rich you dont know what it means to me.

Yours Respet'ly

MRS ANN GIBBS."

LIST OF THINGS

1783	1	parlor set, stained oak, green plush upholstery — sofa, table, 4 chairs, cabinet...	\$85 00
1640	1	brass double bed—canopy and curtains—(pink)	37 00

1721	Springs and mattress for same—extra frame.....	17 00
1720	1 bedroom set—white enamel flowered—(6 pieces).....	78 00
1809	1 china-cabinet, mahog. finish dia. panes.....	48 00
1775	1 dining-room set—mahogany finish—(7 pieces).....	80 00
1776	1 dining-room buffet—to match above	30 00
1716	2 white enamel iron bedsteads, springs, and mat.....	25 00
1779	1 bedroom set—golden oak—5 pieces.....	55 00
1142	1 kitchen range with pipe.....	36 00
1160	1 set kitchen-ware—selected—26 pieces	16 05
1162	1 set kitchen furniture—4 pieces	18 00
1140	1213-14-15-16 kitchen linoleum—4 carpets for parlor, hall, bedroom, dining-room	112 00
1612	1 grandfather clock—stained oak	22 00
1598	1 full set dishes—white—gold rims—flowered	49 00
1599	1 set bric-à-brac for parlor—selected	25 00
1970	1 pearl-studded brooch—12-carat—gold	40 00
1963	1 back comb—carved shell—guaranteed	5 80
1932	1 silver-mounted chatelaine bag—initialed	12 00
Total price.....		\$790 85

Such, painfully copied, yet more painfully added, folded, and addressed, was the third missive from Darrowville that greeted the tired eyes of Mrs. Getchell when, on the morning of June 23, after a sleepless night spent at the bedside of her youngest boy, her coffee and the morning mail were brought together into her dressing-room.

It was the secretary, however, who, busying herself with the many envelopes, presently looked up to say, in her quiet, expressionless voice: "A third letter from this Mrs. Gibbs, madam. Shall I throw it away?"

"*Another!* Good heavens! And she still expects that preposterous amount?"

"She appends the list again, madam."

"Well—don't throw it away this time. We must stop the ridiculous proceeding. Write, please!"

At that same moment Ann, in the bare little farmhouse, was sweeping her worn and patternless bedroom carpet, while she calculated, in her now cease-

lessly spinning brain, the quickest possible arrival of the money-order or the letter from Chicago. On Sunday noon, after church, it might be put into her hand. On the homeward drive could she, possibly, refrain from opening it?—should she find courage to postpone the keen delight of the great moment? So vivid, at length, did the scene become, that, for a little time, the pain in her head was stilled and tranquillity descended upon her.

But all afternoon and night, and Saturday and Saturday night, Ann lived in a mist of fever and pain, praying for the sleep that would not come, till, when the quiet Sunday dawned, she lay barely conscious amid that hideous throb in her brain, till Henry awoke, dressed, and descended to prepare himself a desultory breakfast.

Yet Ann found strength to prevent her husband's hurrying off for Merriam. Between her paroxysms of agony she shot forth querulous commands that filled the dull and kindly soul of the man with puzzled amazement. At the same time he made little effort to cross her will. Nay, far better leave the painting of old Spot's hoof to Luff, forego his usual beloved hour of Sunday pottering about chicken-runs and stalls, in order to drive to church and afterward call at the post-office for that mail over which Ann betrayed such feverish anxiety.

An hour later, in fact, Henry, duly respectable and uncomfortable, sat alone on the high seat of the "spring wagon" on his way to town. The loose reins flopped across the brown back of quiet Bess; for her driver's whole mentality was brought to bear on the problem of the illness and the strange interest of his wife. Faint suspicion, vague jealousy, had begun at last to war with common sense and the faith of years. Nor were the slow-gathering doubts laid aside when, after service, he stood at the little window of the post-office, and saw, besides a bill, an advertisement, and a Weekly for himself, a letter for his wife post-marked "Chicago," and containing on the back of its smooth, white surface a tiny gold crest.

With this remarkable, rather thick document laid carefully in the breast pocket of his "other clothes," Henry's

homeward drive held many a disquieting thought for him. He was at last genuinely disturbed. *Could* that address be in a masculine hand? The question repeated itself, like a refrain, until at last his mind slipped off into dread and tortuous paths, along which he struggled wretchedly, taking no account of time or place, when all at once he perceived that he was nearing home, and that in the road before him was a figure at sight of which he suddenly straightened.

Ann! Was this Ann, this great-eyed, gaunt-faced woman whose gray pallor was broken below the cheek-bones by two flaming spots of color; whose hair was all unkempt; whose gown was all awry?

The sight suddenly melted Henry to an almost anguished tenderness. And the hardness of the woman's glittering eyes softened as she felt herself lifted to a place beside the man, who was talking to her with an instinctive gentleness as soothing as Merriam himself would have made it. And, in its way, this action eased them both, Henry as well as his wife—whose head, she explained, was better, and who had felt she wanted air, sunshine, and—*him*. Whereat the man's heart gave a sudden throb of mingled pity and passion—and the doubts were stilled.

They reached the farm gate comfortably, Ann promising to return to her room and lie down, Henry himself to come and sit with her, leaving the two hands to manage something for dinner.

Ann was smiling as she was helped from the wagon; and she was conscious of a vague but powerful mental relief when Henry, in the tenderness of his renewed faith, himself dealt her the blow. Smiling at the pleasure he was about to give, he drew the Chicago letter from his pocket and put it into her hand. Possibly he might have spoken. But Ann, who had taken the envelope mechanically, stared at it for an instant with puckered brow, suddenly uttered a low, odd cry, clasped it to her breast, and ran swiftly toward the house.

Henry, all his trouble upon him again, but in a new form, took the vehicle round

to the stables, and began the unharnessing as swiftly as he could. Strange emotions were stirring within him—doubt, dread, foreboding of misfortune. These presently walked with him from barn to kitchen, where he hesitated, struck by a new idea. He crossed to the stove, saw that the fire was good and the teakettle full, whereupon he set about making a cup of tea—not unhandily for a man. With this steaming in his hand he presently ascended the stairs to the bedroom occupied by himself and his wife.

Twenty minutes had elapsed between the time Ann left him and the moment when he halted before that closed door.

Some dim instinct—a memory of his youthful “courtin’” days, perhaps, caused him to knock, with his left hand. There was no answer. He paused, uncertainly, and repeated his knock. From within came a curious, choking gurgle of laughter.

Henry Gibbs's heart gave one violent throb. The cup crashed from his hand. He sprang at the door. It was locked. Locked! One instant, the drawing up of his powerful muscles, then a bump, a long cra-a-ack, and the shattered door swung open before him.

In a far corner of the room, unmoved, unnoticed, sat Ann, his wife, playing some sort of game with three old broken toys that he had not seen for eight months. Her play amused her, for she was smiling vacuously, and now and then emitting the chuckle heard outside the room. Upon the floor, between the man and the woman, lay three or four sheets of paper and the crested envelope. These the man picked up, mechanically, and read: Ann's plea first; then the brief, cold note of regret and return written “at the dictation of Mrs. Getchell.” At once, even in his stunned condition, most of the pitiful, humiliating story grew clear to him, with all the reason of Ann's strange eagerness and waiting.

He was still standing there, motionless, the papers in his hands, when Ann broke in upon his reverie. She came up to show him, gleefully, where she had eaten some of the paint off the pink nose of a worn and battered woolly dog.

Hunting Wild Bees

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

MID-SEPTEMBER brings the mature glory of summer to the middle and northern Atlantic States. And here to our Brookcamp home, amid the hills of fair Devonside, has come an insect-loving friend for a field-day with the wild bees which just now he is studying. So away we go, Mr. Fourcorners and I, he with his insect-net and killing-bottles, I to serve as a sort of scout to flush the game, and the two dogs as general inquisitors.

"But what a name! Really, now, is it—"

Yes, really and truly it is "Fourcorners," though commonly spelled in a foreign way; but for brevity we will call him, if you please, Mr. Four. He is well worth your knowing, especially if you are caring much for bees. Down through the grove and across the brook we go to the fallow fields that lie between this wooded hill and the far southward wanderings of the stream along yon knobby glen.

Earlier in the season we might have sung literally with lovers of the old Scotch Psalter:

"In pastures green
He leadeth
me,
The quiet waters
by."

But not to-day! Here are indeed the quiet waters, but not the pastures green; for, in truth, they are yellow. It is a

somewhat uncommon scene. This year the vast untilled estate of "Devon Hills" around us has not known the sweep and burr-r-r of the horse-mower, and the wild flowers and meadow-larks, the spiders and the grasshoppers, have had unmolested sway. Thus it comes that a broad expanse of yellow golden-rod lies all around us, lightened up with clumps of the pale blue and white aster and the blooms of boneset, wherein living things may range, and hunt and nest after their own wild will and wont.

"This ought to be a fine field for our collecting!" quoth Mr. Four.

Collecting wild bees? Surely that were a sport easily ended. A short horse is soon curried, saith the proverb; and I have never seen more than five species of wild bees around here.

Mr. Four smiled. He was well inclined to credit me with some knowledge of living creatures, but that trace of conscious superiority which eye and voice betrayed showed me that I had blundered.

"Take them all together," he said, "social and solitary, we have at least five thousand species of wild bees; and I should count it a poor day's hunt if I did not get seven or eight to-day. And here is one of them!" he added, with a sweep of his net. "And



LEAF-CUTTER BEE (*Megachile mendica*) AT WORK
UPON A ROSE-BUSH

The leaves show the semicircular openings whence
cuttings have been made

one of the most interesting. It is Creson's *Megachile mendica*," he continued, as he removed the bee from the net to the cyanide or killing-bottle, and thence, after a painless and almost instantaneous death, to his collecting-tubes.

Megachile, at least, the author knows; and his readers have had an inkling of her pretty ways,* for she is one of our leaf-cutters. Last summer one chose the steps beneath a wing of our porch for the making of her nest, into which she would pass through the latticed screen between the pillars of the floor. There was nearly foraging enough for the needed fabric, for her fancy lit upon rose-leaves. And they were everywhere around—yonder in the mistress's rose-garden; and there in the red and white ramblers that well-nigh cover the flag-arbor.

How deftly she does her cutting! Hers is indeed a fairy tread as she stands upon the velvety softness of the leaf, her body held up high by her outspread legs, and bends down her scissorslike jaws to her task. She clips the serrate edge and moves as on a pivot towards the midrib, leaving in her circuit a curved incision. Can that fragile floor uphold her weight? It does. The leaf hardly bends beneath her. Do the aidant fairies indeed put their shoulders inunder—the tiny Atlases for this midget world?

Now a circular or semicircular bit is cut out; and striding the gap, poised the while on fluttering wings, she balances the segment in her jaws and flies to her chosen nest site. That may be in the butt end of a hollow stalk, in a cavity in a rotten stump, or, with some species, in a depression on the surface or a hole within the ground. The wee eremite seeks a space that shall be a little wider than herself. Good working-room she must have; but not too much, else the tubular roll with which she is to drape the wall will not take and keep due shape.

Leaf tissue is dainty material to work with; but she manages to bend a cutting against the surface of her cave, to smooth it into place, and leave it there while she garners another piece and yet others. She cuts and comes again until she has hung a space the length of her body or more with overlaid bits of leaf that quite

encompass the cavity. With feet and jaws, head and abdomen, she pulls, pushes, thrusts, and beats the pieces into place, trusting to their natural elasticity to get and keep their set into the concavity of her chamber. As three or four layers of these leafy drapings must be made, there are busy times before Mother Megachile, and back and forth she flies between rose-bush and rose-den.

They must be dreadful pests? queries the reader. Not at all. For they are few, and being solitary, cannot plot and organize mischief. It is your "social" creatures who develop the vicious traits that waste our orchards, fields, and gardens, and vex our souls by their depredations. But one does not need to vent his wrath on our leaf-cutter bee; for the rose-bushes can well spare all that she will take; though she is no laggard, whether as cutter or draper. In laying her upholstery it would not do, of course, to allow edge simply to join to edge. The edges must overlap to make a compact compartment. And so we find it, whether by haphazard or by fair intent. The end or opening into this patchwork cradle must be closed, and it must need nice management and a delicate touch to curve and tuck and fit until the closure is made.

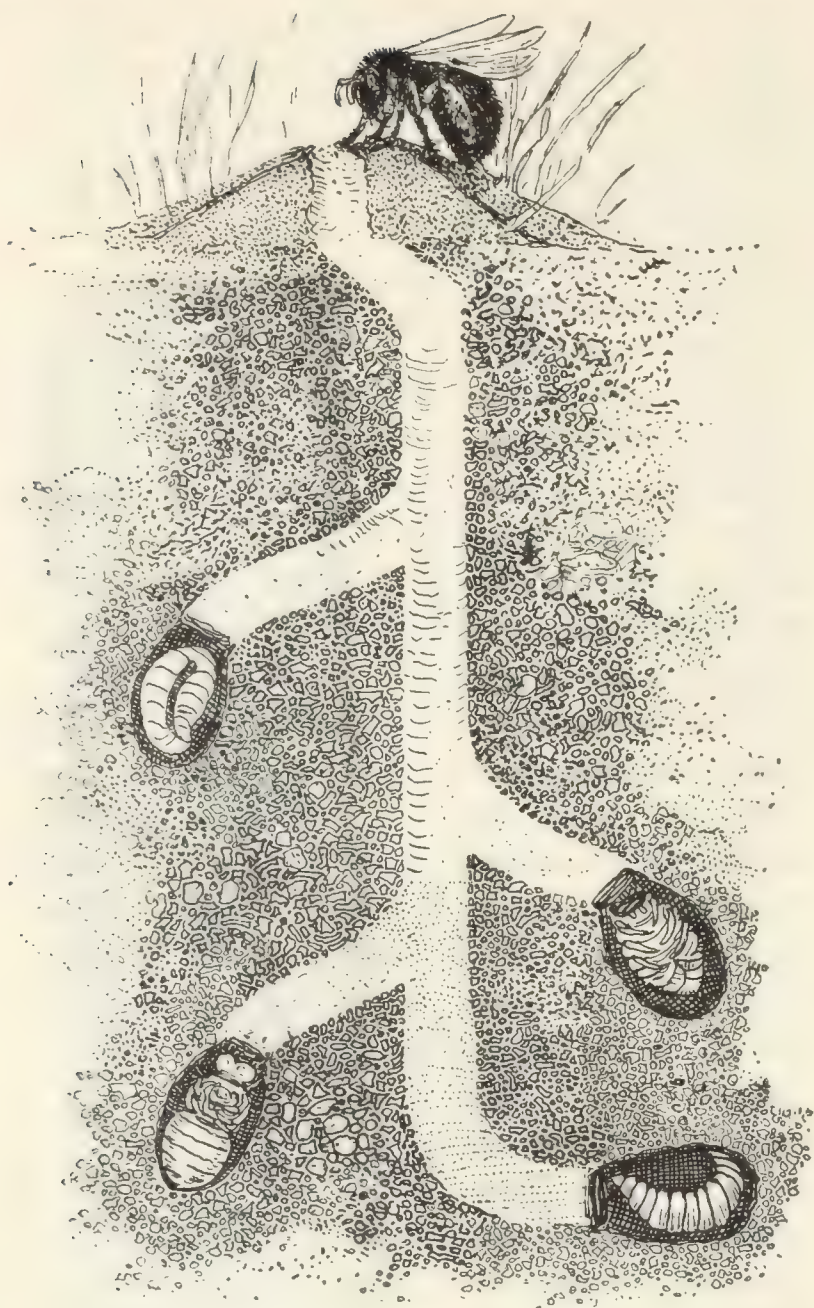
And now the winged upholsterer has formed a cartridge longer and larger than herself, whose leafy shell of several lairs is ready to be charged. Herein must go an egg and food for the beeling that shall hatch therefrom. Away our wee mother



BROODING-NEST OF LEAF-CUTTING BEE (*Megachile*)

From photograph of specimen in American Museum of Natural History, New York City

* See *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1904, "Tailoring Animals."



THE BURROW AND BROODING-CELLS OF BURROW-
ING-BEE (*Colletes inequalis*)

The bottom of the burrow is filled with sand

flies, her body aquiver with maternal eagerness to fill the cradle that her hands have made. Her course is not to the rose-garden now. She is off to the fallow fields where the goldenrod bends with pollen, and asters blue and white, and many wild flowers besides, are holding up their nectar-cups for their winged visitors to sip. What a chalice and what a draught is hers! And as she flutters from flower to flower and quaffs an elixir that only Flora can mix, she drinks not as the wine-bibber for the selfish pleasure of the draught, but mingles therewith the spicery of motherhood's kind thoughts. For from this honey-of-the-flowers, mixed and kneaded with pollen, she will make a rare confection known as "bee-bread." A tiny roll of this she will put within her cell, will drop thereinto a minute atom of life from her ovaries, then seal up her casket and hie away again to her harvest-field of rose-leaves, and begin to

frame another cell. And so on, until death stays her beautiful career, or her ovaries have spent their life-force.

How many of these cells she makes I do not surely know; but they are commonly found in tubes wherein as many as five or six are sometimes united. However, Professor Putnam, an admirable observer, records that he watched one worker for twenty days building and provisioning her cells underneath a board. There were thirty cells in all, in nine irregular rows, and he estimated that more than a thousand leaf-cuttings had been used by the little architect.

What an ingenious creature! And how admirable her work! And she and her numberless fellows, in forms and varieties innumerable, over all this landscape and throughout the universe, are at work upon tasks like these, marked with a like ingenuity. What an aggregate of wisdom—and how it mounts towards infinity—is vital within this great bosom of animated nature from which these creatures draw their varied cunning and skill! One cannot but wonder, as he thinks of it, where—what—Who, back of Mother Nature, must be the Original Fount of it all?

Meanwhile the insect-net has been busily sweeping the flowers as we slowly move across the open fields. We have fallen upon quite a colony of that interesting group known as mining or burrowing bees. We have several examples, in both sexes, of *Colletes** and *Andrena*, *Panurginus* and *Augochlora*,† who drive narrow tubular tunnels into the ground, wherein they put their cells, protected against the dampness by a thin membranous lining which reminds one of oil-paper. One of these, *Andrena solidaginis*, gets its specific name from its fondness for the pollen of *Solidago*; and the naturalist who so named it made no mistake; for here we find the pretty little fellows fluttering among the blossoms of goldenrod. They visit other flowers, doubtless, but here there is no temptation to inconstancy, for there is more than enough for all comers. Did Thomas Moore have some such case in mind, or did he simply

* *Colletes americana*, and *C. compacta*.

† *Panurginus compositarum* and *Augochlora*. I am indebted to Mr. H. L. Viereck for these and other determinations and information.

draw upon imagination, when he wrote his familiar verse:

The bee through many a garden roves
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves
He settles there, and roves no more?

It is a pretty emblem of constancy indeed, but one must needs revise the poet's facts. The bee never "settles" among the flowers. It is a rover always; except that now and then an errant male will lodge for a night in a convenient blossom: a dainty place for camping out, one fancies—for a bee! Our Goldenrod *Andrena* is an autumn wanderer; but her family, for the most part, are out early in the spring, and complete their flitting season in forty-eight days.

The burrowing-bees are commonly ranked with solitary insects. Certainly they are not "social," living in organized communities, like honey-bees. But one might venture to call them "neighborly insects," for they love to make their cavernous hermitages in well-peopled neighborhoods.

Their burrow sites are preferably upon hard, dry spots, with a bit of slope, maybe. Therein the mother will sink a shaft eight or ten inches deep and about three-eighths of an inch wide. On either side

she will dig out small ovate cells, five or six in all, which she duly provisions and supplies with an egg apiece.

A striking diversion from the general habit of the group has been noted by Professor Kellogg, of Leland Stanford University, in a California burrowing-bee (*Anthropora Stanfordiana*) which makes its side galleries a series of branching cells, each like the typical nest of *Andrena*. Instead of sealing up and provisioning these cells, leaving the larvæ to feed themselves, she passes to and fro in the open burrow, bringing her offspring food; a curious appropriation of the habit of the social wasps.

These "neighborhoods" of burrowing-bees sometimes consist of hundreds of separate nests, in one case of nearly two thousand. One easily sees that it is no light task to dig out and deport the quantity of soil required. There is at least one record of an ingenious miner who eased her toil by bringing moisture to soften the soil. But the records do not show that this rare development of genius has been transmitted. It has often befallen the author in his study of insect and aranead life that the rarest finds were made on well-worked ground and at his very doors. He was not surprised, therefore, that one of the most interesting



HALICTUS MALE GUARDING HIS BURROW AGAINST PARASITE FLIES (*Phora cara*)

stories of these apian troglodytes should have been written lately of one that inhabits Woods Hole, Massachusetts, a summer headquarters for naturalists. *Halictus pruinosus* Robertson is a brilliant greenish bee, a third of an inch long, that ranges from the Atlantic coast westward to the Rockies. In the early summer the workers begin to drill their burrows in sandy slopes by the roadside, and by September their neighborhoods are closely settled. The openings are several inches apart, but the drifts sometimes cut closely to one another. One wonders what the effect might be should they chance to intersect; and whether their subterranean worldlet may not witness strange happenings "i' the immanent deadly breach"?

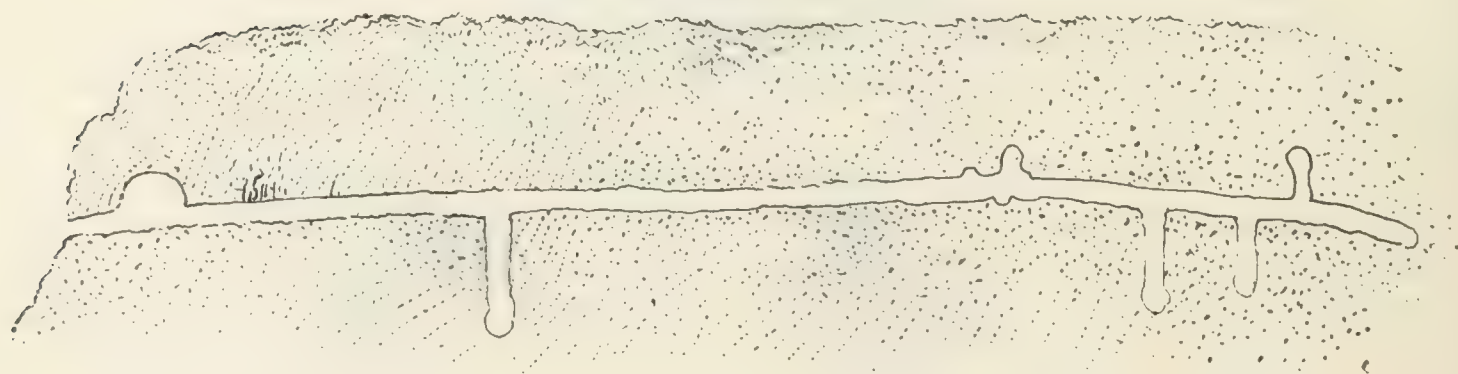
The burrows are about the bigness of the occupant and extend inward for a foot or so with sundry enlargements, after the fashion of their kind, wherein the young are bred. In the height of the season these bee neighborhoods are the scene of a busy life. The air resounds with the hum of wings as the insects fly to and fro on parental duties bent, plenishing their nurseries with pollen and honey-of-the-flowers. But just

inside each burrow gate an interesting phase of insect life goes on. Beyond the gateway, which is about the length of the bee, there rises a vestibule—a tiny expansion of the burrow—whose use soon appears. Just within the gateway, with face toward the opening, one of the housekeepers, now the male and now the female, but oftener the former, keeps constantly on guard. And great need there is for such sentry duty; for insect rogues and thieves besiege the doors to plunder the contents of the nurseries or infect them with parasitic eggs.

Here, then, we see the male on sentry duty, his body blocking up the gateway and his rounded head closing up the entrance. When his mate comes home with her bee-basket full, the guard backs into the vestibule, which is large enough to allow the passing of the female, and returns to his post. A loving welcome awaits the incomer; for the doorkeeper with open mandibles and waving antennæ, the apian style of embrace, greets his partner right joyously. Thus the good mistresses of our homes and their maids at the back gate are not the only order of housekeeping creatures that exchange kisses at one's doorways!



A



B

(A) HALICTUS MALE ON GUARD, ADMITTING FEMALE TO THE NEST. (B) DIAGRAM OF NESTING BURROW OF THE SOLITARY BEE (*Halictus pruinosus* Robertson)



MUD-PELLET CELLS OF A MASON-BEE (*Osmia*)
Built in a stone heap

But other sorts of greeting are seen at these portals. The velvet ant (*Mutilla canadensis* Blake)—a beautiful but dangerous neighbor—besets the *Halictus* gates. If a female chance to be on guard, she rushes forth and pluckily grapples with her great and vicious intruder. A rough-and-tumble fight ensues, from which *Halictus*-madam often, though not always, escapes. But her home-coming now is not so heartily greeted as afore. Her tussle with *Mutilla* has left some hostile taint upon her person, which, although she has tarried to preen herself, her nest-mate at the gate perceives, and holds her back until, after due inspection, her identity is made plain. Should the male chance to be too slow in coming to a decision, the overtired female will thrust the sting-clad tip of her abdomen into the door, as much as to say: "See! Do you not know the sight and scent of your partner's weapon?" The argument is always conclusive!

The male, whose discretion overtops his valor, has an odd way of meeting these intruders when he is on guard.

He turns tail, and pushes the point of his abdomen into the opening—an effective though seemingly not a valiant mode of defence. But, indeed, Sir *Halictus* is not to be blamed, for nature has denied him the fighting weapons with which the female is endowed, for in this sphere of life of which we are writing real Amazons are the rule, not the exception.

One of the most dangerous and annoying of the *Halictine* foes is a small parasitic fly, *Phora cara*. This insect, on maternal duty bound, following the same instinct that sends the mother bee to the flowery fields, loiters at the *Halictus* gate. Now comes thither the burdened bee. She pauses a second at the door to pass the marital sentinel's challenge. It is enough! That pause is fatal. Swiftly the dipterous ovipositor thrusts a parasitic egg into the pollen mass, and the mother herself bears to her offspring's cradle the germ of death. So goes on to-day, and day by day forever, the old story of how the Trojans themselves brought into the walls of Troy the armed destroyers of their town!

To these alien parasites one must add sundry species of guest-bees, who rear their offspring at the expense of the hard-working *Halictus* and *Andrena*. They bear the popular name of "Cuckoo-bees"; and fittingly, since they image on a smaller scale the habit of that rather disreputable bird to foist upon nobler birds its eggs, the offspring from which grow up to oust its mates from their own parents' nest.

The cuckoo-bees, many of which belong to the genus *Nomada*, have the grace to live on good terms with their hosts, and may be seen in the adult stage sipping nectar from the same flowers, or droning their peaceful cadences around the same nests. But they are robbers, quite the same. They steal into their neighbors' homes and drop their eggs within the cells. When the larvæ appear they feed upon the pollen mass prepared for the young *Andrena* or *Halictus*. It would seem that there is for the most part enough bee-bread for the families of both the host and the guest, which is no credit to the robbers;

and that the young live peacefully together, which, perhaps, may be reckoned a virtue, as virtues go among cuckoo-bees.

Another form of nest-architecture among these solitary workers is that of the mason-bee, whose habits are well represented by members of the genus *Osmia*. She reminds one of the well-known mud-dauber wasp in her way of working. Her brick-kiln is a convenient bed of soil, and if it be moist, so much the better. But if not, a bit of earth the bigness of a small pea is rolled between her jaws and moistened by saliva as it is rounded into shape. Thence the pellet is borne to the spot chosen for a building site. That has a wide range of diversity—the under side of a stone, an abandoned insect burrow, a bit of decayed wood, the open space between bricks or stones in heaps, even a deserted snail-shell. Here the mason begins to set in a ring her well-kneaded mortar pellets. Forefeet and mandibles place and shape them, and they are kept plastic by saliva. Round

after round of these mud pats is placed, intermixed with wood scrapings and tiny pebbles, all firmly cemented together, until a jarlike cell is made. The outside is left as laid down, but the inside is smoothed, and then provisioned in the usual way.

"And here," remarked our bee-hunter, interrupting the flow of discourse, "is a honey-bee — and another! Do you raise bees?"

No; nor any of my neighbors. The nearest bee-hives are in the village a full mile away. But who knows? It is a

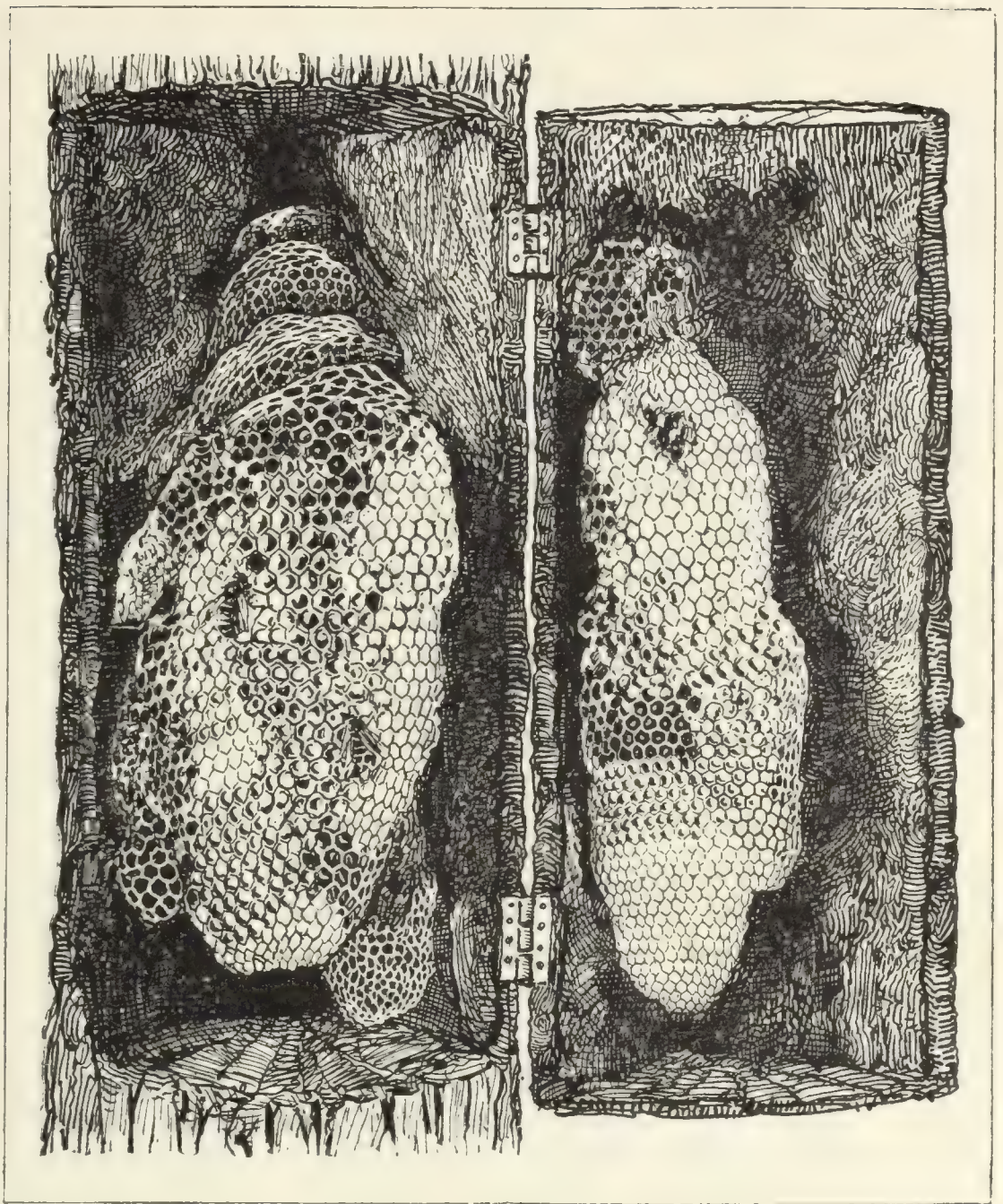


CAVE NESTS AND CELLS OF THE BUMBLEBEE (*Bombus Virginica*)

far wanderer, this *Apis mellifica*. And when it was first brought to our shores and became thoroughly naturalized in America, it soon learned to look out for itself. Perhaps these are the descendants of some of the wild bees of which our fathers and grand-sires used to tell us as inhabiting hollow trees on the verges of our native forests? In those days wild honey was one of the few luxuries that pioneers could indulge in, and to them a "bee-tree" was a fair godsend. Like the bee, man has always been a searcher after sweets. Witness the Bible story of Jonathan, the princely friend of David, who was tempted to disobey orders by the wild-bee honey in the clefts of the rocks. Indeed, one might go farther back to the wild-bee's nest that Samson found in a lion's skeleton. The race of wild honey-bees has by no means passed away, although bee-trees are rare finds now save in our most unsettled parts. But that they still exist one may see for himself by visiting the American Museum of Natural History, one of the noblest possessions of New York city.

Hark! The call to the midday meal sounds across the fields of goldenrod. The dogs know it as well as we, and are prompt to lead the way homeward. They seem to be disgusted with such tame sport. Poor dogs! Our ways must indeed seem to them a bit peculiar and our unreasonableness (from their standpoint) most vexing. Such a way of hunting, for example!

"And here is our last capture for the



SECTION OF A BEE-TREE

Masses of honey-comb are clinging to the hollow interior. (From a specimen in the American Museum of Natural History)

day," quoth Mr. Four, as he swept a bumblebee into his net. And rarely interesting fellows are these children of *Bombus*. We look upon them more complacently since Charles Darwin taught us that we owe them the Heartsease and the Red-top Clover. Indeed, let men remember, when they make up their balance-sheets in account with Nature and her wild children of the insect world, that without them the life and infinite variety and beauty of plants would not have been achieved.

So ends our field-day, with thirteen species of bees to our credit; and our wild-bee hunter's promise is more than made good.

The Apostates

BY MARIE MANNING

THEODORA had heard so often that "boarding-school would be the making of her," from an aunt not wholly indifferent to such a happy evolution, that she had come to regard this vague abode of manners, where apparently all bad children were turned into good, with a distrust that waxed stronger with each auntly petition that she be sent thither.

Since the death of her grandmother, some months before, Theodora had filled the dual rôle of lady of the house and *enfant terrible*—a combination, it must be admitted, that presented not only frequent temptations, but likewise many splendid opportunities of yielding to them. That such blending of office was preposterous, Aunt Winship—the boarding-school advocate—seldom failed to point out when she had access to the surviving parent. But Theodora's father, when business permitted him to be at home, frankly enjoyed the society of his little daughter, and matters continued pretty much as they had been—the servants running things to suit themselves; Aunt Winship making daily visits of supervision and disapproval; Theodora sometimes lady of the house, with a firm hand upon the domestic tiller, and sometimes *enfant terrible*, threatening the family craft with destruction. That these pleasant days were numbered, she felt intuitively, and her contemplated reformation was planned, not to satisfy an ethical need of her nature, but merely as a means of averting the boarding-school that "would be the making of her."

To this end she began to review the moral influences of her life. There was the catechism lying dusty and neglected on her mantelpiece, where it had lain since she studied her last lesson—the one she had never had an opportunity of reciting to Grandmamma Tryon. But she would take it up again and say her catechism lessons to herself and act fair and

not peep into the book when she did not know the answers. The catechism had a gritty feeling, which she promptly remedied by wiping it on her apron, and proceeded with episcopal gravity to ask herself the first question—"What is your name?"

"Theodora Tryon," she was about to reply with great promptness. But no, apparently that was not her name, for the answer in the book was "M or N."

She began to remember this "M or N" quandary as an old stumbling-block to religious enthusiasm. It had been the great cause of schism between Theodora and her late grandmother, the disciple insisting that it was false, the instructress that the catechism could not err, even if it designated her as "X Y Z." Grandmamma Tryon had insisted that everybody was always called "M or N" in the catechism or prayer-book, and that the entire discussion was irreverent, and had been raised not in the interests of pure dogma, but with a view to prolonging argument and averting more difficult questions. Theodora had finally agreed that her name was "M or N,"—not that she was convinced of it, but that it was easier to subscribe to error than to hold out for pure reason.

"My name is Theodora Tryon, so there, now!" And the intelligence was conveyed to the holy book with a slight shake.

"Who gave you this name?" continued the catechism, which did not at all seem disposed to let the matter drop.

"My sponsors in baptism, wherein I was made a member of the Church and inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." Her sponsors in baptism—well, maybe they had named her "M or N"—little babies didn't know what was being done to them; but it was a mean trick to play on a helpless infant, and Theodora thrust the book from her.

The self-imposed catechism lesson had

not been a success. What was the use of trying to be good by the aid of a little book that began by calling you names you couldn't endure? She put the offending volume back on the mantelpiece to gather dust by way of punishment, and caught sight of another volume, a small black book with red edges. She thrust out a hand to it as to an old friend regained. On its highly respectable and businesslike-looking back it bore the title, *Elements of Mythology*. In Grand-mamma Tryon's time Theodora had been in the habit of reading this book so assiduously that it had suddenly disappeared, but here it was, replaced doubtless by Cindy.

How good they seemed and pleasantly familiar, these gods and goddesses whose daily tasks were cast along such happy lines;—Cybele, for instance, who spent the day riding about in the most delightful chariot drawn by real lions. It was as good as being a circus lady.

Apollo and Mercury, too, looked such delightful young men—so high-spirited and alert. It was wonderful, the impression they managed to create of being well and becomingly dressed, when in reality they wore so little. Their flying draperies seemed to have been fashioned by the same tailor, so alike were they in cut and design. Their hats, though slightly different, were equally becoming—Mercury's modishly adorned with wings at the side, while Apollo's choice had been more simple—a close-fitting toque of laurel leaves.

Theodora, studying the pictures, became lost in a wealth of pleasant speculation as to which of the goddesses she would be if a free choice were offered her. Finally, she decided in favor of Diana. The huntress appealed to her because, like Theodora, she had a dog, and Theodora would never have consented to change a terrestrial for a celestial estate that did not include Picky, her faithful black-and-tan. She thought of Picky translated to Olympus, indifferently receiving sacrifices of mice and rats offered him by mortal dogs to further enterprises of their own.

How nice it would have been to be born a heathen! A long time ago every one, even the very nicest people, had been heathens. Her father had told her all

about it, and how the world had gradually been converted to Christianity. What pleasant catechism lessons the little heathen children must have had, and what an interesting Sunday-school! Nothing whatever about "M or N" or sponsors or such dull things, but all about gods and goddesses and thunderbolts and peacocks and mortal ladies and chariots—why, almost any one could be good if she were only a heathen!

"How did the crafty Jupiter ensnare Europa?" inquired the mythology. And Theodora accomplished the answer with very little spelling. "Eu-ro-pa was a beautiful maid whom Jupiter saw gathering flowers in her father's meadow. To gain her attention the wily god assumed the form of a gentle bull and mingled with her father's herds. Eu-ro-pa, admiring his winning pranks, approached and began to pet him—fin-ally—fin'ly even ven-tu-ring—venshering to sit upon his back. This was what the in-sid-i-ous—insid—insid—oh, bother!—god desired, and without loss of time he made off with her to the shores of the Mediterranean, plunged into the sea and swam off with his lovely burden to Crete." Any one might be head of the Sunday-school class who had questions and answers like that—it was too dead easy.

Theodora, regaling herself with tales of heathen holy writ, was conscious of a decided tendency toward apostasy. The one drawback was the depressing isolation of being the only heathen in her set. And to be the sole pagan in a community suggested avenues of spiritual loneliness along which the gregarious Theodora could not imagine herself walking with any degree of comfort.

Several young companions seemed to possess certain qualifications that argued favorably for their conversion, but, on the whole, they were so parentbound that Theodora hesitated to begin missionary work on them. There was, of course, the family of McGuffey—the social pariahs of the neighborhood. Theodora was the only "nice" little girl who could play with the McGuffeys, and this privilege she had enjoyed only since assuming the dignities of lady of the house. Even now, friendship with these former New-Yorkers, who spoke a strange language all their own, might not be enjoyed under the watch-

ful eye of Aunt Winship. Despite certain disadvantages that kept the McGuffeys beyond the pale of polite society, they possessed recommendations as potential heathens that could not be gainsaid. Theodora, accordingly, determined to hoist her standard and accomplish the conquest of the McGuffeys in the names of Jupiter, Juno, and the rest.

Jennie, oldest daughter of the house of McGuffey, when approached by her friend the missionary, was paring potatoes on what, if adjoining a more self-respecting type of house, would have been designated as the lawn. To suggest simply that Jennie should revert from Christianity to heathendom would have been met by some such question as, "Oh, what's the use?" The transition, therefore, had to present certain overwhelming advantages that would speed the potential heathen to her darkness, without permitting time for qualms as she flitted from pale to pale.

"Say, Jennie, don't you want to come to a Saturnalia in my back yard to-morrow? Everything's all ready for the sacrifices; it's to begin right after lunch."

"Oh, I dunno," Jennie remarked, casually. "I don't care much for Saturday-nalias, anyhow."

But this *blasé* attitude toward the proposed rites was too much for Theodora.

"Why, Jennie, you don't know what you're talking about. I am the one heathen round here, p'r'aps the only one in the whole world, and nobody can give a Saturnalia but a heathen. It's like going to church or Sunday-school, only ever so much more fun. My Saturnalia is to be given in honor of Jupiter, 'cause Saturn, who usually had 'em given to him, don't seem to have anything sacred to him, at least in my book. But the oak and the olive are sacred to Jupiter, and I've got half a bottle of olives out of the pantry, and there's lots 'n' lots of oaks up the road, and as Jupiter's Saturn's son, it 'll all be in the family, anyhow."

"Oh!" said Jennie, who had grasped enough from the foregoing details to make her mouth positively water for the Saturnalia to begin. "Oh, it's that kind of a Saturdaynalia, is it? I don't mind them at all; of course I'll come."

"And, Jennie, you've got to be a heathen, too, 'cause if you ain't it 'll be

a sin to go to a Saturnalia; but if you're a heathen it 'll be good for you, like going to church."

"Lots of folks has called me a heathen before now. Guess there won't be any trouble 'bout me gettin' in, if that's all I've got to be."

"But not that kind of a heathen—you can be a heathen and be as good as gold." Unconsciously Theodora swelled her chest by way of pointing the moral. "Instead of studying your catechism and saying your name is 'M or N,' why, all you've got to do is to know about gods and their wives and their mortal ladies 'n' sacrifice to 'em. And then they send thunderbolts and crush your enemies—I'm praying for one to crush Aunt Winship and lots of people that I don't like."

"Gee!" interrupted the willing convert, "ain't that fine! Me too; I want to begin sacrificin' right away."

"And, Jennie, you've got to have a new name. Mine is Diana; she was a maiden goddess, and she took her dog with her hunting and most everywhere. That's why I'm her, so's Picky won't be left out of things. And please don't call Picky a black-and-tan any more. I've caused him to be turned into a hound. Diana's dog was a hound. It don't say what his name was in the book, but I've changed Picky's name to Optimus Maximus."

"'Twould be kinder long if you had to call him off from anything suddent."

"I don't mean to call him Optimus Maximus 'cept when he's hunting with me, or attending his religious rites; his heathen name's a secret; so's mine, and yours must be, too, 'cause I don't believe they'd let any of us be heathens if they knew."

"They" was the vague term used to signify elders and all troublesome people who killed the joy of living.

"I don't know about my name," mused Jennie. "I've always liked Irene or Evangeline or Isabella—"

"Those aren't heathen names." Theodora couldn't keep the disgust out of her voice. "You've got to name yourself after a goddess. Here, I'll read you about 'em, and you can take your choice." She slipped the black-covered mythology from under her belt, and flirting the leaves, gave Jennie a tantalizing view of the



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

"DON'T YOU WANT TO COME TO A SATURNALIA IN MY BACK YARD?"

pictures. "See, this is Juno—this one that looks so mad and has a peacock. It says: 'Juno, the queen of heaven, was the sister and wife of Jupiter. Juno was highly vin-dict-ive and jealous; she often quarrelled with her husband, and was fu-rious in her anger'—"

"She ain't me," interrupted Jennie.

"You might be Minerva. See this one, she was the goddess of wisdom—"

"No, I won't be her, either. I never saw any lady wear such a homely hat."

"Gracious, Jennie, you're hard to please. It's not a hat, anyhow; it's a helmet. Well, how would Venus do? See this lovely one drawn in a shell by doves." Theodora read solemnly: "'Venus was the—the—p-e-r per—s-o-n son—i—f-i fi—c-a ca—t-i-o-n shun—personification of female beauty.'"

"That's me," interrupted Miss McGuffey. "I'll be her with the doves 'n' apple. You needn't read no more."

Thus was this second Venus called into being—not from the waves of the sea, but in the front yard of a ramshackle house in Virginia.

"Any one else coming to the Saturdaynalialia?" inquired Jennie, who, as the personification of female loveliness, felt that a large audience was merely her due.

"I dassen't have many," confessed the apostate, "'cause I don't want folks to know we've turned heathens; they'd tell on us."

"What's the use of bein' the queen of beauty if no one ain't there to grudge you?"

"I'd like to have some of your brothers for high priests. Do you think Terence and Parnell would come?" inquired Theodora, purposely evading the question of a lack of audience for Jennie's triumphs.

"Naw, they wouldn't come; they hate playin' with girls; but the twins might come if there is to be anything to eat."

"We're going to eat the olives after we've offered them to Jupiter for sacrifice."

"You'd never get the twins with olives. Could you have green apples or lickerish root, or somethin' real tasty?"

"I dunno as I'll ask 'em at all. If being high priests and wearing togas and offering flour an' salt an' oak an' olives an' having a bonfire ain't enough for them they can just stay at home."

"Why didn't you say bonfire at first; course they'd come to a bonfire—"

"Because, Jennie, I supposed you knew what people did when they were giving a Saturnalia."

Jennie, having been effectually reduced for once, muttered: "Sure—I was forgetting all about the bonfires. Yes, we'll come, and maybe Parnell and Terence will come, too. I got to take the potatoes in now; m' mother'll be liftin' the scalp off'n me."

Theodora hastened home to complete her preparations for the Saturnalia, which, as they necessitated the purloining of sheets and other contraband articles from the household stores, were more or less secretive.

The day of the Saturnalia was clear and warm. Theodora arose a little after dawn to attend to certain changes in the programme. Instead of holding the sacred rites in the Tryon back yard, it had been determined that these would be freer from interruption in the rear garden of the old Sumner place, a deserted house, said to be haunted. The half-bottle of olives, sequestered some days before in the interests of the great ceremony, was within easy access. The gathering of the oak branches Theodora had agreed to leave till the arrival of Venus McGuffey and her brethren, the high priests. Flour and salt had been a little more difficult to secure, but patience had finally conquered, and a generous supply of these household commodities awaited only the psychological moment when they should be converted into burnt offerings for the late god Jove. Sheep and bulls, which the mythological recipe for a really handsome sacrifice seemed to call for, the children had magnanimously determined to forego, though the deficiency partook somewhat of the parsimony of pound-cake without eggs, or Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark.

Venus and the high priests presented themselves tentatively at the Tryon front gate, there to await the arrival of Diana and her "hound." A precocious sense of their own shortcomings prevented the proletariat from making its way boldly to the front door, even in the absence of any grown-up Tryons.

Diana and her "hound" soon made

their appearance. The latter, held in leash by a couple of hastily converted apron-strings, did not seem to think much of his celestial translation. Diana herself panted under a huge bundle of white stuff, which she relinquished to one of the high priests without a word, then promptly ran back to the house and secured its duplicate.

The old Sumner place was about a quarter of a mile distant by the road, but less than half that by a far more delectable route that led over fences, crossed a stream twice, and finally wound up at some broken palings that led to the back garden of the old Colonial house. Beyond was a convenient clearing bordered by a strip of young oaks that effectually screened the participants of the sacred rites from such philistines as might not approve of Saturnalia. Soon the clearing presented all the activities of an ant-hill. Terence and Parnell were manfully tugging at two weather-beaten urns removed from the front lawn. The twins, whose sponsors in baptism had given them, respectively, the names of Dennis and Timothy, panted and perspired under armfuls of oak boughs which Venus and Diana converted into chaplets. The "hound," Optimus Maximus, dug utterly useless holes with his paws, merely by way of sharing in the general labor.

"The personification of female loveliness" finished her last chaplet and began to divest herself of shoes and stockings. Further preparation was checked by apparently insuperable difficulties—there confronted her the Scylla of realism, the Charybdis of decorum. A fluttering scarf was the sole concession to propriety on the part of her prototype—a precedent manifestly impossible of imitation by so modern and exemplary a Venus as Jennie. A bundle of pink mosquito-netting lay on the ground, destined to be the finishing touch of Venus's costume as soon as the vexed question of sartorial substrata could be arranged between the sister goddesses.

"'F I were you, Jennie, I'd take off that gingham dress and leave on everything else; your white petticoat and underwaist 'll make that pink net look lovely."

The preparations for the Saturnalia having been well and duly completed,

there was not wanting on the part of the heathen band, with the exception of Theodora, a painful ignorance regarding the sacred rites upon which it was about to embark.

"You see, it was like this." Diana, filleted with a stout elastic garter, and attired in a trailing sheet drooping from the left shoulder but standing out well about the knees as the result of several starched petticoats, wet a thumb and forefinger and set the pages of the mythology spinning till they came to the story of Jupiter. "It was like this," continued the authority, reading as she had heard the minister read the Bible on Sundays: "'Jupiter was the supreme god of the heavens, the governor of heaven and earth, the father of gods and men, the lord of the elements, and the dispenser of every blessing to mankind—'"

"Gee! what a main guy he was!" interrupted Parnell.

"Parnell, that's slangy and unrefined, and if you're going to be a god you've got to talk better'n that—"

"He don't mean nothin'." Terence hated to hear his native New York tongue disparaged by an alien. "Only he wants to get wise on de hull push 'fore he begins to play. See, Parny, 'twas like dis," continued the bilingual Terence. "This here Jew-peter was boss er de hull gang er gods; 'twas sumpin' like bein' mayor or chief er p'lice—"

But Theodora, knowing nothing of these things, could not acquiesce. She continued, however, to intone, imitating to perfection the voice and manner of the Reverend Josephus Mason: "'Jupiter is represented under the figure of a majestic man, with a venerable beard, seated on a throne. In his right hand he held a thunderbolt and in his left a sceptre of cypress wood, an eagle by his side. Beside him were placed two urns, one of good, the other of evil. From these he distributed benefits and afflictions to mankind. The Titans were beneath his feet—'"

"We won't be Titans!" emphatically declared the twins in chorus, they having been assigned to this rôle earlier in the day in utter ignorance of the obloquy it entailed.

"Say, now, you be what you're told or git a lickin'," commanded Terence. "I

ain't goin' to hurt you with me feet, nohow." Parnell sprang up and uttered a loud roar of objection to his brother's election as god of heaven and earth. "Who's made you Jew-peter an' main guy, I'd like to know; an' if you're him, what am I?"

"You're goin' to be the eagle by my side—"

"A lot I'm going to be your eagle—"

"Oh, boys, do be quiet and let me finish reading the description." Theodora revelled in her rôle of clerk. "'Jupiter was insensible to pain. The ancients represented this god as having a face of great dignity and beauty.'"

Venus, now fully attired in the pink mosquito-netting and white pètticoat, her hair filleted by Theodora's remaining garter, interrupted the reading. "Leave us sit here on the porch," she called to Diana, "while they fight it out."

"Why don't you draw straws for it?" suggested Diana to the disputants. "If you fight and get your eyes blackened and your noses bloody—" Again she turned to her delightful task: "'The ancients represented this god as having a face of great dignity and beauty.'"

"That's right." Venus wiggled her bare toes and let the mosquito-net trail over them. "Any one with a black eye or bloody nose can't be a Jew-peter, even if he does win the fight."

"Oh, go wan, an' be him wid de purty face an' what couldn't feel a pain—you look it," scoffed Parnell; "I'll be de high priest and tend de bonfire."

The disputants resumed the togas cast aside in the interests of the impending fight, while Terence, as god of heaven and earth, invested himself in a chaplet of oak leaves that almost immediately began to render uneasy the head that wore the crown. At the same time the twins showed a strange willingness to act as Titans—this, after some private counsel with their deposed brother Parnell. There had not been enough togas to go around, but the stringency had been amply compensated for in the case of the Titans by the gift of a pair of particularly hideous false faces, which they wore with their every-day citizen's attire. Jove now mounted his throne—a late packing-box marked "fragile." His legs, having the brevity of a rather stockily

built boy of nine, stuck straight out in front, not touching the backs of the Titans by a foot.

"Hi, there, Tim and Denny, hump yourselves more. Me feet don't come anyways near yous."

"Sit funder on de edge of de box; we can't hump no more," a squirming twin replied, both boys fairly standing on their hands and feet in a futile effort to help out Jove's defective stature. The father of gods and men sat perilously near the edge of his throne, valiantly threatening his equilibrium in the interests of dignity. He did not look altogether happy, his chaplet had a tendency to encroach upon his nose, and he cast a covetous eye upon his brother, the high priest, who had apparently forgotten all distinctions of caste in the delights of building the sacrificial bonfire.

The bonfire leapt and roared, the white toga of the high priest became a soiled and draggled sheet that at times threatened to trip him. Jove backed his chaplet from his brows, where it would not tickle his nose in so diabolical a manner, and crashed out thunderbolts with might and main, even handing over the extra pair of jelly-tins to the Titans to swell the noise. Venus approached, grovelling, and cast salt upon the fire; Diana followed with flour. The olives had in some mysterious manner decreased to three. Venus appeared to be having a last bite at something—her mouth had an unrepentful expression. Jove regarded her menacingly, but the uncertainty of his seat made accusation impossible. Besides, he did not care much for olives. The incident passed, but he decided to refuse her petition.

A loud howl from Jove, a sprawling Titan, smothered laughter from the high priest, presented an innovation in the rites wholly unexpected by the sister goddesses.

"You do that agin an' I'll forget you're littler 'n me." Jove, nursing a disabled toe, squirmed in pain.

"What's the matter with yous boys, an' why can't you play nice, anyhow? I'm sorry we had you," their sister admonished them, relapsing into mortal language.

The high priest stopped piling wood to explain. "You see, Terry would be



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"HI, THERE, TIM AND DENNY, HUMP YOURSELVES MORE!"

de main guy, him wid de purty face an' insensible to pain, and Denny hit him on de toe wid a stone to see if he was game."

Theodora felt her cup of bitterness and disappointment overflow—the Saturnalia had been so rich in promise as the expression of her own starved personality, sensuous little pagan that she was. The sacrificial bonfire, the attendant McGuffeys in mosquito-netting and sheets, the open-air rites, seen through her prismatic imagination, turned the absurd little farce into a highly satisfying ceremonial. But these McGuffeys spoiled it all; they had no appreciation; their language, their point of view, their quarrels, their inherent commonness, would drag her back just as her soul was about to take flight and make her forget that she was Theodora Tryon and not the goddess Diana.

Still, the flames were shooting higher and higher; the dried autumn grasses burned like chaff; the white-robed and chapleted figure on his dry-goods box marked "fragile," dimly visible through smoke and shooting fire, began to borrow from the elements a dignity not his own. Theodora again felt her soul swimming out farther and farther on the swelling tide of "make-believe." As she approached the fire to add the last of her sacrificial flour her steps fashioned themselves into a dance, and she began to chant monotonously as she had heard the negroes chant at their revivals. Over and over she repeated the quavering refrain that she had heard from the older negroes so often: "Lo-o-k down—lo-o-k down—loo-k down," the first word being intoned in a long monotonous trill, prolonged according to the religious ecstasy of the intoner. The effect of this, not only on herself, but on the rest of the company, was little short of magical. Diana was soon dancing about the fire on unconscious legs—the small, lean body swaying in perfect rhythm with the chant. Farther and farther receded the real Theodora, the Theodora of pinafores and large reading, the Theodora who wept in her loneliness, and as lady of the house consoled herself with strawberry jam. The dancing figure circling about the flames with so fine a heathen grace was the embodiment of a subjective domination already beyond the child's

conscious power. It whirled about like a leaf in a storm, unconscious of body or external surroundings,—it danced and chanted, the refrain ringing with eerie melody in the thin childish treble.

The lumpish McGuffeys were swept up and borne along on the current of this contagious enthusiasm. It claimed Jennie first. Her movements, perfunctory and imitative in the beginning, began to fashion themselves into an expression of her keen enjoyment. The high priest stopped piling wood and whooped like an Apache; the Titans straightened their bent backs and danced as wildly as the brevity of their legs would permit; only Jupiter, perforce, in accordance with his promise, might not quit his post.

A petition had been forging itself in the brain of Diana, a petition that if granted would have no little material effect on her life and happiness—it was none other than that Aunt Winship would mind her own children and her own business and not persuade Theodora's father to send her away from him to boarding-school. The god that she was about to invoke bore no trace of Terence McGuffey. Through the alchemy of her own imagination he had become the real Jove, the god of heaven and earth, the dispenser of good and evil, the lord of destiny. It was meet that he should be propitiated, not with stores purloined from the kitchen pantry, but with something that she herself held in great value. The madness of it throbbed at her brain, prompting her to give up her most cherished possession, to scar her heart with real sacrifice. With barely a moment's hesitation she ran to the lower step of the porch where—solitary witness of the Saturnalia—reposed her own particular copy of *David Copperfield*. David had long since supplanted dolls in her affections, being so much more human and companionable than the round-eyed, staring things. And although the McGuffeys never in the least understood the nature of the association, they were accustomed to seeing *David Copperfield*, propped open at Theodora's favorite picture of her hero, at all their social functions. David had been taken to the Saturnalia that he might enjoy an agreeable outing and afterwards receive Theo-

dora's confidences regarding the change of faith; there had been no faintest presage of the horrible fate in store for him.

Slowly Theodora's hand closed on the brown volume—dearest friend of her lonely childhood. A violent separation from David was a monstrous thing; yet she felt that if he could save her from going to boarding-school, this loyal friend would court his own destruction. She kissed him with teary fervor, gave him one last hug, then hurrying to the fire, flung him with all her new-born might into the centre of the mounting flames.

"And now, great Jove," she cried, "that I have given up my dear David to thee, please send a mighty thunderbolt to crush Aunt Winship and all her works and pomps!"

The prayer was answered all too soon. In the frenzy of their dance the heathens had not noticed the gathering storm; the jagged shaft of lightning, with its accompanying ripping crack of thunder, that now broke over them, was not the work of Terence and his tin pans. It was real thunder, with its long, reverberating roar, and a something besides—was it the almost instantaneous granting of their petition?—that filled them with a sort of chill sickness that gnawed at all the little stomachs at once. And there was David, burning bravely to his bitter end on his funeral pyre—David, the one real friend of her childhood; David, who had never failed her. Theodora buried her face in her hands and cried as she had never cried over the strictures of Aunt Winship; cried with a bitterness that was new to her, because in her heart an accusing sense told her she had been wicked.

The rain came down in whipping sheets; the apostates were drenched to the skin. The porch of the old Sumner house had no roof, and there was nowhere to go for shelter. The sacrificial fire was sputtering out; the robes of the god, goddesses, and high priests were but drenched rags, that clung to their wet skins with a chilling embrace.

"I don't want to be a heathen," wept Jennie McGuffey. "It's the real sure-enough God that's punishing us."

A blinding flash of lightning, a deafening peal of thunder, a long, hissing crash, and one of the stripling oaks in

the adjoining wood dropped with a great crackling of twigs. "Ain't dis here awful! 'Deed, Lord, I ain't Jove, him wid de purty face. I kin feel a pain, I kin. I felt it awful when Dinny dropped a stone on me toe. Dis yere's all a joke, Lord. 'Deed it is; honest truly."

"And, O Lord," wailed the late instigator of the Saturnalia, "my name ain't Diana; it truly ain't—it's 'M or N,' if you say so, and every one may call me that."

"Children! Children!" came in hollow tones from somewhere, the rattle and pelt of the storm muffling the direction of the sound. Jennie McGuffey was on her knees, to which attitude of lowly supplication she had dragged the brace of drenched and weeping twins.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "all our names are 'Emmerenn.' Tim and Denny, say your names are 'Emmerenn' this minute."

"'Emmerenn! Emmerenn!'" they wailed, to the accompaniment of another crash of thunder.

But still the implacable voice of the unappeased one called: "Children, children! Where are you, children?"

"Oh, Theodora, why don't you get on your knees when it's the real sure-enough Lord comin' after you?"

"It's worser'n that;" despair was in the late Diana's tones—"it's Uncle and Aunt Winship!"

Aunt Winship it proved to be; Aunt Winship, untouched by a single thunderbolt and looking as furious as any picture of Juno in the mythology. A glance told that Uncle Winship was merely an attendant divinity.

The McGuffeys were sentenced first. "Your mother is waiting for you, and you are to get the whipping that in this case I entirely approve of. Theodora, you are to come to my house for punishment." She waved the late heathens before her with a majestic hand.

The culprits straggled along. Already the philosophy that had adjusted Jennie's scheme of life for many a day had begun to assert itself.

"Well, give me a lickin' every time; it's soon over and done with."

"Yes," echoed Theodora, in a sturdy attempt to justify the whole proceeding, "and a good Saturnalia is worth it."

Exclusiveness

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT seems to me that one keeps near enough to accuracy for practical purposes in saying that the two things that contribute most to make life an interesting experience are diversity of sex and disparity of means. Discrepancy of statement also makes for sport, but that is only a detail. The great thing that makes people worth cultivating is that there are so many different kinds of them. First, there is the sweeping difference based on gender, all the men being, happily, different from all the women. Then no two men are alike, and no two women are alike, and the conditions of life for every individual differ from the conditions of every other individual. It is a glorious and wonderful scheme of variety.

To be sure, disparity of means is a derivative rather than a primary difference. People's fortunes and incomes are unequal because their minds, their luck, their chances, or their abilities are unequal. Ampler means may even be a consequence of tougher consciences. But however it comes, disparity of means (provided it isn't carried to too absurd an excess) is a great blessing to mankind in that it adds so much variety to life. There are a lot of different things to be done in the world that are remunerative. Some of them are within reach of the rich alone; others only the poor can afford to enjoy. If each of us had the same daily allowance of money, a great many good exercises would be neglected, and we would come much nearer to wanting, all of us, to do about the same thing than we do at present. Nobody would have a great house, nobody would have a big yacht, there would be no big diamonds cut any more, no group of our fellow creatures would undertake the duty of affording a spectacle of luxury and embellishment to the rest. The dining-rooms of the liveliest hotels and restaurants in New York would cease to be a

show of clothes and beauty. There would be no big private automobiles—nothing but rubberneck-wagons. No one would raise good horses, and if any one did, nobody would know it.

And if there were no disparity of means we could not talk about other people's money and what they do with it, nor be sorry for them because they were so hard put to it for sport, nor conclude that, on the whole, it was wholesomer to have less (but not too little) and work for it; nor could we enjoy the excitement of setting snares to get detachable masses of their money away from them by lawful means for our own use. And the other people who have the money would be balked of the pleasure of private reiteration that, say what you like, money has its value and is not going out of fashion for a while yet. When you think of the amount of talk and thought, aspiration, resignation, effort, and philosophy that has its roots in disparity of means, you must realize how ill that incident could be spared out of human existence.

The disparity can be too great, of course. We can get due disparity of means at vastly less expense than it is costing us at present, when fortunes run to hundreds of millions. But better present cost than no disparity.

And with disparity of means and the other disparities, most of which (except sex) impinge on it somewhere, comes the great daily question of associates. The world, luckily, is full of people of different genders and manners and unequal fortunes and abilities, all of whom are ours to know and play with if we can. But we cannot play with them all; there are too many. We must choose and be chosen. Some measure of selection becomes inevitable in every society as soon as its numbers increase enough to afford scope for choice, and of course selection implies some degree of exclusion. To cultivate one person or one family more, neces-

sitates cultivating some other persons or families less. That is inevitable. Tastes differ, and a preference for one person or one lot of people does not necessarily imply disparagement of others. Propinquity, associations, relationship, and various circumstances determine who our friends shall be, and the advantage of having desirable and profitable friends is so obvious that the most careless observer cannot fail to discern it.

Indeed, suitable acquaintances are so good to have that appreciation of the advantage of having them leads some of us into the serious mistake of being over-particular as to whom we shall know. The desire for the company of the best people we can get at—our betters if possible—is an aspiration that in itself is creditable to our intelligence, but we fall into a serious mistake when we let it go so far as to prompt us to limit our acquaintances to just the right people and no others. An exclusiveness that shuts us off from even an experimental knowledge of varieties of our fellow creatures is neither conducive to our profit nor to our popularity. We laugh at people who, being highly pleased with the social position they have gained or highly solicitous to gain a better one, live in a state of daily apprehension for fear they will know somebody they ought not to know. They practise exclusiveness to their detriment. It is not a good thing in itself. As an inevitable incident of selection it has to be tolerated, but when it is so practised as to limit the field in which selection can operate, it is palpably ridiculous. To know many people and many kinds of people is in itself a very advantageous thing; for the more people we know, the better chance we have to learn whom we like and whom we can help and who can help us.

One of the best things about working for a living is that it gives the worker common interests with people with whom he could not otherwise come in contact. There are so many kinds of relations in life that are pleasantly profitable: the relations of social equals and of social unequals, of coevals and of persons of different ages, of master and servant, housekeeper and marketman, employed and employee, and endless others. One of the most accessible of all is the

relation of coworkers, of persons of various stations, duties, and capacities engaged in the same task or in tasks which touch one another. The thing that more than any other single thing makes the individuals who compose human society interdependent is the necessity of making a living or the desire to make money. One does not realize either of these aspirations to advantage without getting down off any perch on which he may find himself installed, and working in the crowd shoulder to shoulder with the other workers. A high degree of exclusiveness is only possible to do-nothings, and is only prized by know-nothings. The people who value it seem to think that the crowd contaminates and vulgarizes; that such virtue as they may contain is diluted and weakened by a large acquaintance with ordinary people; that the only people to have easy relations with are the "nice" people, the people of social position who have something advantageous to confer, the people who are best to dine with and out of whom something can be made. That is a mistaken notion, and the mistake is one of small minds. The people—the great mass of the people—are the fountain of honor and the main source of most advantages. The wise course is to get in touch with as many of them as is reasonably convenient. There are a thousand relations in life besides dinner-giving relations that are worth while; there are a thousand phases of friendship that are worth cultivating besides the kind that flourishes between persons of equal social condition. Social condition is largely an accident. It does not touch character nor limit sympathy. In every walk of life there are the traits that invite and repay friendship. There is a common ground, if one's feet can only find it, on which all true people can stand in a substantial equality, an equality of the spirit and the affections. In every walk of life and irrespective of advantages of means and education there are people whose minds are interesting; people of talent, of humor, of sagacity, of sound discretion and integrity; people of constancy, capable of self-sacrifice and high devotion. The acquaintance of such people is worth cultivating wherever one finds them. Life is an aggregation

of daily experiences, most of which are trivial, but the aggregate of trivial things counts for a vast deal. The familiar faces we see in the daily round and the brief exchanges of salutation and discourse that one encounters are incidents of superficial importance, but they go a long way towards making the difference between existence that is profitable and existence that is dull. To make the world a friendly place one must show it a friendly face.

There is as much inequality of position, social and fiscal, in this country as in most others, but there is less definite classification than in Europe. A vast number of American families, especially those that are descendants of settlers who came before the Revolution, stand on pretty much the same level so far as heredity goes. From generation to generation some members of some families have forged ahead out of the ruck, got a better place, more education, and more polished manners than the average, and passed their advantages down to their descendants, who have sometimes retained and sometimes lost them. The difference of position between a seasoned American millionaire and a mill-hand or a small farmer is undeniably substantial, yet they may both be of the same general stock, and both be made, individually, of pretty much the same stuff. It may seem strained to say that they do not belong to different classes, but it is true in the sense that there are no definite class barriers between them. The millionaire does not belong to a ruling class and the mill-hand to a lower one. In their derivation and in their feelings and attitudes towards things and people they are not unlikely to have a great deal in common, and if the mill-hand happens to be clever and lucky in his opportunities, what distance there is between him and the millionaire may be so far bridged in a couple of decades that their children or grandchildren will start in life with chances very nearly equal. In spite of the trusts and all other imputed obstacles there is still a nearer approach to equality of opportunity in this country than in most others. As yet, at least, we are not classified. No American is a prince, none is a peasant. The great

mass of our people is like the surface of the ocean at any given moment—full of surging inequalities, but undivided. I am not sure that this unclassified state that we value so much and with so much reason is the most favorable one for social interdependence. The impression one gets from reading some English novels is that more helpful, intimate, and affectionate relations may be obtained in a classified country between individuals of different classes than are apt to prevail in our less definitely organized society between the folks on the crests of the waves and those in the trough. Where there are classes, there are strong ties between classes—class habits, class duties, class attitudes toward life; a little less, perhaps, of the general scramble in which every man is for himself. That feature of the British landscape which Mr. Henry James missed most in rural New Hampshire was the country parson, whose great affair in English life, as I understand it, is to keep class in friendly and helpful touch with class. Here also religion and church associations are a most important tie between different kinds of people, but the English clergy, I should say, are in a somewhat better position to promote social solidarity than most of our clergy.

And of course politics is a tie of the first importance. A politician who amounts to anything can tolerate no nonsense about social exclusiveness. To know men—all sorts of men—is the breath of political life. To keep in touch with the voters, to know what is in the minds of men, to know what they want, what they know and feel, and how they can be influenced, is the pith of the politician's job. I wish we all were active politicians. Perhaps if we were all active Christians with a lively concern for our neighbor's welfare it would do as well or better, but the politicians illustrate particularly well the advantage of comprehensive human relations. The closet politician, who withholds himself from the mass of his fellows, may have his uses, but to gain elective offices (except by purchase) is not one of them. To be sure, being all things to all men takes time, and the social comprehensiveness of a practical politician commonly leaves him little

leisure for anything else. The degree of incidental exclusiveness that guards a man's time and husband his energies for his daily work is indispensable to the accomplishment of any serious business, but that is a different matter from exclusiveness that shuts out for the mere sake of excluding.

Excepting hopeless bores who use up time and neither give nor get anything, very few acquaintances are detrimental to responsible grown-up people. Parents are apt to fidget about their children's friends and to want them to know the right kind of children and no others. To shield children as far as possible from bad company is no more than common sense. To steer them into associations that promise to be to their advantage is what every competent parent wants to do. But even children profit by variety in their associates. To teach them to be socially exclusive is to teach them to be snobs, and against that most right-minded children instinctively rebel.

The people who hit off their social relations to the best advantage are those in whom a strong sense of human brotherhood is tempered by taste and discretion. Spontaneous friendliness is a most precious attribute. To have a friendly feeling for whatever is human is a great birthright, and one, by the way, that is much more likely to come down from parents who have enjoyed themselves in helping their fellow men than from such as have set themselves to skin them. The *noli me tangere* attitude is the natural one for whoever has got more out of the world than the world owes him or who hopes to get more than is due. It is very much easier to regulate a natural friendliness by discretion than to expand an unreasonable offishness by

assumed cordiality. A very moderate discretion suffices to keep a friendly nature within requisite bounds. One's time needs some protection if one's duties are to be done, and whatever one's personal choice of company may be, he should be wary of imposing it on others who have a contrary taste.

And even in cases where people limit their social relations overstraitly, there is a choice between the exclusiveness that is based on one's own taste, even if it is faulty, and that which is due to an uneasy regard for the social taste of some one not immediately concerned. To assemble a lot of uncongenial people at a dinner is a bad mistake. To be scared out of asking whom you will to dinner because some one else is not used to ask them is a worse mistake still. There comes in the difference between mere exclusiveness and snobbishness. The merely exclusive people bite their noses off to suit themselves; the snobs do it to placate some one else. When we spoil our fun, by all means let us do it for our own pleasure.

A great deal of respect is due to people who have a good time. If they manage to enjoy life in any reputable and prudent fashion, their scheme of living cannot be wholly amiss. The kind of enjoyment that involves too prodigal an expenditure of the vital forces is not durable and does not commend itself to wise observers. But people who obviously manage to have a good time without noticeable detriment to health, estate, or character, even if they may not be persons of an especially exalted type of character, are apt at least to be genuine people, who know what they want and whom they like, and are never bothered by anybody's exclusiveness except their own.

A Father and his Son

BY EMERY POTTLE

THE younger of the two men in the jolting, dust-filled, wearisome car—the last car of a railway train that in its antique crudities connoted to the elder little more than another of the discomfiting processes of American progress—the younger of the two men was scarcely to be classed: at least not with a too-ready ease. His mental buoyancy, and, indeed, his physical, was not of that apparent sophistication which marks the American youth. One was inclined to wonder curiously at his frankly flashing eyes, the ardent flame of his enthusiasm, his eager speech, piquant by an *r* not domestic; speech rather too precise of construction to indicate our college-bred lad. Yet his American clothes—the straw hat with its gayety of colored ribbon, the smart blue serge with upturned trousers, the heavy-soled low shoes—were candidly of New York, and the generous, clean, blue-eyed quality of his good looks set one's earlier judgment of his indubitable foreignness rather at fault.

To the girl watching—there were but the three of them in the car—any satisfactory decision, save that of his ultimate attractiveness, was lacking. As she amusedly confessed to herself, she had spent the better part of the past two hours of travel idly cataloguing; and with the elder, too, she fancied she had, on the whole, hardly fared better.

This older man was, in fact, a person to whom the primary allotment of nationality is unimportant; and his quality was so obviously that of unconscious, unchallenging gentility that one left it for the more interesting field of speculation—his attitude, his relation, to the young man who sat beside him. Our friend who watched took stock of his well-refined five-and-fifty years, his lean, restless elegance of figure, his reserve, toward his surroundings at least, and the unexpected appeal in the great

wistfulness of his eyes when he was not talking to his companion. Her wonder was what he had been in his youth rather than what he was at the moment.

"I think," she imagined with a final decision, "that the older man once lost something, some one, very dear to him, and that now he's terribly afraid of losing the young man beside him. They don't seem like father and son—at least like our American fathers and sons. And yet they do, too,—like what our fathers and sons might be if they cared as—as those two seem to care."

The incorrigible train was pulling itself together creakingly in a traditional attempt at dignified entrance into a scant Vermont country village that scattered crudely about the ugly vantage-point of its dingy yellow railway station. The three arose and got together their belongings. It was evident that their destination was a common one.

"Dad," the young man cried excitedly, "is this the place, really? This queer little village?" His eyes clouded momentarily. "I wish I could remember about it—something—but I suppose I was too young, eh, Dad?"

"So it is his father?" considered the girl.

"You were two and had a nurse," smiled his father, "a yelling two when you last saw it."

"By Jove!" laughed the young man, "by Jove, Dad!" He squared his admirable shoulders and made the most of his very considerable height. "*Je suis encore très-petit.*"

The older man put his hand on the boy's arm affectionately as he replied, in an undertone, something in keeping with the boyish humor of the moment. But the wistfulness was in his eyes still; the girl caught it as she made her way down the car.

"I wonder," she mused. "And they are such chums, such good chums, too."

As she passed them on the platform she heard the boy murmur to his father—heard with a blush, indeed—"Look there, Dad, isn't she a—a—what was that American word I learned yesterday?—*cor-r-ker-r*?"

She saw them again presently as a scrawny, pimply-faced lad rattled her away in a decadent surrey wagon. They were waiting on the platform. Through the cloud of yellow, choking dust the son took on a fair, godlike quality as he gazed frankly. His companion did not even glance at her.

"I should like the son," decided the girl with a pretence of deliberation, though the judgment was impetuous enough, "if I were to know him. . . . And I should like the father, too—very much. . . . but I sha'n't, somehow, ever come to know *him*."

The August day, as if, in a measure, to atone for its rainless, sun-parched aridity, was making much of its grateful twilight. It displayed the gathering shadows as a shrewd Oriental merchant might with a touch not unloving fling out his last and most delicate tissue, secure in the gracious charm of the splendid fabric. The two for whom, in the hour, the world had been rarely recreated, whose very unworldly souls had, in like mystery, taken on, so they doubtless construed it, the Immortal Change, subdued themselves gently to the great, green quietude. They reined in their horses at the edge of a little fanciful white-birch glade, and tying the animals near by, wandered a few steps into the wood.

"It's like a fairy place," the girl said gently. "Always these white birches seem to me like slim little wood-things forever dancing a ballet."

The young man beside her did not answer in words. With the ardent purity of his desire in his eyes he drew her close to him and kissed her—kissed her for the first time. They parted and stood looking, with the tragic innocence that love may sometimes possess, deep into each other's hearts—such hearts as only the two might know on the instant, and perhaps never again. He took her hands, smiling like a young god.

"Oh, you're so wonderful," he laughed

softly, "you're so wonderful and so lovely."

Presently, too, the girl's eyes melted into smiles and she came back to the real world. "Aren't I a *cor-r-ker-r*?" She mimicked impertinently.

The young man caught her by the arm as she turned to run, and like a pair of beautiful wild playing creatures they raced through the wood, and came out breathless where the horses were tied.

"It's the most beautiful thing in the world," the boy declared, pulling her down beside him on a fallen tree-trunk, "quite the most heavenly. It has always been—it will always be—like this with us, dear."

She debated gravely. "Ye-s-s, of course, only we've only known each other—goodness! it's only been like this with us *an hour! An hour!*"

"An hour and a half, I think—to be very exact," the boy replied. "But that's only by dismal old clock-time; by our time—that's summer-time and love-time, you know, *mon ange*—it's been so from always and always."

"That would be a long way to go—alone," whispered the girl a little fearfully.

The deepening shadows and the immemorial pathos of the twilight sobered him to a great, grave tenderness with her. "Oh, not alone. Don't say that word. I don't like it. It'll never be *alone* with us any more—just together, together, together. Say it will be together—say it."

The girl closed her eyes, as one out-of-doors for a breathless instant prays to all the gods to be kind. "Together," she repeated, "together, together."

They sat without speaking, for a long time; only the restless movements of the horses stirred a silence that seemed the hush of their own marvellous spirits.

Suddenly the young man laughed out from his reverie: "And the Dad—he'll be so pleased—ah, he'll love it. And he'll love you."

The new note—a note, indeed, that she had dreaded, unreasonably perhaps—disturbed the girl. She dug the heel of her riding-boot into the yielding moss at her feet and sighed irresolutely.

"Will he? Do you think he will? Someway, I—I can't think he will."

"Dad? Not? Why, that's absurd! He's bound to! Why, little girl, the Dad and I haven't ever disagreed about one single thing that mattered—except maybe too much childhood jam and tart—since I've known him. He's splendid. We always love the same things—always have. And that's why he'll love *you*." He was superbly confident.

"You love him—very much, don't you?" she asked rather timidly.

"Rather! The—what is it you, I mean *we*, Americans say?—the best ever."

He saw the little sad shadow in her eyes. "Oh, no! Not like *you*!" he hurried to explain; "nothing could be like loving *you*. . . . But you are you and Dad is Dad!" he finished in a fine burst of logic.

She smiled at him beautifully. "And he—the Dad—he cares very much for you."

The young man's eyes became grave with something like reverence. "Ah," he answered simply,—“Ah, the good old Dad!”

The mist of tears clouded his companion's eyes. She turned away from him quickly. All at once the certainty that the boy's father was not going to love her, to want her, seemed to bar her out of some great good place of happiness. Even the son's love lost a little of its power in the face of this.

His hands were on her shoulders, drawing her gently back to him. "Why, dear, you're crying—you're crying," he wondered.

"It's nothing," she smiled bravely. "But if he shouldn't, if 'the Dad' shouldn't, what could we do, my dear, my dear?"

"But, you see—" he triumphed, more in manner than in words.

She insisted. "But, oh, *if, if, if!* If he shouldn't?"

The young man thought it out rather blindly and painfully, with a face downcast. To imagine the Dad not loving the little girl—it was difficult mental travelling. At last he laid his hand on hers. "I can't seem to think it of him," he said soberly; "but if there is an *if*"—then he lifted his head conqueringly—"remember we both have said 'together.'"

She nodded submissively.

Presently he got rid of his gravity and shook himself to his feet in great relief. "Aren't we very foolish? My father will love us both because we are a *both* now, don't you see? He'll be back to-night and then I'll tell him all about it—I couldn't write it to him—about you and us. And then in the morning we'll ride over to your aunt's, and Dad will see her, and do formal—what is that awfully nice word we say over here?—Stints? no, *stunts!* Then he'll come out and find us waiting and"—he threw back his head with a fine gesture and raised his benignant hands like a cardinal blessing his people—"and there we are!"

His gayety was such a relief to the girl. She laughed with him and almost took heart. When they were again mounted and the horses were walking homeward in the very considerable dusk, she reverted to the wonder of their love.

"Only two weeks of it," she said, "and really only this day. It's absurd, isn't it?"

"Awfully," he agreed. "But nice absurd, eh? I've learned such a lot in that time. I'm getting to be *très-Américain*—no, I mustn't say that. What is it now? Hot-stuff American, eh? You must teach me! Think of being born in the States and not knowing anything about them except a little unnatural geography—and not much of that! Dad and I haven't ever really lived in a home-place all my life—since he took me away from here, a kiddie of two."

"You needn't imagine I'm going to let you learn all the dreadful slang you can," she reproved lightly. . . . "You've seen so much, been to so many wonderful places," she sighed, "you'll find me so dull presently. I—why, I haven't ever been anywhere except to California and Colorado—and other sick-places like that. I've lived with my aunt where she wanted to—taking care of her, you know. Oh, my dear, are you sure you won't get tired of me—when it isn't summer and twilight and when the big other world calls to you?"

He rode close to her. "There won't be anything to call me now but you—you're my beautiful other world. Dearest, we'll go together—mind, together—



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

THEY SAT WITHOUT SPEAKING FOR A LONG TIME

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and see everything all over again, till you are tired, and then we'll go home—oh, I want to make a home so much—we'll go home and live and rest for ever and ever."

"It sounds like heaven," she smiled mistily.

"It is."

"Tell me again about it," she said after a while, "about you and 'the Dad' and all the things you've done."

"Oh, the Dad, the good, blessed old Dad," he rejoiced,—“all his life he's given to me."

"Oh," she cried miserably, "he can't spare you now—he can't get on without you." In her heart she added, "Nor can I!"

"Hush!" said the young man; "he has both you and me now."

In the cooling dark of the August night the boy and his father sat comfortably smoking on the veranda of the old Vermont farmhouse; though the younger was little more than a bulk of greater dark in the large shadow of the night, the older man's eyes rested gratefully on his son, as if thus all the tide of love might flow unseen from him to the boy.

"I'm very glad to be back with you, Sonnie," he was saying. "Travelling about Boston and New York and Chicago in the dead of summer is misery in any case, but add to that the pleasing tortures of lawyers and business and the thing becomes the burning pit—to me, at least. . . . It's good to see you again."

"The poor old Dad," laughed the boy rather absently. "As the 'hired man'—do you call him?—says, 'you're a sight for sore eyes.'"

"By the way," continued his father, "I knew you'd be getting dull up here by now—you know we came up only to let you see the place where you spent the first two primitive raw years of your life—and I—I don't like it here. The associations—I can't—you understand? So I've taken passage on Wednesday next for England. We can go up to Scotland for a while and—you don't mind, eh? You see, here in this place, Sonnie, every tree and wood and stick seems to recall the hell of those first

months after your mother died and I brought you, a two-months-old baby, up here. You see?"

His son was too sensitively strung not to "see" and not to care. There was a deep pity in him for the poor old Dad; but even in the instant of its poignancy the young man was conscious that this pity was taking in his emotions a secondary place. For him, now, it was, first of all, himself and the girl. He came over and sat on the arm of his father's chair, putting a hand on the older man's shoulder.

"It does make it bad for you, sir—awfully bad. I'm sorry. I know how it must be for you. But . . . if you don't mind too much, Dad, I—I would rather stay here a longer time."

"Stay longer? Here? Why—"

The young man laughed outright at his father's bewilderment of questions. "Oh, Dad, there's a reason—the most beautiful reason in the world—for staying on. When you hear it you'll be perfectly delighted."

"Come, come," smiled his father, "let's have it."

"'Tisn't neuter," the boy protested. "It's feminine." And then he was launched in the full tide of love's confidence. "Dad, do you remember that nice girl who came up with us on the train the day we arrived?"

The son felt his father stiffen suddenly. "No, no, I think not," he answered in a dry, vague voice.

"Well, I do. It is very queer how it happened. The day after you left me to go to Boston, I was riding and I lost my way. Somewhere miles off I met her on horseback and we fell to talking about the way home—and the end of it all was that she brought me herself in the right direction. I asked Mrs. Mullet, our housekeeper, about her afterward. She is living here with her aunt for the summer—a Mrs. Jennison. The Mullet knows her and—well, I got her to take me down the next day and we were properly introduced and—oh, Lord, sir, she's splendid!"

"Do I gather that you refer to the aunt, to Mrs. Mullet, or to the young woman in question?" asked his father.

"Why, the girl! Dad—oh, can't you see? Have I got to tell it *all*?" the boy

laughed. Then with a graver note, "We—we have fallen in love, Dad,—don't you see?"

His father's voice was prosaic. "Yes—I see."

Strangely enough, the young man did not notice. He went on in the delightful confusion of his confidences. "I thought it was going to be easy to say it, Dad, but it's beastly hard, isn't it? But you understand how it is. I love her—and she loves me. I—I—we said so to-day. We—are—going—to—be—married." He brought out this last with the full dignity of his six-and-twenty years.

"Ah!" The older man rose and stood by the veranda railing, flicking the ashes from his cigarette. "Ah! And you have known her—a fortnight?"

It was impossible not to understand now the bitterness in his voice. The boy quivered under it. "You'll love her, too, when you see her," he defended. "She's wonderful. Yes, I've known her just a fortnight. It seems a short while, but—why, she's wonderful! You'll love her."

"I dare say she is all of that, but who is she? What is she? What do you know of her?" His father was scornful.

"I know only what she has told me. That is enough for me."

"Can't you see you're making a fool of yourself?" demanded his father, gently enough, though the words were brutal to the boy. "This girl and her aunt—who are they, who—"

"Wait till you have seen them, sir," interposed the young man. "I want you to go down to-morrow with me and—and then you'll understand," he finished loyally.

"I understand enough now," was the reply.

For the first time in his life the boy failed to interpret the mood of his father. He tried to control the anger rising in him. "I thought you'd be glad," he got out haughtily.

"Glad!" his father retorted sharply—"glad! Glad to see my son tied to the first pretty face he meets! Tied to an unknown girl he has known only two weeks. My son—the only thing in the world that I have! You poor blind boy!" His voice softened involuntarily to its old note of affection. "Sonnie, you took me by surprise at first. I was a bit hard

with you—you see, you're all I have—and I beg your pardon. It's the way of the world for young fellows, this falling in love with any pretty girl. But you are not ready for it yet. Give it all up and *live* with me, a little longer in the world. Why, in a week, you'll have forgotten her—forgotten her—and she you. Come back to me, Sonnie. I want you. This girl can't need you as I need you."

His plea was magnificent in its appeal to the boy. For a moment he felt himself slipping. And then he saw the girl's beseeching face, heard her saying, "That's a long way to go—alone!"

"I sha'n't forget her, sir," he answered simply. And his father was conscious that he spoke the truth. "And she won't forget me. Dad, you mustn't take it this way. You're not losing a son, you're only gaining a daughter. I can't give her up. I'm sorry, sir, but I cannot do it."

His father turned to him coldly. "As you will. I have only this to say—you must choose between me and this girl."

The boy flashed out indignantly: "You're utterly unreasonable, sir. You haven't seen her."

"My reasons need not concern you."

"Do you *mean* this: that I must choose?" his son cried.

"Just that."

"Dad!" he pleaded.

"I'm sorry, Sonnie."

"Choose—between *you* and—"

"Choose—*now*."

"Oh, you're cruel!"

"Yes?"

"But—"

"Well?"

"Then I choose," the boy choked out, half in tears. "I choose. I choose *now*. I choose my girl. . . . You're mad to make me do this. You're mad, I say. I don't understand you. Don't you care anything for me? I thought I had a father—I thought I had a friend, but I see I haven't. . . . Well, I've chosen." He was tremendously defiant now.

"Good night," his father answered evenly.

The boy turned away uncertainly; for a moment he hesitated, bewildered, hurt, angry. There were no more words from his father. "Oh, good God!" he burst out, and flung himself down from the veranda and off into the darkness.

The young man tramped for hours in the misty chill of the fields and woods—how long or how far he did not know. After the first bitterness of it all had passed, the intuitions of his love for his father began to assert themselves. Things began to seem clearer. Slowly his wrath lost its rancor, and the force of their perfect intimacy of all the years made its appeal. There was no question in his mind of giving up the girl—not that. But equally potent with his love for her was regnant his great tenderness and love and understanding for his father. "It is because of me," he thought it out sadly, "that he has done this." And he knew clearly that it was not his girl, this girl, but any girl against whom his father's heart was turned. The boy had the sorry sense of smiling at the idea. The poor old Dad! In the end, as he stumbled wearily home, it came to him with a kind of exaltation that he must be faithful a little longer to his father. "I'll tell him I'll go with him," he said aloud. "And she'll understand and wait for me—till I can come back."

Spent with his struggle, the young man had no more heart for his anger. So when he came back to the farmhouse and saw his father—terribly alone—sitting where he had left him on the veranda, looking old and gray and worn in the first raw pallor of the coming day, he went to him and put his arm about his neck.

"Dad," he said quietly, "I'll go with you. But don't ask me to forget—her."

It was, perhaps, not later than half after nine the next morning when the boy's father set out to find the girl. His son, exhausted in the war of his new emotions, was sleeping heavily, with flushed face, when he looked in on him. He scarcely knew why, indeed, he was going to see her—though there were in his mind several half-formulated impulses. It is possible that the strongest of these—had he been inclined to the deepest truthfulness—was curiosity. But, in fact, he was not inclined at the present moment to lay bare to himself his precise inner motive, for he was too much of an analyst not to perceive the absurdity—in most worldly eyes at least—of the position of a father jealous of

his son's divine right to love. He rather buoyed himself, instead, with the assurance that he was acting for the welfare of his son's soul.

In a sense the meeting came about quite as he had hoped; he found her alone in a riotous little flower-garden and with no immediate prospect of an aunt. He had come upon her so quietly that, for a brief space, he stood watching, unseen. In this illuminating moment he had a consciousness—something beyond obvious perception in that he had grown into so fine a comprehension of his son—that she was all the boy had imagined, that in her way she was wonderful. The knowledge hurt him the more. Had she been of the common mould he would have felt less keenly her ability to hold his son. This unwilling impression of her goodness was accentuated when she raised her head from the flowers she picked and came toward him gravely. In her approach he saw, too, how lovely she was. The soft, rounded slimness of her figure in its radiant white gown, the splendor of her bronze hair bared to the sun, her delicate oval face almost without color, suggestive of the faintly tinted perfection of ivory, and her young, honest, truthful, wistful eyes—he saw it all with sharpened vision.

"You are his father," she said at once.

He bowed. "Yes."

"Must you have him?" she asked quietly.

He was too startled not to ask, in reply, "What do you mean?"

"I know," she returned gravely, "I know. You love him—better than anything else in the world. And you want him back. You—you resent so my having him."

She had precipitated the situation so abruptly that the boy's father was at a loss. "You put it boldly," he temporized.

"I knew you would come," she answered.

"He is my son. Naturally I am very anxious to see—to know—to make out for him the best kind of a life that may be."

"Yes."

"He is a very young man," he continued kindly. "A boy, indeed. I don't



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"MY SON HAS PROMISED TO GO AWAY WITH ME"

think really that he has ever been in love before. Of you I—pardon me, but of you I can of course know nothing. I say that he is young in order to guard you against the wounding of your affections. To warn you that he is likely to forget yours for the next pretty face he meets. . . . You and my son have been hasty. Two weeks is, really you must admit, an absurdly short time to—”

He suddenly became conscious of the futility, of the vulgarity almost, of his words. He stopped. Her eyes were on him reproachfully.

“Is it quite worth while, all this?” she said a little wearily, and he was silent before her. “What has happened—*has* happened. Somehow, I don’t quite know how, I feel that you and he and I understand one another. Please tell me the truth. Must you have him?”

He turned to her with a dumb appeal in his eyes. At length he spoke: “Must *you* have him?”

Her eyes suffused with tears. “Ah, it’s very hard, it’s very hard for you—and for me,” she breathed.

He had his answer. “I hadn’t thought—not definitely thought, I mean—of this—that some one would ever love the boy as I love him.”

She nodded. “Yes—I understand. . . . His mother—”

He felt all she asked in the final words. When he found speech, it was an unexpected relief to him to talk. “She died when he was born. He is all I have of her. I brought him up here on my farm, a six-weeks-old baby, with a nurse. Kept him here, lived with him, made *him* live. I gave up all the associations, the friends, everything I had. After he began to get bigger and the first awfulness of his mother’s death wore away, I didn’t care for anything on earth but my baby. Then I took him abroad when he was two, and ever since he and I have lived as we liked, wandering over the face of the earth, stopping here and there. He has grown up with me and I’ve kept young with him. This is the first time we have been back in America. I—you can see how it is with us. We’ve been great pals. . . . I can’t spare him, even to you.”

She gave a little quick sob that hurt him. “And I—what of me?” she cried.

“What are two weeks to a lifetime?” he answered sharply.

“But you who have had a lifetime of him, can’t you spare him now—to me?” she asked piteously.

“I can’t spare him.”

“Would you have given up his mother?” she questioned.

“No,” he replied.

“Then—”

“I know—my position is all wrong. Arguing won’t help it. I can’t give him up.”

“But need you give him up?” She knew the weakness of the question.

“You mean if I give him to you? Need you ask that? You must understand how much mine he has been—mine and his mother’s.”

She had to understand. They stood in silence in the glare of the August morning, looking candidly into each other’s eyes.

“What is it you want of me?” she said at length.

“My son,” he returned.

“I—cannot—give—him—back—to—you.”

He walked nervously away from her down a beflowered path. When he returned he said coldly, “My son has promised to go away with me.”

Her hands strained together convulsively and the flowers she held fell.

“To—go?”

“Yes—to-morrow.”

The quiver of her lips was more than he could endure. “I shall be fair,” he said gently. “He has promised to go—but not to forget you.”

Suddenly she laughed. “Oh!”

“Give me a year more of my son,” he begged her impetuously, “just a year more—and then—and then—then let things be as they will be.”

She triumphed over him gloriously. “Yes—yes, you may have him for a year. And then—and then—he’ll come back to me—to *me*.”

Her mood suddenly changed. She came to him with almost maternal tenderness. “Sometime you won’t mind.” She took his hand. “But now, oh, I’m so sorry for us both.”

He bowed to her formally. “You have been very kind. I thank you for all your consideration of me. Good morning.”

He left her standing alone in the riotous little garden, the August sun blazing like a flame in her bronze hair, her lovely head bent sorrowfully down.

The father and the son never spoke of the last hour the boy spent with the girl. On the following day they left the little Vermont village behind them. The ride to New York was a silent one. In the few days before the sailing of their boat they tried to be gay and light-hearted with each other in the old, delightful way. But the shadow had not left the boy's eyes and the flame of his enthusiasm had burned very low. They grew accustomed to the hours of their silent companionship now. Somehow it seemed as if everything in life that needed to be said had been said. The listless talk of the details of living was gone through with soon and ended. The burden of the situation to both, tensely strung as they were and so akin, was intolerable.

They stood on the pier, on the morning of their sailing-day, the great hulk of the vessel stretching up before them. Their belongings were piled about their feet; the great, reverberant enclosure was seething with movement and the ac-

centuated intercourse of men and women that precedes the hour of an ocean steamer's departure. Yet, for the instant, the two were as alone as if they stood in the Vermont hills.

"Well, Dad," the boy said dully, "we're going back—back somewhere."

His father looked at him with all the passion of his love for him unguarded in his eyes. But the boy did not notice.

The older man touched him on the shoulder with gentle, lingering fingers. "Sonnie," he said, softly—"go back to her."

The boy turned wonderingly. "Go back, Dad—to the girl?"

"Yes." He tried not to see the boy's irrepressible joy.

"But—but—you—Dad?"

"Don't mind me. Go back to her. I'll see to your things. No—no—don't speak—don't say anything—not a word. I know everything you would say. Go, please, now, Sonnie. I'm going aboard."

With all the heart in him, his son put his arms around his father's neck. "The poor old Dad!" he cried brokenly. "You'll want us both some day. The poor old Dad!"

With tears in his eyes he stumbled out into the street.

To Myrtalé

(With his verses)

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

MYRTALÉ, when I am gone
 (Who was once Anacreon),
 Lay these annals of my heart
 In some secret shrine apart;
 Into it put all my sighs,
 All my lover's litanies,
 All my vows and protestations,
 All my jealous accusations,
 All my hopes and all my fears,
 All the tribute of my tears,—
 Let it all be there inurned,
 All my passion as it burned;
 Label it, when I am gone,
 "Ashes of Anacreon."



A PORTRAIT BY GAINSBOROUGH

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

A Portrait by Gainsborough

THE camera has so accustomed our eyes to sharp definition as to render us intolerant of the idealizing conventionality that once prevailed, and this intolerance has spurred on the painter to strive for more scientific and exact outward presentment of his sitter. However, this search for greater accuracy in externals means the suppression of the personal taste and sentiment of the artist; hence the pendulum swung away from what has been termed the "grand style" of English eighteenth-century work to the realistic period which has held us during recent years, but which is now perceptibly waning. Absorbed in the objective, with eyes closed to all save the visible world, modern portrait-painters have achieved notable triumphs, but lacking the ideal of beauty, they have lost the exalted mood and missed the highest attainment.

The quality of style marks the portraits of Gainsborough. This quality, hinting at resources in reserve, belongs wholly to the painter. It sets a balance between external beauty and the spirit within. The painter's insight, his appreciation of the charm of woman, never failed him, and his portraits hold our attention to-day, notwithstanding his defective technical training, his loose modelling, and infirm drawing. But for the personal art of the painter, this portrait of Jane Eyton from the P. A. B. Widener collection would long ago have passed into obscurity. Some critic may point out that her powdered hair and straying curls seem hardly consistent with the simplicity of costume, or that the textures are not well expressed; but no one will deny that it carries an air of delicacy and mystery, and shows the painter was in possession of meditative insight and a sense of beauty. Great artists have always been dreamers, and few have concerned themselves with the tricks of the palette.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

One of Franklin's Friendships

FROM HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MADAME DE BRILLON
AND BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—1776-1789

BY WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD

FRANKLIN appeared to be an old man when he landed in France in 1776, as one of the commissioners of the United States of America to the court of France. It was an age of body, not of mind; and his new life, an intercourse with men of his liking, agreeable company, and a certain fondling which he obtained from those around him, served to renew his strength and quicken his mental activity. He dated his rejuvenescence from his coming to France. "Being arrived at seventy, and considering that by travelling farther in the same road I should probably be led to the grave, I stopped short, turned about, and walked back again; which having done these four years, you may now call me sixty-six." He was writing in 1780.

Much has been said of the great Frenchmen of that time with whom Franklin was on terms of friendly intimacy. Little or nothing has been written upon a friendship with a woman which in all probability exercised greater influence upon him in his daily life than all the statesmen and philosophers in his circle. His opinions were largely formed before he entered upon his commissioner-ship; his habits varied with his health and the demands made upon his good nature and trained shrewdness. Unrecognized openly by the court, harassed by the whims and carping of his fellow commissioners, pestered by a horde of adventurers who would seek a fortune in the New World, spied upon by some of his trusted friends, his position was one of no little difficulty. The homage he received from his equals and the delicate attentions given to him by the "patriotic" women, who worshipped the man rather than the cause he represented, went far to relieve him from the strain of office and mission. He sought a refuge at Passy, where he could be more to himself than in the city, and at Passy he

found a circle of homes which gave him rest, care, and the quiet social enjoyments he so valued. One of these homes was that of Jouy de Brillon, where he was an ever-welcome guest.

Of the Brillon family little is known. M. de Brillon was a financial officer under the King, and that implied a large fortune, mechanically obtained under the existing loose relations of receipts and accounting. The few glimpses obtained of him in this correspondence do not suffice to present a definite picture of his character or occupation. His wife expressed jealousy of him, but he did not deserve that compliment either in praise or in blame. The wife, P'harcourt Brillon, is the central figure of this story. That she was charming, we have Franklin's own words. That she could hold and amuse him, almost without a rival, the long series of notes and letters passing between them proves. That she had a strong influence upon him, and, so far as teaching him better French, correcting his French letters and essays, a useful influence, his manuscripts often demonstrate. As a contrast to her one rival, Madame Helvétius, she was as a calm to a storm, for the widow of the philosopher presents no pleasing picture to one trained in simplicity. Once a week Franklin went to Auteuil to visit Madame Helvétius; two or three times a week he visited the Brillon household. Perhaps his preference as well as his disinclination to take exercise is shown in this comparison.

Madame de Brillon was not unhappily married, yet she would not have her daughters undergo the same experience that her marriage had given to her. "My friend," she writes to Franklin, "I am not unjust. I know that the man to whom my fate has bound me is a man of merit; I respect him as much as I should and as much as he deserves. I have perhaps always loved him beyond what his

heart can return. Twenty-four years difference in our ages, his severe training, with mine perhaps a little too much cared for on the side of pleasing talents, have tightened his heart and exalted mine. My Papa, marriages in this country are made for a weight in gold;—on one side of the scale the wealth of a young man, on the other that of a girl. When equality is found the matter ends to the satisfaction of the parents. They do not think of consulting the taste, the age, or the relations of characters. A girl whose heart contains the fire of youth is married to a man who extinguishes it. Yet they demand that the woman should be honest! My friend, this history is mine and that of so many others. I shall strive that it will not be that of my daughters, but, alas! shall I be mistress of their lot?"

A marriage based upon a business principle leaves a void and tempts the sufferers to new fields for gratifying a soul hunger. Madame de Brillon was frail in body, highly nervous, intelligent, and clever in wit. Repressed and without some definite aim to guide it, such a nature tends to become introspective and morbid; with sympathy it may develop its strength and remain free from the taint of too great absorption in self, healthy and responsive to the best in others. Only in her days of pain does she show how much she requires encouragement from without.

"You ask me if my illness is not corporal. My soul, my Papa, always makes part of it for some things. Born with an excessive sensitiveness, your daughter is often victim of a soul too tender and of an imagination too vivid. Reason and occupation sustain her well; sick, she is subject to pain and melancholy." And she would frankly admit that her physical instability influenced her moral stability. In Franklin she sought and found a guide and more than a friend.

The occasion of Franklin's first meeting with the Brillons is not told in this correspondence. Le Veillard, best known for his connection with the *Autobiography* of Franklin, was a neighbor and a common friend, and what Madame de Brillon had heard of the American and his rebellious country had awakened in her a strong desire to know him. The opportunity of meeting came in 1776, and

the attraction was mutual. "My heart loved you from the first moment of our acquaintance," was her confession.

He had almost at once adopted her as a daughter, and made a visit of three days at Thuillerie, her mother's residence.

"I was too happy Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, my dear Papa, I was too happy. My disappointment now proves it. I have not yet been willing to visit your room, because everything would tell me in a manner too heartfelt that you are no longer there. But I have been in our fields; I have there seen everywhere the trace of your footstep; the trees have seemed to me to be of a sad green; the water of our streams seems to me to flow more softly. These are not compliments which I pay you; it is the simple expression of my heart to which I yield. It is to my father that his tender and loving child speaks. I had a father, the best of men. He was my first and my best friend. I lost him before the time! You have said to me often: Can I not take the place of those whom you mourn? And you have told me of the humane custom of certain savages who adopt the prisoners they make in war, and let them take the place of their relations who are gone. You have taken in my heart the place of this father, whom I loved, whom I revered so much. The harrowing grief which I felt at his loss has been changed to a sweet melancholy which is dear to me and which I owe to you. You have gained in me a child, a friend the more. I have commenced by having for you the idolatry which all have for a great man. I had a curiosity to see you; my self-love has been flattered by receiving you in my home; since then I have seen in you only your soul sensitive to friendship, your goodness, your simplicity; and I have said, this man is so good that he will love me, and I began to love you well in order to bind you to the same for me. It is a method of proving to me that my friendship is dear to you that you have been happy in the manner I have cared for you in my home."

Absence brought into stronger relief the longing for companionship. In November, 1779, Madame de Brillon was again at Thuillerie, and wrote:

"See me then reduced to write to you, my good Papa, and to tell you that I love you. It was sweeter, no doubt, to let you read this in my eyes. How am I to pass the Wednesdays and the Saturdays—no tea, no chess, no music, no expectation of seeing, of embracing my good Papa! It seems to me that the deprivation which I experience in your separation will suffice to convert me in case I should be carried to materialism. Happiness is so uncertain, so filled with mischance, that the intimate prompting of being happier in another life can alone make us overlook the disappointments of this. In Paradise we will again find ourselves, never again to part! There we will live only on roast apples; the music will consist of Scotch airs, all games will be set aside for chess, that no one may be angry; the same language will be spoken; the English will not there be unjust; women will not be coquettes; men will not be jealous; King John will be left to eat his apples in peace; he will perhaps be virtuous enough to offer some to his neighbors. What is known, since there will be a want of nothing in Paradise! There will never be any gout or ills of the nerves; M. Mesmer will be content to play the harmonica, without wearying us with the electric current. Ambition, envy, pretension, jealousy, prevention—all will be destroyed at the sound of the trumpet. We shall be loved every day to be loved the more the morrow. In short, there will be complete happiness. Meanwhile we should draw from this low world all the possible good."

Was it in reply to this letter that Franklin returned the following characteristic note? "Like you, I find much pain in this life. But it seems to me that there is much more pleasure. This is why I wish to live. It is not fit to blame Providence inconsiderately. Reflect how many of our duties even she has ordained to be naturally pleasures, and further that she has been good enough to give the name of sins to many in order that we should enjoy them with the greater zest."

Even a friendship such as this had its crosses. The lady was exacting, the man was quite as exacting, veiling his demands under a covering of humor or badinage that made it all the more dif-

ficult to meet and to answer. An occasional passage at arms cleared the air and under a covenant of peace the relations and the interchange of loving messages resumed their former footing. Once Franklin expressed displeasure at her having shown one of his letters. Madame replies with spirit and with justice:

"The lady has a thousand things to answer to monsieur, but she fears that in spite of the goodness of her cause he retains his prejudice against her, their opinions being entirely contrary. Monsieur (great philosopher) follows the doctrine of Anacreon and of Epicurus; the lady is a platonist. The lady also wishes to justify herself against the accusation of showing and of giving copies of monsieur's letters. 1. She has given no copies without the written permission, or at least the verbal permission, of the said monsieur. 2. The reputation of the man is so general that one of his letters is a thing of interest to everybody. The lady has not been able to increase the reputation of monsieur, because that reputation is no longer susceptible to increase. No more has she decreased by letting it be seen that he knows how to unite light badinage to profound studies and opinions. Of what then does he complain? Oh yes, of what his little love withers. It is the meagreness of the child that gives annoyance to monsieur, and leads him to imagine ills of the woman who indeed has some little differences at hand, but loves him as he wishes to be loved. Monsieur is wrong in what he assures the lady; she adds that she is right. Monsieur will say, it is I who am right, and the lady is wrong. So proceed most of these theses and actions. The more is written, the less does each establish reciprocally his opinions. For the rest, the lady expects monsieur to-morrow at the hour of tea, and swears to him a tender and inviolable friendship for life."

Franklin also had committed a fault in taking a copy of a skit which she had thrown upon paper for his amusement. Not only had Franklin taken this copy, but he had taken it by the hand of his son, thus permitting him to read it. She forgave him because of the pleasure he said it had given him, but she warned

him to show it to no person. "I am a woman. My lot and my taste are for modesty. I have an active head, nothing can forbid my using it, but for myself and my closest friends. . . . I have corrected some faults in the fable; there are many more yet to be corrected. But I fear that I might resemble the sculptor who, finding the nose on a fancied face a little too large, took away so much that no nose remained."

That she aided Franklin in writing French is a well-established fact. Even drafts of official letters show her corrections and suggestions. He felt his awkwardness at times, and indeed there are some expressions in his notes to her which are more Saxon than French, requiring a softening in expression to make them acceptable or to turn them into the language of compliment which he doubtless had in mind when writing. She wrote on one occasion:

"Your dialogue has greatly pleased me; but your correction of the French has spoiled your work. Believe me, leave your writings as they are, use words that will describe things, and jeer at the grammarians who by purism enfeeble all your phrases. If I had a sufficiently strong head, I would compose a terrible attack upon those who dare to retouch your work, were it Abbé de la Roche, my neighbor Veillard, etc., etc., etc."

And on another:

"Why do you say that you write French badly, that your sallies in that tongue are foolish? For an academic discourse one should be a good grammarian, but to write to friends only a heart is needed, and to the best of hearts, my kind Papa, you give, when you wish it, the sanest morality, much imagination, and this roguishness, so drole, which allows us to see the wisest of the men of this possible world dash at each instant his wisdom against woman's wealth."

In 1781 her health was not such as permitted visits to friends, and the days of Franklin's afternoons meant much to her. "The days when you do not come seem crossed out of my existence, that existence which is dear to me only by the sweetness of friendship." Twice a week did not suffice, and often a note passed asking him to come for the evening, promising him a cup of tea, a game

at draughts or chess, and some music. She would sing carols, Scotch airs or some of her own compositions on American affairs, patriotic music which has long since passed into forgetfulness. Franklin would play on the harmonica, or collection of tumblers, which may at times have been a sore trial of patience to the listener. For Franklin commends one of his acquaintance for listening to him uncomplainingly. When he was laid low with the gout, a trusted porter would aid him to mount the steps, and in an easy chair, with his foot-mufflers and a foot-rest, he would pass the evening at his favorite games or in chatting on all subjects. Once he detained her for four hours in the bath with a game of chess, and was profuse in his anxious apologies the next day. She did complain of the prolonged bath, but forgave him his forgetfulness because he was her dear Papa and loving friend. Even in Passy there were some gossips who discussed the familiar relations of the two friends, and, as is usually the case, the gossip reached the person criticised.

"I have told you that some have criticised the kind of familiarity which exists between us, because some have warned me of it. I despise these tale-bearers, and am at ease with my own self; but that is not enough. It is necessary to yield to what is called *bienséance* (this word varies in each century, in each country). To sit less often on your knees, I certainly will not love you any the less; our hearts will not be any the more or any the less pure for this, but we will close the mouths of the evil, and to silence them is not a small matter, even for the wise."

And she writes: "It is always very good French to say that I love you. My heart always go out with this word so dear, when it is you who utters it."

By 1782 the little circle of Passy had become centred, and the reunion after a summer's separation was eagerly expected. "Monday, the twenty-first [October]," she wrote, "I will come to find you. I hope you will then be well upon your feet, and the teas on Wednesdays and Saturdays and that on Sunday mornings will again take on all their lustre. I will lead to you *the good bishop*, my big husband will make us laugh, our chil-

dren will laugh with us; our tall neighbor will joke, the Abbés la Roche and Morellet will eat all the butter. Madame Grand, her charming niece, and Mr. Grand will not wonder at the society. Father Pagin will play god of love on the violin, I the march [patriotic] on the piano, you, the little birds on the harmonica. Oh, my friend, let us see in the future good and sound legs for you, and think no longer on the bad one which has so persecuted you."

Little excursions were planned, to Auteuil, where her rival held court; to Sanoy, where Madame d'Houdetot gathered round her a circle of wits and fashionables; or to Sèvres, where the wonders and beauties of porcelain were prepared for all the courts of Europe. Occasionally, too, a descent was made upon the neighbors, not without a friendly warning, that the surprise might not blunt the edge of enjoyment.

"My dear Papa, to-morrow, Wednesday, at ten o'clock in the morning, or later, a band of corsairs will land at your house; some on horse, others on donkeys. They will be quite able to pillage the breakfast. I forewarn you as a friend, that you need have no fear. As the larger number will be composed of feminine bands, you alone will suffice to conquer it, and your son will take upon himself the rest of the troop—only two men."

She wrote verses to him, and he replied in some dialogues; she sent him fables, and he practised his wits, his French, and his gallantry in short essays. Some of these "bagatelles" have been preserved, but the greater number have been destroyed. Encouraged by the growing intimacy, Franklin wished to unite the two families, and asked the hand of the daughter for his grandson, William Temple Franklin. The good sense of the mother set aside the offer without giving offence, and the young man, Franklinet, as they called him, later proved himself unworthy of such a union.

In the fall of 1781 the health of Madame de Brillon broke down, and she set out for Italy with her family and a priestly adviser—Pagin by name. The party travelled slowly, but wherever they stopped for a day a letter from madame went to Franklin, telling of her surroundings, her health, and her

love for him. She flatters, soothes, and twits him by turn, but never lessens her strong sentiment for him. From Villeneuve to Lyons, from Lyons to Marseilles, where they remained longer than they had planned, we can trace the journey and the incidents by her missives. At Avignon, where the women were so charming, she never saw one without thinking of him. At Marseilles she received a letter from him "tinged with that gayety and that gallantry which makes all women love you because you love all women." He had written that were he the Angel Gabriel he would bear her on his wings. She laughed, and said no, she could not accept, "because she was no longer young nor virgin; that angel was a steady fire; and your substance joined to his would become too dangerous."

From Marseilles the travelling became more exacting, through Toulon, Trejus, Antibes, and finally Nice. There, in a valley naturally warm, sheltered as it was from the north winds by a double and sometimes triple chain of hills, she slowly gained health, and enjoyed the care of her husband and children. The sun was always warm, the sky clear, the trees always green, and flowers always in bloom. Under such congenial conditions she was soon able to go abroad and taste the society of the place. The new scenes and unusual incidents that crossed her path took her out of herself, and gave her occupation for mind and body. Her thoughts went back to her friend at Passy, and her memory of him was quickened, quite unnecessarily, by hearing others speak of him. "If I were as vain as sensitive, I would love you for my self-love. There is no part of the earth where it would not be a merit to be the friend of Dr. Franklin. Everywhere you are respected, you are cherished, you are loved; and everywhere I have enjoyed the happiness of hearing praised and valued him to whom my heart is bound by indissoluble ties."

While at Nice the news of the surrender of Cornwallis and his army was received, but not through Franklin. She "pouted" a little.

"Yes, Monsieur Papa, I am sulky with you. What! you take entire armies in America, you *Burgoyinize* Cornwallis,

you capture cannon, ships, ammunition, men, horses, etc., etc.; you take everything in sight, and only the gazette informs your friends, who become drunk in toasting you, Washington, independence, the King of France, the Marquis de la Fayette, Rochambeau, Chastellux, etc., etc., while you do not give to them a sign of life. You should indeed be a good liver at present, although that is rarely wanting in you; you are surely younger by twenty years by this good news, which should give you a lasting peace at the end of a glorious war. I sulk, and I will sulk until I have news from you. But in the mean time, as I do not wish the death of the summer, I will compose for you a triumphal march, I will send it to you, will write to you, and will love you even with my whole heart."

There was a large English colony at Nice and the society of the place was strongly tinged by English sympathies. As it was known that Madame de Brillon was a friend of Franklin and the American cause, her description of an incident gains piquancy. "I have as a neighbor Lady Rivers (formerly the beautiful Mrs. Pitt), who is sixty years of age, is still magnificent, and who, having understanding, is, above all, good like you, and is much of the same character. I see her much. Yesterday there was a musicale at her house. She belongs to the opposition party, as also Lord Cholmondely, an English peer—a tall and fine-looking young man, who plays passably on the flute. The Duchess of Ancaster, a favorite and intimate friend of the Queen of England, and her daughter, Lady Charlotte, were present. The commandant of Nice—a man very respectable and amiable but a little roguish and entirely French—induces Madame Rivers to ask of me the rebel's march. She comes to me and says: 'Ah! It is asserted you do not wish to play that sorry march made against us!' I excused myself, and she said in a very low voice: 'I am of the opposition, and am even American; I love your friend Franklin. Play, then!' I was embarrassed. The commandant called for the march, as did his eldest son; the younger, all English, said, 'Do not play it.' I made up my

mind on condition that the Duchess should not be told what was the march; but the commandant roguishly did tell her, after having made her agree that it was pretty. She recovered herself well enough by saying that the prettiness of the music carried it off; but I dared not look at her again, her face was so long. Lord Cholmondely genteelly came to make me a compliment. He asked for much news of you, and in great detail. He showed me how much he respected you and wished to know you. He told me that he had many friends who were also your friends, that he had left England, being able no longer to stand the unreasonableness of the court; and our chat ended with a promise to take tea with you at my home in Passy."

Franklin does not appear to have been as good a correspondent as his friend wished, and from Nice, in March, 1782, she sent him a formidable indictment.

"Plea in behalf of Madame

Brillon de Jouy

French, a native of Paris, residing ordinarily at Passy, now at Nice,
against Monsieur
Benjamin Franklin

American, born at Boston, formerly academician, physician, logician, etc., etc., etc. To day Ambassador to France from the united Provinces of America, residing at Passy.

"It is with regret that the sanctuary of Justice is opened, and that this goddess listens to complaints brought against a celebrated man, who is respected even by his enemies as the wisest and the most just of the philosophers of this period. His opponent even, long abused beyond her merits, did not dare to demand a debt which she thought so much more sacred that she believed the signature of M. Benjamin Franklin to be unnecessary and his word to be surer than all his contracts. To-day, injured in all her rights, oppressed by a weight of injustice, she feared she could not still uphold the reputation of the man who has deceived her in the most outrageous manner, if society was not interested in bringing to light a crime so much the more atrocious and dangerous to its peace, as it is committed by a man in office where the state and reputation seem to assure him impunity.

"Oh, Justice, divine image of the God who rules the universe, who brings to light actions the most hidden in order to reward neglected virtue and to punish proud vice which lifts its haughty head, believing itself to be sheltered from the thunderbolt; Justice, I implore you in favor of the lady Brillon, weigh in your dreaded balance the reciprocal treaties between the Ambassador and the lady whom he has abused in a cruel manner. Do not suffer yourself to be seduced neither by the sublime eloquence of the guilty American, nor by his dangerous knowledge, nor by his reputation, which the famous one boasts extends from pole to pole. The greater the guilty one, the more he draws the admiration of the two hemispheres; the more will your glory be increased, Goddess, in proportioning the punishment to the offence, by letting your thunderbolt fall upon him who has chained the lightning as he attacks all hearts.

FACTS

"1. In 1776, M. Benjamin Franklin entered into a society of joint friendship with the lady Brillon, by which they mutually promised to see each other often, when they could do so without prejudice to their mutual interests.

"2. To reply when they should be separated.

"3. To reply punctually to every letter written by the one or the other.

"4. To advance no reasons for dispensing with these agreements just announced.

"In 1781 Madame Brillon, obliged by her health to take a long journey, took leave of M. Benjamin Franklin with real grief. He appeared to be moved by her leaving, reminded her of their treaties, wrote to her at her first stopping-place, making new promises. Madame Brillon, believing after this first step her debt to be assured, wrote often to the Ambassador. At first he replied, then the answers failed, finally no replies were made to the letters of Madame Brillon; and only a very short one was sent for a most touching petition which this lady and her family addressed to him in their distress. The lady Brillon learned at this very time from M. le Veillard, whose testimony is entirely

trustworthy, that it was not a want of time in the said Benjamin, as he had leisure to pay court daily to at least two beautiful women in their moments of famine. She begged M. le Veillard to remind him of what was due from him, and to induce him to suspend his galantries for a quarter of an hour every two weeks, and to pay little by little the arrearages of the debt which he owed to Madame Brillon. The said Benjamin confessed his fault, but paid nothing. The lady Brillon, driven to extremities by the relapse into wrong by her adversary, was determined to prosecute before you. The petitioner in this cause requires that the said M. Benjamin Franklin be condemned in her favor for all expense, damage, and interest which you shall be pleased to determine upon the stated facts.

"We, namely Master d'Orengo, for the lady Brillon, and Master Condu, nominated officially for M. Franklin, who has asked for time to receive instructions from his client, we have made record of their pleas and demands; in doing this we have granted a delay of a month to the client of Master Condu, and meanwhile, considering that the complaints made by the client of d'Orengo appear to be entirely just and equitable, we provisionally condemn the said Franklin to write within twenty-four hours after receiving notice of this paper a first long letter, in which he will ask clemency for his first faults, and six shorter letters (the subjects to be of his selection), and for which we grant him six months' reserved costs.

"At Nice, March 20, 1782. Signed: Count de Marié, first president; Count Tringuery de St. Antoine, second president; Langoso, de Oresti, Reynardy, Ayberti Roubiony, Bataglini; Macaroni, Leobardy, Caravadosy, Senators.

"Copy conforming to the original.

CRESPEAUX DE PISCATORY, Register."

Franklin's brief in reply is not known to exist, but its tenor can be conjectured from notes written by him to this French lady which have come down to us.

Madame de Brillon found relief and comfort in the practical philosophy of her friend. Knowing its materialism,

she had greater confidence in it than in the religion of others. "Pray for him [Brillon], my good Papa; entire heretic as you are, I have more faith in your prayers than in those of our dervishes." She even adopts the tone and substance of his sayings. Accepting for breakfast one day, she hopes to come again, for "I have always been convinced of the truth that 'two pleasures were worth more than one.' It seems to me this is what you call morality. See, my good Papa, how one is formed in your school. In truth, I am sometimes astonished at my progress."

She was a good correspondent, and her note is ever in the same key. "My Papa loves me; he loves to know that I think of him; he loves to hear me say it. My heart, always ready to say it to him, guides my pen, and the word to love is always formed in the nib. I write, I seal, the post departs, and as well good as bad, there will soon be a volume of my letters. I will not pretend to have as many from him!"


The time of lasting separation came in 1785. Congress at length gave Franklin leave to return home. Deep pathos is expressed in the notes of farewell.

"I have never been able to take upon myself to go to bid you farewell, my good friend; I have had so full a heart in quitting you yesterday that I fear for you and for myself a sorrowful moment to add to the lively pain which our separation causes me, without further proving the tender and unalterable friendship which I have vowed to you forever. Each day of my existence I will remember that a great man, a sage, was willing to be my friend. My vows will everywhere follow him, my heart will never cease to regret him; without end I will say, I passed eight years with Doctor Franklin. They are gone, and I will never see him again. Nothing in this world would console me for this loss but the thought of the peace and happiness you are about to find in the bosom of your family, of the glory which you are about to enjoy in a country which owes to you its liberty. Oh, my friend, my good friend, be happy. Tell me of it, give me sometimes news of yourself, and if it is sweet to recall the woman who loves you the most, think of me;

think that all in my family have been and will be your best friends. Adieu. My heart is wrong. It was not made to be separated from you. But it will not be, my dear Papa; you will often find it again near to yours. Speak to it, and it will reply."

To this note M. de Brillon writes: "My very dear Papa, I have nothing to add to what my wife has said, and when I would wish to add, tears prevent me from seeing."

With the end of 1786 sad news came upon the Brillon family. The father had a touch of gout, complicated with other ills, which made him unfit for any occupation, and in the hope of a change for the better he was sent to Nice. In vain, for he died in 1787; and the loss of two grandchildren deepened the sorrow of the loving friend. The tone of her letter reflects her grief and is tinged by indifference to things worldly. "The more life advances, the more is it borne and the less is it loved when one has the misfortune to be sensitive. There are so few moments of happiness and so many occasions for suffering that those who die young are not, it seems to me, to be mourned." Her fortune was moderate, and the house at Passy proved too large and costly to maintain. It was sold, and she passed her winters in Paris and her summers with her daughters. The political affairs of France grew more disturbed and ended in a cataclysm. Writing from Paris, in March, 1789: "We are in a moment of crises, from which the evil at its height should (or at least we hope it should) bring in the end some good if the new project proposed is carried into effect. Your prayers, so pure (since those of the just only please the Supreme Being), will be necessary to us; pray for us, my good friend; you love France; the French. Be our saint. If these gentlemen resemble you, I will become very devout! I am so to you, my dear Papa. I revere you, honor you, love you. No day passes without my heart going out to you in thought, or my thinking on your friendship so precious, of which nothing will ever deprive me; and the double memory of the time when I enjoyed it more directly and more particularly is one of the points of happiness of my life."



Editor's Easy Chair

WHEN a number of gentlemen and scholars pronounced, a few months ago, in favor of a modified reform of our spelling, they were brought to shame by public outcry on both sides of the Atlantic. Their sad experience testified anew to the fact that the prophets must always be stoned, and the saints burnt or given to the beasts, before any general good can be done the race. When the martyrdom is once accomplished, the race begins to look about it, and to discover that no real harm was meant it, and that its idols, in whose defence it acted, were not essential to its comfort or security. In the case of an idol like the impudently false orthography which we shall continue for some time yet to worship, it was not proposed rudely to cast down or violently to break the absurd images, but only here and there to amend one or two of the most grotesque deformities; yet if those gentlemen and scholars had been a beef trust, or an oil company, or a rebating railroad they could not have suffered grosser ignominy from the guardians of the public welfare.

No one believed or could believe that the abuse which they invited the English-speaking race partially to rid itself of was not one of the greatest abuses under the sun, an offence to reason, a cruelty to infancy, an affliction to maturity, and a burden to senility, which drops into the grave in frequent doubt whether it ought to be spelt with one *l* or two. A good many pretend that the abuse has an historical value, and that our chaotic orthography records the origin of the words which it misspells. The spavined war-horse of these is the word honor, which they say we ought to write honour, in order to show that we got it from the French honneur, and not from the Latin honor, as if it possibly mattered. But in fact our orthography does not embody the pedantic scruple of the learned; it only commemorates the ca-

price of the ignorant. It is not the decision of scholars, but the invention of printers, who were sometimes not even English printers in their defiance of common sense. All this has been shown again and again, or if not shown, then valiantly contended, but our dictionary spelling has remained from age to age the greatest monument of human folly held sacred by any people. If you touch it at any point to reform it, you rouse the anger of the English half of our race, and the laughter of the American half; you are impious to the one and ridiculous to the other.

It is held creditable to spell in the fashion of the lexicographers, but it is really discreditable, if to defy law and order is infamy. A child is punished if it obeys its instinct and spells phonetically, but it ought to be rewarded, and its instinctive orthography reverently studied in the hope of some hint for the amelioration of the abuse under which we all suffer. The actual English spelling does not spell anything, really; it is a kind of picture-writing, in which certain groups of letters symbolize certain sounds without representing them. The difference between our spelling and our speech is such that the lexicographer finds his burden divided between orthography and orthoepy, and yet doubled in the failure to show how the printed word shall be spoken. For the literary artist, who wishes to indicate dialect variations, the system is worse than useless; he must frame a convention and trust the reader's intelligence for its acceptance before he can hope to suggest the accents he has in mind. Nothing worse could be said of our spelling than that it does not spell; that is quite enough to condemn it. If it fulfilled its office, one might not repine at its manifold difficulties; but it breaks down at the first step and at every step. It is a failure which nothing but the immense powers of the race which suffers it could repair.

The gentlemen and scholars who wish to modify it in the interest of reform, and propose a few words which shall be reasonably spelled, will, it is to be feared, accomplish little directly, however conscientiously and strenuously they give themselves to the work. They will be met by ignorance, prejudice, and precedent, but there is something to be hoped from their efforts in an indirect way; they are perfectly and entirely right in their intentions, but what they do not intend may happen, and this will better their instruction. They may finally persuade a third or a half of us to spell as they ask the words they have chosen for reform. The other two-thirds or the other half will continue to misspell the words in the recognized way; but a house divided against itself cannot stand, and in its fall may be the hope of a new edifice built upon principles of science and of sense. What we really need for a while is a personal spelling, the sort of spelling which we stupidly punish in children, but which prevailed without dishonor before the lexicographer began to accept the printing of the moment as something consecrated by usage, and to establish it as a criterion of breeding as well as learning. Once, a man, and especially a woman, could spell the same word several different ways on the same page, and some one of the spellings would be pretty sure to be simpler and better than the others. In like manner the printers who varied our orthography for us, at their convenience in spacing out a line, did not always spell so outrageously as we all spell at present, if we know how; sometimes they spelled reasonably, either by accident or by intention, or from the whim of seeing for once how a well-spelt word would look in print. So many of them seem to have indulged this fancy, from time to time, that out of the early editions it would be practicable to select an orthography which would be almost reasonable, and which would at any rate not be such a witless impertinence as the present English spelling. At times they spelled almost phonetically; they spelled at least as well as the contemporary Dutch and Germans whose compatriots they sometimes were. They assigned a true value to vowels, they appointed an unmistakable office to con-

sonants, they dropped letters when silent, they refused to double them needlessly. With even their simplified and rectified English spelling they were of course not in the running with the French, Spanish, or Italian of their day, but they were not so widely out of it as the printers of our day comparatively are. The French have kept many of their archaic irregularities, but they have not erected them into a worship, as we have ours, and the Spaniards and Italians have so constantly reformed their spelling that it is now effectively phonetic. The Spaniards have an Academy which rules in the matter, but the Italians have only their general intelligence to direct and fix their orthographic reforms. Precedent is so powerful with our race that reason long bows before it, and humanity is a reed shaken in its breath. We cannot, therefore, ask our fellow Anglo-Saxons to spell rightly because it is reasonable and merciful to do so, but we can rather hopefully appeal to them with any right spelling which was in frequent use centuries ago. We can say, at least, "This was the way people used to spell the word on Monday; when they weakened and fell away toward Saturday, they spelled it as we do now." We could offer them a large collection of Monday spellings, gathered from the pages of early editions, and insist upon them as the highest precedent.

It seems to us that the gentlemen and scholars who have suffered so much at the hands of the mob on both sides of the Atlantic have not had quite the courage of their convictions. They have chosen out of the thousands of grotesque misspellings which have been authorized by the lexicographers, a poor twenty or thirty scapegoats to be laden with the sins of their kind, and driven into the wilderness. Naturally, the partisans of the scapegoats have revolted, and have said to themselves that these were no worse than the rest of the flock, which ought to be all, if any, driven into the wilderness. If it came to their saying something like this to the reformers, the reformers could make no better answer, perhaps, than to own that the partisans of the scapegoats were right. They would have to allow that if it was foolish to print catalogue and programme, instead

of catalog and program, it was quite as foolish to print people and knowledge instead of pepel and nolej. But they could urge that if it came to their being logical in the matter, it must come to the invention of a new English alphabet, and they could remind their critics of the fate of the more drastic reforms attempted fifty or sixty years ago by the friends of phonetics. These invented an alphabet that would really spell, whereas the English alphabet cannot really spell, with the value and qualities now assigned to the letters of it. Yet the English-speaking world rejected the phonetics with a hooting that has hardly yet died away, and that would surely revive at any new invention of the kind. Therefore, the gentlemen and scholars could say they were proceeding cautiously and gradually, not because they did not think a thorough reform of our spelling was a desirable thing, but because they did not think it was a possible thing; that they proposed certain words for reform because in their reasonable shape they might not offend the general eye. When the general eye was trained to their reasonableness, and relieved of the astigmatism bred in it by the intolerable orthography of the dictionary, they might hopefully proceed to further changes, but until then they would not risk the rejection of their half-loaf by those who would prefer no bread.

This would be very good reasoning from the reformers, and it would not be their fault if it was not convincing. From all the signs it appears that it would not be convincing. Yet, as we said before, our hope is that the mild might of the reformers may prevail so far that the actual chaos will become conscious of its deformity, and in its longing for order and shape will be willing to take on any partial symmetry. This will be the moment for some good genius to step in with a collection of the simple and right spellings from the old standard editions, and invite their general acceptance. It would not be wonderful if they were so numerous that their acceptance would go far to solve the whole difficulty. They would at least come with the authority of precedence, and would therefore appeal to the stupid as well as to the reasonable.

We must all do what we can to hasten

the day of consciousness in the chaos. It is perhaps premature to suggest the offering of prizes to such school-children as shall depart farthest from the established orthography in their instinctive phonetics, but we have the heart to believe that the moment for this will come. The most inspired of such departures might be adopted, and together with the simple and right spelling of the early editions, might help to "urge on the freer hour," when we shall spell gladly because we spell reasonably. In the mean time much can be done by cultivated people in refusing to spell as the dictionary now directs. Let each who has the common welfare and happiness at heart spell as he likes, at this time or that, without regard to the way he spelled at any other time. His wildest vagary will not be worse than the usage established by authority and consecrated by superstition. He could scarcely blunder into anything more offensive than the forms he learned by heart with tears of anguish in childhood, and in manhood employed with a never-passing fear that he had not after all obeyed at eve the misleading voice obeyed at prime. It would be well for each to begin the righteous revolt by spelling his own name in the variorum fashion of Shakespeare, or Shakespear, or Shakespere, as he indifferently wrote himself. We do not say that people should always spell their names in their more reasonable form; the great point is for them to write their names in as many different forms as possible, after the manner of the great poet, who must have been prescient of some such method of reform in the far future as we have been forecasting.


Some friends of orthographic reform urge it because without it we can have no hope of our speech becoming the universal language. We confess that we do not share the wish of these that English should prevail to the exclusion of other tongues. English has its virtues, but it is well known that it is not so clear as French, so mystical as German, so musical as Italian, so dignified as Spanish. We should be extremely sorry if these languages should finally fall mute, and we should be left with nothing but English or American novels to read after a given period. Rather than this should

happen, we would be willing that the orthography which prevents the universalization of English should continue a stumbling-block forever. We have, besides, so much race pride that we should not quite like to have the inferior ethnical groups using the language of Shakespeare (or Shakespear or Shakespere) as if it were their own; to have the brown peoples, the yellow peoples, the red peoples reading or conversing intelligently in a tongue which we should keep one of the chief tokens of our supremacy.

English spelling ought to be reformed in the interest of the Anglo-Saxon race (if there is such a race, or if the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh are Anglo-Saxons as well as the English and the variorum Americans) and not with any ulterior view to the comfort and advantage of those low tribes and nations who may or may not decide to speak it in the future. These may very well be left to struggle with the difficulties of our actual orthography which prepare them for the enjoyment of our national literature; but for the children of our own race to waste half their infant years in the vain endeavor to spell our language unreasonably is a sin against light and knowledge. Let each of these little ones spell as seems to him just after he has mastered the alphabet; he will certainly spell more logically than the largest lexicon, and he will not have the sense of intolerable outrage in the effort to conform to the established irregularity. As it is, we do not spell at all. We memorize the outward shape of words, and put their "infinitely repellent particles" together as well as we can remember how. But most of us cannot remember how to put them together as we learned them; probably the man, and certainly the woman, does not live who has never felt a doubt as to his or her spelling of some word, and hesitated a single letter in place of a double one. Only those who have received the training of printers can feel at all secure of themselves, perhaps because their wicked tribe invented the deformity of our spelling, and has inherited the secret of it. The best, the loveliest of women, are notoriously bad spellers, and agonize lifelong through recurrent misgivings, after each letter

they write, even when they have asked their husbands how to spell the words they halted at, and then spelled wrong, or think they spelled wrong. For the sake of these, the wives, the mothers, the sisters of the race, as well as for the sake of the tender infants whose steps they are so little able to guide among our orthographical snares and pitfalls, we can only hope that the hour of liberation is at hand, when it will be shameful, when it will be the badge of a futile servility, even to try conforming to the present usage.

That will be the hour for the gentlemen and scholars who are now offering us, apparently in vain, some slight alleviation of our burdens; they will then be met with a gratitude which is withheld from them now by a generation perhaps thankless because it is hopeless. When each of us is allowed to spell as logically as he can, their logic will be recognized, and their reforms embodied with those springing as by a common impulse from the common sense. But even in this hour there will be no finality. We shall have a better spelling, but not a right spelling, for this can come only with a new alphabet, which the voice of some authorized speaker, in Boston or in London, shall stamp upon a sensitive record of the phonograph, to be transferred to paper, and from that graven upon dies, and so cast in the types from which all our literature shall some day be printed. That divine instrument, which is now devoted mainly to discoursing ragtime music, with selections from the more popular opera, will then have lent itself to the most stupendous reform ever accomplished in the interest of our race. We shall have a phonetic, because a phonographic, spelling, and the letters of our new alphabet will not appear grotesque or ludicrous, because they will not be the result of arbitrary invention, but will be the living pictures of the spoken word. It is quite imaginable that they will be very graceful in form, as graceful as the Persian or Arabic characters; or perhaps they will look something like the stenographic signs. But in any case they will be absolutely representative, and they will supersede authoritatively all those reformed spellings which our printers will not now allow us to use in these pages.



Editor's Study

IT is not to the discredit of the plastic arts and of painting that they have lost the dominance over human life which they once had when that life itself was swayed by impressions rather than by reflections, was more spectacular than speculative—a consistent pageantry, whose notes and colors of joy and hope and fear were blended in a rhythmic harmony, the main motives and issues of the majestic procession being for the most part regarded as independent of human volition.

In the old Hebrew scheme, repeated in the Puritan theocracy of the seventeenth century, the sense of Destiny so far excluded that of human responsibility or participation that not only was art impossible but the pageantry itself was violently repudiated.

But paganism, in its Hellenic type, and that later paganism which smouldered in early medievalism and flamed forth in the Renaissance, though so busy with myth-making and so much concerned with what the gods—so many and so various—had been and were, gloriously or ingloriously, doing, yet permitted humanity, and gave it a large and noble scope in its scheme of heroism and in the development of the earth-drama. The Greek idea of Destiny, while retaining the conception of relentless purpose, still gave room to reason and law and to a discipline which kept within restraint divine as well as human activities. The art which this conception dominated, with all its firmness and fine reserve, not only was a ministration to the beautiful, but leaned to joyous and graciously humane embodiments. Greek literature, during the period when Greece held her own against the world, was itself held within the limits of an objective art, and consisted mainly of poetry—epic, lyric, and dramatic. Plato was handicapped by the same limitations in his attempt to express subjective speculative truth, but the experiment was the significant prelude to

the triumphant achievement of modern thought, and also significant of the Hellenic tendency to transcend impressions and reach to the hidden meanings of life.

The pageantry of life culminated in medievalism, which was a reversion to impressionism. In the adolescence of Christianity new forces were brought into action, which for a long season operated undisturbed by Hellenic influences—operated as in the brooding warmth of spring-time, creating new myths and legends and a new art, embodying fresh illusions deeply cherished in the hearts of men and women who were children. This period was the florescence of art, but, apart from poetry, itself as sensuous as the art, was barren of literature. The Renaissance, while it reinforced the imaginative forces at work, was the revival of influences which made the summer maturity of art the perfection of its freedom and were destined to emancipate the human reason and initiate an immense iconoclasm.

The old harmonies, in which the individual will and thought were reduced to irresponsibility, have been displaced by a new and rational harmony, in which the principle of individualism is supreme because it is one with that of universal brotherhood. The brokenness of life is at the surface; beneath, humanity is being consciously knit together through reasonableness and sympathy, though it does not ostensibly parade or make a point of the fraternity as a visible and labelled organization. Divesting itself of the insignia associated with the old pageant, this new life is not likely to invent a pageantry of its own. Its progressive significance—as distinguished from that older impressionism which was the native atmosphere of mythology, art, knighthood, and all kinds of servile allegiance to outward principalities and powers—is having its consummation in individual self-respect and the new politeness of mutual consideration. Our mod-

ern humanities, in promoting a sentiment which tends to abolish hatred and feuds, have developed something greater than mere humanitarianism.

The careful student of social evolution cannot fail to have taken note of the progressive development of this sentiment, especially during the last hundred and fifty years and in those races which have achieved most for individual freedom. The evidences of it are apparent in the intimacies of the home, in the hearty sincerity of social amenities, in the growth of a universal human sympathy.

The meanings of this later life, which we have contrasted with the impressions which belonged to the old pageantry and were intimately a part of the whole scheme of objective art and of the earlier forms of literature, do not constitute a theory but a living synthesis, or, as we have said, a new harmony, having its true centre in the human heart. These meanings have taken the place of impressions whose insignia were outward, but are themselves impressions in the subjective sense, accordant with the illusions newly created by the imagination, flaming illuminations of the truths of life. Here thought is not an abstraction, but is one with a feeling which radiates light.

The ideal of inward beauty, living truth, and essential goodness finds its spontaneous expression in our life, mainly cherished in that life as something escaping observation and evading formal and perfunctory organization, nevertheless blossoming forth as freely and bounteously as flowers and fruits in a cultivated garden. The harmony itself is hidden. At its surface, modern life shows more brokenness than was apparent in the pagan scheme or in the neopaganism of the medieval pageant, both of which kept step with the rhythmic beat of their processional. The evolution of humanity in its freedom or individualism tends to brokenness in its increasing specialization, so that to the outward observation diversity seems to prevail rather than an obvious uniformity, and we are more impressed by the competitive struggle than by the intimate bond of sympathy.

But what concerns us here is the relation of this new harmony to art and

literature. The imagination as a creative power is as intimately concerned with the new order as with the old. The passions, moreover, inherent in human nature remain the same, whatever the changes in the scheme of life or in its aims and ideals. Culture—such as it was in the ancient and as it is in our modern world—has made the differentiation in the development of human activities; and the new variations of motive and stimulus which have emerged from time to time, affecting the method and scope of development, have been due to a creative selection in which the imagination, as faculty and as sensibility, has been the principal factor. Culture has always, therefore, been registered in the arts, in literature considered as an art, and in the art of life itself—in its form and manners.

In the old order, while people in the mass had no initiative in the movements by which they were dominated, they were participant in them and responsive to them, as the earth is to sun and shower; the garden of humanity blossomed with enthusiasms and exultations or was devastated by storms according as sovereignties were kind or cruel, offering its cheek to smite and caress with equal loyalty. The people answered to the call, whether to the mines, the brick-kilns, or the galleys, to the wars, the crusades, the processions—religious or triumphal; and their hearts were in all these things, in the drudgery or the festivity, rejoicing in the spectacle, and happy if they shared the bread and the circus. The temple, the statues and friezes, the mystery plays and dramas—all the impressive works of art, the interventions of the Madonna and of all the saints, the ecclesiastical pomps, were all for them, as gifts of heavenly powers; and they accepted them not passively, but in the fertile soil of their hearts, which yielded in return not tribute and service only but abundant fruit. Nevertheless in this spectacular scheme the rhythmic harmony at the surface covered strifes and intrigues and feuds innumerable.

When the northern races entered into the heritage of a true humanity which had initiative from its own centre in religious, civic, and individual development, the pageant withered. From a

more general culture new interests arose of mind and heart which excluded by pre-occupation those which hitherto had engrossed popular regard. The outward rhythm of sensuous art, of civic and ecclesiastic processions, and of martial music ceased to have absolute sway over the human heart, whose supreme desire for the free play of its forces and impulses prompted a rhythm of its own. We can see that thenceforth the course of the creative imagination must have been radically changed, to conform to a deeper conception of beauty, truth, and goodness.

The imagination can have no natural alliance with corrosive analysis and iconoclasm, but rather lends all its powers to cooperation with reconstructive energy. How was it to occupy this new heaven and new earth of humanity? The history of modern art in its objective embodiments, in architecture, sculpture, and painting, is the record on the one hand of its struggle to maintain its traditions through the following of old forms and methods and to achieve, within these limitations, consummate technical excellence and such impressiveness as is still possible under the altered conditions of its appeal to æsthetic sensibility, and, on the other hand, of its aspiration, through a new kind of impressionism, to transcend its old limitations and realize the truth and beauty of renascent humanity. In both directions it has achieved marvellous results which assure its lasting place in the modern scheme of life, though it cannot pervade that life so universally and intimately as in the older scheme.

The arts which do pervade our life are those of music and literature, prose literature especially, which has developed contemporaneously with music. What is most important for us to take note of is the breaking of that old rhythm, which was so persistent a feature of the spectacular scheme. Is it because we have become suspicious of it as a possible obsession, as of something antagonizing our individual freedom, a Pied Piper which will carry us away despite our wills, an Orphean magic which it would seem even inanimate objects are powerless to resist? The tower which

withstands the ringing of its bells may crumble under their accordant chimes. We feel safer with Browning than with Tennyson; we cherish the modern masters of dissonance and eschew the captivating melody of Italian composers; we deprecate the spells of rhetoric as enchantments that disturb our sanity. All this means that we have developed minds—minds of our own—and would not have our calm possession of them disturbed.

This has been the issue of our culture—a more distinct articulation, the eminence of meaning over impression, or rather, we might say, as punctuating impression, since it is where the current breaks that there is the illuminating flash. But for such brokenness we should have no conscious intelligence, and should move forever in occult ways. We have more satisfaction in our faltering and hesitant progress, though we walk, than primitive folk had who danced when Pan did the piping.

Have we surrendered more than we have gained? If we have, it is also true that the whole cosmic evolution is a like process of surrenders, and, though consciousness itself may be incidental to the process in us, yet we glory in this human distinction of discursive reason and make the most of it, concurrently with our keen appreciation of the cosmic variety, beauty, and meaning of a physical universe in like manner diminished and broken.

When we discover that, within its proper limitations, objective art shows no promise of exceeding its past, we do not complain, but continue to enjoy it, as we enjoy the unprogressive phenomena of nature. But not the less do we derive a peculiar, a peculiarly human, delight and satisfaction from the advance, to which no limits can be set, of the subjective arts which interpret human life. Music, in its later development, gives promise of this inexhaustible novelty of revelation, and no bounds can be set to new disclosures of the truths of life in imaginative literature. Music and books pervade our life, often, it is true, for its lighter entertainment, yet ever mingling with its deeper currents, which they reflect and interpret. We demand of these arts an inward rhythm while we are comforted by their departure from the ancient rune.

Editor's Drawer

Buying a Suit

BY WILBUR NESBIT

WE went to Morgan's clothing-store to get my suit. Pa always trades there when he goes to Kensington. Mr. Morgan always waits on us himself. When we went into the store he met us and shook hands with pa and ma and said he was glad to see them, and asked where they had been keeping themselves. Said he was thinking about sending out a searching-party for them if they stayed away another week.

"It certainly is fine to see you," he said. "And how is that little boy of yours?"

"Doesn't he look all right?" pa asked, looking at me.

"Oh, I mean that little fellow—Johnny

—that you used to buy clothes for from me."

"Why, that's Johnny."

"Get out! You can't fool me. Bless my soul! you don't mean to say that child has grown to be such a fine young man as this. Why, I thought this was your younger brother, or something like that. Who would have thought it?"

And he slapped me on the shoulder and shook hands with me, and then I knew he was only cracking a joke and that he had known it was me all the time.

"Now," he said, "what will it be this time?"

"I don't know as we want to buy any-



"MR. THOMPSON IS JUST NATURALLY MADE FOR A CUTAWAY SUIT"

thing, Mr. Morgan," ma said. "We just thought we would look around and see what you might have."

Ma always says that when we go to buy anything.

"That's right," Mr. Morgan said. "Make yourselves at home. Look over everything we have, and if you don't see what you want I'll send out and get it."

"I might look at a suit for myself first," pa said.

"With pleasure, Mr. Thompson."

Mr. Morgan took a tape-line and put it around pa's chest and looked at the figures.

"Forty!" he exclaimed. "Gracious, man, you're getting big as a bull. You take a man's size, for a fact."

He led us back to a table covered with men's suits, got a chair for ma, and began picking around to find the right size.

"Something in a nobby business suit?" he asked. "Say a mixed cheviot double-breasted, or a nice three-button sack?"

"That would be about the thing," pa said, but ma spoke up:

"I think a good clay worsted cutaway, that he can wear for dress-up and Sabbath, would be better."

Pa's good suit is always a clay worsted

cutaway that he can wear for dress-up or Sabbath, and every time he buys a new suit he wants to get a double-breasted or a sack suit.

"I'll try on the sack suit, Morgan, if you've got it handy," pa said, looking at ma.

Mr. Morgan pulled out a coat, and pa took off the one he was wearing and slipped the sack coat on. It looked nice, except that I missed the long tails. But it made pa look younger, really. It was a mixed plaid, Mr. Morgan said.

Pa went to the mirror and twisted himself around to see his back. "It fits tolerably well," he said.

"It hunches up too much between the shoulders," ma said. "You're not the build of a man to wear a sack suit."

"I believe you're right, Mrs. Thompson," Mr. Morgan said. "You'd be surprised how many men there are who can wear a sack suit, and how few can wear a cutaway with any style to them. Now, Mr. Thompson is just naturally made for a cutaway suit."

"That's what I always tell him," ma replied. "Suppose you try one on him."

Pa kept admiring the sack suit, but when Mr. Morgan brought the cutaway coat he had to try it on. It did fit him better; that is, it looked more natural on him.

"That's the kind of a suit for you," ma told him. "Is it a good clay worsted?"

"It's the real Henry Clay, Mrs. Thompson," Mr. Morgan laughed.

"Let me see it," ma said.

Pa took off the coat, and ma took it to the light and looked it over, examining the seams and the way the buttons were sewed on.

"Any shoddy in it?" she asked Mr. Morgan.

"Every thread in it is right off the sheep's back, except the silk the buttons are sewed on with."

Ma turned up the lining at the coat tails and pulled a thread off the body of the coat and bit it.

"I'm not sure that it's all wool," she said.

"I'll stake my reputation on it," Mr. Morgan said.

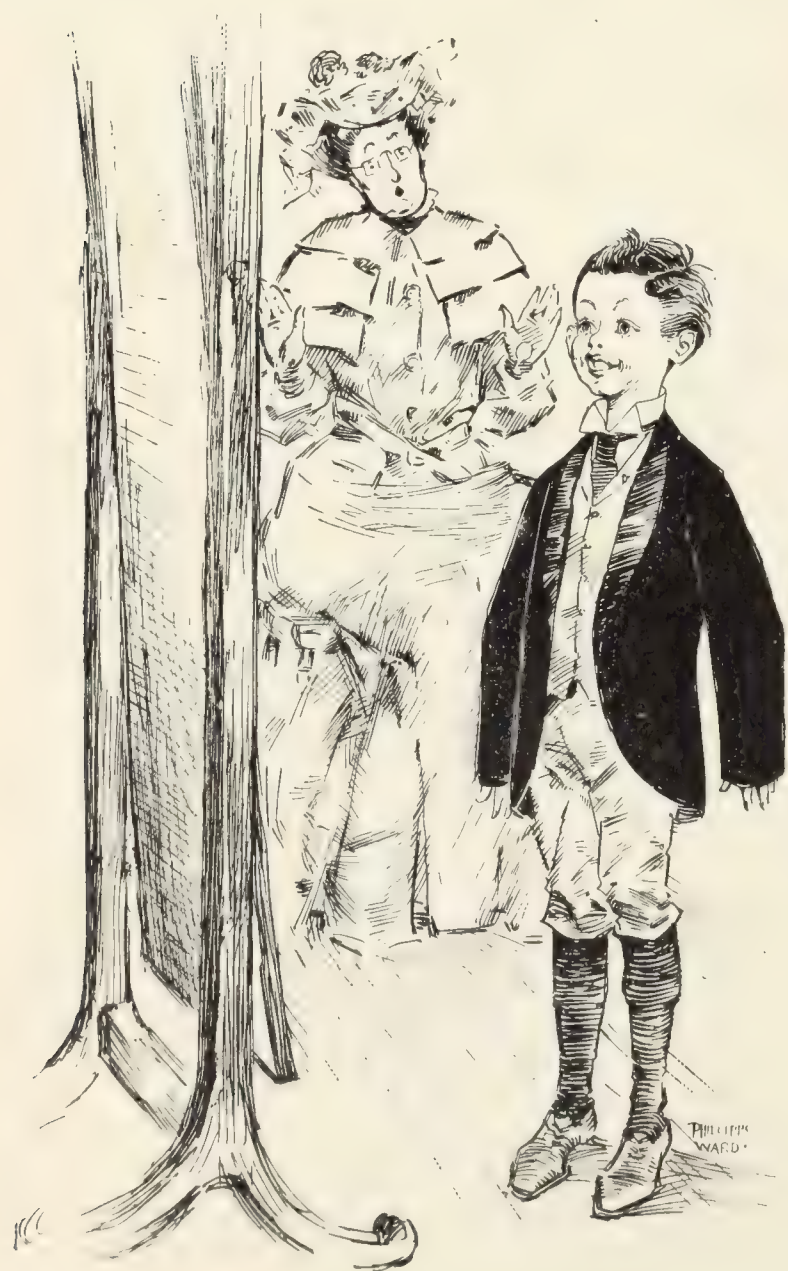
"I didn't know a clothing man had any reputation," pa said, with a smile.

"There you go!" Mr. Morgan said, as if he was angry. "Every time you come in here you begin attacking my reputation. I tell you, this is a hard world to get along in. Here, slip this coat on. Goes on you like the paper on the wall. There! hold up your arm. Sleeves just the right length. Now turn around." He slid his hand across the shoulders and down the back, smoothing the coat into place. "Ever see anything fit like that, Mrs. Thompson?"

"It does fit pretty well," ma conceded.

"Now, try on the pants and vest, Mr. Thompson, and I'll have the suit altered if it needs it, and it can be pressed and ready for you when you want to start home."

Pa was about to say all right, but ma said:



I WANTED TO KEEP A NICE BLACK COAT . . . BUT
MA SAID IT LOOKED TOO FLASHY

"Haven't you got something else in the same line?"

"Oh my, yes. Dozens of 'em."

Mr. Morgan got out a lot more of the coats, and had pa try them on, one after the other. While he was doing that, ma said:

"We might as well look at something for Johnny while we are at it."

So Mr. Morgan had a clerk bring some suits around for me to try on. I wanted to keep a nice black coat—or the suit that it belonged to. It had the lapels faced with silk or satin, or something shiny. But ma said it looked too flashy. We worked and worried there for about an hour, and finally pa said:

"Well, I guess that coat Johnny has on, and the suit I looked at first, will be about right."

"The first cutaway suit, you mean," ma corrected.

"Er—yes," pa said.

"Well, we'd best look around a little more and see if we can't do better somewhere else. What's the price of these suits, Mr. Morgan?"

"Mr. Thompson's is eighteen dollars, and Johnny's is ten."

"Oh dear! That's entirely too much! Why, we got just as good suits last fall from you for fifteen and eight."

"I expect you did, but you know everything is in a trust now."

"Everything but us. Well, we'll look at a few other places, and if we can't do any better we may come back here."

"Better let me have these wrapped up right away, Mrs. Thompson."

"I expect we might as well take these," pa said.

"No. We can save money—or if we can't, at least we can see what the others have."

"Very well," Mr. Morgan said. "I'm glad you came in, Mrs. Thompson; and if you don't find what you want elsewhere, come back, and I'll treat you right."

We went out and down-street to another store, and went through the same performance, but couldn't find anything that suited ma. Then we went to another store, and the same performance was gone through with again. We always do that. When we came out of the last place ma was for going to still another, but pa said:

"No. I'm tired, and Johnny is clean worn out. I don't see any sense in this."

"But the only way to know whether you



"SMOKE THAT TO-NIGHT WHEN YOU GET HOME. I'LL BE LAUGHING YET, LIKE AS NOT"

are getting your money's worth is to know what you can get everywhere."

"That may do for a woman who is buying two spools of thread or a yard of gingham, but I'm not a shopper. When I go to buy anything I know what I want, and I go where it is kept, and I get it," pa said, turning back toward Morgan's.

"Oh, well," ma said, "if you feel that way about it, we'll go back there; but if you get a suit that falls to pieces the first time the rain strikes it, don't blame me."

We stopped on the way at a dry-goods store, where ma bought some goods for a dress. Pa talked politics with the proprietor while she got the goods and some trimming to match. Mr. Morgan was just as glad as ever to see us.

"I've kept those two suits ready for you," he said.

"Let's see them again," ma said.

She had pa and me try on the coats again, and then Mr. Morgan got the pants and vests, and took us to the dressing-rooms and had us put on the whole suits. Mine

was a brown plaid suit that I didn't like, but ma said it would have lots of wear in it. Pa's suit fitted him almost perfectly. The pants of mine would have to be shortened a little.

"Don't make them too short," pa said. "Like as not it 'll be long enough before he gets another pair."

Mr. Morgan leaned against a pile of clothes and laughed and laughed when pa said that.

"There you go!" he cried, laughing until there were tears in his eyes. "'Long enough before he gets another pair!' 'Don't make them too short!' Oh, if you aren't the greatest fellow on earth for a joke. Come here, Johnson!"

One of the clerks came up.

"Did you hear Mr. Thompson's joke? He said not to make his boy's pants too short, that it would be long enough before he got another pair."

"Good! Good!" Mr. Johnson said, and he laughed and laughed and slapped Mr. Morgan on the back, and Mr. Morgan doubled up and straightened out and gasped for breath, and said pa was always taking a fellow by surprise that way—getting off a rip-roaring joke just when everybody was least expecting it. Pa looked pleased.

"Don't you see?" Mr. Morgan asked. "The pants are too long now, but we mustn't make them too short. Long enough before he—oh, ho! ho! I'll die, I know!"

And he and Mr. Johnson went off into more fits of laughter, and after a while, when they got their breath back and wiped the tears off their cheeks, Mr. Morgan took a cigar from his pocket and handed it to pa and said:

"Smoke that to-night when you get home, and think of me. I'll be laughing yet, like as not."

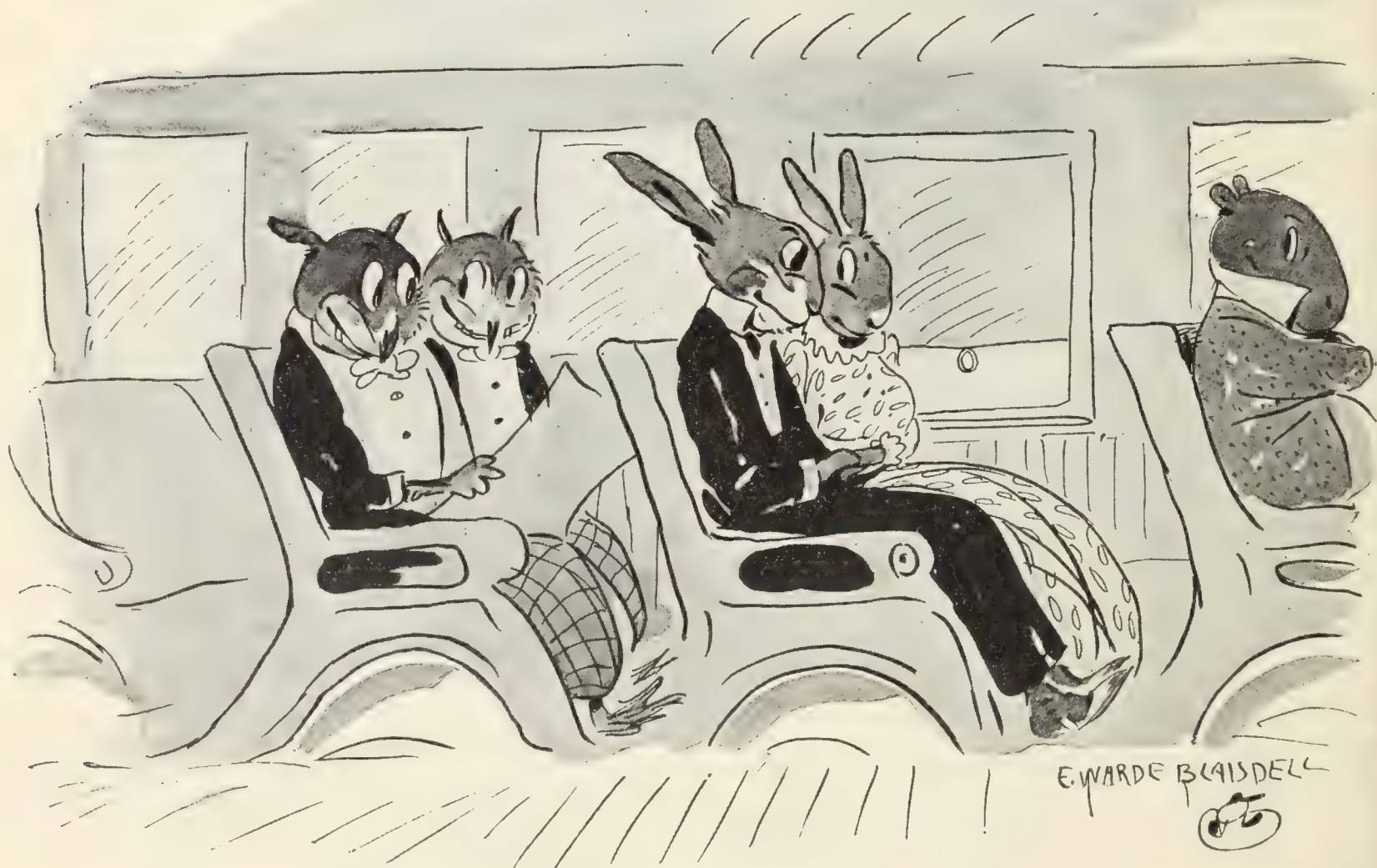
"What are you men making such a racket over?" ma asked, coming towards us.

"One of your husband's jokes, Mrs. Thompson," Mr. Morgan said, his sides shaking.

"Well, I'm glad somebody can laugh at them."

Then Mr. Morgan had us change suits again, and then took the new suits back to have them fixed up and pressed. All the way back to the tailoring-room we could hear him laughing, and repeating the joke to Mr. Johnson, who was laughing as if he enjoyed it, too.

It is funny that Mr. Morgan didn't remember that joke. It is one that pa gets off every time he buys a suit for me.



Honeymoon

SHE. "You ought not to have kissed me in that tunnel."

HE. "Why not, dearie?—it was pitch-dark."

SHE. "I know, but there's a couple of owls sitting behind us."



MR. CENTAUR. "I'll teach you boys not to play quoits with my brand-new Sunday shoes."

Consolation

THE weary members of a picnic party had piled aboard the special train, one hot day, and a thoughtful train-hand had carried into the car a pail of delightfully cold fresh water from the section-man's well. When the party had been refreshed the half-emptied pail was left standing in the aisle.

Ten minutes later, a solitary belated member of the party, hurrying aboard just as the train was about to start, saw the pail, bailed out a cupful and raised it to his lips.

"Oh!" cried his wife, catching him in the act, "don't drink that water, John. We let the Nelsons' dog drink out of that pail!"

Then, noticing her thirsty, overheated husband's look of disappointment as he stayed the cup, the kind-hearted lady hastened to add, soothingly:

"But it was a nice *clean* dog, dear."

Aunt Mahaly's Pessimism

"I DOAN spec no res' dis side de grave, nur turr side nuther," lamented Aunt Mahaly, as she bent over her wash-tub.

"D' law! Mammy, whut meck you say dat ar?" asked a shocked member of her brood of eleven.

Aunt Mahaly gave an extra-hard flirt to the garment she was preparing to hang on the clothes-line as she replied. "How you reck'n I gwine git any 'j'yment outen bein' daid, effen de Resurrecshum sho' tuh happen erlong right arter my buryin'?"

Her Latest Victim

THE day of the reception it seemed to Mrs. Arlington that she had been saving something pleasant to say to Mrs. Haddock, but, for a moment, she could not recall what it was. Mrs. Haddock had almost escaped before recollection came to well-meaning Mrs. Arlington's aid.

"Oh, Mrs. Haddock," cried the little woman, diving eagerly after the departing guest, "I want to tell you about my sister. You know she's *always* falling in love with all sorts of persons, and she has just taken an unaccountable fancy to you."

A Gentleman

A BOSTON family was visiting near Augusta, and met an old negro woman to whom they took a fancy. They invited her to pay them a visit, and the black woman accepted, chiefly because her expenses were paid. In due time she arrived in Boston and was installed in the house of her new friends. She occupied one of the best rooms and ate at the same table with her host and hostess. At one of the meals the hostess said:

"Mrs. Jones, you were a slave, weren't you?"

"Yes, marm," replied Mrs. Jones. "I b'longed to Mars' Robert Howell."

"I suppose he never invited you to eat at his table," remarked the Boston woman.

"'Deed, honey, dat he didn't," replied Mrs. Jones. "My Marse was a gen'l'man. He ain't never let no nigger set at de table 'long er him."

Her Point of View

SHE was a dainty little sprite whose years scarce reached the sum of her dimpled fingers, and, having known nothing but loving kindness in her brief experience, naturally held herself in no small esteem. One afternoon when out walking with her mother she was abnormally silent for a space, and then said, with an air of profound conviction:

"Mammie, I guess God and the angels must be all dead."

"Why, darling, what do you mean?" asked her mother, in great amaze at so startling a supposition.

"Because," she responded quite placidly, "I haven't said my prayers for nearly a week, and still nothin's happened."

Talked Shop

A GROUP of young men, in the government service, met in the smoking-room of a Washington club-house. At the suggestion of one of the party, it was agreed that the one first "talking shop" should be fined two dollars; but the evening passed and no fines had been imposed.

An official of the Weather Bureau, overcoat and hat in hand, arose to go.

"Good evening," he said.

"Hold on, there; two dollars, please!" shouted several in unison.

The official straightened back as though he had been struck a blow, looked puzzled, then grinned, and, without a word, handed over the two dollars.

Enough

A CERTAIN town council, after a protracted sitting, was desirous of adjourning for luncheon. The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow councillors felt the stimulus of hunger the despatch of business would be much facilitated. At last an illiterate member got up and exclaimed:

"I ham astonished, I ham surprised, I ham amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch!"

"I'm surprised," exclaimed one of his colleagues, "that a gentleman who has got so much ham in his mouth wants any lunch at all!"

Beggars

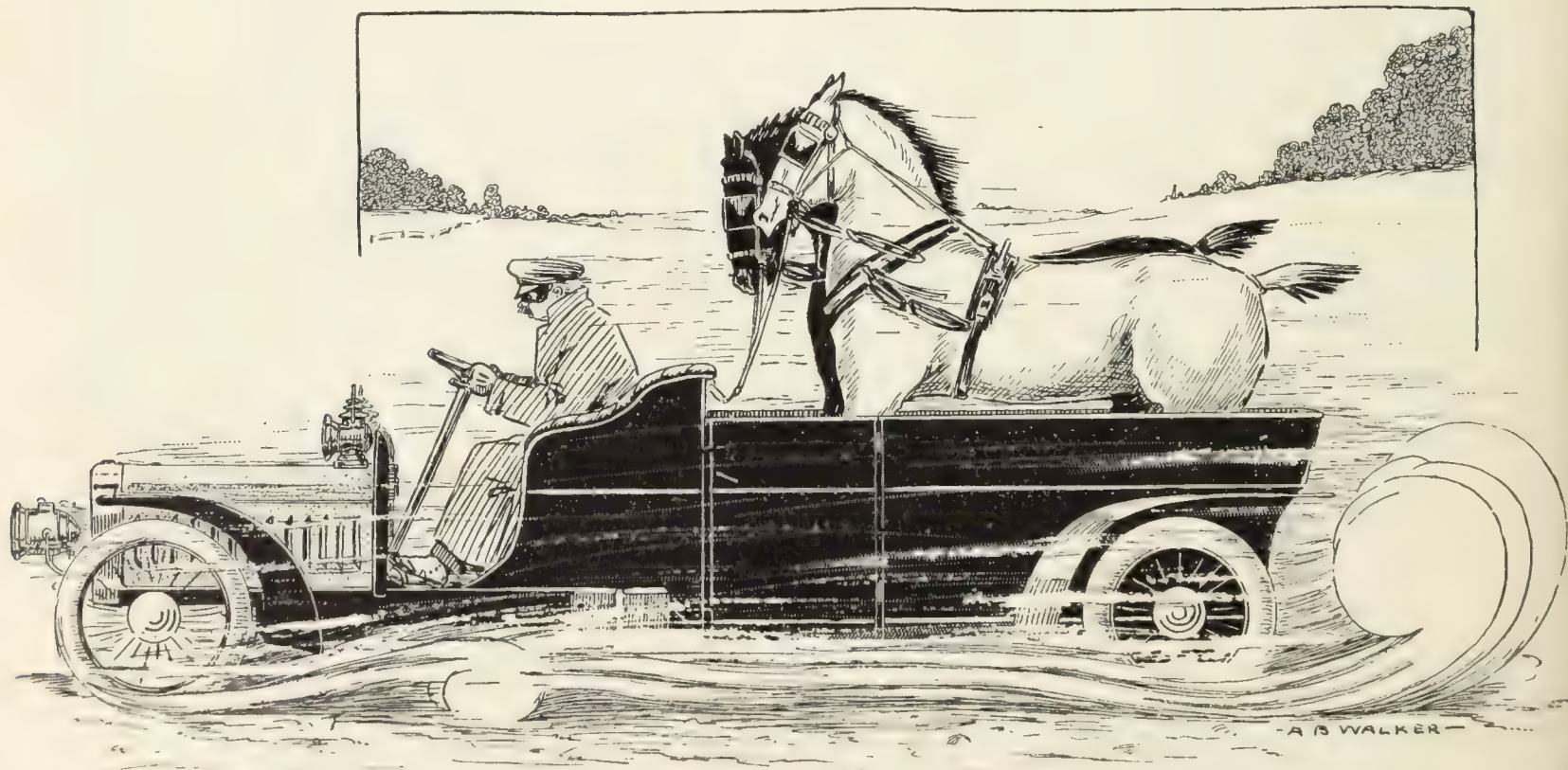
HE only looked like a Beggar-man,
As ragged, just, as any.
But he might have been an Angel, too;
So I gave him my penny.

I waited till I thought I saw
Him shining through; and when he
Held out his hand, I watched for what
Would happen to my penny.

He might have been an Angel, too.
But I know he wasn't any:
For he frowned at me like that, you see,
When it wasn't but one penny!

And now that's gone, and I don't care:
I'd rather not have any,
Than keep it if a Real One came
And asked me for my penny.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.



In Case of Accident



The Sunset

ACROSS the bay, behind the hill
The sun sinks slowly down until
The last bright spark of him has gone,
Then very soon the night comes on.

I wonder why he hides that way
Just at the close of ev'ry day;
Do you suppose the sun can be
'Fraid of the dark, the same as me?
EDWARD HALL PUTNAM.

Too Good for Him

HE was a waif from the slums having his first experience of the real country through the kind offices of the Fresh Air Mission. They gave him a new-laid egg at breakfast as a great treat, but, after one spoonful, he put it quietly aside, and devoted himself to the bread and butter.

"Why, Pete," exclaimed the matron in charge, "don't you like your egg?"

"No, ma'am," he replied, deprecatingly: "it don't seem to have no smell ner taste."

ing it was the best they had ever heard. One enthusiast exclaimed:

"Bishop, you tol' us things we nevah knew befo'."

"Indeed!" said the bishop, gratified at the praise. "What was it I told you that you never knew before?"

"Bout Sodom an' Gomorrah. Why, bishop, I always thought they was a man an' his wife."

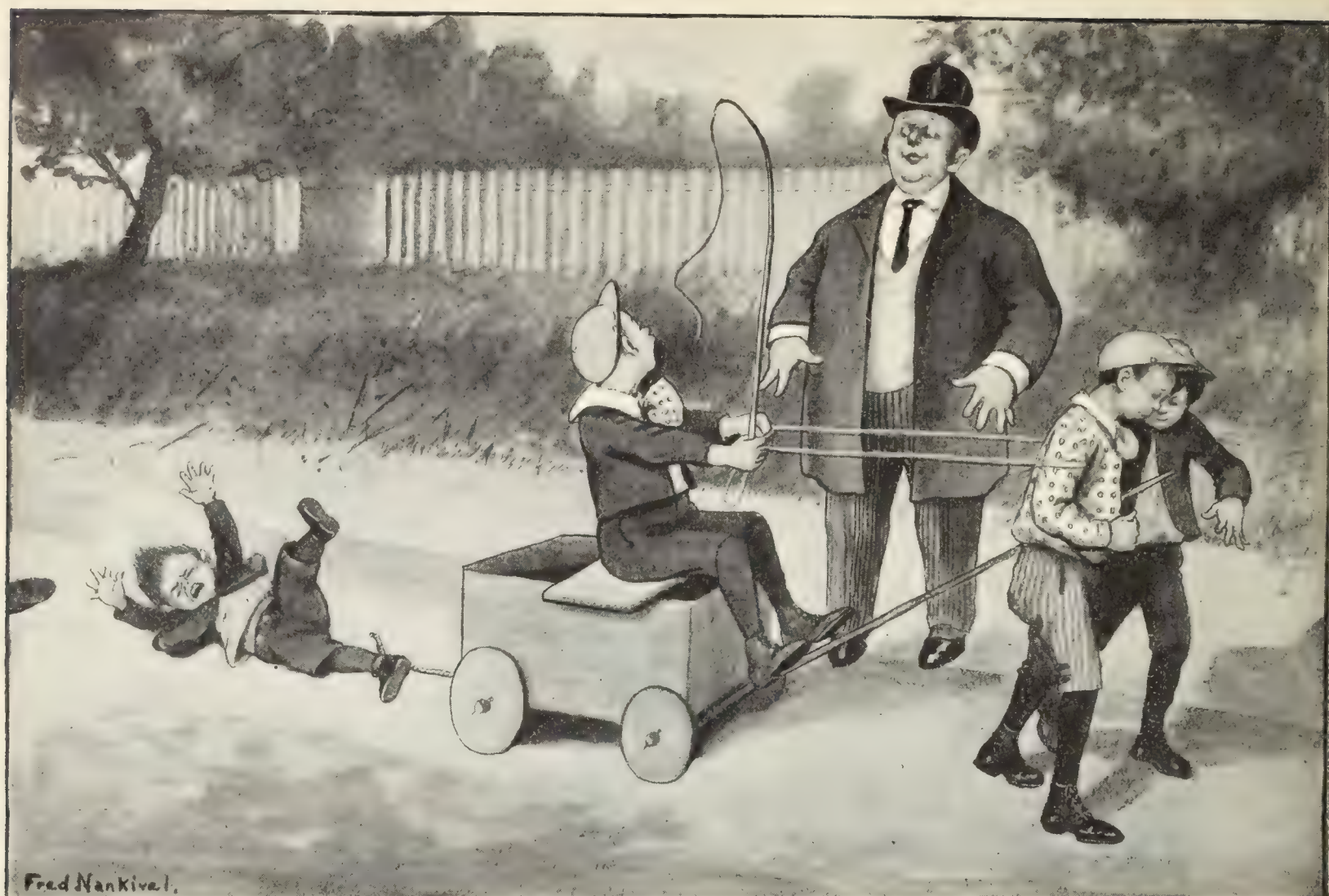
New Light on Old Story

A FORMER bishop of the Episcopal Church once preached to a colored congregation. At the conclusion of the discourse several of the negroes crowded about the preacher and praised his sermon, say-

The Sorrows of Childhood

I DON'T see why company
Always has to come to tea
Every time that we have ice-
Cream or something extra nice.
If they'd stay away I'm sure
I could have a little more.
Wish they'd sometimes come when we
Just have bread and milk for tea.

EDWARD S. RANKIN.



MAN. "Hello, boys, playing horse?"
 BOY IN WAGON. "Yep."
 MAN. "What's little Johnnie back there?"
 BOY. "Oh, he's the brake when we are goin' down-hill."

The Gnu Wooing

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

THERE was a lovely lady gnu
 Who browsed beneath a spreading yew.
 Its stately height was her delight;
 A truly cooling shade it threw!
 Upon it little tendrils grew
 Which gave her gentle joy to chew.
 Yet oft she sighed, a-gazing wide,
 And wished she knew another gnu.
 (Some newer gnu beneath the yew
 To tell her tiny troubles to.)

She lived the idle moments through,
 And days in dull succession flew,
 Till one fine eve she ceased to grieve—
 A manly stranger met her view.
 He gave a courtly bow or two,—
 She coolly looked him through and through:
 "I fear you make some slight mis-
 take,—
 Perhaps it is the yew you knew!"
 (Its branches blew and seemed to coo,
 "Your cue, new gnu,—it's up to you!")

Said he, "If guests you would eschew,
 I'll say adieu without ado,—
 But let me add, I knew your dad,—
 I'm on page two, the Gnu's Who's Who."
 "Forgive," she cried, "the snub I threw.
 I feared you were some parvegnu!
 'Tis my regret we've never met—
 I knew a gnu who knew of you."
 (This wasn't true—what's that to you?—
 The new gnu knew; she knew he knew.)

"Though there are other trees, 'tis true,"
 Said she, "if you're attracted to
 The yews I use, and choose to chew
 Their yewey dewey tendrils, do!"

The end is easily in view;
 He wed her in a week or two.

The "Daily Gnus" did quite enthuse;
 And now if all I hear is true,
 Beneath that yew the glad day through
 There romps a little gnu new.



Illustration for "The Deathless Forest"

See page 676

HE STOOD STILL, ANKLE-DEEP IN THE POOL

HARPER'S

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The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER I

AS THE SPIRIT MOVED

THE village lay in a valley which had been the bed of a great river in the far-off days when Ireland, Wales, and Brittany were joined together and the Thames flowed into the Seine. The place had never known turmoil or stir. For generations it had lived serenely.

Three buildings in the village stood out insistently, more by the authority of their appearance and position than by their size. One was a high, square red-brick mansion in the centre of the village, surrounded by a high red-brick wall enclosing a garden. Another was a big, low, graceful building with wings. It had once been a monastery. It was covered with ivy, which grew thick and hungry upon it, and was called the Cloistered House. The last of the three was of wood, and of great age—a severely plain but large and dignified structure, looking like some council-hall of a past era. Its heavy oak doors and windows with diamond panes and its air of order, cleanliness, and serenity, gave it a commanding influence in the picture. It was the key to the history of the village—a Quaker Meeting-house.

Involuntarily the village had built itself in such a way that it made a wide avenue from the common at one end to

the Meeting-house on the gorse-grown upland at the other. With a demure resistance to the will of its makers the village had made itself decorative. The people were unconscious of any attractiveness in themselves or in their village. There were, however, a few who felt the beauty stirring round them. These few, for their knowledge and for the pleasure which it brought, paid the accustomed price. The records of their lives were the only notable history of the place since the days when their forefathers suffered for their faith.

One of these was a girl—for she yet was but a child when she died; and she had lived in the Red Mansion with the tall porch, the wide garden behind, and the wall of apricots and peaches and pears and clustering grapes. Her story was not to cease when she was laid away in the stiff graveyard behind the Meeting-house. It was to go on in the life of her son, whom to bring into the world she had suffered undeserved, and loved with a passion more in keeping with the beauty of the vale in which she lived than with the piety found on the stiff-backed seats in the Quaker Meeting-house. The name carved upon her tombstone was Mercy Claridge, and a line beneath said that she was the daughter of Luke Claridge, that her age at death was nineteen years, and that “her soul was with the Lord.”

Another whose life had given pages to

the village history was one of noble birth, the Earl of Eglington. He had died twenty years after the time when Luke Claridge set up the gray stone behind the Meeting-house. Only thrice in those twenty years had he slept in a room of the Cloistered House. One of those occasions was the day on which Luke Claridge put up a tombstone to his daughter's memory, three years after her death. On the night of that day these two men met face to face in the garden of the Cloistered House. It was said by a passer-by—who had involuntarily overheard—that Luke Claridge had used harsh and profane words to Lord Eglington, though he had no inkling of the subject of the bitter talk. He supposed, however, that Luke had gone to reprove the other for a wasteful and wandering existence; for desertion of that Quaker religion to which his grandfather, the third Earl of Eglington, had turned in the second half of his life, never visiting his estates in Ireland, and residing here among his new friends to his last day. This listener—Elder Fairley was his name—kept his own counsel.

On two other occasions had Lord Eglington visited the Cloistered House in the long years that passed. Once he brought his wife and child. The former was a cold blue-eyed Saxon of an old family, who smiled distantly upon the Quaker village; the latter, a round-headed, warm-faced youth, with a bold menacing eye, who probed into this and that, rushed here and there as did his father, now built a miniature mill, now experimented at some peril in the laboratory his father had arranged in the Cloistered House for his scientific experiments; now shot partridges in the fields where partridges had not been shot for years; and was as little in the picture as his adventurous father, though he wore a broad-brimmed hat, smiling the while at the pain it gave to the simple folk around him.

And yet once more the owner of the Cloistered House returned alone. The blue-eyed lady was gone to her grave; the youth was abroad. This time he came to die. He was found lying on the floor of his laboratory with a broken retort in fragments beside him. With his servant, Luke Claridge was the first

to look upon him lying in the wreck of his last experiment, a spirit-lamp still burning above him in the gray light of a winter's morning. He closed the eyes, straightened the body, and crossed the hands over the breast which had been the laboratory of many conflicting passions of life.

The dead man had left instructions that his body should be buried in the Quaker graveyard, but Luke Claridge and the elders prevented that—he had no right to the privileges of a Friend; and, as the only son was afar, and no near relatives pressed the late Earl's wishes, the ancient family tomb in Ireland received all that was left of the owner of the Cloistered House, which, with the estates in Ireland and the title, passed to the wandering son.

CHAPTER II

THE GATES OF THE WORLD

STILLNESS in the Meeting-house, save for the light swish of one graveyard-tree against the window-pane, and the slow breathing of the Quaker folk who filled every corner. On the long bench at the upper end of the room the Elders sat motionless, their hands on their knees, wearing their hats; the women in their poke-bonnets kept their gaze upon their laps. The heads of all save three were averted, and they were Luke Claridge, his only living daughter, called Faith, and his dead daughter's son David, who kept his eyes fixed on the window where the twig flicked against the pane. The eyes of Faith, who sat on a bench at one side, travelled from David to her father constantly; and if once or twice the plain rebuke of Luke Claridge's look compelled her eyes upon her folded hands, still she was watchful and waiting, and seemed demurely to defy the convention of unblinking silence. As time went on, others of her sex stole glances at Mercy's son from the depths of their bonnets; and at last, after over an hour, they and all were drawn to look steadily at the young man upon whose business this Meeting of Discipline had been called. The air grew warmer and warmer, but no one became restless; all seemed cool of face and body as the gray gowns and

coats with gray steel buttons which they wore.

At last a shrill voice broke the stillness. Raising his head, one of the Elders said, "Thee will stand up, friend." He looked at David.

With a slight gesture of relief the young man stood up. He was good to look at—clean-shaven, broad of brow, fine of figure, composed of carriage, though it was not the composure of the people by whom he was surrounded. They were dignified, he was graceful; they were consistently slow of movement; but at times his quick gestures showed that he had not been able to train his spirit to that passiveness by which he lived surrounded. Their eyes were slow and quiet, more meditative than observant; his were changeful in expression, now abstracted, now dark and shining as though some inner fire was burning. The head, too, had a habit of coming up quickly with an almost wilful gesture, and with an air which, in others, might have been called pride.

"What is thy name?" said another owl-like Elder to him.

A gentle half-amused smile flickered at the young man's lips for an instant, then, "David Claridge—*still*," he answered.

His last word stirred the meeting. A sort of ruffle went through the atmosphere, and now every eye was fixed and inquiring. The word was ominous. He was there on his trial, and for discipline; and it was thought by all that, after four days since the act occurred for which he was summoned, meditation and prayer should have done their work, and that gentle spirit which he had shown in the past would make him penitent, prepared to be admonished or receive judgment. Now, however, in the tone of his voice, as it clothed the last word, there was something of defiance. On the ear of his grandfather Luke Claridge it fell heavily. The old man's lips closed tightly, he clasped his hands between his knees with apparent self-repression.

The second Elder who had spoken was he who had once heard Luke Claridge use profane words in the Cloistered House. Feeling trouble ahead, and liking the young man and his brother Elder, Luke Claridge, Friend Fairley sought now to take the case into his own hands.

"Thee shall never find a better name, friend," he said, "if thee live a hundred years. It hath served well in England.

"This thee did'st do. While the young Earl of Eglington was being brought home, with noise and brawling after his return to Parliament, thee mingled among the brawlers; and because some evil words were said of thy hat and thy apparel, thee laid about thee, bringing one to the dust, so that his life was in peril for some hours to come. Kimber was his name."

"Were it not that the man smitten by thee forgave thee, thee would now be in a prison-cell," shrilly said the Elder who had asked his name.

"The fight was fair," was the young man's reply. "Though I am a Friend, the man was English."

"Thee wast that day a son of Belial," rejoined the shrill Elder. "Thee did'st use thy hands like any heathen sailor—is it not the truth?"

"I struck the man. I punished him—why enlarge?"

"Thee is guilty?"

"I did the thing."

"That is one charge against thee. There are others. Thee wast seen to drink of spirits in a public-house at Heddington that day. Twice—thrice, like any drunken collier."

"Twice," was the prompt correction.

There was a moment's pause, in which some women sighed, and others folded and unfolded their hands on their laps; and men frowned.

"Thee hast been a dark deceiver," said the shrill Elder again, and with a ring of acrid triumph; "thee hast hid these things from our eyes these many years, but in one day thee hast uncovered all. Thee—"

"Thee is charged," interposed Elder Fairley, "with visiting a play this same day, and with seeing a dance of Spain following upon it."

"I did not disdain the music," said the young man dryly; "the flute, of all other instruments, has a mellow sound." Suddenly his eyes darkened, and he became abstracted, and gazed at the window where the twig flickered softly against the pane, and the heat of summer palpitated in the air. "It has a good sound to my ear," he added slowly.

Luke Claridge looked at him intently. He began to realize that there were forces stirring in his grandson which had no beginning in Claridge blood, and were not nurtured in the garden with the fruited wall. He was not used to problems; he had only a code, which he had rigidly kept. He had now a glimmer of something beyond a code or creed.

He saw that the shrill Elder was going to speak. He intervened. "Thee is charged, David," he said coldly, "with kissing a woman—a stranger and a wanton, where the four roads meet 'twixt here and yonder town"—he motioned towards the hills.

"In the open day," added the shrill Elder, a red spot burning on each withered cheek.

"The woman was comely," said the young man, with a tone of irony, recovering an impassive look.

A strange silence fell, the women looked down; yet they seemed not so confounded as the men. After a moment they watched the young man with quicker flashes of the eye.

"The answer is shameless," said the shrill Elder. "Thy life has been that of a carnal hypocrite."

The young man said nothing. His face had become very pale, his lips were set, and presently he sat down and folded his arms.

"Thee is guilty of all?" said Elder Fairley.

His kindly eye was troubled, for he had spent numberless hours in this young man's company, and together they had read books of travel and history, and even the plays of Shakespeare and Marlowe, though drama was anathema to the Society of Friends—they did not realize it in the life around them. That which was drama was either the visitation of God or the dark deeds of man from which they must avert their eyes. Their own tragedies they hid beneath their gray coats and bodices; their dirty linen they never washed in public, save in the scandal such as this where the society must intervene. Then the linen was not only washed, but duly starched, sprinkled, and ironed.

"I have answered all. Judge according to my words," said David gravely.

"Has repentance come to thee? Is it

thy will to suffer that which the Elders may decide for thy correction?" It was Elder Fairley who spoke. He was determined to control the meeting and to influence its judgment. He loved the young man.

David made no reply; he seemed lost in thought.

"Let the discipline proceed—he hath an evil spirit," said the shrill Elder.

"His childhood lacked in much," said Elder Fairley patiently.

To most minds present the words carried home—to every woman who had a child, to every man who had lost a wife and had a motherless child. This much they knew of David's real history, that Mercy Claridge his mother, on a visit to the house of an uncle at Portsmouth, her mother's brother, had eloped with and was duly married to the captain of a merchant ship. They also knew that, after some months, Luke Claridge had brought her home; and that before her child was born news came that the ship her husband sailed had gone down with all on board. They knew likewise that she had died soon after David came, and that her father, Luke Claridge, buried her in her maiden name, and brought the boy up as his son, not with his father's name, but bearing that name so long honored in England, and even in the far places of the earth—for had not Benn Claridge, Luke's brother, been a great carpet-merchant, British Consul, missionary, traveler, and explorer in Asia Minor, Egypt, and the Sudan—Benn Claridge of the whimsical speech, the pious and noble life? All this they knew; but none of them to his or her knowledge had ever seen David's father. He was legendary; though there was full proof that the girl had been duly married. That had been laid before the Elders by Luke Claridge on an occasion when Benn Claridge, his brother, was come among them again from the East.

At this moment of trial David was thinking of his uncle Benn Claridge, and of his last words fifteen years before when going once again to the East, accompanied by the Moslem chief Ebn Ezra, who had come with him to England on the business of his country. These were Benn Claridge's words: "Love God before all, love thy fellow

man, and thy conscience will bring thee safe home, lad."

"If he will not repent, there is but one way," said the shrill Elder.

"Let there be no haste," said Luke Claridge, in a voice that shook a little in his struggle for self-control.

Another heretofore silent Elder, sitting beside Elder Fairley, exchanged words in a whisper with him, and then addressed them. He was a very small man with a very high stock and spreading collar, a thin face, and large wide eyes. He kept his chin down in his collar, but spoke at the ceiling like one blind, though his eyes were sharp enough on occasion. His name was Meacham.

"It is meet there shall be time for sorrow and repentance. This, I pray you all, be our will: that for three months he live apart, even in the hut where lived the drunken chairmaker ere he disappeared and died, as rumor saith—it hath no tenant. Let it be that after tomorrow night at sunset none shall speak to him till that time be come, the first day of winter. Till that day he shall speak to no man, and shall be despised of the world, and, pray God, of himself. Upon the first day of winter let it be that he come hither again and speak with us."

On the long stillness of assent that followed there came a voice across the room, from within a gray and white bonnet, which shadowed a delicate face shining with the flame of the spirit within. It was the face of Faith Claridge, the sister of the woman in the graveyard, whose soul was "with the Lord," though she was but one year older and looked much younger than her nephew, David.

"Speak, David," she said softly. "Speak now. Doth not the spirit move thee?"

She gave him his cue, for he had of purpose held his peace till all had been said; and he had come to say some things which had been churning in his mind too long. He caught the faint cool sarcasm in her tone, and smiled unconsciously at her last words. She, at least, must have reasons for her faith in him, must have grounds for his defence in painful days to come; for painful they must be whether he stayed to do their will, or went into the fighting world where

Quakers were few and life composite of things they never knew in Hamley.

He got to his feet and clasped his hands behind his back. After an instant he broke silence.

"All those things of which I am accused, I did: and for them you ask repentance. Before that day on which I did these things was there complaint, or cause for it? Was my life evil? Did I think in secret that which might not be done openly? Well, some things I did secretly. Ye shall hear of them. I read where I might, and after my taste, many plays, and found in them beauty and the soul of deep things. Tales I have read, but a few, and John Milton, and Chaucer, and Bacon, and Montaigne, and Arab poets also whose books my uncle sent me. Was this sin in me?"

"It drove to a day of shame for thee," said the shrill Elder.

He took no heed, but continued. "When I was a child I listened to the lark as it rose from the meadow; and I hid myself in the hedge that, unseen, I might hear it sing; and at night I waited till I could hear the nightingale. I have heard the river singing, and the music of the trees. At first I thought that this must be sin since ye condemn the human voice that sings, but I could feel no guilt. I heard men and women sing upon the village green, and I sang also. I heard bands of music. One instrument seemed to me more than all the rest. I bought one like it, and learned to play. It was the flute—its note so soft and pleasant. I learned to play it—years ago—in the woods of Beedon beyond the hill, and I have felt no guilt from then till now. For these things I have no repentance."

"Thee has had good practice in deceit," said the shrill-voiced Elder.

Suddenly David's manner changed. His voice became deeper; his eyes took on that look of brilliance and heat which had given Luke Claridge anxious thoughts.

"I did, indeed, as the spirit moved me, even as ye have done."

"Blasphemer, did the spirit move thee to brawl and fight, to drink and curse, to kiss a wanton in the open road—what hath come upon thee?"

Again it was the voice of the shrill Elder.

"Judge me by the truth I speak," he answered. "Save in these things my life has been an unclasped book for all to read."

"Speak to the charge of brawling and drink, friend David," rejoined the little Elder Meacham with the high collar and gaze upon the ceiling.

"Shall I not speak when I am moved? Ye have struck swiftly. I will draw the arrow slowly from the wound. But, in truth, you had good right to wound. Naught but kindness have I had among you all; and I will answer straightly for the shame put upon you. Straightly have I lived since my birth. Yet betimes a torturing unrest of mind was used to come upon me as I watched the world around us. I saw men generous to their kind, industrious and brave, beloved by their fellows; and I have seen these same men drink and dance and give themselves to coarse, rough play like young dogs in a kennel. Yet, too, I have seen dark things done in drink—the cheerful made morose, the gentle violent. What was the temptation? What the secret? Was it but the low craving of the flesh, or was it some primitive unrest, or craving of the soul, which, clouded and baffled by time and labor and the wear of life, by this means—the devil's *ikor*, maybe—was given the witched medicament; a false freedom, a thrilling forgetfulness? In ancient days the high, the humane, in search of cure for poison, poisoned themselves, and then applied the antidote. He hath little knowledge and less pity for sin who has never sinned. The day came when all these things which other men did in my sight I did—openly. I drank with them in the taverns—twice I drank; I met a lass in the way. I kissed her. I sat beside her in the roadside and she told me her brief, sad, evil story. One she had loved had left her. She was going to London—I gave her what money I had—"

"And the watch Luke Claridge gave thee," said a whispering voice from the Elder's bench.

"Even so. And at the cross-roads I bade her good-by with sorrow."

"There were those who saw," said a shrill voice from the bench.

"They saw what I have said—no more. I had never tasted spirits in my life. I had never kissed a woman's lips. Till

then I had never struck my fellow man; but before the sun went down I fought the man who drove the lass in sorrow into the homeless world. I did not choose to fight; but when I begged the man Kimber for the girl's sake to follow and bring her back, and he railed at me and made to fight me, I took off my hat, and there I laid him in the dust."

"No thanks to thee that he did not lie in his grave," observed the shrill Elder.

"In truth I smote him hard," was the quiet reply.

"How came thee expert with thy fists?" said Elder Fairley, with the shadow of a smile.

"A book I bought from London, a sack of corn, a hollow leathern ball—and an hour betimes with the drunken chair-maker in the hut by the lime-kiln on the hill. He was once a sailor, and a fighting man."

A look of blank surprise ran slowly along the faces of the Elders. They were in a fog of misunderstanding and reprobation.

"While yet my father"—he looked at Luke Claridge, whom he had ever been taught to call his father—"shared the great business at Heddington, and the ships came from Smyrna and Alexandria, I had some small duties, as is well known. But that ceased, and there was little to do. Sports are forbidden among us here, and my body grew sick because the mind had no labor. The world of work has thickened round us beyond the hills. The great chimneys rise in a circle as far as eye can see yonder crests; but we slumber and sleep."

"Enough, enough," said a voice from among the women. "Thee has a friend gone to London—thee knows the way. It leads from the cross-roads!"

Faith Claridge, who had listened to David's speech, her heart panting, her clear gray eyes—she had her mother's eyes—fixed benignly on him, turned to the quarter whence the voice came. Seeing who it was—a widow who, with no demureness, had tried without avail to bring Luke Claridge to her,—her lips pressed together in a bitter smile, and she said to her nephew clearly:

"Patience Spielman hath little hope of thee, David. Hope hath died in her."

A faint, prim smile passed across the

faces of all present, for all knew Faith's allusion, and it relieved the tension of the past half-hour. From the first moment David began to speak he had commanded his hearers. His voice was low and even; but it had also a power which, when put to sudden quiet use, compelled the hearer to an almost breathless silence, not so much to the meaning of the words, but to the tone itself, to the man behind it. His personal force was remarkable. Quiet and pale ordinarily, his clear russet-brown hair falling in a wave over his forehead, when roused, he seemed like some delicate engine made to do great labors. As Faith said to him once, "David, thee looks as though thee could lift great weights lightly—and thee can." When roused, his eyes lighted his face like a lamp, the whole man seemed to pulsate. He had shocked, awed, and troubled his listeners. Yet he had held them in his power, and was master of their minds. The interjections had but given him new means to defend himself. After Faith had spoken he looked slowly round.

"I am charged with being profane," he said. "I do not remember. But is there none among you who hath not secretly used profane words and neither in secret nor openly have repented? I am charged with drinking. On one day of my life I drank freely; I did it openly. I did it because something in me kept crying out, 'Taste and see!' I tasted and saw, and know; and I know what that oblivion, that brief pitiful respite from trouble, this evil tincture gives. I drank to know; and I found it lure me into a new careless joy. The sun seemed brighter, men's faces seemed happier, the world sang about me, the moil and toil of the world were the happy freedom of the body, the blood ran swiftly, thoughts swarmed in my brain. My feet were on the mountains, my hands were on the sails of great ships—I was a conqueror. I understood the drunkard in the first withdrawal begotten of this false stimulant. I drank to know. Is there none among you who hath, though it be but once, drunk secretly as I drank openly, and drank only for the relief it gave from a night's darkness, a day's dullness, an hour's bitterness or anger? If there be none, then indeed I am condemned."

"Amen," said Elder Fairley's voice from the bench.

"In the open way by the cross-roads I saw a woman. I saw she was in sorrow. I spoke to her. Tears came to her eyes. I kissed her. At first she was as one struck dumb, then she laughed, and then tears came again. I took her hand, and we sat down together. Of the rest I have told you. I kissed her—a stranger. The woman was comely. And this I know, that the matter ended by the cross-roads, and that bye and forbidden paths have easy travel. I kissed the woman openly—is there none among you who have kissed secretly, and have kept the matter hidden? For the man I smote and injured, it was fair. Shall a man be beaten like a dog? Kimber would have beaten me."

"Wherein has it all profited?" asked the shrill Elder, querulously.

"I have knowledge. None shall do these things hereafter but I shall understand. None shall go venturing, exploring, but I shall pray for him."

"Thee will break thy heart and thy life exploring," said Luke Claridge, bitterly. Experiment in life he did not understand, and even Benn Claridge's emigration to far lands had ever seemed to him a monstrous and amazing thing, though it ended in the making of a great business in which he himself had prospered, and from which he had now retired. He suddenly realized that a day of trouble was at hand with this youth on whom his heart doted, and it tortured him that he could not understand.

"By none of these things shall I break my life," was David's answer now.

For a moment he stood still and silent, then all at once he stretched out his hands to them. "Do with me as you will. All these things which I did were against our faith. I meant not to cast stain upon you, nor on the place where I was born. I desire your forgiveness. I have done these things out of my own will; I will take up your judgment. If there be no more to say, I will make ready to go to old Soolsby's hut on the hill till the set time be passed."

There was a long silence. Even the shrill Elder's head was buried in meditation in his breast. They were little like to forego his penalty. There was a gentle inflexibility in their natures born

of long restraint and practised determination. He must go out into blank silence and banishment until the first day of winter. Yet recalcitrant as they held him, their secret hearts were with him, for there was none of them but had had happy commerce with him—and they could think of no more bitter punishment than to be cut off from their own society for three months. They were satisfied that they were training him back to happiness and honor.

A new turn was given to events, however. The little wizened Elder Meacham said, "The flute, friend—is it here?"

David bowed his head. "I have it here," he answered.

"Let us have music, then."

"To what end?" interjected the shrill Elder.

"He hath averred he can play," dryly replied the other. "Let us judge whether vanity breeds untruth in him."

"It is the First Day," said the shrill Elder, reprovingly.

"So shall he the better show how carnal and poor a thing it is," said the wizened Elder to the ceiling.

The furtive brightening of the eyes in the women was represented in the men by an assumed look of abstraction in most; in others by a bland assumption of judicial calm. A few, however, frowned, and would have opposed the suggestion, but that curiosity mastered them. These watched with darkening interest the flute in three pieces drawn from an inner pocket and put together swiftly.

David raised the instrument to his lips, blew one low note, and then a little run of notes, all low and soft. Mellowness and a sober sweetness were in the tone. He paused a moment after this, and seemed questioning what to play. And as he stood, the flute in his hands, his thoughts took flight to his uncle Benn, whose kindly, shrewd, whimsical face and sharp brown eyes were as present to him, and more real than those of Luke Claridge, whom he saw every day. Of late when he had thought of his uncle, however, alternate depression and lightness of spirit had possessed him. Night after night he had had troubled sleep, and he had dreamed again and again that his uncle knocked at his door, or came and stood beside his bed and

spoke to him. He had wakened suddenly and said "Yes" to a voice that seemed to call to him.

Three times on different nights he had wakened so. He was not superstitious, his mind was free from any religious or supernatural fancies, and he had put the thing down to a growing unrest of mind and to distrust concerning the life he was living—it seemed to him of little good to himself or others.

Always his dreams and imaginings settled round his uncle Benn, until he had found himself trying to speak to the little brown man across the thousand leagues that separated them. He had found too in the past that when he seemed to be really speaking to his uncle, when it seemed as though the distance between them had been annihilated, that soon afterwards there came a letter from him. Yet there had not been more than two or three a year. They had been, however, like books of many pages, closely written, in Arabic, in a crabbed characteristic hand, and full of the sorrow and grandeur and misery of the East. How many books on the East he had read he would hardly have been able to say; but as the years had gone, something of the East had entered into him, something of the philosophy of Mohammed and Buddha, and the beauty of Omar Khayyam had given a touch of color and intellect to the simple but narrow faith in which he had been schooled. He had found himself replying to a question asked of him in Heddington at the street corner as to how he knew that there was a God, in the words of a Musliman quoted by his uncle: "As I know by the tracks in the sand whether a Man or Beast has passed there, so the heaven with its stars, the earth with its fruits, show me that God has passed." Again, in reply to the same question, the reply of the same Arab sprang to his lips: "Does the Morning want a Light to see it by?"

The passiveness of the Buddhist dweller in India, the philosophic stillness of the Bedouin sitting on his sheepskin and awaiting death, as well as that still endurance of the spirit of that soldier of Gustavus, Barclay of Ury, who moved undisturbed amid the noise and fury of persecution, when he had sheathed the



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

RAISING THE FLUTE TO HIS LIPS, HE BEGAN TO PLAY

sword, and donned the sober garb of those who called themselves Friends—they were all possible to him.

As he stood with his flute—his fingers now and then caressingly rising and falling upon its little caverns, his mind travelled far to those regions he had never seen, where his uncle travelled, traded, and explored. Suddenly the call he had heard in his sleep, which had awakened him, now came to him in this waking reverie. His eyes withdrew from the tree at the window quickly, as if startled, and he almost called aloud in reply, but realized where he was. At last, raising the flute to his lips, as the pained uneasy eyes of Luke Claridge closed with very trouble, he began to play.

Out in the woods beyond the hill he had attuned his flute to the stir of leaves, the murmur of streams, the song of birds, the boom and burden of storm; and it was soft and deep as the throat of the bell-bird of Australian wilds. Now it was mastered by the dreams he had dreamed of the East, the desert skies, high and clear and burning, the desert sunsets, plaintive and peaceful and unvaried—one lovely diffusion in which day dies without splendor and in a glow of pain. The long velvety tread of the camel, the song of the camel-driver, the monotonous chant of the river-man, with fingers mechanically falling on his little drum, the cry of the eagle of the Libyan Hills, the lap of the heavy waters of the Dead Sea down by Jericho, the battle-call of the Druses beyond Damascus, the lonely gigantic figures at the mouth of the temple of Abou Simbel looking out with the eternal question to the unanswering desert, the delicate ruins of moonlit Baalbec, with the snow mountains hovering above, the green oases, and the deep wells where the caravans lay down in peace—all these were pouring their influences on his mind in the little Quaker village of Hamley where life was so bare, so grave.

The music he played was all his own, was instinctively translated from all other influences into that which they who listened to him could understand. Yet that sensuous beauty which the Quaker society was so concerned to banish from any part in their life was playing upon them now, making the hearts of the women beat fast, thrilling them, turning meditation into

dreams, and giving the sight of the eyes far visions of pleasure. So powerful was this influence that the shrill Elder twice essayed to speak, but was prevented by the little wizened Elder. When it seemed as if the aching, throbbing sweetness must surely bring denunciation, David changed the music to a slow mourning cadence. It was a wail of sorrow, a march to the grave, a benediction, a soft sound of farewell which floated through the room and died away out of the window into the midday sun.

There came a long silence after, and in it David sat with unmoving look upon the distant prospect through the window. A woman's sob broke the air. Faith's handkerchief was at her eyes. Only one quick sob, but it had been wrung from her by the premonition suddenly come that the brother—he was brother more than nephew—over whom her heart had yearned, that he had indeed come to the cross-roads, and that their ways would henceforth divide. The punishment or banishment now to be meted out to him was as nothing. It meant a few weeks of disgrace, of ban, of what in effect was self-immolation, of that commanding justice of the society which no one yet save the late Earl of Eglington had defied. He could refuse to bear punishment, but such a possibility had never occurred to her or to any one present. She saw him taking his punishment as surely as though the law of the land had him in its grasp. It was not that which she was fearing. But she saw him moving out of her life. To her this music was the prelude of her tragedy.

A moment afterwards Luke Claridge arose and spoke to David in austere tones. "It is our will that thee begone to the chairmaker's hut upon the hill till three months be passed, and that none have speech with thee or thee with any one from sunset to-morrow night."

"Amen," said all the Elders.

"Amen," said David, and put his flute into his pocket, and rose to go.

CHAPTER III

BANISHED

THE chairmaker's hut lay upon the north hillside about half-way between the Meeting-house at one end of

the village and the common at the other end. It commanded the valley, had no house near it, and was sheltered from the north wind by the hilltop which rose up behind it a hundred feet or more. No road led to it—only a path up from the green of the village, winding past a gully and the deep cuts of old rivulets now overgrown by grass or bracken. It got the sun abundantly, and it was protected from the full sweep of any storm. It had but two rooms, the floor was of sanded earth, but it had windows on three sides, east, west, and south, and the door looked south. Its furniture was a plank bed, a few shelves, a bench, two chairs, some utensils, a fireplace of stone, a picture of the Virgin and Child, and of a Cardinal of the Church of Rome with a red hat—for the chairmaker had been a Roman Catholic, the only one of that communion in Hamley. Had he been a Protestant his vices would have made him anathema, but being what he was his fellow villagers had treated him with kindness.

After the half-day in which he was permitted to make due preparations, lay in store of provisions, purchase a few sheep and hens, here came David Claridge. With him came Faith, who was permitted one hour with him before he settled in his new abode alone and began his life of banishment. Little was said as they made the journey up the hill, driving the sheep before them, four strong lads following with necessities—flour, rice, potatoes, and such like.

Arrived, the goods were deposited inside the hut, the lads were dismissed, and David and Faith were left alone. David looked at his watch. They had still a handful of minutes before the parting. These flew fast, and yet, seated inside the door and looking down at the village which the sun was bathing in the last glow of evening, they remained silent. Each knew that a great change had come in their hitherto unchanging life, and it was difficult to separate premonition from substantial fact. The present fact did not represent all they felt, though it represented all on which they might speak together now.

Looking round the room, at last Faith said: "Thee hast all thee needs, David? Thee is sure?"

He nodded. "I know not yet how little man may need; I have lived in plenty."

At that moment her eyes rested on the Cloistered House.

"The Earl of Eglington would not call it plenty."

A shade passed over David's face. "I know not how he would measure. Is his own field so wide?"

"The spread of a peacock's feather."

"What does thee know of him?" David asked the question absently.

"I have eyes to see, Davy." The shadows from that seeing were in her eyes as she spoke, but he did not observe them.

"Thee sees but with half an eye," she continued. "With both mine I have seen horses and carriages, and tall footmen, and wine and silver, and gilded furniture, and fine pictures, and rolls of new carpet—of Uncle Benn's best carpets, Davy, and a billiard-table—and much else."

A cloud slowly gathered over David's face, and he turned to her with an almost troubled surprise. "Thee hast seen these things—and how?"

"One day—thee was in Devon—one of the women was taken sick. They sent for me because the woman asked it. She was a Papist; but she begged that I should go with her to the hospital, as there was no time to send to Heddington for a nurse. She had seen me once in the house of the toll-gate keeper. Ill as she was, I could have laughed, for as we went in the Earl's carriage to the hospital—thirty miles it was—she said she felt at home with me, my dress being so like a nun's. It was then I saw the Cloistered House within, and learned what was afoot."

"In the Earl's carriage indeed—and the Earl?"

"He was in Ireland, burrowing among those tarnished baubles, his titles, and stripping the Irish Peter to clothe the English Paul."

"He means to make Hamley his home—from Ireland these furnishings come?"

"So it seems. Henceforth the Cloistered House will have its doors flung wide. London and all the folk of Parliament will flutter along the dunes of Hamley."

"Then the bailiff will sit yonder within a year, for he is but a starved Irish peer."

"He lives to-day as though he would be rich to-morrow. He bids for fame and fortune, Davy."

"'Tis as though a shirtless man should wear a broadcloth coat over a cotton vest."

"The world sees only the broadcloth coat. For the rest—"

"For the rest, Faith?"

"They see the man's face—and—"

His eyes were embarrassed. A thought had flashed into his mind which he considered unworthy, for this girl beside him was little likely to dwell upon the face of a renegade peer, whose living among them was a constant reminder of his father's apostasy. She was too fine, dwelt in such high spheres, that he could not think of her being touched by the glittering adventures of this daring young member of Parliament, whose book of travels had been published only to herald his understood determination to have office in the government, not in due time, but in his own time. What could there be in common between the sophisticated Eglington and this sweet, urbane, and primitively wholesome Quaker girl!

Faith read what was passing in his mind. She flushed—slowly flushed until her face and eyes were one soft glow, then she laid a hand upon his arm and said: "Davy, I feel the truth about him—no more. Nothing of him is for thee or me. His ways are not our ways." She paused, and then said solemnly, "He hath a devil. That I feel. But he hath also a mind—and a cruel will. He will hew a path—or make others hew it for him. He will make or break. Nothing will stand in his way—neither man nor thing, neither those he loves nor those he hates. He will go on—and to go on, all means, so they be not criminal, will be his. Men will prophesy great things for him—they do so now. But nothing that they prophesy, Davy, keeps pace with his resolve."

"How does thee know these things?"

His question was one of wonder and surprise. He had never before seen in her this sharp discernment and criticism.

"How know I, Davy? I know him by

studying thee. What thee is not, he is. What he is, thee is not."

The last beams of the sun sent a sudden glint of yellow to the green at their feet from the western hills, rising far over and above the lower hills of the village, making a wide ocean of light, at the bottom of which lay the Meeting-house and the Cloistered House, and the Red Mansion with the fruited wall, and all the others like houses at the bottom of a golden sea. David's eyes were on the distance, and the abstracted, the far-seeing look was in his face which had so deeply impressed Faith in the Meeting-house; by which she had read his future.

"And shall I not also go on?" he asked.

"How far, who can tell?"

There was a plaintive note in her voice—the unavailing and sad protest of the maternal spirit, of the keeper of the nest, who sees the brood fly safely afar looking not back.

"What does thee see for me afar, Faith?" His look was eager.

"The will of God, which shall be done," she said with a sudden resolution, and stood up. Her hands were lightly clasped before her like those of Titian's *Mater Dolorosa* among the Rubens and Tintoretos of Madrid, a lonely figure, whose lot it was to spend her life for others. Even as she already had done; for thrice she had refused marriages suitable and possible to her. In each case she had steeled her heart against loving—that she might be all in all to her sister's child and to her father. There is no habit so powerful as the habit of care of others. In Faith it came as near being a passion as passion could have a place in her even-flowing blood, under that cool flesh, governed by a heart as fair as the apricot blossoms on the wall in her father's garden. She had been bitterly hurt in the Meeting-house—as bitterly as is many a woman when her lover has deceived her. David had acknowledged before them all that he had played the flute secretly for years! That he should have played it was nothing; that she should not have shared his secret, and so shared his culpability before them all, was a wound which would take long to heal.

She laid her hand upon his shoulder suddenly with a nervous little motion.

"And the will of God, thee shall do to His honor, though thee is outcast to-day. . . . But, Davy, the music—thee kept it from me."

He looked up at her steadily; he read what was in her mind.

"I hid it so because I would not have thy conscience troubled. Thee would go far to smother it for me—and I was not so ungrateful to thee. I did it for good to thee."

A smile passed across her lips. Never was woman so grateful, never wound so quickly healed. She shook her head sadly at him, and stilling the proud throbbing of her heart, she said,

"But thee played so well, Davy!"

He got up and turned his head away, lest he should laugh outright. Her reasoning—though he was not worldly enough to call it feminine, and though it scarce tallied with her argument—seemed to him quite her own.

"How long have we?" he said over his shoulder.

"The sun is yet ten minutes up, or more," she said, a little breathlessly, for she saw his hand inside his coat, and guessed his purpose.

"But thee will not dare to play—thee will not dare," she said, but more as an invitation than a rebuke.

"Speech was denied me here, but not my music. I find no sin in it."

She eagerly watched him adjust the flute. Suddenly she drew the chair from the doorway, and beckoned him to sit down. She sat where she could see the sunset.

The music floated through the room and down the hillside—a searching sweetness.

She kept her face ever on the far hills. It went on and on. At last he stopped. He roused himself as from a dream. "But it is dark," he said, startled. "It is past the time that thee should be with me. My banishment began at sunset."

"Are all the sins to be thine?" she asked calmly.

She had purposely let him play beyond the time set for their being together. "Good-night, Davy." She kissed him on the cheek. "I will keep the music for the sin's remembrance," she added, and went out into the night.

CHAPTER IV

THE CALL

"ENGLAND is in one of those passions so creditable to her moral sense, so illustrative of her unregulated virtues. We are living in the first excitement and horror of the news of the massacre of Christians at Damascus. We are full of righteous and passionate indignation. 'Punish—restore the honor of the Christian nations' is the proud appeal of prelate, prig, and philanthropist, because some hundreds of Christians who knew their danger, yet chose to take up their abode in a fanatical Moslem city of the East, have suffered death."

The meeting had been called in answer to an appeal from Exeter Hall. Lord Eglington had been asked to speak, and these were among his closing words.

He had seen, as he thought, an opportunity for sensation. Politicians of both sides, the press on all hands, were thundering denunciations upon the city of Damascus sitting insolent and satiated in its exquisite bloom of pear and nectarine, all traces of the carnage blotted out, and the deed itself fading into that blank past of Eastern life where there "are no birds in last year's nest." If he voyaged with the crowd, his pennant would be lost in the clustering sails! So he would sail against the tide, and would startle, even if he did not convince.

"Let us not translate an inflamed religious emotion into a war," he continued. "To what good? Would it restore one single life in Damascus? Would it bind one broken heart? Would it give light to one darkened home? Let us have care lest we be called a nation of hypocrites. I will neither support nor oppose the resolution presented; I will content myself with pointing the way to a greater national self-respect."

Mechanically a few people who had scarcely apprehended the full force of his remarks began to applaud, but there came cries of "'Sh! 'Sh! 'Sh!" and the clapping of hands suddenly stopped. For a moment there was absolute silence, in which the chairman adjusted his glasses and fumbled with the agenda paper in his confusion, scarcely knowing what to do. The speaker had been expected to



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

DAVID'S EYES WERE ON THE DISTANCE

second the resolution, and had not done so. There was an awkward silence. Then, in a loud whisper, some one said:

"David, David, do thee speak."

It was the voice of Faith Claridge. Perturbed and anxious, she had come to the meeting with her father. They had not slept for nights, for the last news they had had of Benn Claridge was from the city of Damascus, and they were full of painful apprehensions.

It was the eve of the first day of winter, and David's banishment was over. Faith had seen David often at a distance—*how* often had she stood in her window and looked up over the apricot-wall to the chairmaker's hut on the hill! According to his penalty David had never come to Hamley village, but had lived alone, speaking to no one, avoided by all, working out his punishment. Only the day before the meeting he had read of the massacre at Damascus from a newspaper which had been left on his doorstep overnight. Friend Fairley had so far broken the covenant of ostracism and boycott, knowing David's love for his uncle Benn. All that night David paced the hillside in anxiety and agitation, and saw the sun rise upon a new world—a world of freedom, of home-returning, yet a world which, during the past four months, had changed so greatly that it would never seem the same again.

The sun was scarce two hours high when Faith and her father mounted the hill to bring him home again. He had, however, gone to Heddington to learn further news of the massacre. He was thinking of his uncle Benn—all else could wait. His anxiety was infinitely greater than that of Luke Claridge, for his mind had been disturbed by frequent premonitions, and those sudden calls in his sleep—his uncle's voice—ever seemed to be waking him at night. He had not meant to speak at the meeting, but the last words of the speaker decided him; he was in a flame of indignation. He heard the voice of Faith whisper over the heads of the people, "David, David, do thee speak." Turning, he met her eyes, then rose to his feet, came steadily to the platform, and raised a finger towards the chairman.

A great whispering ran through the audience. Very many recognized him,

and all had heard of him—the history of his late banishment and self-approving punishment was familiar to all. He climbed the steps of the platform alertly, and the chairman welcomed him with nervous pleasure—any word from a Quaker friendly to the feeling of national indignation would give the meeting the new direction which all desired.

Something in the face of the young man grown thin and very pale during the period of long thought and little food, in the lonely and meditative life he had led; something human and mysterious in the strange tale of his one day's mad doings fascinated them. They had heard of the liquor he had drunk, of the woman he had kissed at the cross-roads, of the man he had fought, of his discipline and sentence at the Meeting-house. His clean, shapely figure, and the soft austerity of the neat gray suit he wore, his broad-brim hat pushed a little back, showing well a square white forehead—all conspired to send a wave of feeling through the audience, which presently broke into cheering.

Beginning with the usual formality, he said: "I am obliged to differ from nearly every sentiment expressed by the Earl of Eglington, the member for Levizes, who has just taken his seat."

There was an instant's pause, the audience cheered, and cries of delight came from all parts of the house. "All good counsel ever hath its sting," he continued, "but the good counsel of him who has just spoken is a sting in a wound deeper than the skin. The noble Earl has bidden us to be consistent and reasonable. I have risen here to speak for that to which mere consistency and reason may do cruel violence. I am a man of peace, I am the enemy of war—it is my faith and my creed; yet I repudiate the principle put forward by the Earl of Eglington, that you shall not clench your hand for the cause which is your heart's cause, because, if you smite, the smiting must be paid for."

He was interrupted by cheers and laughter, for the late event in his own life came to them to point his argument.

"The nation that declines war may be refusing to inflict that just punishment which alone can set the wrong-doer on the better course. It is not the faith of

that society to which I belong to decline correction lest it may seem like war."

The point went home significantly, and cheering followed. "The high wall of Tibet, a stark refusal to open the door to the wayfarer, I can understand, but, friend"—he turned to the young peer—"friend, I cannot understand a defence of him who opens the door, upon terms of mutual hospitality, and then, in the red blood of him who hath so contracted, blots out the just terms upon which they have agreed. Is that thy faith, friend?"

The repetition of the word *friend* was almost like a gibe, though it was not intended as such. There was none present, however, but knew of the defection of the Earl's father from the Society of Friends, and they chose to interpret the reference to a direct challenge. It was a difficult moment for the young Earl, but he only smiled, and cherished anger in his heart.

For some minutes he spoke with force and power and ended with passionate solemnity. His voice rang out. "The smoke of this burning rises to Heaven, the winds that wail over scattered and homeless dust have a message of God to us. In the name of Mohammed and Buddha, whose teachings condemn treachery and murder; in the name of the Prince of Peace, who taught that justice which makes for peace, I say it is England's duty to lay the iron hand of punishment upon this evil city and on the government in whose orbit it shines with so deathly a light. I fear it is that one of my family and of my humble village lies beaten to death in Damascus. Yet not because of that do I raise my voice here to-day. These many years Benn Claridge carried his life in his hands, and in a good cause his life was held like the song of a bird to be blown from his lips in the day of the Lord. I speak only as an Englishman. I ask you to close your minds against the words of this brilliant politician, who would have you settle a bill of costs written in Christian blood by a promise to pay got through a mockery of armed display in those waters on which once looked the eyes of the Captain of our faith. Humanity has been put in the witness-box of the world; let humanity give evidence."

Women wept. Men waved their hats

and cheered, the whole meeting rose to its feet and gave vent to its feelings.

For some moments the tumult lasted, Eglington looking on with face unmoved. As David turned to leave the table, however, he murmured, "Peacemaker! Peacemaker!" and smiled sarcastically.

As the audience resumed their seats two people were observed making their way to the platform. One was Friend Fairley leading the way to a tall figure in a black robe covering another colored robe, and wearing a large white turban. Not seeing the newcomers, the chairman was about to put the resolution, but a protesting hand from Friend Fairley stopped him, and in a strange silence the two newcomers mounted the platform. David rose and advanced to meet them. There flashed into his mind that this stranger in Eastern garb was Ebn Ezra Bey, the old friend of Benn Claridge, of whom his uncle had spoken and written so much. The same instinct drew Ebn Ezra Bey to him—he saw the uncle's look in the nephew's face. In a breathless stillness the Oriental said in perfect English, with a voice monotonously musical:

"I came to thy house and found thee not. I have a message for thee from the land where thine uncle did sojourn with me."

He took from a wallet a piece of paper and passed it to David, adding: "I was thine uncle's friend. He hath put off his sandals and walketh with bare feet—even so doth man take his rest."

David read eagerly.

"*It is time to go, Davy,*" the paper said. "*All that I have is thine. Go to Egypt, and thee shall find it so. Ebn Ezra Bey will bring thee. Trust him as I have done. He is a true man, though the Koran be his faith. They took me from behind, Davy, so that I was spared temptation—I die as I lived, a man of peace. It is too late to think how it might have gone had we met face to face; but the will of God worketh not according to our will. I can write no more. Luke, Faith, and Davy—dear Davy, the night has come, and all's well. Good-morrow, Davy. Can you not hear me call—I have called thee so often of late! Good-morrow! Good-morrow! . . . I doff my hat, Davy—at last—to God!"*

David's face whitened. All his visions had been true visions, his dreams true dreams. Brave Benn Claridge had called to him at his door—"Good-morrow! Good-morrow! Good-morrow!" Had he not heard the knocking and the voice? Now all was made clear. His path lay open before him—a far land called him, his quiet past was infinite leagues away. Already the staff was in his hands and the cross-roads were sinking into the distance behind. He was dimly conscious of the wan, shocked face of Faith in the crowd beneath him, which seemed blurred and swaying, of the bowed head of Luke Claridge, who, standing up, had taken off his hat in the presence of this news of his brother's death which he saw written in David's face. David stood for a moment before the great throng numb and speechless.

"It is a message from Damascus," he said at last, and could say no more.

Ebn Ezra Bey turned a grave face upon the audience.

"Will you hear me?" he said. "I am an Arab."

"Speak—speak!" came from every side.

"The Turk hath done his evil work in Damascus," he said. "All the Christians are dead—save one; he hath turned Moslem—and is safe." His voice had a note of scorn. "It fell sudden and swift like a storm in summer. There were no paths to safety. Soldiers and those who led them shared in the slaying. As he and I who had travelled far together these many years sojourned there in the way of business, I felt the air grow colder, I saw the cloud gathering. I entreated,

but he would not go. If trouble must come, then he would be with the Christians in their peril. At last he saw with me the truth. He had a plan of defence and safety—for escape. There was a Christian weaver with his wife in a far quarter—against my entreaty he went to warn them. The storm broke. He was the first to fall, smitten in 'that street called Straight.' I found him soon after. Thus did he speak to me—even in these words: 'The blood of women and children shed here to-day shall cry from the ground. Unprovoked the host has turned wickedly upon his guest. The storm has been sown, and the whirlwind must be reaped. Out of this evil good shall come. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' These were his last words to me then. As his life ebbed out, he wrote a letter which I have brought hither to one"—he turned to David—"over whom his spirit yearned. At the last he took off his hat, and lay with it in his hands, and died. . . . I am a Moslem, but the God of pity, of justice, and of right is my God; and in his name be it said that this crime was a crime of hell."

In a low voice the chairman put the resolution. The Earl of Eglington voted in its favor.

Walking the hills homeward with Ebn Ezra Bey, Luke, Faith, and Friend Fairley, David kept saying to himself the words of Benn Claridge: "*I have called thee so often of late. Good-morrow! Good-morrow! Good-morrow! Can you not hear me call?*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Witnesses

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

GOD fashioned the earth with skill,
And the work that He began,
He gave, to fashion after his will,
Into the hands of man.

But the flower's uplifted face,
And the sun and wind and sea,
Bear witness still of the beautiful place
God meant the world to be.

Boston Town

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

With Etchings by the Author

AFTER a few days spent in idling about the city, I flattered myself that among all the delightful residential sites of Boston, I had chosen, by a happy accident, in Beacon Hill the most desirable; and I am still convinced of it. For three full weeks I actually gloried in it. Mount Vernon Street, loveliest of Boston's byways, with its wealth of wrought-iron, its quiet gardens and terraced lawns, lay close at hand; and I had only to turn the corner to enter streets arched like cathedral naves, with lofty elm-trees through which one caught a glimpse below, where the road took a steep decline, of what appeared to be a quiet valley with a gray belfry, and the shimmering expanse of some drowsy river winding its way placidly beneath the distant span of bridges.

I mention these things merely to make clear the fact that what fault there was lay not in Boston but in me, when, in the midst of this rural charm, I gradually became unhappy, and vaguely conscious of an indefinable something in my person that jarred with my surroundings, and which subsequent events have proved to me was nothing more nor less than the lack of "poise." In this respect I am completely barren; and it is the absence of this virtue so inseparable from the Bostonian that made it extremely difficult for me to adapt myself to new conditions on the Hill; conditions, I may add, hardly conducive to a *conversazione*, if one knows what that means, or indiscriminate hand-shaking.

No idling here at midday with the crowd, listening to racy gossip of the quarter, no strolling with the policeman on his beat, or the warm spontaneity of New York's sidewalk joviality! Each man moves blithely down the street an even and perfectly adjusted being, past master of his emotions and his equilibrium; and when he speaks, if the oc-

casion seems to warrant it, he can be as impersonal and detached as a sigh coming to you through a fog-bank.

Yet there is one spot in his impenetrable armor of stoicism. When once this is reached, his look of abstraction vanishes, and his face beams with a sunny, kindly radiance. Indeed, in moments like this, when you have him off his guard, he might almost be persuaded into believing that you too may possibly be one of God's creatures. It is in the casual mentioning of family connections that the polished surface of his exterior seems on the point of bursting, that the buttons of his waistcoat creak ominously, and, lo and behold, the Bostonian has lost his grip on himself, and become human like the rest of us!

He will tell you all about it: how great-grandfather's father was connected with So-and-So, who in turn was a great stickler for form; which will call to mind a funny occasion when the former was at large one day in the neighborhood of India Street, and met his old friend slapping John Quincy Adams on the back; how they were always together, like three brothers, in such delightful intimacy, and on another occasion— Away he goes, completely beyond control.

The feeling for caste, so strong among Boston's gentry, I found, could be met with in almost equal intensity in many of the middle rungs of society. In the *petite bourgeoisie*, to whose outer edge I clung desperately while on the Hill, it is equally imperative that a man should have a past—some genealogy to speak of. I realized this soon after engaging rooms. My neighbor, Mr. Bird, who occupied the room opposite mine, was in all respects a Bostonian whom one might admire, and while among other little conceits of his that have slipped my memory he pronounced Tremont Street, "Tremont Street," he was hardly the

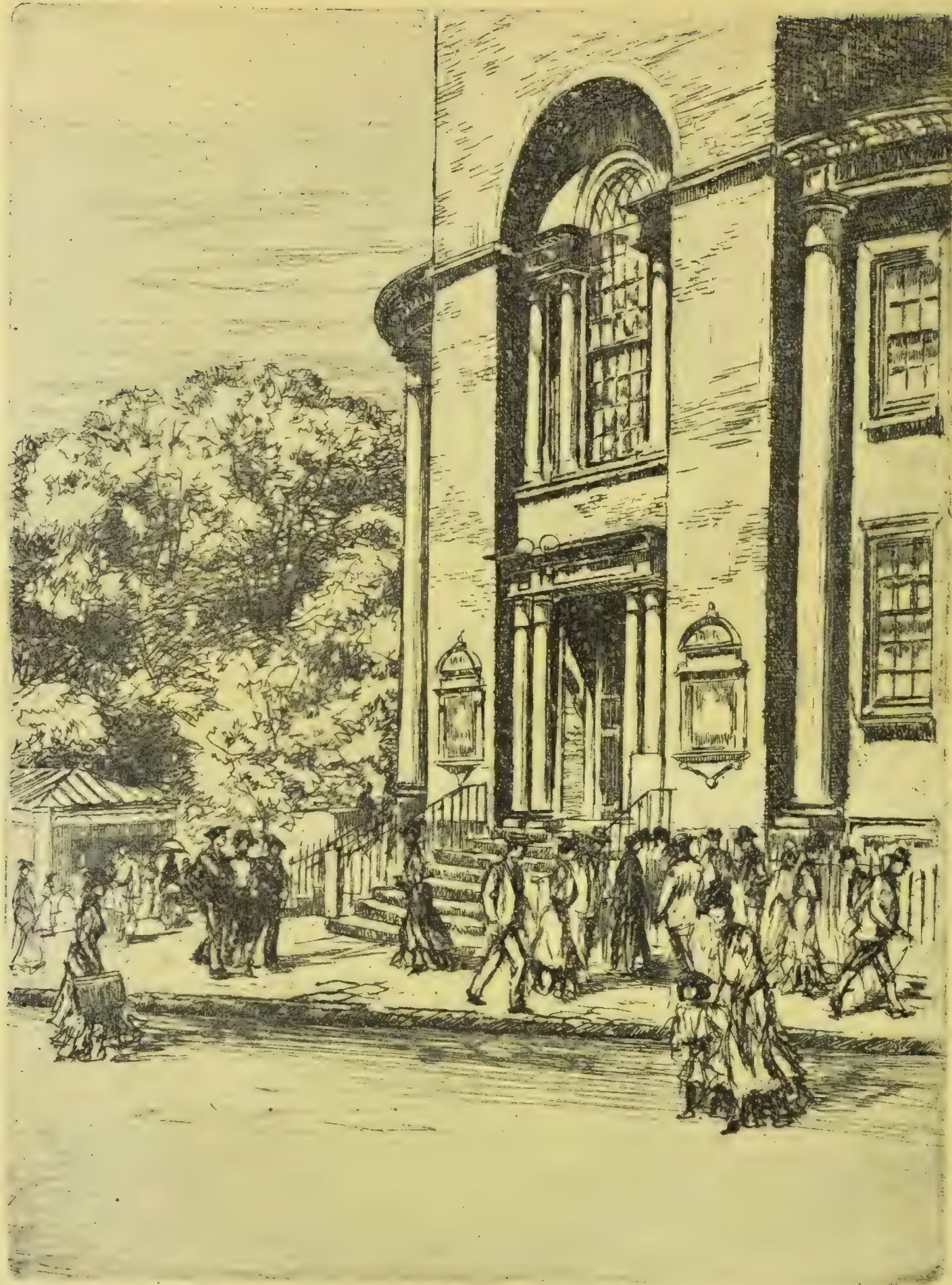


4th State

W. H. White
56-

Etched by C. H. White

A BIT OF MOUNT VERNON STREET



Etched by C. H. White

BRIMSTONE CORNER

type of man one would expect to see leading Boston's *sang pur* in a cotillion, if the former ever indulges in this harmless relaxation.

Living as we did, each looking into his neighbor's room, and unconsciously exerting a wholesome, sustained vigilance on the other's habits, it was only natural

that what at first was merely a nodding acquaintance should have ripened, as the time wore on, into a formal Boston intimacy. It was through him that I became acquainted with two gentlemen—a Mr. Montague Jones and a certain Mr. Archibald Berry; and while neither of these was indirectly involved in the

Declaration of Independence, each had something of a past, and at times made me feel its pressure. If the occasion had arisen, all three would have taken their coats off their backs to assist me in time of need, and yet on dull days I found them more or less encumbered by vague ancestral suspicions which grew, as the time passed, into a distrustful attitude.

Late one evening at an hour when each grove of trees, and plot of grass dotted with pigeons, released from the consuming heat of a midsummer's day seem to exhale their fragrance, and the air was heavy with a pungent earthy aroma, we crossed the Common together, and stood leaning on the Beacon Street rail, watching the shadowy mass of rustling foliage above us. The long shadows of great rows of elms, soaring aloft in the strange arrested movement of twisting, writhing branches, fell in luminous arabesques over each winding pathway, and on the stillness of the evening came a dull declining murmur, the distant rush of many feet, homeward bound, on Tremont Street. Save for a glowing spot of light still lingering on a pathway, night had come beneath the canopy of foliage, as in a valley, with its great envelopment and mystery.

"You couldn't imagine a finer place to live in!" I exclaimed suddenly, breaking the pause.

It was some time before Bird spoke. "Think what it must mean to a Bostonian like myself to stand here on Beacon Hill and realize that on almost the same spot one of your own flesh and blood had been the first to apply the torch to the skillet of the old beacon! Somehow it brings a man in closer touch with the place."

He spoke with intensity while I silently measured the great gap that stood between us, touched by finding such sentiment in a man who for years had been identified with the hardware business; and on returning to my lodgings I mentioned the incident to Jones, who greeted my remarks with a sepulchral laugh.

"Didn't you know," he began, "that while the original purpose of the beacon was to give an alarm in case of an attack by Indians, it was never used for this purpose, and no fire ever burned in its skillet?"

From a perfectly frank, open-hearted believer, I too became distrustful and sceptical. However, I pleaded extenuating circumstances for Bird. Under the serene influence of a Boston sunset streaming across the Common what man, if he possess a soul at all, would not be seized with a creative impulse? Artists are doing this sort of thing continually, and still ripen to a fine old age, loved and respected, in a community. Bird at mid-day would have been an entirely different man from the individual who stood with me on the Hill watching the city slowly fading into the darkness. On the spur of the moment I felt convinced he fully believed what he said: the mood, the hour—these were the things that had prompted him to test his wings. Even as we were discussing the matter he was probably writhing in the torments of a guilty conscience.

Jones turned a deaf ear to my reasoning. "While no one can deny that Bird is one of God's noblemen," he began, with suavity, "yet he is one of the most practised liars in the community, and I have always suspected that in a social way he—"

The sound of approaching footsteps brought this to an abrupt end, leaving me a prey to vague fears and unhappy speculation. That very night was to witness our little circle broken up, and each of us drifting away in mutual distrust, and it is on Bird that I heap the burden of the responsibility for the coolness that eventually sprang up between us. His remark was uncalled for, but remarks of this particular character, while not uncommon elsewhere, I found peculiar to Boston.

If you would keep a great-grandfather, a grandmother, a father, an aunt, a third cousin—in short, any distant or near connection—fresh in the memory of man, you must make your own opportunities in Boston; or have an ancestor so festooned with cobwebs and mildewed that if the occasion does arise for you to introduce him, which is unlikely, you will have almost forgotten what excuse he had for living, and his own mother would not recognize him. Any pretext will do; his advent need not have any connection with the subject at hand. "Speaking of baseball," the stranger begins, "I don't

know whether I told you that my father was a personal friend of So-and-So, whose great-grandfather was one of those fine old East-India merchants and," etc.,—he has made a safe start, and nobody thinks any the less of him. It was this formula that Bird adopted to introduce his beacon incident; when he had finished a strained feeling existed between us. The only conservative remark I can recall on this most unfortunate of evenings was made by Montague Jones, who, just as we were silently and suspiciously bidding one another a frigid good night, said that he guessed there had been a Jones just about as long as there had been a Boston. I could always love the man who makes a statement that leaves his audience groping hopelessly about them for an alibi; and I saw that Jones and I might be drawn more closely together by what had occurred, and form a ring, so to speak, eventually pushing undesirable parties out of the house. My ambitions were short-lived.

Little I knew of what the future and Archibald Berry had in store for me, until I met the latter on the following day, passing through Park Street. Neither of us turned out to let the other pass—in fact, I felt that he wished to speak to me. In our embarrassment at being face to face again after what had transpired, I blurted out the first thing that came into my head: had he seen Montague Jones? I had unconsciously played directly into his hands. No; he had not seen him; but he had some information that might interest me concerning him.

"While Montague Jones is one of the best fellows that ever lived, salt of the earth, you know, and all that sort of thing, yet his attitude of constant deception has rather worn on me. I have taken the time to investigate—I have *made* the time, sir," he continued with dignity; "and found that it was old man Jones's foster-brother who was the pioneer and married a Montague, so Jones, you see, isn't a Jones at all. . . . Good evening, sir." He had taken the starch out of my collar, and I moved next day before I actually became suspicious of myself.

I still look back with fond regret to Beacon Hill, and often since have roamed again in spirit through its unfrequented

byways, past pale Ionic porticoes and rows whose weather-beaten bricks flutter with ivy, climbing each gable end and falling in graceful cataracts over the formal iron balconies. My vocation afforded me ample opportunity to witness, as a vagabond from my camp-stool in the street, the even tenor and moderation of the life one leads in unpretentious Boston.

The old mansion just across the way, with its long driveway hemmed in by stucco walls tufted with wistaria, the rows of dormer windows dotting the sloping roofs, and in the distance a modest sanctuary, with its cross rising above the sky-line, gave to the most familiar path traversed in the day's routine a life and interest far from commonplace. Now that I had left the Hill and was able to see it all in retrospect, I missed the gentle Sabbath pressure of sundry quiet corners. How often during the day was I made to feel my spiritual shortcomings, when in going back and forth on my way to my lodgings I had almost formed a speaking acquaintance with the dark, uncompromising doorway over whose sombre entablature hung the appropriate legend: "More Light," and its sister niche across the street whose quaint escutcheon, half hidden among creepers, asked one boldly in Roman capitals: "Shall there be Hell?"

Watching for these, and trying to anticipate their alterations and the new enigma I knew the following day would bring, had unconsciously become a habit with me. The burden of the theme seldom varied; it was usually a disconcerting query: something that caught you unawares and kept you guessing while you crossed the Common, oblivious and unreceptive to the beauties of the early summer morning, but in its way it must have been beneficial.

They creep up everywhere—these devotional signs—in Boston; and when you consider that the Hub is the *sanctum sanctorum* of all new sects and cults, and that the man who serves your coffee in the morning may be an occult scientist, your hatter a Buddhist, your cabman a Seventh-day Adventist, your neighbor a Christian Scientist, your druggist a Spiritualist, your roommate and the man who gave you the spurious coin—Lord knows what; after considering these things,



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St. Mary's Church
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Etched by C. H. White

ST. MARY'S—BOSTON SLUMS

you must inwardly rejoice in a random stroll along Tremont Street to find the good old-fashioned religions still making a brave show of it.

It was on just such an errand that I stopped one day before the announcement: "Signing a Pact with Satan—Personal Experiences," in large capitals on a billboard, when a stranger enlightened me.

"Brimstone Corner," he began; "famous place for a powerful sermon. Why, only a few years ago some denomination was in there, and got so excited that some of 'em heeled right over—had to be fanned and slapped on the back to bring 'em round."

If you were to follow Tremont Street through Scollay Square, past Tremont Row, once delightfully reminiscent of old Boston days, and to-day swamped beneath the wild fantasia of signs that reach from basement to chimney-pot, shrieking to Heaven in flaming orange paint each merchant's listed wares, you might, after working your way out of numerous alleys and sombre streets rich in historical legend, stumble upon the spot where Boston drops her prim formality and impenetrable reserve; for Tea Wharf, the retrospective, stretches far out into the opalescent haze of the river, losing itself in a confusion of spars and shrouds.

Along the broad quays moves a confused mass of seamen and idlers; market hands rattle past pushing trucks; the whining cry of the Italian fisherman, calling his wares, mingles with the hoarse shouts of seamen and the rattling of pulleys in their blocks as baskets, crammed to overflowing with cod and haddock, rise from the hold and swing out on the dock where marketmen, pitchfork in hand, send them flying in a continuous cascade that empties itself into the ponderous carts that lie in waiting, strung out along the wharf in long procession. Tugs ply back and forth; great hundred-and-fifty-tonners quietly slip their moorings in twos and threes and move out gracefully into the stream, to be immediately replaced by winners of a fleet whose stragglers are still beyond Boston Light, racing under a desperate head of sail for the market and the advanced price paid for the

fresh "catch." The Italian dory fleet in an almost Oriental display of brilliant color, still obstinately clinging to a Mediterranean rig of sail, hoists its tattered canvas, and with sails swelling and motors whirring is soon lost in a distant tremolo.

At every turn one meets with new reminders of the sea's colossal harvest: tubs of fish, dories heaped with fish, wagon-loads of fish, tons of fish; in actual figures, one hundred million pounds of ocean-caught fresh fish are delivered in Boston alone from the fishing-schooners; to which may be added forty millions more landed at other points along the New England coast, and distributed by rail and boat over the United States and Canada!

All that is picturesque and unformable to the chaste symmetry of captious Boston seems to have found along these wharves an outlet. The place reeks with persuasive motives, and yet one may search in vain from Commercial to Long Wharf for one American artist busy with his work in this Elysium. There was a Portuguese, however, and as fine a man as ever used up good color, who, when he saw me working on the dock below, descended from the shack above to minister to my comfort; and leaving his card with a request that I join him after-hours in opening a bottle of Portuguese port, made for his dilapidated staircase, and soon was lost among the grotesque rookeries that fringe the water-front at this point, threatening daily to topple overboard into oblivion.

It was in this obscure corner that I found him later, swinging in his hammock, and listened while he drifted, between his cigarettes and port, into the current of narration; indeed, drifted so far that when I rose to go, and we looked out of his window across the mournful deserted stretch of wharves, all that remained of a brilliant summer's day lingered in luminous gold upon the distant top-masts. His was an old story, kindled to life again by the intense and charming personality of the man who told it. Seven years previous to our meeting he had taken this room as a studio, and had been moored here ever since, intending to paint each mood, each hour, of what lay just within his reach.

"This is one of the early things I *wanted* to do," he explained at this point, wiping the dust off a delightful study of the market at sunrise, and placing it on his easel. "But I soon found that, first of all, a man must live, and I turned from that to this." He had replaced the sunrise by a monstrosity in water-color of a schooner under a full head of sail. "All of the lines are actually done with a ruler, and while the price is small it sells readily and keeps me going." He seemed to get a morbid and grim sort of pleasure in dwelling on the artistic depths to which he had sunk, but possibly the sense of his humiliation thus brought home to him is what prompted him to take a solemn oath, as we parted, to do no more.

Weeks passed without my getting a glimpse of him; and as I had knocked frequently at his door after the day's work, without an answer, I feared that

the price of his resolution, still ringing in my ears, might have resulted in his being pushed into still humbler quarters, and I determined to trace him. My efforts in this direction met with little or no success, until a few days prior to my departure from Boston, some fortuitous circumstance led me to wander into Dock Street, where the dregs of the day's traffic still echoed faintly: the solitary shopman furling his awnings, the belated push-cart making its homeward journey, and the small familiar group clustered about a saloon entrance. But for these, Dock Street was deserted. I had turned to leave, when across the street, swinging along like some Grand Duke of Aragon in a new fifteen-dollar suit of worsted, came a familiar figure.

Here in this wonderful metamorphosis I discovered my artist friend—not as I had known him, rubbed shiny at the el-



Etched by C. H. White

THE TEA WHARF



Etched by C. H. White

A CORNER OF DOCK STREET

bows with frayed cuff and collar—but my Portuguese lifted upon some prodigious wave of prosperity, resplendent in costly raiment.

“Sold three pictures,” he explained, when we were each seated behind a tall glass with ice and things floating in it. “Negative sort of triumph, however,” he added, hastily, as if to put a damper on my enthusiasm. “You see, it all came at once—three skippers, you know, who saw one of those safe, conservative water-colors of mine in a cigar-store along the

water-front. You know the kind—had to have one just like it—understand—and ready money; so, you see, I—”

“Ruled them, eh?” I wanted to help him over the difficulty.

“Everything except the water,” he answered firmly, with an inward chuckle; and then suddenly becoming serious again, he whispered fervently: “Now that I have a little start I’m going to turn over a new leaf.”

I have often wondered since whether he would.

The Deathless Forest

BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

THE sick man was lying in a long chair on the roof of the Silent Villa, gazing up at the dim, golden sky.

Into the orange-trees that ringed the villa twilight shadows of dusky purple were creeping. Above them this pale roof seemed then a little like the fragment of a cloud floating, at the end of the sunset, above the world.

For it surmounted remarkably everything except the higher, still-gilded clouds it seemed to imitate. On one side, a shuddering depth below it, lay the gray rim of the sea; and on that rim the placid sea itself seemed tilted up, filling half the sky with nebulous amethyst. On the other side, from the bottom of the cliff on which the villa stood, stretched afar another sort of main. This was an ocean, billowed where the first was calm, blue-green where that was amethyst—of great tree-tops, extensive, impenetrable, mysterious, hiding what unimagined things beneath innumerable leaves. This forest, like the amethyst sea, rose marvellously against the eye in its remoter reaches. And finally, far off in a fading region of faint, violet shadows shaped like hills, it lost itself in the low-lying, brown haze of evening.

So, high above land and water, the roof of the Silent Villa was like the world's roof. From it every other thing, tinted to match the unnatural splendor of this rare nightfall, slipped down and away and faded into the low, gold-powdered distance.

At that moment of imperial colors there was not in all the breathless universe one sound.

The sick man was indubitably dreaming, because he was awake. It was only when he was asleep nowadays that everything seemed to slide into satisfactory focus and he could live in actualities. This Silent Villa, for instance, hanging high above a purple, dimming world, was

pure phantasma: the latest in a sequence of persistent dreams no more substantial. But he knew that when the last light had stolen away over the high edge of the sea and the night had risen from the earth below, enclosing him, he himself would slip gently from this dream-place and into a far different, more real world of his own. And that more real world seemed to him doubly his own; as though without him it could not have being; nearly as though, for some reason half losing his hold on things about him, he had succeeded in replacing them by another existence, created from his imagination, full of strange charm, bizarre and beautiful.

Now, as the sick man lay on the Silent Villa's roof, the dream-sky over him was plum-colored. He knew then that night was creeping up stealthily about him, that the villa's belt of dream-trees was turning soft blue-black, that already the dream-sea and the billowing main of woods were blotted out. So, waiting, he saw all the dream-world slowly growing dim about him. And at length, himself escaping like the light, he hovered on a mysterious edge of things, between old influences weakening and new ones strengthening.

In that vague borderland all was in making before him, as in a world half created. Strange lights came glowing and went dying, colors swam in delicious variances and, light-struck, melted to prismatic disarray. The changing shapes of all things were unrecognizable, impossible, intolerable. Then, suddenly subsiding, all these disordered lights and hues and forms went sliding into symmetry. Still trembling from its creation, about him his world grew stable, vivid, real.

It was entirely a green, rustling place of brilliant, rare sun-splashes and rich, extending shadows. It was a forest, unkempt, of huge proportions. It had a

primitive quality, manifest in rugous, ancient trees and the close tangle of mature underbrush. But there was another quality in it, not materially expressed—originality. An atmosphere almost primordial saturated this place and was in some way translated to the invader's senses. And these appreciated that variant of the distinctive, subtle essence which flavors all periods and places. They knew this forest, by it, for something neatly primeval, as a region blooming in the world's wild, early youth.

Feeling the place grow wholly real about him, the sick man experienced an especial ecstasy which always seized him on this threshold.

He felt himself, too, changing: growing new as though galvanized with thrilling jets from an infinitely vitalizing source. Strength welled in him, and energy, and, finally, arrogant confidence born of it. With this grew an intoxicating sense of freedom, of irresponsibility, of wildness. New sorts of thoughts arriving, drove headlong all his old, hazy, half-morbid images, here quite incongruous. His mind, as though swept by clean winds, grew clear and comprehending with such comprehension as belonged to the first race of men.

Lightly he moved forward into his green and sun-splashed world, transformed entirely, an adventurer almost aboriginal.

Moving so into the green mist of this place, he had now, as always, a growing physical agitation.

He felt that before him was a quest, many times unsuccessfully renewed, needing extraordinary caution and adroitness. This was to be a forest-stalking, but with the game diversified: the object of it human and feminine. Yet it would be a forest-stalking hardly less ruthless for that reason. Of quite the same quality as this hunting must have been the phenomenon of wooing nearly at the beginning of its evolution.

Slipping forward through tangled leaves, he felt himself bearing certain weights which, far from irking him, roused in him completer self-reliance and a dangerous, combative mood springing from courage made invulnerable. When in a little leafy pocket of the woods he

splashed into a pool, he stood still, ankle-deep in it, till the ripples were smoothed into a mirror for him.

He saw then reflected a strong man all but naked, his head encased in hammered bronze and shadowed by a great crest of crimson bristles. His lower legs were sheathed in metal. In his right fist was a keen, bronze-bladed spear. On his left arm hung a round shield, its surface beaten into rude designs: of grotesque, fighting spearmen with almond-shaped eyes and enormous thighs.

This vision of himself pleased the adventurer; he stood erect, tossed his crimson bristles, and smiled, with the exultant vanity of the panoplied savage. Then, with his cocklike crest bent low, he slipped on, leaving the infrequent sun-splashes and reaching for the forest's almost twilighted heart.

He understood perfectly the common elements of danger in this venture. He recognized the perils of strong, low-hanging tree limbs too closely veiled; of matted, soft beds of fallen leaves; of all the furtive movements overhead and underfoot that might mean either claws or fangs. But these were dangers entirely material and ordinary; it would be very well if they were all that moved at large in this too-dusky forest.

Once, when he stopped and stood upright to mark his way, the utter silence closed in upon him. He felt then a little tension, of anticipation of its breaking, and waited for that, listening and motionless.

Little by little, beginning in some far-off spot, the forest stirred in a way scarcely audible. It was a rumor having, with all its inarticulate, soft sibilance, such hint of power wrapped in it that the adventurer stood with an anxious face turned up. He was as though awaiting from that beginning a manifestation almost unearthly.

Behind this far whisper came presently a light suggestion of confusion, an agitation, many-toned yet of a single import, growing in volume, drawing nearer. Then, leaping from tree to tree, through all the shadowy upper-green, came swiftly sighing, sobbing, moaning, the Winds. They clamored overhead with almost human voices; from the tree-tops they shook were spattered down sun-drops, splashing

at random, melting instantly. So the Winds touched lightly for a moment and were on their way. They rallied, sank off, died out in distant callings, murmurs, whispers. And in the silence that settled after them the adventurer, still motionless, heard coming from ahead the thin, sweet trilling of a pipe.

Curiosity, half apprehensive, drove him forward swiftly toward that music, played in this forest where, he knew well, so little could be human. The lucid melody climbed high and fell in rippling cascades, capricious slips and tremblings. At recognition of its beauty, the adventurer went forward on light feet, his whole barbaric soul touched by this naïve playing. But when there was between him and the player only one last thin screen of leaves, he stopped, from some cause struck suddenly afraid. Then, wincing at the shame of that recoil, he lifted his shield before him and broke abruptly through the bushes. A single sun-shaft, cutting down through the branches, lighted him, and made him, he knew exultingly — red-combed, bronze-shielded, and flashing from crown to heel — menacing, terrible.

In a little alcove among trees, twice obscure behind the blinding sunbeam, a man crowned with green sat on a green rock, playing that music. At the adventurer's intrusion he stopped, and from the gloom looked out unwinkingly. About him the underbrush stirred, as at some secret withdrawal, and was still. At length he said, melodiously and calmly: "Greeting, warrior."

The adventurer strode through the sun-shaft and stared intently at this man.

He was bare above the waist, but about his legs and feet was wrapped a tattered sheepskin. His crown was myrtle leaves. His pipes were reeds, graduated and pierced, fastened together in a row.

But despite these wholly natural details, there seemed to cling about him some peculiar, unfamiliar quality: an aroma part wild, part otherwise, and awesome. His eyes were very bright and steady. Before their calm scrutiny the eyes of the adventurer wavered and turned aside, as beasts' eyes waver before men's.

"Greeting, shepherd." The adventurer found his voice husky and winced at his uneasiness before a naked man. "You

are far from your flocks, I think, in this dark forest."

"Perhaps, perhaps not," murmured the pipe-player, sweetly. And, with a keen flash of eye, "How did you find me?"

"Æolus went by. Then I heard you and tracked your music."

"Why?"

"To see who could be playing in such a place."

"Is this a wrong place for music, then?"

"No men live here nowadays. Once they did, but before He came down out of the Thracian places."

The pipe-player put his hands in his lap and looked up with young interest. For suddenly he seemed quite youthful, and in a veiled way mischievous.

"Who is this that has come down out of the Thracian places? I am a lonely fellow and hear very little among my sheep."

"But wandering into such a place have you seen nothing or heard nothing?"

"Nothing that I have not always seen. Tell me, what is strange about this forest?"

"It is the place of the new Thracian God," the warrior answered, and glanced about him. "He has many names, pleasant and terrible. When he grows angry with men he is Dionysos Glad-of-Raw-Flesh."

"This was a fair country, and hearing that it was so, he planned to take it. Then there was presently a secret stirring hereabouts; his own people began to slip in and throughout, filling the twilight with moving shadows and the silences with the ghosts of little sounds. So, bit by bit, his race possessed this land, till all the trees had soft, sad voices and all the waters cried and laughed like women. Shepherd, he has taken this forest more utterly than did the banded tribes of our own people, masked in shining brass, behind multitudes of painted shields. But here, at this invasion, came blowing up no storm of war — no screaming of hoarse throats or humming of sharp-stinging spears. Only — this was a fair land, but now no men are left in it. They have all gone away. They are afraid."

"All but us," said the pipe-player, smiling gently.

"You did not know."

"Ah, yes; but you?"

"I am here seeking something. My desire for what I seek will help to keep me unafraid."

The pipe-player looked at him seriously, with new eyes. At that moment he seemed far otherwise than youthful; there was in his face nearly austerity. He asked slowly:

"What do you seek?" And then: "Why do I ask you? You need not tell me."

For a time they stared at each other in the perfect silence of the forest. The adventurer, for his part, learned nothing from his scrutiny, but felt, in every sense that groped to understand, curious, curious, curious. Then, again stared down, he sighed uneasily and was at once half ready to be angry. He asked,

"Are you afraid now, shepherd?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not. You have told me only of gentle things and nothing terrible."

"There are other things, terrible enough."

"Here? This is a sweet spot. See, the sun is going and the moss is cool. Put off your brass and I will play forest music that will bring shaggy wild creatures crawling to listen. And you shall tell me of those other things, or, if they fail to frighten me, of red-fingered war clutching at white bodies and spoiling them."

"No, I shall go on."

"Some other time. Night is coming, when danger stirs in every forest. Stay here and presently we shall go back together to the safe fields and the open, starlit spaces."

"I am no shepherd."

"Ah. Good-by, then, hero."

The other looked back once. In that glance he saw the pipe-player rigid on the rock, his head back-tilted. And now his eyes were neither young nor old, neither laughing nor austere, but blind, stone eyes set in a cold, cruel face.

The adventurer had not gone far when, at abrupt revelation, his heart gave a great leap of terror. Sick from it, he stopped to lean against a tree. For now, too late to mend it, he knew whom he had hunted for his music in the forest's heart.

While the adventurer leaned against the tree, remembering and now understanding everything, close by his ear a voice was questioning him, muffled, soft, and sad:

"Who is it breathing against my tree? Who is it trembling against my tree?"

He held his breath, knowing that now indeed he was fairly in the midst of what he should avoid. But over and over, close beside his ear, the said voice uttered patiently its question.

He shook off his fear and stood erect. He pressed his helmet-front down over his cheek-bones, so that he too, in his own words, was "masked with brass."

This movement, because it seemed a certain invariable preface to courageous strife, gained back for him some bravery.

"It is a warrior, Voice," he answered, loudly, defying all the silence. Following his answer came back from hollow tree trunks reiterations of it, mysteriously augmented by faint rustlings and whisperings. Then:

"What do you seek in this place, warrior?"

"I—I—"

"You seek a woman. But where—in this forest?"

"Be assured; she is here."

"Where?"

"Always, at evening, bathing alone in the same green-black pool that is roofed over with sycamore leaves. Green moonlight is strained through them. It rests on her and on the pool, all placid save for the water-rings gliding about her knees. In that green-black, dim, glistening place lurks every evening the white body I seek. . . .

"I creep toward her more softly than I need in hunting. But always she hears me. She flees, pure and shining, among the trees."

"Ah, warrior, inside my bark I am not so blind as you. There are no women in all this forest. She whom you seek is no woman. She is the spirit of that pool. She is a Naiad."

The adventurer glared at random over his brazen cheek-plates.

"Let her be what she is," he cried out suddenly, shaking his crimson bristles. "Naiad or not, it shall not stop me. I shall have her down at last if I must go at her as at a doe, spear-throwing."

"Rather go back, warrior," sighed the soft voice. "Red danger lies in the forest's heart, and pool-maidens are twice-perilous game. We Tree-people are gentle folk and pitiful. Be warned. Go back. Good-by."

"Good-by!" shouted the adventurer, with a bull's sudden, blind recklessness. He clashed his shield against the tree trunk and thrilled at that hollow din: of bronze belling as if fairly smitten in some dusty death struggle. Through the dying timbre of this wild clamor was thrust the soft, mysterious note,

"You are going back?"

"Forward!"

Forward he plunged, and left behind him among the trees a subtle agitation, less like the sound of leaves than of soft voices.

Now all the shadowy forest seemed furtively awake; ahead of him the thickets gently shook before his hands parted them, twigs snapped before he stepped on them, and he found flowers nodding in his path, fresh-brushed by something else than breezes. And if he stopped to listen, close behind him an undertone was stealthily augmented, as though inquisitive, sly, wild things were gathering on his trail and following him.

Once, with a shudder, he stepped back, spear lifted, from something half hidden in the ferns that he had almost set his foot on. That thing at his recoil sprang awake, snorting, and went from him, crashing, into shelter. He saw vanishing amid the leaves the lean, brown back, the outstretched, hairy arms and scampering goat's legs. When quiet returned to the splintered and torn underbrush, through all the shadows seemed to run a surreptitious tittering, a secret chuckling.

Knowing that it was not the creatures behind these gentle sounds that he had cause to fear, he turned fiercely on them. He shook his shield at all the growing walls about him. He made his spear whistle about his head; then with a rush he drove here and there, helmet down, goring with his spear-blade all the encircling green.

Little, diminishing squeaks and twitterings ensued, and violent, hidden scramblings. When he went on again it was in silence.

Presently he came into a delicious, half-familiar region all smelling of wet violets. He stretched his nostrils to the odor of this place and felt the blood fill his neck and temples. With this remembered perfume rising to his brain, everywhere in the dusk at the level of his burning eyes he saw a vague, bare figure, impalpable as vapor.

Creeping so through the violet-scented gloaming, he felt that he had come among the familiar places of the Naiads. For now and again he seemed to hear voices, clear and sweet, like silver struck at a distance, calling to one another through the twilight:

"Oi-o-o, Helopsychria. . . ."

"Oi-o-o, Limnanthis. . . ."

At last, crawling from shelter to shelter with exquisite precaution, he gained a remembered ambush of twisted vines. He steadied himself for the inevitable shock of racing blood and pushed aside the leaves.

There was no moonlight yet to filter through the roof of sycamore leaves; but in the forest's dusk some last, faint threads of light were woven still. So that below him, as though suspended in the midst of swimming, green-black obscurity, was barely visible a girl's pale shape, touched softly here and there with shadows, twisting in a vague pantomime of bathing. There was no sound save the uneven, tinkling gush of water, running from cupped hands over her smooth body and musically back into the invisible pool.

Then to a crash of ripped vines he leaped, shield and spear out, legs up—with a tremendous spring, long-sailing, tigerlike. He cleared the pool's edge. He landed in a blinding splash of water.

She gave no cry. But with the dumb, frantic effort of an animal she bolted from between his outstretched arms. She struggled toward the far bank.

The water seemed to wind about his legs invisible fingers. Two bats came fluttering about his head, darting into his face with little squeaks. Furious, he balanced his spear-point at her pale body. And at that menace the water freed him, the bats fled.

She reached the bank and climbed it. In a moment more the forest would have hidden her. But he, slipping, groping up at random, clutched her foot in his war-

hardened fingers. He had her. Down she came tumbling, with a piteous little gasp. He seized her, all soft and cool and wet, and snatched her inside his shield.

In that hard prison of brass and sinew for a moment she seemed to melt, to fail him, to grow impalpable, almost to slip away to nothing. But even as he turned cold at this new magic, her shape swelled back into real flesh, resisting furiously for a moment, then going suddenly quite limp and motionless.

Peering very close, he saw what turned him dizzy. Her long hair streamed down in wet disorder over her pale face and neck and breast. Under its thinnest tangle lay the twin wonders of her pale eyelids. Closed, they fluttered for courage to be lifted. Her mouth, deep stained, half open, showed within it white teeth parted in breathless expectation.

Then her great eyes shone through her hair, feverishly questioning.

From somewhere far off came a faint drumming sound. It grew into a throb that might almost have been mistaken for a pulse-beat. It died away, but left behind it a murmur almost inaudible.

In a voice hoarse and trembling at this marvel of possession, he stammered:

"Are you so much afraid of me, Naiad?"

"Are you afraid, warrior?" she asked him, softly, in return. "You know the madness that follows even the sight of us?"

"I have that madness," he said, and crooked his arm tighter, till she gasped:

"Strong! strong! You have me now. I am glad."

"Yet you struggled . . . and always ran . . ."

A little secret, all-knowing smile curled up her lips:

"Ah, where you come from, warrior, is it not a woman's part to run—always to run, to lure on, to fail before a pursuit too strong, and finally to be caught? That is the world from the beginning: he hunts, she flees; he catches, she grows weak under his strength; he conquers, she is conquered.

"Your arms break me; too strong, a bear! Oh, where is help? Wood people! Limnanthis! Lamprosathes. . . Conqueror, why do you let me call? Suppose they came."

"Why do you struggle, then?"

"To be held. To be hurt."

"Your eyes blind me. Close them."

"Ah, close them for me with kisses."

"Listen," she whispered, touching his lips.

Far off recurred that thrumming, less like a pulse-beat now than a rhythmic droning almost vocal. It grew into a murmur confused and many-toned, containing in itself some dangerous, foreboding note. This rumor, passing through the forest, left all the invisible leafy things shivering gently at it.

"Listen!" She pressed her cool hands against his face.

Drowning the lesser sound, broke a low rumbling, like summer thunder.

"A storm."

"No, no," she whispered, swiftly. "That is not thunder. It is— It is—"

In a sudden agony of fear she caught his face between her palms.

"It is—" Her voice failed her before the dreadful word.

Now he knew. Now he heard what in this place he had always feared, always escaped miraculously, and was now at last to meet and die of terribly. To his suddenly enlightened senses the details of that distant clamor were distinguishable. He understood that to them came moving all that was dreadful in this forest.

He heard now the shrill voices of the leaping Mænads and pictured their foaming, bleeding faces, their bruised breasts swinging amid ripples of flying hair and rent leopard-skins. He heard the deep howling of the Ægipans and imagined their fierce eyes and sharpened teeth, their brandished hands dripping red. He heard the thunder of the Corybantes' skin-headed drums and the snarling of lynxes and leopards, wriggling on their bellies among the naked legs of the contorted dancers. And he knew that in the midst, half-immoral, half-bestial, blood-flecked, insane and horrible, moved a figure myrtle-crowned, from whose blighting eyes furies and beasts shrank off, fawning and shaking. So the New God was moving in his forest among his people—Dionysos Glad-of-Raw-Flesh.

Quivering beside the pool's edge these



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

THE WILD PLACE LEAPED SUDDENLY VIVID AS THOUGH AFIRE

two waited for him and his vengeance. The trees about them began to echo the shrill screams:

"Evoe! Saboi! Evoe! Saboi!"

And in the core of the night they saw a lurid, shifting gleam of torchlight, splashing the black entanglement blood-colored.

She crept inside his shield. The din broke over them; the forest crashed before this furious onslaught of noise. All the wild place leaped suddenly vivid as though afire. A reddened, forerunning lynx slipped out into the open, crouched down and growled at them, his eyes blank, shining green.

At that last moment, in the midst of his mental agony, he felt suddenly that by some tremendous effort made inside himself he might escape. Into his mind flashed an impression of latent power, of an avenue of flight not physical, still open, capable of being gained by a great effort.

Under his will, instinctively exerted, something within him broke. There closed about his mind, excluding material things, a whirling mist made from familiar, primitive thoughts dissolving into strange, wiser ones. Beyond this obscurity impending horror turned impotent, remote, unreal, and terror of it faded.

But from this mist one all-material sensation obstinately refused to be excluded. With everything about him slipping into instability, he felt himself still held tenaciously by soft, cool arms.

Then he realized what, in this now inevitable transition, he was bound to leave behind. He was slipping by some inscrutable escape into a remote place where terror could not follow. Death he was certainly avoiding; but in that place where death must stay he was relinquishing love.

And now, each instant in this process of escape, that love that he was losing seemed to change, to become a thing more precious. He saw it, all at once, illuminated in new lights; and in them it showed priceless details before unguessed at. It was as though in those moments of change the crucible of ages from its first, crude material was exquisitely refining love.

At thought of this treasure going from him he reached for those clinging arms and gripped them hard. He felt himself irrevocably slipping, and knew that in the darkness time was whistling past him. Yet, blinded and dizzy, he held the soft wrists tight, marvelling dumbly at the miracle of their permanence. So he struggled, as in a void between two worlds, to drag with him what he could not bear to leave behind.

The mist grew thin and a material world seemed closing again about him. In that last moment of transition he had a stranger feeling than of arriving from a vast distance. For he was recovering otherwise, as a man newly ending a long wandering in obscure, hopeless places. His real intelligence was slipping into order, inverted from its delusions to its proper poise. He knew that in another moment, when these last dream-filaments were blown away, he should wake wholly sane.

He opened his eyes and, almost with a shock, understood that now at last he was entirely awake.

He was lying in the open air, in a forest, so completely masked by night as to be recognizable only by its odors. Among its invisible trees sounded a hue and cry, of tramping feet and calling voices.

But all this, suggesting so nearly that other place that he had just escaped, failed to alarm him.

He looked up at the pale face, like a moon shining behind clouds, of her whose wrists he held. Her great, dark eyes seriously, intently questioned him.

He drew his breath sharply. He knew that after that wandering through obscurity almost interminable, finally he had found himself. But he could not understand how from his disordered dreams he had drawn her back with him to actuality.

"Naiad," he whispered, and stopped at the unconscious word and at her changed face.

"No, no," he said, trying to remember, and finding his dream memories slipping from him. "Not Naiad, surely. Are you?"

"No," she breathed, bending lower, her

great eyes shining, her finger-tips touching his face gently, like rose petals. "Hush! Are you well now?"

"Yes, I am well now—at last. But I can find no strength; so you must hold me. Yes, but tighter. . . . And so that I can see you. So—

"Where am I? What place is this?"

"The forest. You must have wandered down at sunset from the Silent Villa."

"The Silent Villa?"

"It lies above us. Its window lights hang among the stars, but here the leaves hide them from us."

"Ah . . . I remember now. Now I remember everything—but you. And you?"

She gathered him more closely into her strong young arms and laid a fresh finger on his lips in a thrilling, half-familiar gesture.

"Rest."

"First I must know."

"Then, I am just a girl. I am nearly always somewhere in my forest. Did you never think, looking down from the Silent Villa, that this might be some one's forest? If winter ever came here and stripped the trees, you might see from your eagle's nest the walls of a little rosy castle where I live. But you have never seen them? Or me?"

"Yes," he said. "You I have seen. Ah, Naiad! I understand nothing, save that I seem to have brought you with me

from some dream into reality and that I shall not let you go again."

She bent her head till her hair brushed his face and stared closely, wonderingly.

"Why do you say that? And why did I hear you calling for help at dusk and find you here lost and dazed, and feel as though—"

"How?"

"As though it were all not new. . . . Hark! do you hear them searching and calling?"

"What do they call?"

"Your name."

"Surely. I almost thought that they called other names . . . Limnanthis? Helopsychria?"

"What names are those? They trouble me. Listen! they have stopped calling. . . . How strange! How silent!"

"I can hear many things, Naiad: your heart beating against me, your breath between your lips. All your body pulses; it utters an enveloping rhythm, faster, faster, faster—"

"My heart betrays me, then. . . ."

"Does it? Dear traitor," he murmured, with a little laugh, wholly of his old sane self.

And, driven by what inexplicable impulse,

"Yours to punish," she breathed, and laid her warm lips on his.

A rustling, like the soft whisper of secret comment, passed lightly about them in the deathless forest.

Autumn

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES

O'ER bud and bloom the summer spent her hours,
 Painting with patient hand;
 But, lo! when Autumn came,
 He stretched his wand—
 The forests turned to flowers,
 And summer fled in shame.

High Temperatures and Modern Industry

CHEMISTRY OF COMMERCE—V.

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry in the University of Kansas

FOR the greatest discoveries of Science, attainment lies, in these days, in one or two directions—either on the border-line between one science and another, or by carrying to extremes some one principle of investigation already well known.

For the first method, compound sciences such as physiological-psychology, physical-chemistry, or physiological-chemistry are, in these days of their triumph, sufficiently significant; for the second, no one principle of investigation better illustrates it than the effect of temperature upon chemical action. Consider between what small limits of temperature lies the possibility of life—a few degrees below freezing or a few degrees above, and we arrive at the lethal-point. Animals and the results of animal-work lie absolutely within these few degrees. But with man it is different; he discovered fire, and the powers of fire, and this discovery properly marks the point at which he became a man.

Beginning with leaves and brushwood, he has passed progressively up through “the good beach cole” of the alchemists, which gave the highest attainable temperature of the time, to coal and gas and the forced draught, until the world is darkened with the smoke of his chimneys. But while he has thus enjoyed enormous satisfaction from this increase in his powers, he has by no means reached the limits of temperature applicable to industrial use and, hence, the limits of his industrial powers. All the way down to that mysterious point called the absolute zero, which is apparently the lethal-point

of heat itself, and all the way up, hotter and hotter and hotter, to some illimitable point of hotness that we cannot yet place, he has his chance.

With the lower temperatures, we have in this article nothing to do, but with the higher we propose to demonstrate the application of a general principle of human progress, that when man carries any one of the agents of his civilization to the extreme of its power, he takes steps that may carry him over the threshold of the field of exhausted effort into new fields filled with a wholly new flora of useful products and untrodden paths of new processes and new methods.

The highest temperatures reached in fuel furnaces for technical purposes lie between 1700 and 1800 degrees on the Centigrade scale; they reach their limit at the melting-point of fire-clay and porcelain. The first step-up beyond this point lies in a flame fed with mixed oxygen and hydrogen, or with mixed oxygen and coal-gas. This flame has long been known in the familiar lime-light of the stereopticon. By its means a temperature of 2000° C. may readily be obtained, and we thus pass the high-water mark of regular industrial practice. Leaving its old utilities, let us discover what contemporary effort has done with it.

We must distinguish in this connection between the words “artificial” and “imitation.” The shop windows of a certain character along the great streets of the world are flamboyant with the vulgar and tawdry representations of the precious

stones. To the direct glance of knowledge they are no more the rubies, emeralds, or diamonds of the mines than are imitation flowers the lovely gifts of our garden. They are imitations, gross and palpable—gems of paste for pasty faces. We speak now of the “artificial” ruby,

the ruby of science, as much the ruby of Ceylon or Burmah as is the water formed by burning hydrogen the water of the rain—identical in property and composition. The natural ruby of the mine consists of pure alumina, with a trace of coloring matter in the form of an oxide of chromium or manganese. The prob-

lem of manufacturing veritable ruby was, therefore, simply that of melting thoroughly together these simple things, a problem at first impossible of solution, because the melting-point of alumina lies above the limit possible of technical application. But the man and the means arrived with M. Verneuil and the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. To-day, as the result of these two factors, there is to be found in the little factory connected with the shop of M. Pasquier, of the Rue Lafayette in Paris, the commercial production of artificial rubies, and the consequent decree of doom to the rubymine, a doom which is now as inevitable as that of the alizarin industry of France or of the indigo industry of India. The commercial synthesis of the ruby is illustrative of the intelligence and efficiency that govern industries of a modern scientific origin.

We begin with a solution of common alum, to which a trace of chrome alum is added as the ultimate coloring constituent. Now add ammonia, and there

results a gelatinous precipitate of the hydrates of aluminum and chromium. This gelatinous precipitate is filtered off, evaporated down to dryness, and subsequently calcined into an intimate mixture of alumina and the oxide of chromium. It is then ground into an impalpable powder, and placed in the transforming apparatus, of which we give a diagrammatic representation in Fig. 1. Through the tube marked A passes a supply of coal-gas, through that marked B a supply of oxygen. The two meet at C, where they are ignited, and constitute a carefully regulated flame whose temperature is practically 2000° C. In the box at the top, marked D, is placed the powdered alumina, and the bottom of this box consists of a fine sieve. A small automatic tapper (E) carefully jars the powder through the sieve and through the tube, which, it will be observed, is the tube which serves for the supply of oxygen. It thus happens that every trace of the powder *must* pass through the flame of 2000 degrees.

It is so finely divided that it fuses as it falls upon the little stand marked F, where, within the outer influence of the flame, it gradually builds itself up into a beautiful ruby pear-shaped body, called the “brut,” which is illustrated photographically and in its ac-

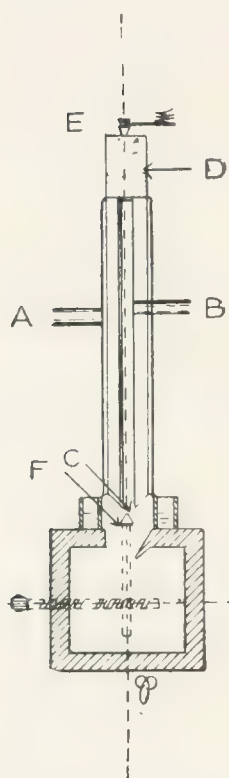


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAMMATIC REPRESENTATION OF A FURNACE FOR THE PRODUCTION OF RUBIES



FIG. 2.—THE RUBY “BRUT”

tual size in Fig. 2. This ruby pear, when one takes it in his warm hand, flies instantly to pieces. It is like the "Prince Rupert drops" in a condition of high strain. Once, however, this strain is neutralized by the breakage, the resulting fragments will break no farther, and it remains, now, only to send them to the gem-cutters, whence they return as ruby gems, which in glowing beauty of color, pellucidity, refractive index, hardness, durability, and chemical composition are identical with the natural ruby of the mine. So absolute is this identity, that the usurers of the great cities now refuse to take rubies in pawn, for they cannot distinguish. While the law ordains that they shall be differentiated from natural rubies by some distinguishing appellation, their use in jewelry is enormously widespread. This is shown by the fact that in the little "two by four" factory of M. Pasquier, alone, no less than 100 carats may be manufactured every day. The ruby-mines on their present basis of profitable working are absolutely doomed. Indeed, we might have known it long ago: "For Wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it." And again, with a wider application, "I Wisdom dwell with prudence and find out knowledge of witty inventions."

These "witty inventions," based upon the high temperature of an oxygenated flame, are by no means wholly destructive in their operation upon established industries. It is a most useful agent, is an oxygenated flame. For example, this flame of 2000°C . is above, but just above, the melting-point of quartz. By its use, and by the subsidiary aid of a common wooden bow and arrow,

there have come to us the microscopic quartz fibres which are so useful as "suspensions" in the fine instruments for electrical mensuration. The quartz is melted in the oxyhydrogen flame, and the blunt end of the arrow is then dipped into it and suddenly shot from the bow. After that it is merely a matter of a magnifying-glass to find the resulting thread on the floor—a most "witty" and useful invention.

Again, the fact that the oxyhydrogen flame will melt quartz has resulted recently in a new industry, by which the quartz is built up little by little into tubes, flasks, and other chemical apparatus, for the use of which chemistry is incalculably indebted to industry; for these quartz vessels are inert to most operations, they may be heated many hundreds of degrees higher than glass, and, most bless-

ed boon, even while white hot, they may be plunged with impunity into cold water. We shall refer to these valuable articles in another connection.

But the oxygenated flame has a utility wider still. As everybody knows, placing the "blower" on the grate increases the per cent. of oxygen passing over the fuel in a given time; it is the principle of the forced draught. But enormously better results may be obtained in another way. Since combustion depends upon the twenty-one volumes of oxygen in the air, why not increase its per cent. by abstracting the inert and diluting nitrogen? This is being done to-day in two distinct ways. The first depends upon the use of liquid air. The boiling-point of its constituent nitrogen is above that of its oxygen, and hence as its evaporation proceeds it leaves a liquid continuously richer in oxygen. Not only so, but Pictet and others following him have devised

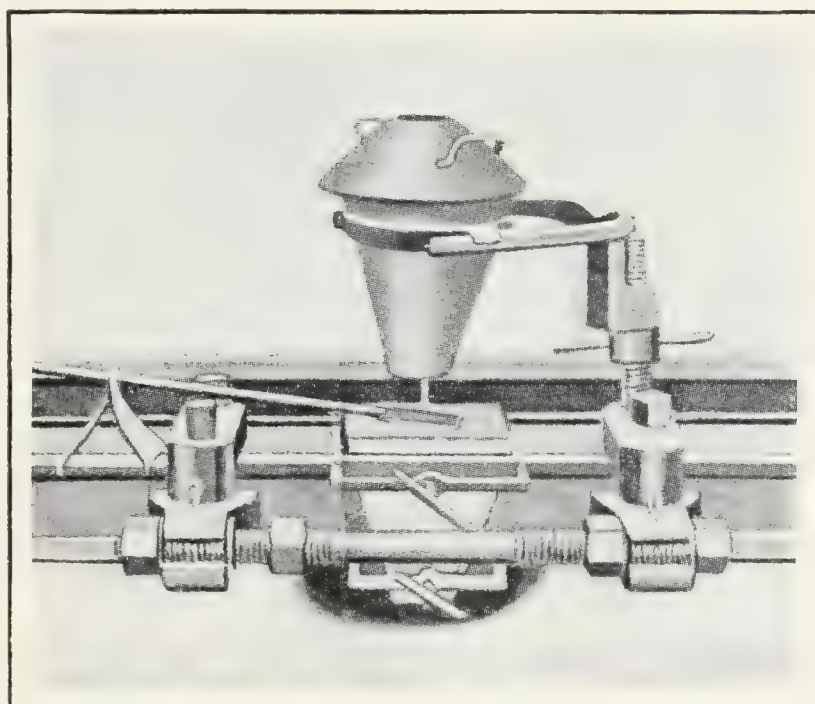


FIG. 3.—COMPLETE WELDING OUTFIT FOR THE USE OF THERMIT

a "separator," by which the evaporating gases separate, because of their different specific gravities, in such a way that nitrogen passes off through one tube and oxygen through another. This method is one of completely demonstrated efficiency; it is attracting wide attention in France, and it may safely be predicted

furnished to their Cornish boilers, they saved throughout a month's working no less than 27.7 per cent. of their coal. Of course, it is capable, also, of whirling hydrogen out of illuminating gas, and so increasing its luminosity; of whirling carbonic acid out of waste blast-furnace gas, thus making it more available for the new blast-furnace engines; and, in fact, if its actual industrial practice yields even a modest approximation to the enormous claims of its manufacturers, its use ought to result in striking economies in furnace practice.

We see, so far, that even a slight increase in temperature above that of current industrial practice leads to new products and new methods. If we go a step higher we shall see this difference accentuated.

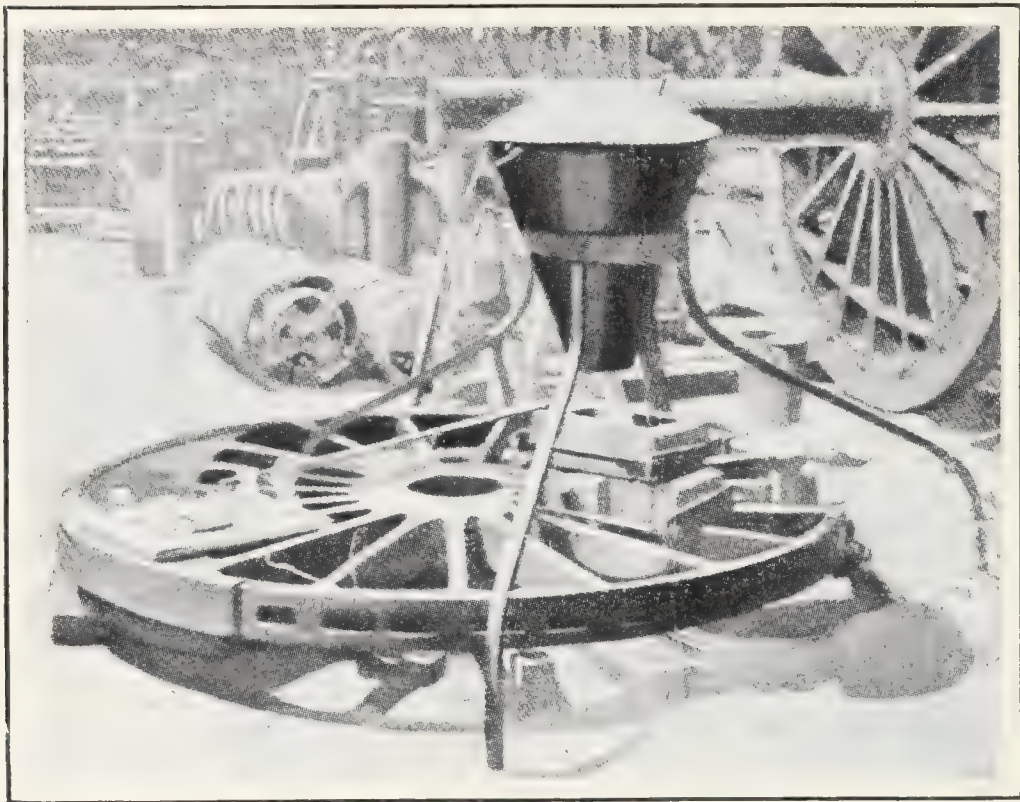


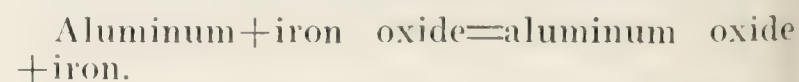
FIG. 4.—REPAIR OF DRIVER OF LOCOMOTIVE BY THE USE OF THERMIT

that in a few years it will enormously increase the output of the unit blast-furnace and high-temperature steels.

The other method is a most curious one, and depends upon the hitherto unsuspected fact that it is possible to use centrifugal force in order to separate out a mixture of gases. The idea that with a revolving wheel it is possible to whirl out of the air nitrogen to one corner and oxygen to another seems almost absurd, and yet it is apparently capable of practical application.

The "Mazza Separator," as it is called, contains a centrifugal wheel, which, revolving in the air at speeds from 1200 to 2200 a minute, is capable of concentrating the per cent. of oxygen at the periphery. According to the experiments of Professor Schaefer, of the Technical School at Charlottenburg, the apparatus increases the per cent. of oxygen in the air drawn from the periphery from twenty-one volumes to twenty-six. Again, according to an Italian firm of paper-makers, who applied the separator to air

carbon, but other substances may be used instead. This was discovered by Professor H. Goldschmidt, of Essen, in the use of aluminum for the production of heat. The difficulty of extracting this metal from its ores lies in the extreme unwillingness of aluminum to part with its combined oxygen. The two elements can be separated only by the application of an immense amount of energy, and this energy is, and must be, given back again when the aluminum reverts to its combined condition. This is the essence of aluminothermics. The innocent-looking mixture which lets loose this energy in a small time and a small space is called "thermit." It consists in its usual form of granulated aluminum and oxide of iron; the aluminum wants oxygen and the iron has it to spare, and there thus lies in the mixture the tendency to an instant and powerful reaction in accordance with the following little equation:



All that is required is a "trigger" to

start it, and this is provided by placing on the top of the mixture as it lies in the crucible a small quantity of magnesium filings mixed with barium peroxide, a mixture that acts like the phosphorus in a match. Now, *very gingerly*, throw a lighted storm-match into the crucible, and in a fraction of the time it takes to tell it there lies in the bottom of the crucible a mass of molten iron, almost boiling,—iron whose temperature approximates 3000° C.—fully a thousand degrees higher than any temperature in current industrial use, while on the top of the iron lies a slag of the oxide of aluminum, veritable corundum.

This reaction has received an extraordinary welcome at the hands of practical men. Its applications may, roughly, be divided into two classes,—one concerning the engineer, and the other the metallurgist. For the engineer, the temperature is so high and the operation is so simple that whenever he wishes, say, to weld together two pieces of iron (an enormous field of utility), he may accomplish it, and

accomplish it perfectly, by the intelligent use of this ideal method. For example: by this method has resulted the *continuous rail*—a necessity of the modern trolleys—and although it was introduced only in July, 1904, nearly every city in the United States is now using it. (Fig. 3.) Another field of application equally large lies in *the repair of solid iron and steel objects*.

Fig. 4 and Fig. 5 are eloquent; and we are not astonished to know that car-load orders for thermit were received from Port Arthur, or that it has, almost instantaneously, been adopted in most of the great workshops of the world.

For the metallurgist, the uses of thermit are as varied and as valuable as for the engineer. Thus, in foundry practice, the addition of a form of thermit containing titanium increases the fluidity of the cast iron, produces a finer grain, and increases the strength. It is used in the production of nickel-iron alloy, for reviving dull iron, for preventing the phenomenon of piping in making steel

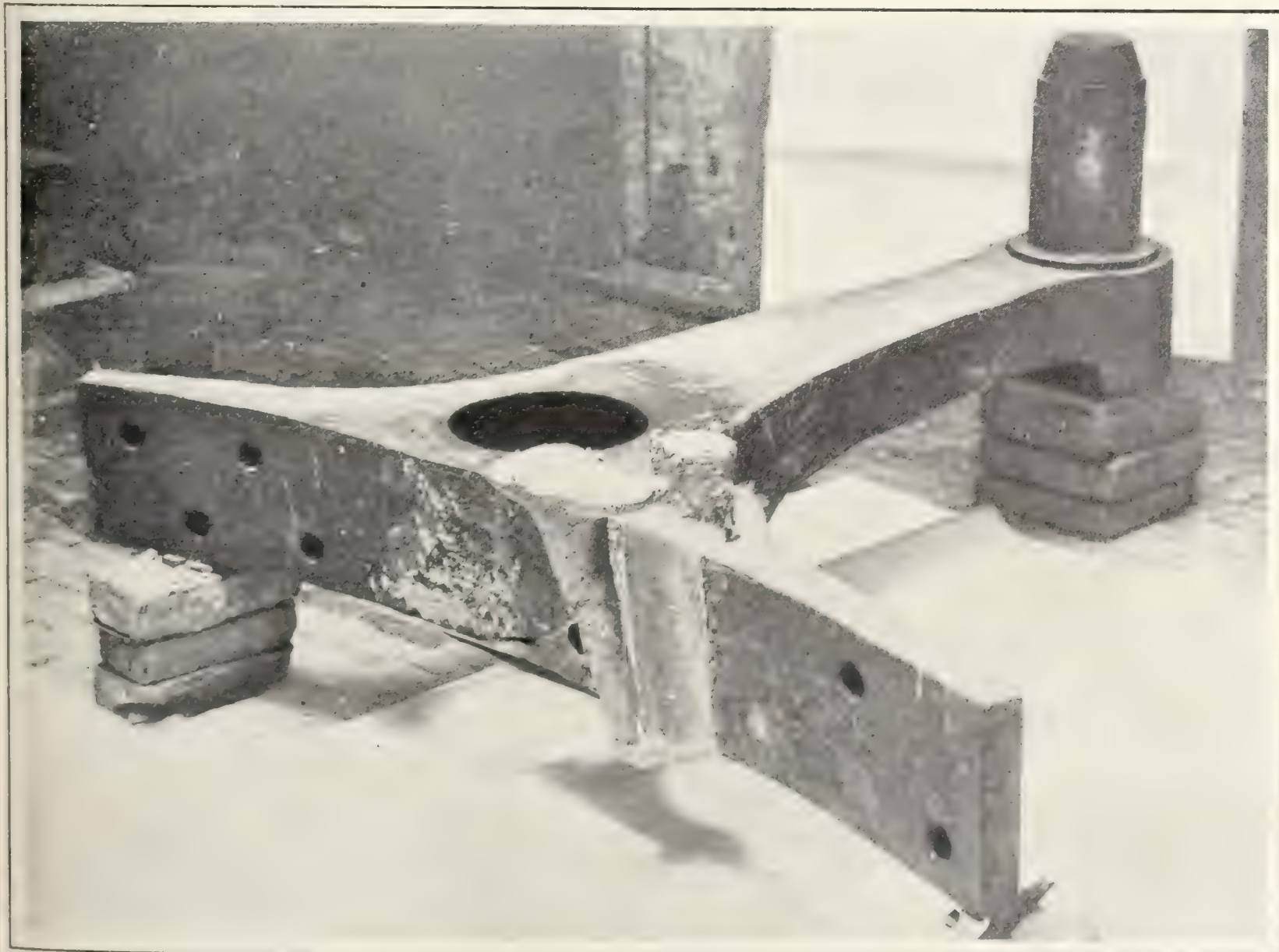


FIG. 5.—BROKEN PADDLE-SUPPORT BELONGING TO FLUSHING STEAMER "ZEELAND," REPAIRED BY MEANS OF THERMIT

ingots, and in many other ways. But the utility of the reaction does not lie only in the production of this high temperature. Instead of oxide of iron, other metallic oxides may be used, with the resulting production of pure metals *free from carbon*—a matter of extreme importance to metallurgical industry. Thus the reaction chromium oxide + aluminum = aluminum oxide + chromium yields pure chromium, which is invaluable for the manufacture of guns, projectiles, and tool steels. Similarly, pure manganese is obtained, unrivalled in its use for very hard steel for bolts or for the value of certain of its alloys with other metals. Titanium, molybdenum, and vanadium are other metals produced in similar fashion and analogously useful each in its own way. Not only so, but the reaction is, to-day, being extended to compounds other than oxides with interesting and significant results.

Altogether, it may be said that with Goldschmidt's thermit, and the step-up in temperature it has produced, there has been opened up a world of unsuspected powers to man.

A few degrees above that of "thermit" lies the temperature of the oxyacetylene flame formed by the combustion of 1.7 volumes of oxygen and 1 volume of acetylene. The flame thus produced has in its centre a small white cone, at the apex of which the temperature is about 3482° Centigrade. The flame itself consists almost entirely of carbon monoxide which becomes converted at the extremity into carbon dioxide. Surrounding the flame is a relatively cool jacket of hydrogen which, not being able to combine with oxygen at the very high temperature in the immediate neighborhood of the flame, remains temporarily in a free state, and this protects the inner zone from loss of heat, and, in addition,

excludes the possibility of oxidizing substances submitted to its action. In order to utilize the advantages of this flame, blow-pipes of special construction have been introduced (Fig. 6), by which with very little practice even an unskilled workman can become proficient in wield-

ing the steady, luminous, intensely hot little flame to its industrial applications. The acetylene employed may be drawn either from one of the ordinary generators or from cylinders containing it dissolved in acetone. The blow-pipe is so constructed that the flame cannot

possibly strike back, and it is, therefore, safe.

Let us go one step higher still—a step that carries us, now, within the sun-like radiance of the electric furnace. A vast deal of electrochemical industry depends, either in whole or in part, upon the action of the electrical current *per se*—an action with which, in this chapter, we have nothing to do. We are concerned with the electrical current only as a source of heat; but even with this limitation we are in the presence of an imposing array of researches and industries that illustrates most appositely that saying of M. Berthelot that "*La chimie crée l'objet de ses études.*" For the art and practice of electrometallurgy the world is indebted, fundamentally, to Professor Henri Moissan, of the Sorbonne, for while before and after the beginning of his work other men had done things, his two hundred contributions of new substances and new methods constitute the great mass of electrometallurgical knowledge.

The very idea of using the temperature of the arc-light for a purpose other than that of heating all outdoors began, practically, with Moissan. His furnace of the arc type, the furnace with which he has accomplished nearly

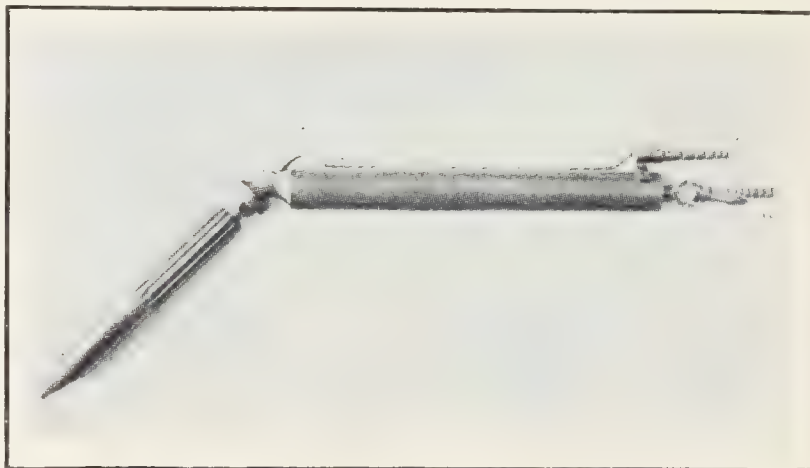


FIG. 6.—THE OXYACETYLENE BLOW-PIPE

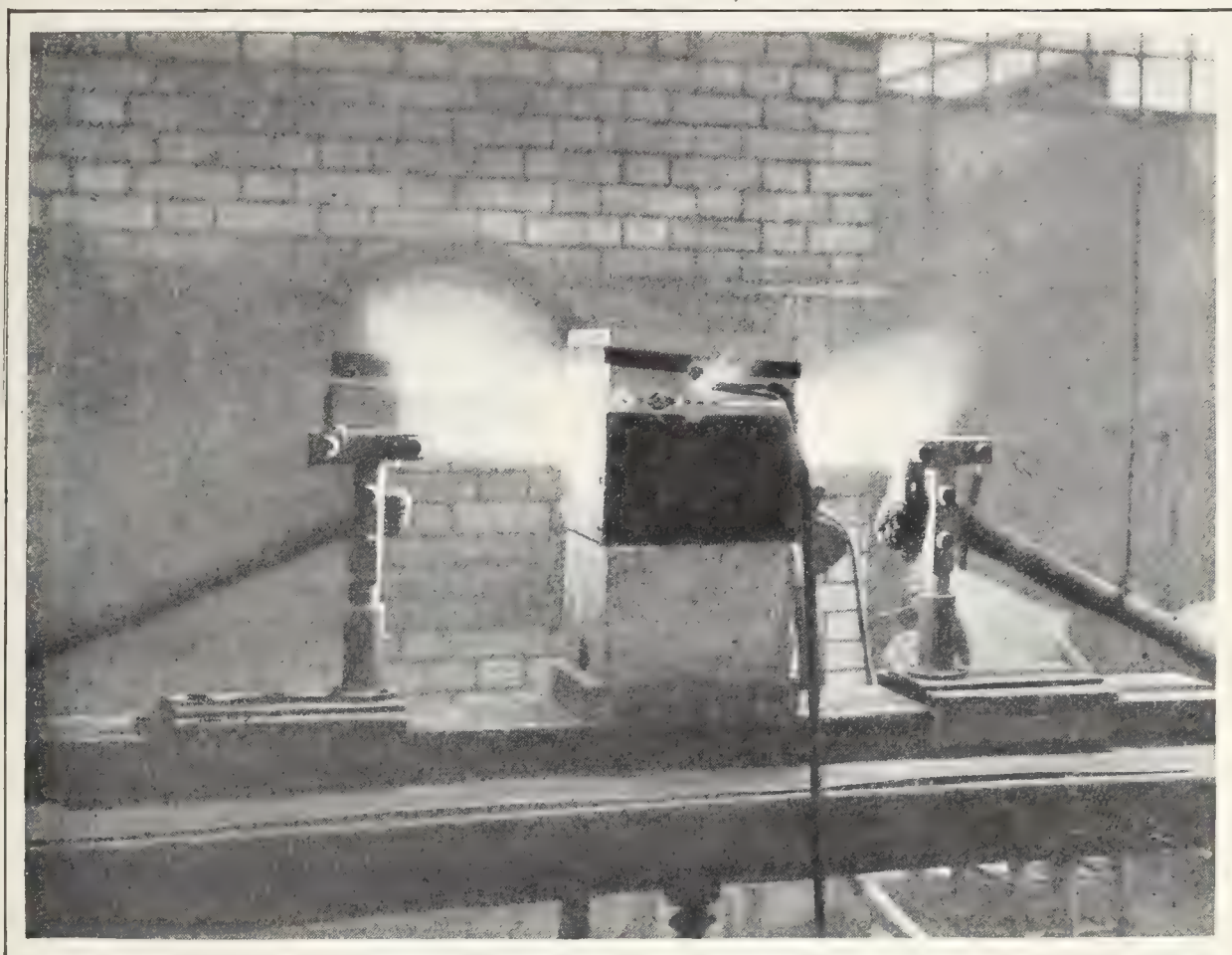


FIG. 7.—MOISSAN'S ELECTRIC FURNACE FOR THE DISTILLATION OF METALS. THE TUBE PASSING TRANSVERSELY INTO THE FURNACE CONTAINS RUNNING WATER, AND UPON IT THE METALS CONDENSE

all his work, is simplicity itself. It consists simply of a powerful electric arc between carbon electrodes enclosed in a minimum cavity provided by two blocks of limestone (Fig. 7). The temperature so produced is fully 3500°C ., and it is limited to this point only because 3500° is the boiling-point of the carbon electrodes. Out of its blasting, furious heat have arisen many new industries and a new chemistry. In the diadem of factories that encircles the brow of Niagara it may be that the chiefest jewels are these high-temperature industries. There you will find, polished at length into the highest efficiency with the rub of scientific knowledge and sad experience, the Union Carbide Company manufacturing calcium carbide for the production of acetylene. The carbide companies of the world now employ nearly 180,000 horse-power.

Then there is Acheson's factory for the production of that unexcellable of abrasives, carborundum; good for grinding anything from car wheels to pearls, a factory which, it is stated, realizes a profit of \$80,000 a year. Near by is Acheson's other factory for the production of artificial graphite, which

provides, for a multitude of purposes, graphite which is as good as, nay, better than, the graphite from the mines. Still, again, there is the Readman, Parker, and Robinson process, by which, in the electrical furnace, the phosphorus is stewed out of the mineral phosphates, and passes over to the Diamond Match Company as material to maintain its fires. All these substances have passed through a "burning fiery furnace" before

which even Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego would have quailed in terror—and a furnace, too, which instead of confounding the golden image of Babylon, ministers to it. With the foregoing processes, cultured laymen are more or less acquainted, but these processes by no means define electrometallurgy.

The fact is, that every new compound discovered is a bundle of unique properties, and the utilities of these properties are there; they await only discovery in their turn. This statement is one of pure faith, held consciously or unconsciously by most investigators, but it is the faith that drives the world. Let us illustrate this: carbide of calcium is not the only carbide; thanks

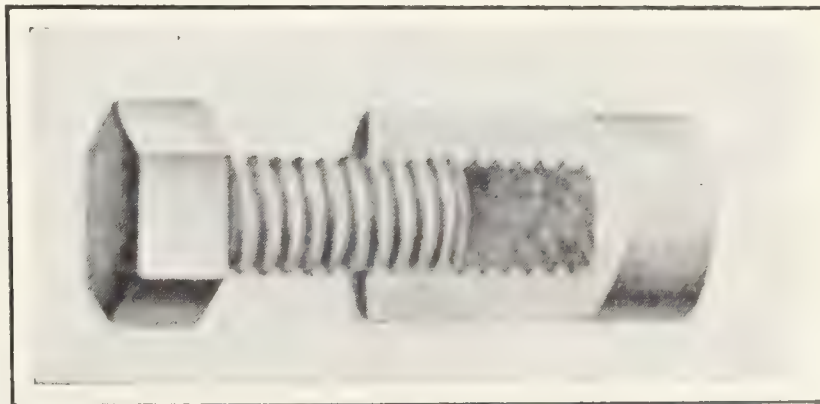


FIG. 8.—CYLINDER FOR THE PREPARATION OF THE DIAMOND

to Moissan and his methods nearly every metal has its carbide. For example, there is aluminum carbide, which Moissan prepared some years ago by heating in the electric furnace a mixture of kaolin and carbon. It constituted a body of beautiful yellow crystals which were apparently useless. Now, after all these years, comes the present-day discovery that this Al_4C_3 , so produced, on being heated with alumina (the oxide of aluminum), yields the pure metal and carbonic acid—a wholly new and elegant method of extracting aluminum, and one, obviously, of immense value when developed.

Incidentally, another peculiarity of this aluminum carbide is its slow reaction with water to produce methane or marsh gas. This is interesting to geologists. As everybody knows, in certain parts of America there issue from the earth immense quantities of natural gas which consists almost entirely of methane. Its origin has always been a mystery. We now see that through the abundance of aluminum compounds in the earth, and through the high temperature and pressure to which they must be subjected in its interior, there might easily result the formation of aluminum carbide and its subsequent decomposition by water into natural gas. Furthermore, some carbides yield petroleum on treatment with water, and so we see the possibility, the fair possibility, that carbides were the ultimate ancestors of Standard Oil.

What turns out to be true of this discarded aluminum carbide is potentially true of all the other carbides, silicides,

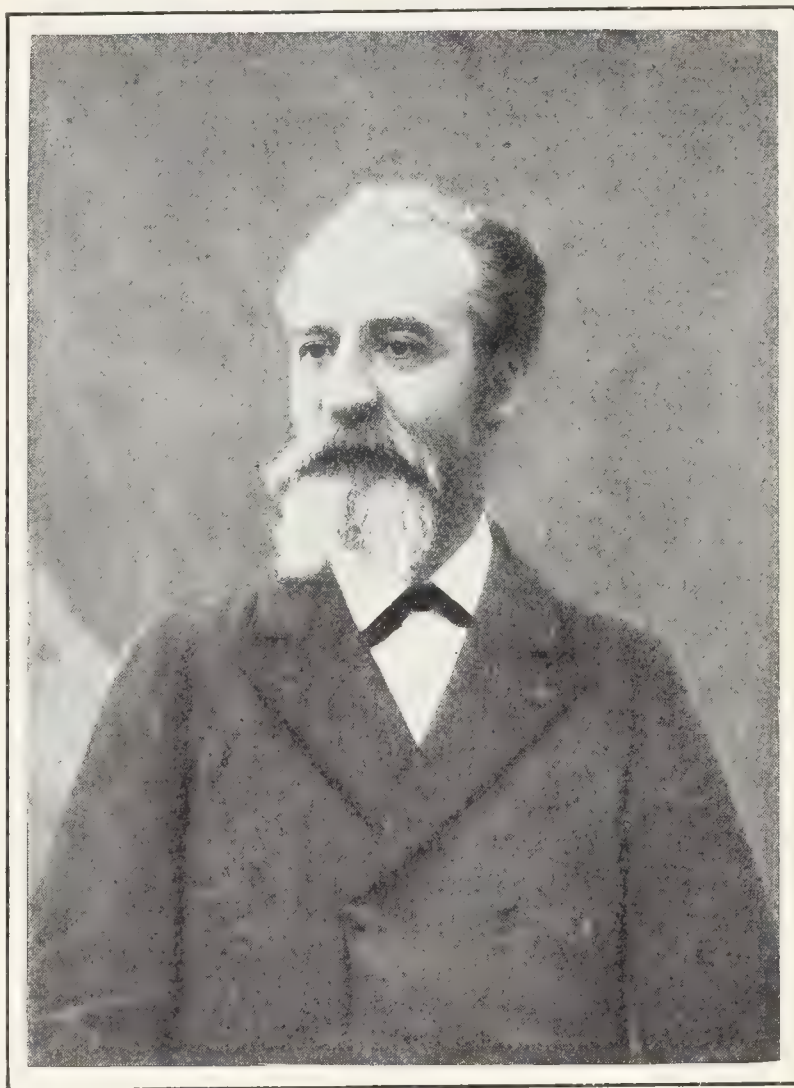
phosphides, borides, nitrides, and other "ides" of this high-temperature research—their utility awaits discovery; they will ultimately be harnessed to industry. But we may signalize discoveries of another character. Thus the organic compound, carbon disulphide, so useful as a solvent and extractive agent, is now most ingeniously and economically made

by a continuous process recently devised by which charcoal and sulphur are fed into the top of a stack at the bottom of which there is an electric furnace which causes their union.

Another recent and very important discovery, that it is a real joy to announce for the benefit of many industries and all laboratories, is a method of making quartz tubing cheap. This is accomplished by spreading the silica over a carbon resistance rod, and subsequently heating the rod

electrically up to the melting-point of the adhering material. By this ready means quartz tubes are obtained which, though they are filled with air-bubbles, and constitute an emulsion of quartz, so to speak, are capable of withstanding intense temperature and variations of temperature, however sudden. The importance of this discovery only laboratory men can adequately appreciate.

Another phase of utility connected with this temperature lies in the extraction of refractory metals which, until the advent of the electric furnace, were practically unknown. It is true that these metals,—chromium, tungsten, molybdenum, titanium, and others,—may now be made in a purer form by the use of thermit, but by no means so cheaply.



PROFESSOR HENRI MOISSAN

Their preparation now constitutes a special and valuable industry in connection with the manufacture of fine steels. Thus, La Neo-Metallurgie, of Paris, manufactures no less than thirty-two most valuable metals and alloys, whose very names were unknown ten years ago—substances such as manganosilicide of aluminum—and others of equally fearsome sound and high industrial interest. Another company, the Société d'Electrochimie, also of Paris, is devoting most of its energy to the manufacture of ferrosilicium alone. Finally, in this connection, we ought to speak of the synthesis of the diamond.

Molten iron dissolves carbon; so does boiling water dissolve sugar. On cooling, the supersaturated iron deposits its dissolved carbon; so does the cooling water deposit its sugar. The water deposits its sugar in the crystalline condition—as rock-candy—the iron deposits its carbon chiefly as graphite. The object to be attained is to make the iron deposit its carbon in the crystalline form, for crystallized carbon is diamond. To accomplish this, Moissan compressed pure carbon into a little cylinder of pure iron (Fig. 8). This cylinder he then placed in a bath of boiling iron in the electric furnace. Under these conditions the iron body of the cylinder becomes saturated with carbon to the very limit of its capacity. Next, he plunges the whole dazzling fiery mass into a vessel of cold water; at first, “not without a certain feeling of apprehension,” says Moissan, and naturally so (Fig. 9). This idea of plunging the molten saturated iron into cold water was a stroke of genius. Molten iron is like water, it expands when it solidi-

fies. On dropping it into water, the sudden cooling solidifies the outer layer of iron, and this holds the inner molten mass in a tight grip; the expansion of the inner liquid on solidifying produces an enormous pressure, and under the stress of this pressure the dissolved carbon separates out in transparent crystalline forms—minutely microscopic forms, it is

true—but *absolutely* diamonds.

The largest synthetic diamond yet produced measures less than one millimetre across. In Moissan's laboratory they regard the problem of making larger diamonds as one chiefly of pressure and length of cooling. They deem it quite possible that if they could deal with forty or fifty pounds of iron as they can with four or five

ounces their diamonds would be larger. They believe, also, and with much reason, that the process of their laboratory is the process of Mother Earth, though down in her secret laboratories she has temperatures and pressures they cannot command and æons of time to perfect her work—the creation of the most beautiful gem that ever delighted man or woman.

Meanwhile the problem may be solved in another way. The curious thing about carbon is that its boiling-point is below its melting-point, so that in order to produce circumstances likely to lead to its adequate crystallization, it is necessary to employ not only a temperature higher than its boiling-point, $3500^{\circ}\text{C}.$, but high pressure as well—according to the calculations of Sir William Crookes a temperature of about $4200^{\circ}\text{C}.$, and a pressure of some 255 pounds to the square inch.

The method of obtaining this tem-



FIG. 9.—PLUNGING THE WHOLE DAZZLING FIERY MASS INTO A VESSEL OF COLD WATER

perature so high above that of the electric furnace leads us to consider, now, the highest temperature so far reached by man.

According to a paper recently communicated to the Royal Society, Sir Andrew Noble has reached the highest point of temperature in terrestrial thermometry. He has accomplished this by exploding cordite in closed vessels with a resulting pressure of fifty tons to the square inch, and a temperature of no less than 5200° C. Sir William Crookes saw that one incidental result of this experiment should have been the formation of diamond—that is, if his calculations were correct. On working over the residues of the explosion-chamber he has recently extracted from them small crystals that seem to be veritable diamonds. We see, then, that if men cannot control the conditions that make for large diamonds, they, at least, understand them. It is, in all likelihood, a matter

of a comparatively short time when the diamond will have been conquered as absolutely as the ruby.

With this final temperature of 5200° C. we have reached the limit of man's present attainment. On looking back, we see that every step in temperature he has so far taken has led him just so far along the path to universal conquest—the absolute conquest which he is destined ultimately to make. But in this phase of temperature alone he still has far to go. We have had evidence from many sources that even in the sun, which is by no means the hottest of the heavenly bodies, and which yet possesses temperatures that transcend anything we know on earth, the very elements of matter lie there disintegrated into simpler forms. Such temperatures are the distant Alpine heights ever and ever so far higher than the slight ascent to which we have so tediously arrived.

For Mary's Sake

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

MARY and I,—our hearts are pierced,
Hers for the Child, and mine for her;
They brought Him frankincense and myrrh,
Hyssop and homage, hind and king,
But her they brought not anything;
What should one bring to the gift-bringer?

Mary and I,—our hearts are wrung,
Hers for His Passion, mine for hers;
On the Cross that the brow of the World o'erhung
She sees Him hanging, forsaken, mute,
I see her standing at the foot;
Light is His Agony,—light to hers.

Mary and I,—our hearts will break,
Yet fast she standeth for His sake;
And I, for Mary's sake, will stand.
They crucify in every land,
And at every cross where they crucify
I see pale Mary standing by
For the sake of the Child; lo, I will take
My stand there too,—for Mary's sake,

The Child

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE Child had it all reasoned out in her own way. It was only lately she had got to the end of her reasoning and settled down. At first it had not been very satisfactory, but she had gradually, with a child's optimism, evolved from the dreary little maze a certain degree of content.

She had only one confidant. The Child had always lived a rather proscribed, uneventful little life, with pitifully few intimates,—none of her own age. The Child was eight.

The confidant, oddly, was a picture in the silent, awe-inspiring company-room. It represented a lady with a beautiful face, and a baby in her arms. The Child had never heard it called a Madonna, but it was because of that picture that she was never afraid in the company-room. Going in and out so often to confide things to the Lady had bred a familiarity with the silent place that came to amount in the end to friendliness. The Lady was always there, smiling gently at the Child, and so the other things did not matter—the silence and the awe-inspiringness.

The Child told the Lady everything, standing down under the picture and looking up at it adoringly. She was explaining her conclusions concerning the Greatest Thing of All now.

"I didn't tell you before," she said. "I waited to get it reasoned out. If," rather wistfully, "you were a—a flesh-and-bloody lady, you could tell me if I haven't got it right. But I think I have.

"You see, there are a great many kinds of fathers and mothers, but I'm only talking of my kind. I'm going to love my father one day and my mother the next. Like this: my mother Monday, my father Tuesday, mother Wednesday, father Thursday—right along. Of course you can't divide seven days even, but I'm going to love them both on Sundays. Just one day in the week I

don't think it will do any harm, do you? —Oh, you darling Lady, I wish you could shake your head or bow it! I'm only eight, you see, and eight isn't a very *reasonable* age. But I couldn't think of any better way."

The Child's eyes riveted to the beautiful face almost saw it nod a little.

"I haven't decided 'xactly, but perhaps I shall love my mother Sunday mornings and my father Sunday afternoons. If—if it seems best to. I'll let you know." She stopped talking and thought a minute in her serious little way. She was considering whether to say the next thing or not. Even to the Lady she had never said why-things about her father and mother. If the Lady knew—and she had lived so long in the company-room, it seemed as if she must,—then there was no need of explaining. And if she didn't know—suddenly the Child with a throb of pride hoped that the Lady did not know. But perhaps some slight explanation was necessary.

"Of course," the Child burst out hurriedly, her cheeks aflame,—“of course it would be nice to love both of 'em the same day, but—but they're not that kind of a father and mother. I've thought it all over and made the reasonablest plan I know how to. I'm going to begin to-morrow—to-morrow is Tuesday, my father's day."

It was cold in the company-room, and any moment Marie might come and take her away. She was always a little pressed for time.

"I must be going," she said, "or Marie will come. Good-by. Give my love to the baby." She always sent her love to the baby in the beautiful Lady's arms.

The Child's home, though luxurious to a degree, had to her the effect of being a double tenement. An invisible partition divided her father's side from her mother's; her own little white room with Marie's alcove seemed to be across the

dividing line, part on one side, part on the other. She could remember when there had not been any invisible partition, but the intensity of her little mental life since there *had* been one had dimmed the beautiful remembrance. It seemed to her now as a pleasant dream that she longed to dream again.

The next day the Child loved her father, for it was Tuesday. She went about it in her thorough, conscientious little way. She had made out a little programme. At the top of the sheet, in her clear, upright hand, was, "Ways to Love My farther." And after that:

"1. Bringing in his newspaper.

"2. Kissing Him goodmorning.

"3. Rangeing his studdy table.

"4. Putting flours on " " .

"5. Takeing up His male.

"6. Reeching up to rub My cheak against his cheak.

"7. Larning to read so I can read His Books."

There werè many other items. The Child had used three pages for her programme. The last two lines read:

"Praing for Him.

"Kissing Him goodnight."

The Wednesday programme was almost identical with this one, with the exception of "my mother" instead of "my farther." For the Child did not wish to be partial. She had always had a secret notion that it would be a little easier to read her mother's books, but she meant to read just as many of her "farther's."

During the morning she went in to the Lady and reported progress so far. Her cheeks were a delicate pink with excitement, and she panted a little when she spoke.

"I'm getting along splendidly," she said, smiling up at the beautiful face. "Perhaps—of course I can't tell for sure, but I'm not certain but that he will like it after he gets used to it. You have to get used to things. He liked the flowers and when I rubbed my cheek 'gainst his and when I kissed him. How I know he did is because he smiled—I wish my father would smile all the time."

The Child did not leave the room when she had finished her report, but fidgeted about the great silent place uncertainly. She turned back by and by to the Lady.

"There's something I *wish* you could

tell me," she said, with her wistful little face uplifted. "It's if you think it would be polite to ask my father to put me to bed instead of Marie—just unbutton me, you know, and pray me. I was going to ask my mother to-morrow night if my father did to-night. I thought—I thought"—the Child hesitated for adequate words—"it would be the lovingest way to love him, for you feel a little intimater with persons when they put you to bed. Sometimes I feel that way with Marie—a very little. I wish you could nod your head if you thought it would be polite."

The Child's eyes, fastened upon the picture, were intently serious. And again the Lady seemed to nod.

"Oh, you're nodding yes!—I b'lieve you're nodding yes! Thank you ve-ry much—now I shall ask him to. Good-by. Give my love to the baby." And the little figure moved away sedately.

To ask him in the manner of a formal invitation with "yours very truly" in it appeared to the Child upon thoughtful deliberation to be the best way. She did not feel very intimate yet with her father, but of course it might be different after he unbuttoned her and prayed her.

Hence the formal invitation:

"Dear farther you are respectably invited to put yore little girl to bed tonite at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7. Yores very truely

"R s v p. Elizabeth.

"P.s. the little girl is me."

It was all original except the "R s v p" and the fraction. The Child had asked Marie how to write "half," and the other she had found in the corner of one of her mother's formal invitations. She did not know what the four letters meant, but they made the invitation look nicer, and she could make lovely capital "R's."

At lunch-time the Child stole upstairs and deposited her little folded note on top of her father's manuscript. Her heart beat strangely fast as she did it. She had still a lurking fear that it might not be polite.

On the way back she hurried into the company-room, up to the Lady. "I've done it!" she reported, breathlessly. "I hope it was polite—oh, I hope he will!"

The Child's father ate his lunch si-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

ELIZABETH

lently and a little hastily, as if to get it over. On the opposite side of the table the Child's mother ate hers silently and a little hastily. It was the usual way of their meals. The few casual things they said had to do with the weather or the salad. Then it was over and they separated, each to his own side of the divided house.

The father took up his pen to write—it seemed all there was left to do now. But the tiny folded note arrested his hand, and he stared in amazement. The Child had inadvertently set her seal upon it in the form of a little finger-print. So he knew it was hers. The first shock of hope it had awakened subsided into mere curiosity. But when he opened it, when he read it—

He sat a long time very still indeed—so still he could hear the rustle of manuscript pages in the other writing-room across the hall. Perhaps he sat there nearly all the afternoon, for the shadows lengthened before he seemed to move.

In the rush of thoughts that came to him two stood out most clearly—the memory of an awful day, when he had seemed to die a thousand deaths, and only come to life when a white-capped nurse came smiling to him and said, "It is a little girl," and the memory of a day two years ago, when a man and a woman had faced each other and said, "We will try to bear it, for the child."

The Child found her answer lying on her plate at nursery tea. Marie, who was bustling about the room getting things orderly for the night, heard a little gasp and turned in alarm. The Child was spelling out her letter with a radiant face that belied the gasp. There was something in the lonely little figure's eagerness that appealed even to the unemotional maid, and for a moment there was likelihood of a strange thing happening. But the crisis was quickly over, and Marie, with the kiss unpressed on her lips, went on with her work. Emotions were rare with Marie.

"'Dear Little Girl Who Is You,'" spelled the Child, in a soft ecstasy, yet not without dread of what might come, supposing he thought she had been im-

"'Dear Little Girl Who Is You,'" she hurriedly began again, "'your farther will be happy to accept your kind in-

itation for 1½ past 7 this evening. Will you please call for him, as he is a little — b-a-s-h-f-u-l' — Marie, what does b-a-s-h-f-u-l spell?" shrilled the eager voice. It was a new word.

Marie came over to the Child's chair. "How can I tell without I see it?" she said. But the Child drew away gently.

"This is a very intimate letter—you'll have to 'xcuse seeing it. Never mind, anyway, thank you,—I can guess it." And she guessed that it spelled the way she would feel when she called for her father at half past seven, for the Child was a little bashful, too. She told the Lady so.

"I don't *dread* it; I just wish it was over," she explained. "It makes me feel a little queer, you see. Probably you wouldn't feel that way if you was better acquainted with a person. Fathers and mothers are kind of strangers."

She was ready at seven o'clock, and sat, a little patient statue, watching the nursery clock. Marie, who planned to go out and had intended setting the hands of the clock ahead a little, was unwarrantably angry with the Child for sitting there so persistently. "Come," she said, impatiently; "I've got your nightgown ready. This clock's too slow."

"Truly, is it?" the Child questioned, anxiously. "Slow means it's 'most half past, doesn't it? Then I ought to be going!"

"Yes,—come along;" but Marie meant to bed, and the Child was already on her way to her father. She hurried back on second thought to explain to Marie.

"I've engaged somebody—there's somebody else going to put me to bed to-night. You needn't wait, Marie," she said, her voice oddly subdued and like some other little girl's voice in her repressed excitement.

He was waiting for her. He had been ready since half past six o'clock. Without a word—with only an odd little smile that set the Child at ease—he took her hand and went back with her. The door of the other writing-room was ajar, and they caught a glimpse as they went by of a slender, stooping figure. It did not turn.

"This is my room," the Child introduced, gayly. The worst was over now and all the rest was best. "You've never

been in my room before, have you? This is where I keep my clothes, and this is my undressing-chair. This is where Marie sits—you're Marie to-night!" The Child's voice rang out in sudden sweet laughter. It was such a funny idea! She was not a very laughing Child, and the little rippling sound had the effect of escaping from imprisonment and exulting at its freedom.

"You never unbuttoned a little girl before, did you? I'll have to learn you."

"Teach you," he corrected her, gently.

"Marie says learn you. But of course I'll say 'teach' if you like it better," with the ready courtesy of a hostess. "You begin with my feet and go backwards!" Again the escaped laughter. The Child was happy.

Down the hall where the slender figure stooped above the delicately written pages the little laugh travelled again and again. By and by another laugh, deep and rich, came hand in hand with it. Then the figure straightened tensely, for this new laugh was rarer even than the Child's. Two years—two years and more since she had heard this one.

"Now it is time to pray me," the Child said, dropping into sudden solemnity. "Marie lets me kneel to her—" hesitating questioningly. Then: "It's pleasanter to kneel to somebody—"

"Kneel to me," he whispered. His face grew a little white, and his hand, when he caressed lightly the frolic-rumpled little head, was not steady. The stone mask of the man dropped off completely, and underneath were tenderness and pain and love.

"Now I lame me down to sleep—no, I want to say another one to-night, Lord God, if Thee please. This is a very particular night, because my father is in it. Bless my father, Lord God, oh, bless my father! This is his day. I've loved him all day, and I'm going to again day after to-morrow. But to-morrow I must love my mother. It would be easier to love them both forever and ever Amen."

The Child slipped into bed and slept happily, but the man who was father of the Child had new thoughts to think, and it took time. He found he had not thought nearly all of them in his afternoon vigil. On his way back to his lonely study he walked a little slower past

the other lonely study. The stooping of the slender figure newly troubled him.

The plan worked satisfactorily to the Child, though there was always the danger of getting the days mixed. The first mother-day had been as "intimate" and delightful as the first father-one. They followed each other intimately and delightfully in a long succession. Marie found her perfunctory services less and less in requisition, and her dazed comprehension of things was divided equally with her self-gratulation. Life in this new and unexpected condition of affairs was easier to Marie.

"I'm having a beautiful time," the Child one day reported to the Lady, "only sometimes I get a little dizzy trying to remember which is which. My father is which to-day." And it was at that bedtime, after an unusually active day, that the Child fell asleep at her prayer. Her rumpled head sagged more and more on her delicate neck, till it rested sidewise on the supporting knees, and the Child was asleep.

There was a slight stir in the doorway.

"'Sh! don't move—sit perfectly still!" came in a whisper as a slender figure moved forward softly into the room.

"Richard, don't move! The poor little tired thing—do you think you could slip out without moving while I hold up her head—oh, I mean without *joggling*? Now—oh, mamma's little tired baby! There, there!—'Sh! Now you hold her head and let me sit down—now put her here in my arms, Richard."

The transfer was safely made. They faced each other, she with her baby, he standing looking down at them. Their eyes met steadily. The Child's regular breathing alone stirred the silence of the little white room. Then he stooped to kiss the Child's face as she stooped, and their kisses seemed to meet. She did not start away, but smiled instead.

"I want her every day, Richard!" she said.

"I want her every day, Mary!"

"Then there is only one way. Last night she prayed to have things changed round—"

"Yes, Polly?"

"We'll change things round, Dick."

The Child was smiling in her sleep as if she heard them.

A Portrait by W. M. Chase

ART expression has undergone great changes with this generation. Under the newer light the centre of gravity has shifted, as in everything else, away from dead formulas. Old ideals stiffened by age have crumbled, and Mr. Chase in his time has done much toward overturning false gods and setting up new ones. The years spent in instructing the rising generation of painters, combined with his own sincere studies, have had great influence on native art. From an energetic pioneer he became the leader of the revolution that has been active for the past quarter-century. Feeling the thrill of actual affairs in modern life, he has fixed the standard for a thousand younger men who have shaped their artistic ideals under him. Antique studies have always had a mortuary suggestion for him, the reality of things being the sole norm to which he holds with breadth and steadiness. He trains his disciples to see and to render actual objects, holding that once they had learned to see they would find their own way of interpreting life and nature through the imagination.

The suppression of the emotional quality in his own productions is something to be regretted, since it is only the emotional side of a work of art that is contagious or that has the power to stir us to any real extent. Mr. Chase never sounds those notes that come from the depths of the human heart, neither does he strain theatrically to present things he has not seen or felt for himself, but in some recent canvases from his hand, of which this portrait belonging to Mr. William E. Guy, of St. Louis, is a noteworthy example, there is increasing evidence of the emergence of the restless energetic worker into that maturer estate of the calm thinker whose performance is marked by greater deliberation and repose.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



A PORTRAIT BY W. M. CHASE

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

The University of London

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

THE University of London is a university in London. Its relation to its own immediate community is even more impressive than its relation to the world is significant. In the roar of the traffic of the world's metropolis is yet heard the still, small voice of learning and of culture. A municipal university to be impressive must be large. A small one is in peril of becoming the object of ridicule. The University of London has not only a place in London, it is also an illustration to the world of the worth of a high ideal, long and nobly held, for ministering to the community; and it represents a method for bringing together into economical efficiency institutions of the higher and professional education.

The history and the present condition

of the University of London illustrate the methods of the growth of English character and of the English nation. More than three hundred and fifty years ago, in 1548, Sir Thomas Gresham founded a college in London which bore his name and which in a way still bears it. The purpose of Sir Thomas was to give to the citizens of London "means of academic instruction cheaper and more accessible than those of Cambridge and of Oxford." The foundation did not prosper. The fire of 1666, and personal disputes which were also hot, contributed to its decline, although Sir Christopher Wren and Barrow were among its officers. One hundred years after, it was said by a noted Presbyterian, "There is no city, in any learned nation, of London's magnitude or magnificence without a university in it."

The period of the Commonwealth was a period in which neither Oxford nor Cambridge could be regarded as suitable schools for the rearing of a godly ministry. But the project to build a university in London, despite the favor of Parliament, came to naught.

Indeed, about a quarter of the nineteenth century had passed before the endeavor was again made to establish a university in the world's great city. From the attempt made by Thomas Campbell, the poet, in 1825, to found University College, and from the granting of the first charter in 1836 to the university itself, through the granting of at least half a dozen charters in the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, down to the present day, the University of London has moved to and fro with that variableness which

marks the progress of most English institutions. The endeavor to establish an institution of the highest education has been beset by many difficulties. Its primary purpose and fundamental methods have been the subject of constant and not infrequently acrimonious debate. Should the institution be a teaching or only an examining body? If it were to be an examining body, should its examinations be limited to graduates of certain schools, or should the tests be thrown open to all? It has been obliged to contend against the indifference of a great commercial community—an indifference which harasses all institutions in a metropolis which are concerned with the higher education. The

university on the Thames has not been free from the opposition, at certain times, of the university on the sluggish Isis or on the Cam. It has suffered from the



SIR ARTHUR WILLIAM RUCKER, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.
Principal of the University of London

lack of a permanent and proper abiding-place. Its machinery has been complex and heavy. Like the administration of London itself, composed of municipal boroughs, metropolitan boroughs, county councils, rural councils, and parish courts, crossing and recrossing each other, it has to contend with elaborate, cumbersome, and conservative methods and conditions. Its revenues have been inadequate. Its progress has as a result been slow. Decades have been required to secure results which ought to have been gained in a year. Yet it has progressed. Gains once made have usually been held, and have proved to be the

cause of securing still further advancement. On its list of officers in the last two-thirds of a century it has had such names as Faraday, Senior, Airy, Thomas Arnold, Macaulay, Hallam, and George Cornwall Lewis. Its progress has been like the growth of the principle of civil liberty—sinuous and slow. Beset and defeated by opposing forces, crushed or harried by foes either open or disguised as friends, suffering from the lack of wisdom in enthusiastic but irrational supporters, restrained by the indifference of formal but stolid friends, it has yet gone forward.

To-day the University of London has become the most important institution for uniting, confederating, and coordinating all institutions of the higher education of Greater London. It is an institution in and of itself. But it is also, and more, an institution formed through other institutions which are affiliated with it.

These schools thus affiliated, while usually independent schools, are also schools recognizing their federation with the university. Commonly they con-

trol their own finances, make their own appointments of members of the teaching staff, and govern their students as they in their own corporate wisdom determine. They are, however, influenced in these scholastic activities by the whole university, in whose chief governing body—the senate—they are represented. They also feel the inspiration and the sense of relationship which belongs to association with a large body, administrative and scholarly. As the registrar of the university in a personal letter says: "A direction is given to the studies in all the institutions connected with the university by the curricula laid down for degrees by the senate. These curricula are drafted in the first instance by the boards of studies, which practically include teachers from all the various institutions, who are therefore brought into close intellectual contact; and, as a rule, the recommendations of the board with regard to curricula are adopted by the senate with little or no modification."

The University of London, therefore, may be compared to the relationship



KING'S COLLEGE



CHAPEL OF KING'S COLLEGE

which exists between the United States and each of the commonwealths which helps to constitute the United States. Yet the analogy is by no means complete. For there exists a University of London, apart from all confederation, and in its broader relation the University of London includes the whole federation. Each party to the confederation retains certain rights, yet each has surrendered certain of its rights to the whole body. The whole body determines or confirms certain methods and measures of each individual school. The system is a system of checks and of balances; it is also a system of related forces—educational and executive. It is a system—if a system at all it might be called—built up not by rule, but rather by principle, changing from year to year, but always enlarging, determined entirely by conditions, and its success assured by reason of the wisdom and force of the per-

sonalities which are in and beneath the whole movement.

The aim in this great affiliating process which has gone on, and is still bound to go on in yet larger relationships, is to put down educational eccentricities and anomalies and to raise the level of the higher education. The union of institutions has made a strength for each which the strongest previously lacked. In the carrying out of this purpose the characteristic English purpose and method have prevailed. The Englishman is conservative and individualistic. He is economical; he wastes nothing. He builds on and out of the past; he respects tradition. Unlike the French, he does not begin anew; he takes old institutions and adjusts them to new conditions. The French Revolution of 1789 illustrates the passion of the one nation for radicalism. The English Revolution of 1688 illustrates the willingness of the other nation to transmute

the old into the new. In making, therefore, a university for the great metropolis the London people have preferred to use the materials which the past has given them — materials heterogeneous and in some respects unworthy, but which represent the economy, the labor, and the sacrifice of generations, and so to change and to rechange the materials as to use them in the construction and reconstruction of a great university.

The confession is general, as it is sincere, on the part of the English people, that they feel little interest in education. The primary interests of the English people are social, political, and economic. Education has to fight for a proper standing. Under such a condition, the struggle of the University of London for worthy place and power is constant and heavy. But in making this struggle great forces are mobilized and worthy personalities are summoned into service. For making an impression in and through London, greatness in any institution is imperative. A small institution would be utterly neglected. Greatness contributes to greatness, littleness to littleness. The method, therefore, of the promoters and supporters has been and is wise, as their purpose is high. The university in London is the University of London. Yet it is also something more.

The university still recognizes two classes of students, known as external and internal. External students are those who enter in order to pass certain examinations. These students take on a very wide relationship. For the university has for years not only conducted examinations in London, but also in the colonies. It is possible for a student to obtain some of the degrees by examinations held entirely in his own colony. Yet it has been the desire of the University of London not to compete with colonial universities. Internal students are obliged to spend at least three years in London and to take such courses for the Bachelor's degree as are approved by the senate. These courses are usually offered in some one of the confederated schools of the university, or under teachers who are recognized by the senate. There are now about three thousand internal students and about seven hundred and fifty recognized teachers.

The great governing body of the university is the senate. It is composed of fifty-six persons. Membership is, on the whole, representative of the confederated schools. But also general personal reasons prevail. Two members at the present time are women. Among the members are the ablest of the able men who constitute the higher civil, social, literary, and educational life of the metropolis. It is to the dignity, public worthiness, as well as to the noble individual outstandingness of the members of this body, that credit should be given for the later creation and advancement of the great university. The university illustrates the truth—of which there is no need of illustration—that men are more than methods or measures.

The immediate scholastic equipment impresses the American observer as inadequate. The laboratories found in the main building are rather examining than teaching establishments. The chemistry, the physics, and the biology in which students are trained are taught rather in the separate institutions which go to make up the university than in the headquarters of the university itself. But in the great building of the university are found laboratories, large and not inadequately furnished, in which examinations are given, and which also, under certain conditions, may serve for teaching purposes. These laboratories, however, in comparison with such laboratories as are found in Chicago and in Cambridge, give the impression that the English idea of education is still the idea of two men talking to each other about high concerns. The thought of James A. Garfield regarding Mark Hopkins and the other man dominates in England even more than in the United States.

The significance of the university to the world is well illustrated in the fact that the university is in its administrative relationships housed in the noble building of the Imperial Institute. This impressive but somewhat nondescript structure was built as a memorial to the great Queen in 1887. It was filled with diverse and manifold treasures—mineral, agricultural, industrial—which represent the worth of the wealth of the possessions of the English crown. The officers of the university are disposed to lament

their lack of a building specifically and entirely their own. But the present condition seems to me to be not without peculiar significance. London is the world as no other city is. Its university, therefore, fittingly has specific relations with the world through the Imperial Institute.

The comparison of the University of London with Oxford and Cambridge presents a contrast almost as sharp as the contrast between the violet-crowned cities on the Isis and Cam and the Babylonian town on the Thames. The university in the metropolis has little or none of academic atmospheres or associations. It has no noiseless and shadowy quadrangles of velvety turf made soft and its grass fine by seven hundred years of cropping.

Its towers are not crowned with either time or ivy. Its common rooms play an insignificant part in academic fellow-

ship. Its chapels have small relation to kings or to Christ Church Cathedral. Neither prestige nor tradition rests upon it with a hand at once as loving as life and as heavy as death. The Middle Ages have flung over it no spell. Unreasoned and unreasonable beliefs have not troubled its students, nor have artificial or arbitrary discriminations proved determinative. What Oxford and Cambridge count as of primary worth—and in many respects such countings are of primary worth—London regards as secondary. And what London might regard as of first significance, the ancient foundations interpret as of less worth. Yet, be it said, that in many fundamental respects they are alike. They are both ministers of culture to humanity. Oxford is near the Thames as well as on the sluggish Isis.

But Oxford and Cambridge and London, a trinity blended into a unity,



THE MARBLE HALL.
The Stairway leads to the great Examination Room



ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

would offer a result as near academic perfection as the modern world possesses. For the three would create and train the man of refinement and appreciation, of gentleness without weakness, of persistence without stubbornness, of largeness without vagueness in thought or activity, and of quietness without indifference. It would also offer as a result the scholar—large, gracious, forceful—whose learning has not absorbed his humanity and whose love for the exact has not made his character small. Such a unity, too, would train the gentleman unto efficiency, whose selfwardness never becomes selfishness, who can inspire to service without being regarded as guilty of pertness. A further creation of such united academic training would be a worker at the world's tasks who could invite his soul and read, while he toils at his simple duties, the lessons of the eternities.

If the forces which have insured the progress of the last score of years of the higher education in London continue—and the evidence indicates that they will even increase in their worth—London will be as worthy a centre of the world's education as it is now of its commerce. Students will assemble in enlarging numbers. Research will be promoted. A distinct and definite service for the educational needs of humanity will be increased, as it is now measurably maintained. Great libraries will be established, and larger laboratories for professional training as well as for general cultivation will be equipped. The University of London, under fairly good conditions, should become the university of the world. It will still be, as I said in the beginning of this paper, a university in London, but it will not be simply a university of London.

The Silver Tea-Set

BY ALICE BROWN

ANN BARSTOW stood at the kitchen table, rubbing her silver tea-set. The house was poor and old, but very clean, and Ann—a thin little eager body—seemed to fit it perfectly. Her strong hands moved back and forth as if she were used to work and loved it for its own sake; but there were other things she loved, and the days that summer seemed to her fuller of life and motion than they had been since she was young. She had lived alone in this little clearing, backed by pine woods, for over thirty years, and every sound of sighing or falling branch was familiar to her, with every resinous tang. Ann thought there was no place on earth so fitted for a happy life as a curving cross-road where people seldom came; but her content increased this summer when young Jerry Hamlin began building a large house across the road, a few rods below her gate, to live there with his wife. When Ann heard the news, she was vaguely agitated by it. For a time it seemed as if something were about to invade her calm. But as the house went up, she began to find she liked the tapping of hammers and the sound of voices never addressed to her. When Jerry and his wife came to look at things, as they did nearly every day, and threw her a hearty word or a smile, she liked them, too, and it came to her that her old age was to be the brighter for company.

To-day the house was still and empty; she missed the workmen, and polished the harder, to take off her mind. A heavy step was at the door. She knew at once who it was: Mrs. John C. Briggs, walking slowly because her "heft" was great, and blooming with good-will all over her large face, framed in its thin blond hair.

"Come in," called Ann. "Set right down. I won't leave off my work. I'm all over this 'ere polishin' stuff."

Mrs. John C. sank into a seat, and devoted the first few moments to breathing.

"Well," said she, "I heard the workmen was off to-day; so I thought I'd poke in an' see the new house."

"Yes," said Ann, "they had to wait for mortar. It's goin' to be a nice pretty place, ain't it?"

"Complete. Well, I should think you'd be rejoiced to have neighbors, all alone as you be."

Ann smiled.

"I never see a lonesome minute," she said. "There's everything goin' on round in these woods. The birds an' flyin' things are jest as busy as the hand o' man, if ye know how to ketch 'em at it. Still, I guess I've got to the time o' life when I shall kinder enjoy neighbors."

"Ain't you never afraid?"

"I guess there's nothin' round here that's wuss'n myself," returned Ann, proffering the ancient witticism with a jocose certainty of its worth. "I ain't very darin', neither. Not much like father, I ain't, nor what brother Will used to be. Either o' them'd face Old Nick an' give him as good as he sent."

"Well, all I can say is, folks can't be too near for me. What would you do if you should be sick in the night?"

"I dunno," said Ann, gayly. "Set down an' suck my claws, I guess, an' wait till daylight. I can't think o' nothin' else." She had finished her polishing and set back the silver, to eye it with a critical and delighted gaze. Then she washed her hands at the sink, and brought out a fine white napkin from the highboy, and spread it on a little table between the windows. "I dunno but I'm dretful childish," she said, "but arter I've got it all rubbed up, I keep it here in sight, a day or two, it ketches the sun so. Then I set it away in the best-room cluzzet."

"It's real handsome," said Mrs. John C. "How many pieces be there? This is the whole on't, as I remember it."

"Jest as you see it. Yes, 'tis handsome. Mother set the world by it."

"I dunno but I'd ruther have the wuth on't," said Mrs. John C., as she had said many times before.

"Well," agreed Ann, "I dunno but father would. He wa'n't doin' very well that year. I was a little mite of a thing then, an' I remember it all as if 'twan't



"I GUESS THERE'S NOTHIN' ROUND HERE THAT'S WUSS'N MYSELF"

but yesterday. Father come in, an' he says: 'Well, I guess I've saved the judge a pretty good smash-up. That span o' colts run away down the river road.'

"Who's in the carriage?" says mother. 'He drivin' himself?' 'No,' says father. 'He'd jest lifted Annie in, an' there was a paper blew along the road, an' they started.' 'Annie?' says mother; 'that little mite? He don't deserve to have a child. Why, father,' says she, lookin' up over her glasses — mother had near-

sighted eyes,—'your clo's are all tore off o' you, an' there's your hand all bleedin'.' Father begun to wash himself up at the sink, an' while he stood there, in walked the judge. He was white as a cloth. 'Barstow,' says he, 'you name anything you want that's in my power to git ye,

an' you shall have it.'

'Twas a pretty hard year for father, as I told ye, but he never asked favors from nobody. I can see jest how he looked when he turned round an' answered. Father was a real handsome man.

'Much obleeged, judge,' says he. 'I don't want nothin' I can't git for myself.'

The judge looked kinder hurt, but he turned to mother.

'Mis' Barstow,' says he, 'can't you think o' some kind of a keepsake you'd like?'

Mother spoke up as quick as a wink. 'I

want a little mite of a silver pitcher for cream,' says she. 'I

see one when I was a little girl.'

'You shall have it,' says the judge; an' 'twan't

a week afore this set come, all marked

complete. I never see anybody quite so

tickled as mother was; an' father he

kinder laughed. He couldn't help it, to

think how she got ahead of him."

"Well," said the visitor again, "it's as handsome as ever I see." She got slowly on her feet. "There! I guess I must be movin' along. We're goin' up to the street right arter dinner, an' I must have it early. Don't you want to send?"

"I'd like some molasses."

"Well, we'll drive this way an' call an' git the jug. Come over an' see us, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. You come again."

When she was gone, Ann, under the suggestion of an early dinner, set about getting her own. She had some calf's head from the day before, and she warmed it up with herbs. The kitchen smelled delightfully, and as she set out the food on her bare table, always scoured white to save the use of a cloth, she felt the richness of her own comfortable life. She ate peacefully, sitting there in the sun and watching her shining silver, and just as she was finishing there came a knock at the door.

"Walk right in," called Ann; but as nobody responded, she got up and opened the door herself. A young man stood on the broad stone, shabby, dust-covered, and with a tired face. The face was sullen, too. He looked as if life had been uncivil to him and he hated it. Ann felt a little shock, like a quicker heart-beat. It was in some subtle way like the face of her brother Will, who had died in his reckless youth.

"Gi' me a bite o' suthin' to eat," he said, as if it were a formula he had often used. "I ain't had a meal for a week."

"Massy sakes! yes," said Ann. "Come right in. Here, you set there, an' I'll warm it up a mite. I didn't have no pertaters to-day—I was in a kind of a hurry—but I guess you can make out with bread."

He took the chair and watched her while she set on the spider again and warmed her savory dish. Ann filled the kettle at the same time. She judged that he might like a cup of tea, and told herself she would sit down and take it with him. But when the food was before him, he addressed himself to it, tacitly rejecting all her attempts to whip up conversation.

"You travellin' far?" asked Ann, over her own cup of tea, when she had skimmed the top of the milk for him.

"Not very." He frowned a little, and bent to his occupation. His hunger bore out what he had said. He cleared the dishes and drained the teapot. Then he rose, took his hat, and, without a look at Ann, jerked out a "much obliged," and was gone.

"Well," said Ann, smiling to herself ruefully, thinking of to-morrow's dinner, "talk about folks that eat an' run!"

But, washing the dishes and trying meantime to plan her happy afternoon, she could not put away the memory of her brother's eyes and one tumbling lock of hair, and whispers from the past were clamorous at her ear. Presently there was the sound of wheels, and Mrs. John C., perched beside her meagre husband, called from the door:

"Here we be, Ann. Where's your jug? What if you should clap on your bunnit an' ride along to the street?" She spoke cordially, judging that on such a spring day everybody was better out of the woods and upon the highway.

"No," said Ann. "I got too much to do. I'm goin' into the pines arter some goldthread an' sarsaparil'. 'Most time for spring bitters. But I'm obleeged to ye for takin' the jug."

Half an hour later Ann closed the door behind her and, with a little basket on her arm and a kitchen knife to dig with, wandered away to her dear retreat. There she worked less than she had expected, the sunshine was so beguiling. She found many spring treasures, the sort she came upon year after year and always with the same delighted wonder. A new leaf or a budding plant was enough to send Ann off into vistas of quiet joy. Spring clouds were thick, when she walked home, in a tumultuous white flock, and she liked them as well as the blue they covered. The earth was very satisfying to Ann. The air had made her hungry, and with a smile at her own haste, she drew out her little table and spread the cloth. Suddenly she stopped, as if a hand had grasped her heart. The room was different. A spot of brightness had gone out of it. The silver tea-set was not there. She hurried into the sitting-room, wild with hope that she might have set it away; but the place was empty. Ann went back into the kitchen, and sank down because her knees refused to hold her. Not once did she think of the value of what she had lost, but only as it linked the past to her own solitary days. The tea-set had been a kind of household deity, the memorial of her father's courage and her mother's happiness, a brighter sun of life than any that could rise again. She sat there still; her heart beat heavily.

"Ann!" It was Mrs. John C.'s voice from the wagon. "Come git your jug."

Ann rose and went weakly out.

"There 'tis in the back o' the wagon," said Mrs. John C. "John 'd git out, but the colt's possessed to start, an' I don't like to be left with the reins. Mercy, Ann! what's the matter o' you? You feel sick?"

Ann had dragged out the heavy jug, but there was no strength in her lean arms, and she swayed almost to the ground.

"No," she said, in a dull quiet, "I ain't sick; my silver tea-set's gone."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"I don't know," said Ann, in the same despairing way, "unless somebody's stole it."

"John, do you hear that?" cried Mrs. John C., in high excitement. "That silver tea-set's gone. It's the one Ann sets her life by, an' it's wuth I dunno what. Can't you do suthin'?"

John C. looked about him with a vague solemnity.

"Anybody could git into these woods," he said, "an' you'd have hard work to find out where."

"Hard work!" repeated Mrs. John C., in extreme scorn. "I guess 't'll be hard work, but so's a good many things. Don't set there talkin'. Don't you worry, Ann! We'll stir up the neighbors, an' 'f your tea-set's anywheres above ground, we'll have it back, or I'll miss my guess. Come, John, come. Le's git along."

Power and vengeance breathed from all her portly frame, and so they drove away, she even, as Ann saw, in her dull bewilderment, putting out a hand to shake the whip in its socket, and John C. holding in the plunging colt. Ann wearily tugged in the molasses-jug and put it in its place. Then she sat down by the window, trembling, not to think over what had happened, but to bear her loss as she might. From the first moment of discovering it, she had had no hope. Tragic things of this sort were strangers to her simple life, and now that one had come, she had no depth of experience to draw from. Death she could bear, or sickness if it came, because they pertained to the common lot; but it had never occurred to her that so resplendent a thing as a silver tea-set could belong to any one and then be reft away. The dusk gathered and thickened. The frogs were peep-

ing down by the old willows, and for the first time in her life the melancholy of early spring lay cold upon her heart. It was perhaps eight o'clock when she heard a hand at the door.

"Ann!" called Mrs. John C. "Ann, you there?"

Ann rose heavily.

"Come in," she said. "I'll light up." When she had set the lamp on the table and lighted it with a trembling hand, Mrs. John C., waiting to find a chair, gazed at her in wonder. Ann looked stricken. Her hair was disordered, her eyes were sunken, and suddenly she was old. Mrs. John C. spoke gently, moved out of her energetic sweep and swing.

"Law, Ann! don't you take it so terrible hard. 'Tain't wuth it, even a tea-set ain't. What should you say if I told you they'd got onto the track on't?"

"No," said Ann, out of her dull endurance, "they won't ever do that. When a thing o' that kind's gone, it's gone. Don't do no good to make a towse about it. I sha'n't ever see it again."

"Well, I guess I'd make a towse," said Mrs. John C., robustly. "If you won't, I will for ye. Mebbe you're nearer git-tin' it back than you think. I told John I wa'n't goin' to wait a minute. I run over to tell ye." Then Ann listened, though as one still without hope. "Sam Merrill'd been down the gully road, fencin'," continued Mrs. John C., now with an exuberant relish of her news, "an' when he was comin' home along by the old Pelton house he sees a kind of a tramp goin' in there. He was youngish, Sam said, an' he had on a light coat, an' the pockets on't bulged. What do you think o' that? Minute he said it, I says to myself, 'That's Ann's tea-set.'"

All at once there came a picture before Ann's eyes: not the tramp with the bulging pockets, as he sought the hospitality of the ruined house, but the same tramp as he stood on her door-stone and asked for food. The whole event was clear to her. She called herself a fool for not having known at once.

"Sam say anything more about him?" she asked, eagerly. "What he had on?"

"No. Come to think of it, yes, he did, too. Said he had on an old straw hat with a red an' blue band round it. Sam said he noticed that because 'twas so early



Drawn by C W Ashley

Half tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HE TOOK THE CHAIR AND WATCHED HER

for a straw. Said it looked more like a child's hat. Guessed he'd picked it up some'r's."

"Yes," said Ann, out of her daze, "so't did." Yet she was not thinking of the hat as it might identify a thief, but of the brows under it, with a look she used to know.

"Why, Ann Barstow!" Mrs. John C. was saying, "you don't mean to tell me you see him yourself?"

Suddenly it seemed to Ann as if it were not the young tramp they were recalling, but her brother himself.

"No," she said, defiantly. "I jest put in a word, that's all."

Mrs. John C. swept on in the strain of her hopeful heralding.

"So, soon as Sam told that—'twa'n't more'n half an hour ago—I says to him, 'You go an' stir up some o' the boys, an' 'long towards ten o'clock you jest surround the old Pelton house an' git him, tea-set an' all. Stan's to reason,' says I, 'it's an old deserted house, an' he's goin' to git part of a night's rest there. 'Fore mornin' he'll be up an' put for some banjin'-place he's got, an' then that silver 'll be melted up an' you never 'll see hide nor hair on't again.' One spell I thought mebbe he was goin' to build up a fire in the old fireplace an' melt it right then an' there; but John says 'tain't likely. Says you need more heat 'n that to melt up silver." She paused for want of breath.

"Be they goin' to do it?" asked Ann, faintly.

"Who?"

"Them young folks. Be they goin' to surround him an' take him up?"

"Well, I guess they be," said Mrs. John C., rising and drawing her shawl about her. "They will if they've got any seem to 'em. So I told 'em when we was talkin' on't over."

Ann followed her to the door.

"If they should come acrost the tea-set," she hesitated, "mebbe they'd git hold o' that an' let him go."

Mrs. John C. gave her a reassuring touch with her capable right hand.

"Don't you worry," she said, out of cheerful experience of her own enterprise. "I see to that. I says to John C., 'He ain't a-goin' to slip out an' git away. It's goin' to be done accordin' to law an' or-

der,' I says. 'I sha'n't sleep a wink till that scoundrel's landed in jail.' So I says to John C., 'You harness up the colt an' ride over an' git the sheriff, an' when the boys pitch onto him, have him ready to clap the handcuffs right on.' Don't you worry, Ann. You'll see your tea-set yit."

Ann stood at the door, hearing her walking heavily away, and a gentle rage possessed her when she realized how broad her back looked, how capable of carrying burdens to their goal. She was deeply attached to Mrs. John C., but she realized how impossible it was to block her purposes. Hitherto they had all seemed beneficent ones; but now Ann felt something of the indignant protest that always surged in her when she saw a sleek and prosperous cat baiting a mouse. She went in and sat down again, with a double anxiety upon her. It was not only her tea-set she lamented, but the hardness of life wherein any creature should be worried down and caught. And she remembered, as she did not in loyalty allow herself to remember often, that her brother also had been wild. Suddenly something roused her. It was not so much a thought as a touch upon her heart, and she sat up straight, as full of fire and purpose as Mrs. John C. herself, only it was purpose of another kind. Mrs. John C. had the force of weight, and in Ann there were tense fibres of youth, not yet done thrilling. She threw her little shawl over her head and hurried out of the house. For an instant she paused, with a new impulse of caution, to lock the door. Then with a scorn of her present possessions, her one treasure gone, she latched it only, and took the wood path to the swamp. Ann walked with a trained delicacy and caution suited to the woods. The thrilling of the frogs grew louder, and shortly she was at the old lightning oak that served her for a landmark. Before her lay the boggy place where she came in all warm seasons of the year for one thing or another: the wild marsh-marigold, good for greens, thoroughwort, and the root of the sweet-flag. P'ison flag grew here, too, the sturdy, delicate iris that made the swamp so gay. Ann stayed a moment for breath. Haste haddriven the blood to her face, and the cool spring air seemed to generate in her



"YOU LET ME IN!" SHE CALLED AGAIN

the heat of summer. Until now she had loved the sound of the frogs, piping in the spring, but in the irritation of her trouble she spoke aloud to them: "Can't anybody be allowed to hear themselves think?" The haste of her errand tapped her again upon the arm, and she picked up the board which was one of the tools of her trade, left always at the foot of the lightning oak, and with it skirted the swamp to the east where the tussocks were large. Then, throwing her board before her from one foothold to another, she crossed the swamp. Twice she had fallen, and her dress was wet. She was muddy to the knees, but she wrung out her heavy skirts and ran along the path she knew to the door of the deserted house.

Ann thought she had never seen a place so still. It had the desolation of a spot where life has been and where it is no more. She listened a moment, her eyes

searching the dark bulk of the house, her hand upon her racing heart. She smelled smoke. Then she called:

"You there? I know ye be. Open the door."

There was no sound. She tried the door, and, finding it bolted, shook the handle with all the force of her strong arms.

"You let me in," she called again. "I've got suthin' to say to ye. It's suthin' you'll be glad to hear." But after she had waited a moment in the taunting stillness, she withdrew a little that her voice might reach him, wherever he might be.

"I know all about it. You've took my silver tea-set an' you've got it in there now. Other folks knows it, too, an' about moonrise they're comin' here an' surround the house an' make you give it up." She paused for an eager breath. The futility of the moment choked her. "You

hear to me," she called again, in her strained, beseeching voice. "'Twon't do ye no good to hide, for they know you're there. An' 'twon't do ye no good to fight, for there's a whole b'ilin' of 'em, an' like's not they've got guns. Now when I'm gone—I'm goin' right off home now—you slip out the back o' the house an' go as straight as you can cut, right acrost the pastur'. That 'll bring you to a lane. You turn to your right an' foller it, an' it 'll take ye onto the highroad. Then you take that an' keep to your left. T'others 'll come from the right. An' if you find a good hidin'-place, you better clap the tea-set into it, under some brush or suthin', an' come back arter it some other time. Ye see, they've started up the sheriff an' I dunno what all. Mis' John C.'s puttin' on't through, an' mebbe they've telegraphed over the country by this time. 'Tain't any small matter, takin' a silver tea-set so. I'm terrible worried about ye. There! Now I'm goin'. You wait a minute, if ye don't want me to see ye. Then you can put."

But when she had taken a dozen steps on her homeward way, she returned as hastily. Her voice broke again upon the stillness, with a thrill in it of renewed beseeching. "Look here, you! One thing you do, fust thing arter you git away from here. You see 'f you can't find some work an' you do it." The present experience seemed to have fallen away from her. She might have been addressing the boy who also had been wild in those years so long ago. "You keep on this way an' you'll end in jail an' I dunno but suthin' that's wuss. Mebbe nobody won't ketch ye this time—you better melt the tea-set up soon as ever you can—but some time they will. Now you mind what I tell ye."

This time she did turn away, and with her light and knowing step plunged into the woods. Once there, as she remembered afterwards, her knees seemed to fail her, but she went weakly on, until, at a good distance from the house, she sat down on a bank under the sighing pines and leaned against a tree to let the cool air touch her face. "My suz!" she breathed. Her mind was all a mingling of past and present, but chiefly it seemed to be invaded by a young face, sullen sometimes like the tramp's, and then again gay with laughter. When she came

to her every-day frame of mind, the woods were still, and to her vivid sensibilities more deserted. She made no doubt the thief was gone in the way she had marked out for him. Ann had a childlike sense that he would believe her, because she meant so well. She took her own path soberly home again, not across the marsh this time, but half the way by the highroad. At one point she caught the sound of voices, subdued to the mysterious note of the hour itself. She stepped over a stone wall and lay down in the damp bracken there, and in a moment, as she expected, the cautious steps went by her on their quest, a party of eight or ten, as she judged, raising her head cautiously from her retreat to look and listen. Then she lay down again, chuckling softly as she did when the mouse escaped, even though it was to gnaw her cheese. And presently she took the road, and so went home. Ann could not go to bed that night. It was not that she expected news, but she had a feeling that powers were abroad to shape and guide things, and that, though humbly, she must be among them. Perhaps it was the excitement of the time and stirring memories, but, for whatever reason, it seemed to her that her "folks" were all about her, strengthening her to the kindnesses and the loyalties of life. She was not in the habit of praying; but as she lay upon the lounge in the kitchen, between waking and sleep, she kept saying to some hidden power: "You look out for him. Young folks don't know half the time what's best for 'em." And toward morning, in her confused state between life and sleep, she hardly knew whether it was her brother she prayed for or the unknown man. Once she heard a quick, sharp noise as if a window opened. She started up. "Yes, yes!" she called, out of her dream. "You want me? I'm right here." But no one answered, and she settled again to sleep.

It was seven o'clock when she opened her eyes to find the kitchen flooded with light. It was a brilliant day, but she was stiff and cold. After she had started her fire, she went into the bedroom to comb her hair and glance into the little blurred mirror she sometimes found her only company. The window was wide, the fresh May air blowing in, and there

under the window on the floor was her silver tea-set. Ann sat down before it and gathered it into her arms as if it were a child. The tears ran down her cheeks. "To think," she kept saying, "to think he fetched it back. Only to think on't!" And while she sat there, very happy with the tea-set in her lap, she heard a step she knew. She came swiftly to her feet. Then she put the silver on her bureau in a shining row, and questioned her face in the glass. The tears were on it still, but that hardly mattered on a face that smiled so hard. But she did wipe away the drops with her apron, and then hurried into the kitchen to meet her visitor. Mrs. John C. was bedraggled from loss of sleep, and defeat sat upon her shining brow.

"Well, Ann," she said, gloomily, "I ain't got any news for ye. He wa'n't there, arter all, though there'd been a fire an' they found he cooked himself some eggs. But they're goin' to beat up the woods arter breakfast, an' if he's above ground he's goin' to be found."

Ann could scarcely sober her smiling mouth.

"You tell 'em it's all right," she announced, jubilantly. "Where do you s'pose I found it? In my bedroom, arter all."

Mrs. John C. regarded her with blighting incredulity. Ann had been guiltily careless, and yet she expressed no grief over the trouble she had made. It was beyond belief.

"Ann Barstow," said she, "you don't mean to tell me you had this whole township up traipsin' the woods all night, an' me without a wink o' sleep, an' that tea-set in your bedroom, arter all?"

Ann did flush guiltily. Her eyes fell.

"You beseech 'em not to think hard of me," she urged. "I never do put it in my bedroom—you know yourself them two places I keep it in—but there 'twas."

Mrs. John C. turned majestically to be gone. She spoke with an emphasis that seemed, even to her, inadequate.

"Well, Ann Barstow, I should think you was losin' your mind."

"Mebbe I be," said Ann, joyously, following her to the door. "Mebbe I be. But there's my tea-set. I'm terrible pleased."

Offering

BY BERTHA G. CROZIER

DEAR Lord, I come to Thee with empty hands,—
No gift I bring.
So busy was I, that there seemed no time
For garnering.

To one athirst beside me, Lord, I gave
The cup I bore.
And to a weary comrade lent the strength
He needed sore.

A little, tender child, in tears, afraid,
Clung close to me,
And him I carried. So, to glean, my hands
Were never free.

Dear Lord, ashamed, I hide my face! I came
Through golden lands;
And yet, at last, can only offer Thee
My weary hands!

The Last of a Great Sultan

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

IT is a solemn thing to have an audience with such as have power of life and death—especially in states where the habeas corpus passes for political poison. This thought went through me as I sat in the presence of His Imperial Highness Sri Paduka Bawa Duli Sultan Hashim Jalil-Ul-Alam Akamadin Ibni Almerhum Sri Paduka Manlana Sultan Omar Ali Saijudin, the twenty-fifth of his illustrious dynasty in Brunei.

I may not have got in all his titles—he is a modest man. But for these few I have official authority no less than that of H. B. M. Acting Consul at Brunei, a Scot after my own heart—fond of speculating on cause and effect.

There was room for speculation, for my seat had been placed on the Sultan's right, immediately in front of a long brass smooth-bore muzzle-loading piece of artillery, behind which piece stood a brown gentleman with a turban on his head and a torch in his hand—said torch being occasionally used for the lighting of cigars. It would not have been etiquette to have asked whether the brass piece was or was not loaded.

But maybe I am going ahead too fast. Perhaps you have never been to Brunei—perhaps you do not know that the Sultan of Brunei is the hereditary Sultan, not merely of all Borneo and the bulk of the present Malay Archipelago, but that his ships dominated the Strait of Malacca, and that the southern states of China once sent him tribute.

To-day he stoutly claims dominion over several islands of the Philippine group—notably those which profess the faith of Islam.

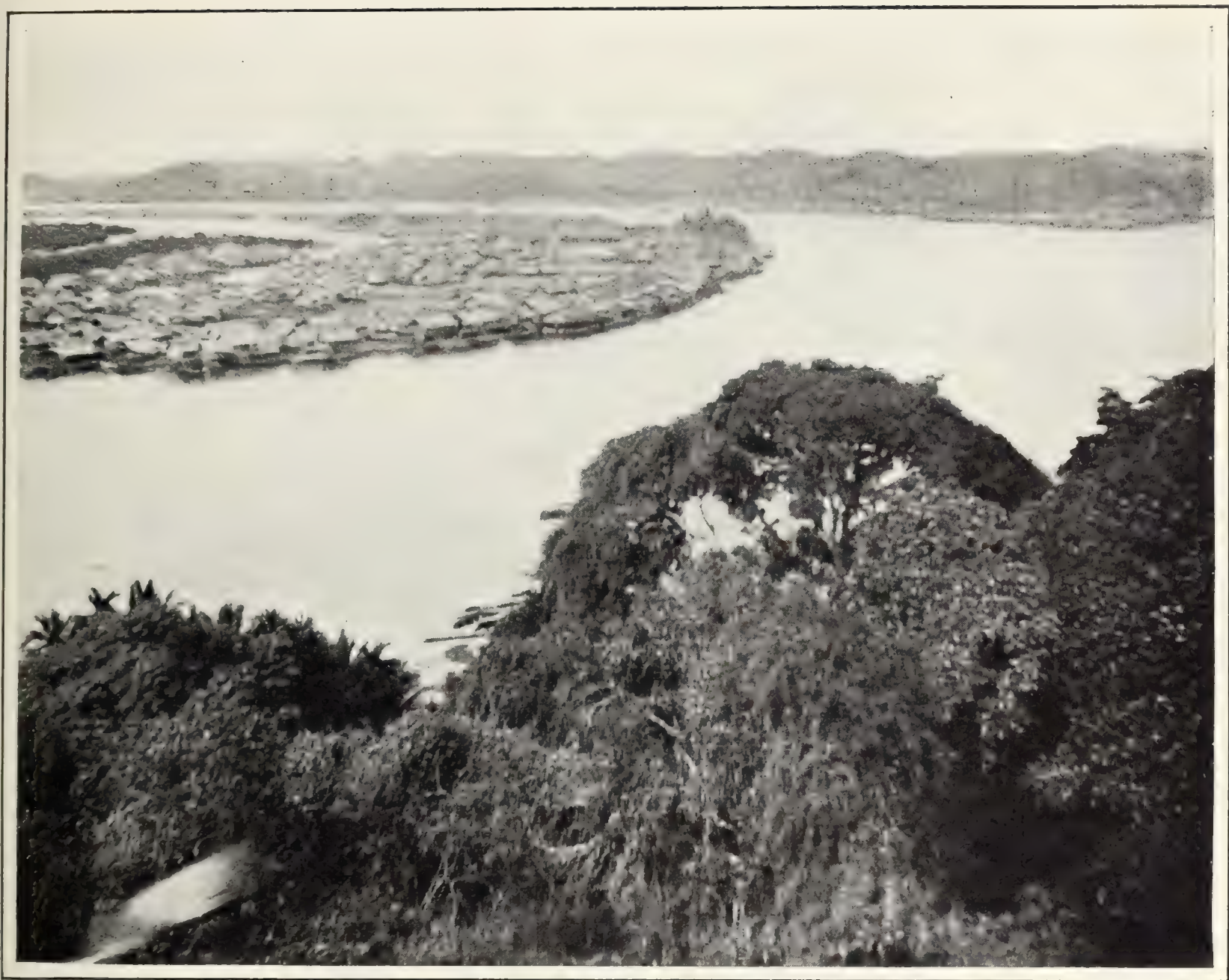
The Sultan of Brunei is eighty-three years of age—at least so he told me. And while he stoops as he walks, he makes the appearance rather of a temporary invalid than of an old man. He seemed pleased when I told him that he might pass for sixty; and indeed he might, for his face

is singularly free from wrinkles. His expression of benevolence suggests the late Leo XIII.—his smile is engaging, albeit tinged with sadness.

His house was ruling when the Roman Empire had hardly ceased to crumble. His ancestors gave the law to a vast Eastern Empire when Europe was but a patchwork of barbarous chiefs; and when, after centuries, Spanish and Portuguese found their way to the Spice Islands they laid propitiating gifts at the feet of the Borneo Sultan—as vassals, humbly begging the right to live within his dominions.

Brunei is still the metropolis of native Borneo—indeed the name Borneo is but a corruption of Brunei,—yet few maps show the existence of this empire. It is Venice in Borneo—a city whose streets are water, whose citizens are born in houses perched on slender piles, whose in and out going is the affair not of sidewalks, but of single-bladed paddles; where even the market is held afloat in the “Grand Canal,” where the shops are propelled through a fleet of prospective customers. Imagine a Henley week—innumerable small craft; dugout canoes, anywhere from a tiny water “perambulator” little larger than a cradle, through the successive sizes capable of holding a full-grown man—a dozen men,—to the covered-over barges of state which correspond to those of early Venice.

House-boats there are also at Brunei; but they have a commercial character, are mainly owned by Chinese, who fit them up as floating stores with show-cases and shelves on both sides—doors wide open. At bow and stern are Malay paddlers, while the proprietor sits at his side entrance offering his wares to the crowd of jostling canoeists, who handle their craft (we must be just) with infinitely more grace and good humor than the bulk of our aquatic brethren of Henley or even of the Adirondacks.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BRUNEI, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO

Brunei offers several advantages over Henley—for here it is the house-boat that circulates, but with infinite gentleness and good breeding. Am I exaggerating? Did I not have the ocular proof; did I not paddle among ten thousand other canoes at the heated moment of market activity, a short while before its close? Did I hear a single word of profanity? Did I note a single rude jostling of one boat against another? Did I even have occasion to feel hostile atmosphere? On the contrary, in this Venice of the brown man, courtesy was of the blood—I am convinced that the true gentleman originated in Borneo.

But I am getting away from the Sultan.

His messenger, no less than the lordly Orang Kaya Maharaja di Rajah, had given us notice that his Majesty would receive me at two o'clock on that same afternoon,—and at two punctually we glided up to the palace steps. Our canoe was of the grandest pattern—a dugout

as to hull, sides built up a trifle, a platform of bamboo by way of deck, and a thatch roof over the whole of it.

It was painted white, with a blue streak, and was propelled by six Malays, who squatted on the edge of the gunwale and plied paddles whose blades were as long as their handles. They wore velvet skull-caps—a head-covering corresponding somewhat to the fez of western Islam.

At the palace stairs we were met in state by the Grand Vizier, who gave us formal greeting in the name of his Imperial Highness, shook hands gravely, and then led the way to the throne-room, which was about a hundred yards distant along a covered wooden platform reared upon piles.

Now if this landing-stage suggests the approach to the Doge's Palace in Venice, my language needs some modification.

The royal approach resembled rather the steps which assist a hen in reaching her night lodgings; it was a broad ladder going up from the water to the imperial



HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI

From a photograph taken in his throne-room

platform, and the ascent of this required a certain degree of acrobatic agility.

The platform itself was interesting rather than secure. The boards beneath my feet appeared to require nailing here and there, and they rattled ominously—showed such seams as might have caused a broken leg of a dark night.

On either side of the landing were three pieces of antique artillery—mainly English, to judge by the inscriptions. It was on the tip of my tongue to ask the Lord Chancellor if these pieces had been the fruit of past piracy,—but this would have sounded personal.

The palace is a house on piles—it is the most imposing building in Brunei, of course. The imperial standard flies over it, and fifty yards from its front door is a little platform standing alone and con-

taining a saluting battery of guns made in Brunei—for in times past Brunei had a famous foundry.

This array of artillery to-day does not, as at Tangiers, serve even the purpose of saluting; for the British government forbids the importation of gunpowder, and the Sultan therefore can salute no one in the former noisy manner.

We walked along the royal platform, or wharf, for perhaps a hundred yards, and then stepped over a heavy beam which we may call the threshold of a house without doors. Here was a large chamber—at one end rose a gaudy piece of Chinese carving, painted red and yellow and green. It was a square box and the top seemed like that of a heathen shrine. This was the throne, but it was empty.

So I concluded that the Sultan would make his appearance later on, and meanwhile we might look about us.

On either side of this big room were apartments, probably harem and other domestic rooms, in front of which were planted pieces of artillery—this time of native manufacture.

The audience-room itself was about sixty feet long by thirty wide—the ceiling seemed thirty feet high. At the lower end sat in a row six grandees of the palace; two of them wore white turbans, green waistcoats, and long white gowns—advertising the fact that they had been to Mecca and were consequently entitled to more respect than their colleagues. I was presented to each in turn—shook hands, and was then escorted to the other end of the chamber, where stood the throne.

Around this audience-room ran a veranda on which many of the minor aristocracy squatted and watched proceedings with undisguised interest.

The Mohammedan of Malay waters differs from his coreligionary of Morocco in permitting himself a frank curiosity touching things of the outside world. In this matter he suggests the Japanese.

Indeed in my travels throughout the archipelago eastward of the Indian Ocean, from Singapore to the extremes of the Dutch East Indies, I was much impressed by the degree to which the natives suggested Japan. The Philippines do not constitute an exception. There seems to me a greater gulf between the Japanese and the Chinese than between the Japanese and the natives of Borneo, Java, or Luzon.

In the middle of the room ran a long table suggesting the one in the House of Commons which divides the Government from the Opposition. On this table was a very familiar and very cheap reddish cloth such as is found on most tables in German beer-gardens.

There was another small round table immediately in front of the gaudy throne, and as we entered I noticed one whom I took to be a venerable Malay janitor arranging something there. This elderly gentleman offered me his hand—and then he waved us gracefully to the cane chairs at the muzzle of an artillery piece, of which there was one on each side of the

throne, each being guarded by a group of Malays.

I sat down as directed, wondering when the Sultan would appear.

Of course I was bubbling with curiosity anent many things, and sought my information from my consular neighbor.

“Who is the old nut-cracker in the big chair?” quoth I in a hoarse whisper.

“That’s Him!” returned my mentor, somewhat drily.

There was a painful pause. But how was I to have known that this was the great Sultan himself! I had met many crowned heads in my day. There was the great Moshesh of Basutoland—a monarch who greeted me in an opera-hat, a war-club, and a pair of spats. King Ja-Ja of West Africa also received me once in state—but then those two were negroes. Japanese and Siamese royalty have I met, to say nothing of the everyday article current in jaded Europe, but nothing anywhere prepared me for the Sultan of Brunei.

He wore a green smoking-cap about eight inches high, on which were worked texts from the Koran. On his feet he wore a pair of yellow gymnasium shoes, and beneath his dressing-gown I caught sight of white duck trousers. This gown looked in the dim light of the palace as though it had been stained by some brownish juice, there were many spots, but more competent authorities assured me that those spots were ornaments worked upon the white cloth.

From his waist down there hung a blue cloth skirt—the conventional native sarong, and by his side was a spittoon which he used freely.

His lips were stained with a reddish juice, possibly of betel-nut, and he was evidently chewing this throughout the audience.

But his face was very kindly and his manner dignified. He reminded me of the late President Kruger; the lines of the mouth were the same, the eyes very similar—likewise the forehead. Each had the long interval between the nose and lip.

But Kruger had the advantage in a strong nose, the key to firmness in a great man, to obstinacy in a narrow one.

The Sultan asked me my opinion of Brunei, to which I could safely answer

that I thought it one of the most beautiful spots I had so far been permitted to see,—and indeed it need not fear comparison with the Thames above Richmond or the Hudson near West Point.

He himself, having spent all his life amongst his own people, probably anticipated my answer, for he smiled in a gentle manner as though pleased to know that I had enough taste to appreciate the beauty of his capital, and then asked me why the United States did not give back to him the islands of the Philippine Archipelago which were a part of his ancestral estate.

While he put this somewhat embarrassing question a Lord Chamberlain approached his master bearing coffee in cups of European proportion and design but Japanese manufacture. Each of us was honored by a cup of exceedingly good coffee—made after the Turkish fashion—already sweetened.

I needed time in which to formulate an answer that would prevent his artillery from exploding, and at the same time not compromise either Washington or London. So I picked up the cup and signalled for assistance to my official mentor.

Fortunately another diversion made its appearance—implements of smoke. I had nearly called them cigars—or even cigarettes. They were twelve inches long and shaped like a cheroot or baseball club. The outside was a whitish leaf, a part of the Neepa palm—the inside was a very gentle and fragrant load of tobacco which looked in quantity sufficient to knock over even a Transvaal Boer.

I was about to decline, not being a smoker, when the consul said I *must*; so I seized one and while I examined it with curiosity he hurriedly coached me in the matter of Borneo foreign policy.

I was not to commit the government of the United States, much less that of Great Britain. The Sultan of Brunei was by treaty bound to hold foreign intercourse solely through the London government, and, moreover, as to the American islands, they had been ceded by Spain, who in her turn held them by treaty from the Sultan of Sulu.

However, at the Sultan's request, the British representative yielded so far as to permit a direct appeal from Brunei to Washington, especially after I had made

it plain to the Sultan that in this matter I acted only as a messenger of good-will between two mighty peoples.

And so here I do solemnly record once more the protest of Imperial Brunei against the American usurpation of several islands adjacent to Borneo—islands very precious to this Mohammedan Emperor, and worse than useless to the United States.

In parenthesis it may be well to state here, for the benefit of those who have not cruised in those waters, that Uncle Sam is crowding upon Borneo to an extent little dreamed of by those who originally accepted the surrender of Spain in 1898.

The Island of Taganak, claimed by us, is in the full fairway not more than seventeen miles from Sandakan, the chief port of British North Borneo. It is, like Helgoland at the mouth of the Elbe, of scant use to any one save for lighthouse or military purpose, and obviously should be owned by some government of Borneo. The Island of Tawi Tawi is but thirty-one miles easterly from the northeastern coast-line of British North Borneo. Balabak is but twenty-seven miles north of Balembangam. Kagayan Sulu is but sixty miles east-northeast from the northeastern end of Sulu.

All these islands are claimed by the United States, all are practically within Borneo waters—all have from time immemorial been accustomed to trade freely with Borneo on the one side and the Philippines on the other—at least up to the time of American occupation.

Soon entered a chamberlain with a huge candlestick, such as one sees on Roman Catholic altars—it was two feet high and had a base two feet in diameter. On it was a candle about one yard high. As the chamberlain placed this heavy thing before me, he bowed, then prostrated himself before the Sultan, folding his hands and stretching them far above his head.

Whether this was an act of worship, whether this candle was a religious emblem, whether the base was intended for holy water, whether the top was intended for Allah or for lighting cigars, I shall never know. To be on the safe side I refused to use it for purposes profane—and besides I am inclined to think that good tobacco should not come in contact

with the smoke of tallow. So I lit my long cheroot from a wooden match and found that the Sultan had furnished me with one of the most delicious smokes I had ever experienced.

Brunei is an immensely picturesque community—it is one of the very last states in which primitive society may be studied at first hand; in which justice is administered apparently without any legal machinery; in which the sovereign rules with apparently no rod heavier than the moral ascendancy he enjoys through being the twenty-fifth of his line.

There are but four white people in this city of 12,000 Malays, yet no man ever heard of injury offered to any one of them. The natives are warriors, head-hunting is the national pastime, the kreess is worn ostentatiously when the Malay moves about, and yet I felt in Brunei certainly as secure as in New York or London.

Of course now and then the Sultan is compelled to punish, and he does so in the good old-fashioned patriarchal man-

ner which prevails in all happy Islam countries, from the Strait of Gibraltar to the western edges of New Guinea. He does not waste much time in thumbing learned volumes—he has none nor needs any. He calls such witnesses as he deems useful, listens to as much of the evidence as he finds interesting, and then, with a quotation from the Koran, passes summary judgment from which there is no appeal save to Allah in the next world.

On the Sultan's table there lay a paper written in English; it was a certificate to the effect that the British acting consul had received from the Sultan eight gold dollars in order to pay for a buffalo which had been stolen and slaughtered by one of his subjects.

Now the thief had committed the indiscretion of permitting himself to be discovered with the incriminating buffalo meat in his possession. The British consul was appealed to by the owner of the buffalo, who was not a subject of the Sultan, but belonged in the neighboring state of Sarawak, whose war lord is an Englishman—Rajah Brooke.



FARMING WITH BUFFALO BY NATIVES OF BRUNEI

The case was complicated by the fact that said thief was in the habit of stealing buffalo from Sarawak and of sharing his plunder with the Sultan and his court. Already some fifty buffalo had been traced to this one man. The evidence was so overwhelming that the Sultan was forced to take action, much as he might secretly rejoice in anything which injured his enemy of Sarawak. So he held a grand court of justice and called before him the thief.

"Did you steal this buffalo?" quoth the Sultan.

"No," answered the man of Brunei.

"Then swear it on the Koran," quoth the Sultan.

The Brunei man swore as desired.

"There!" said the Sultan, turning to the consul; "the man swears on the Koran. He is innocent. Are you satisfied? I can do no more."

So the man was acquitted, for it would never have done to have punished this loyal subject of the Sultan who kept the imperial table supplied at so little cost of money.

But the Sultan, while he acquitted a notorious thief, deemed it politic to do justice in another form. He recognized the fact that a theft had been committed by one of his subjects. So

he sent down to the British consul sixteen silver dollars (worth \$8 gold), which were counted out in my presence, and for which formal receipt was given.

This decision pleased all in Brunei; it satisfied the Malay notion of justice—the victim received the price of his stolen buffalo. The consul was com-

pelled to regard this as proof that the Sultan was a stern enemy of crime; the real thief no doubt received a warning to be more careful in future; the supply of buffalo will not diminish.

As we left this interesting ruler, the Lord Chamberlain escorted us to our state barge, and the people stood about respectfully as we paddled away through the crowd of canoes and naked natives.

Here is the last of an empire whose name is that of the

largest island in the world. Dutch and English are now rivals on this soil. The enemy from whom the Sultan has most to fear is the one from whom he once hoped the most. He is being choked to death economically by the state of Sarawak, which now controls not only the territory to the south of him, but the very river that passes his door and on whose trade he has depended from earliest times.



THE SULTAN'S CHIEF MESSENGER

Photograph taken at the entrance to the Bungalow of the Acting British Consul, November, 1904

The Music of Bird Songs

BY HENRY OLDYS

BIRD song has been the theme of poets of all ages. To wander free in the courts of nature, far from the debasing influences of trade, political intrigue, and all the petty struggles and meannesses of mankind—to loiter amid these different scenes alone with one's soul—has been the peculiar pleasure of the sensitive and refined. Here, in the solitude, the spirit is less fettered; it is brought into contact with things that, less obvious of interpretation, permit the imagination to transform them to terms of higher thought and feeling. The meaning of telegraph pole or painted advertisement is so clear and insistent that it cannot be avoided, and their atmosphere is that of the present commonplace life; but rock, tree, squirrel, enter so remotely into the daily round of duties that they offer but an outline to be colored and shaded at will. Vague, too, is their place in time and locality, and the poet's touch changes them to suit his mood. Thus Nature leaves her suitor free to live among his ideals, to roam in a world of fancy.

The songs that rise in this realm of romance fall upon the ear of the loiterer like the tapping of leaves and acorns in the autumn wood. A subdued and harmonious background to reverie, or a definite object of attention as the spirit may will, they are always but a suggestion to be expanded according to the individual taste and sentiment of the listener. Through association they may come to possess the power to touch certain chords, but the shapes they thus assume are the phenomena; the songs themselves—the underlying noumena—are altogether different. Thus we hear in the note of the thrush a meditative hymn, in the field sparrow's vesper song a tender appeal, and that the strident cries of crow and jay bring thoughts of outlaws and freebooters, and the bluebird's mellow tones suggestions of vernal love.

To the poet every sensation brings its corresponding sentiment, and this transmutation is the highest purpose served by the music of field and grove. Whether the joy of feeling be accompanied by the joy of expression, or whether it remain a silent pleasure, there is no purer or more elevating influence than is derived from that upper realm of emotion in which the poet moves—a realm whose atmosphere distorts every image, a domain of unreality, but which is filled, nevertheless, with the eternal verity of soul truths.

The value of bird song to the poet is well known and recognized, and it is not the present purpose to dwell upon it further. There is another phase of human taste to which bird music appeals, where its service is almost entirely unappreciated. Poets have thronged the temple of nature, penetrating to the inner shrine, but seldom do we find a musician even at the portal. The musician is less dependent on externals than the poet. Four walls confine him far less; they form no barrier between him and that elysium to which his art or taste transports him. If he is found amid wilder scenes, it is in obedience to another mistress than music. Hence it is that while the value of bird song as an inspiration—a foundation for structures of the imagination—is freely utilized, its interest as pure music is little understood. It is for this reason that I would direct special attention to the melody of bird song—would tell in trumpet tones, if I could, that here and there amidst the interwoven mass of bird music are strands of as pure melody as ever grace the musical compositions of man—melody, let it be clearly understood, that is such when measured by the human standard. No poet's fancy is needed here, but the soul of the musician, to appreciate themes intermingled with the conglomerate and incoherent whole of the woodland symphony.

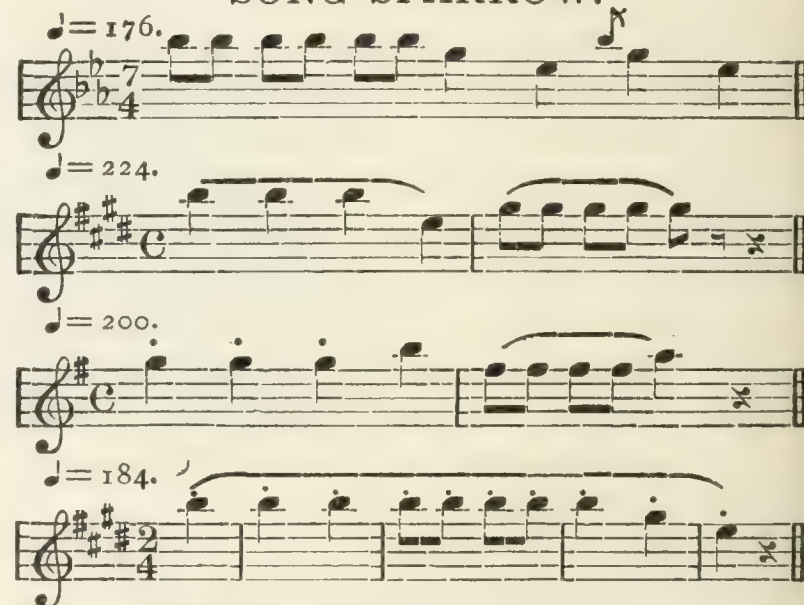
In the course of many years of rambling through the byways of nature's domain—rambling in which it is a pleasure to recall that the poetical spirit was far oftener dominant than the scientific or musical—I have caught and transferred to my note-book many such bits of melody. During these years I have been impressed with the diversity of musical capabilities of different individual birds of the same species. The range from Rubinstein to the blind beggar with his accordion finds a diminished parallel in several species of birds. Wood thrushes, song sparrows, and chewinks, particularly, in my experience, show every gradation from mastery to mediocrity. The differences are not merely in execution, but as well—let me boldly say—in temperament. It is not with the license accorded to the poetical fancy, but as a devotee of science, that I dare to affirm that among birds are to be found those varieties of feeling and taste that diversify mankind. In its music, as in everything else, the avian world is marked by innumerable shades of excellence, not only in quality of voice and style of execution, but in character of composition. From the wood thrush that sings disconnected phrases in untrue tones and with little regard for rhythm to the wood thrush that combines four attractive phrases in a rhythmical whole, introducing a beautiful modulation and then returning to the original key and closing with the tonic, is a wide musical range. The chewink that knows but one short and simple phrase has a long journey before him to reach the advanced point occupied by the chewink that, after an effective pause, follows a melodious theme in a major key with another in its relative minor key.

These individual differences of song would doubtless be shown by thorough investigation to exist in every species, though to the casual ear all the birds of certain species appear to sing the same notes in the same way; but in some they are plainly obvious to even careless attention. Perhaps the best-known example is furnished by the song sparrow. Half a century ago the variety of themes uttered by this species was noted and commented on, albeit with surprising inaccuracy. (The statement was made, and

accepted without dispute, that every song sparrow sang the same theme with six or eight variations, and that this constituted all of the vocal performances of these birds! It should be apparent, one would think, to the most casual listener that practically no two song sparrows sing the same notes. It may be added that in fifteen minutes' observation of one bird I noted twelve distinct themes, each different from any I had heard from any other song sparrow.)

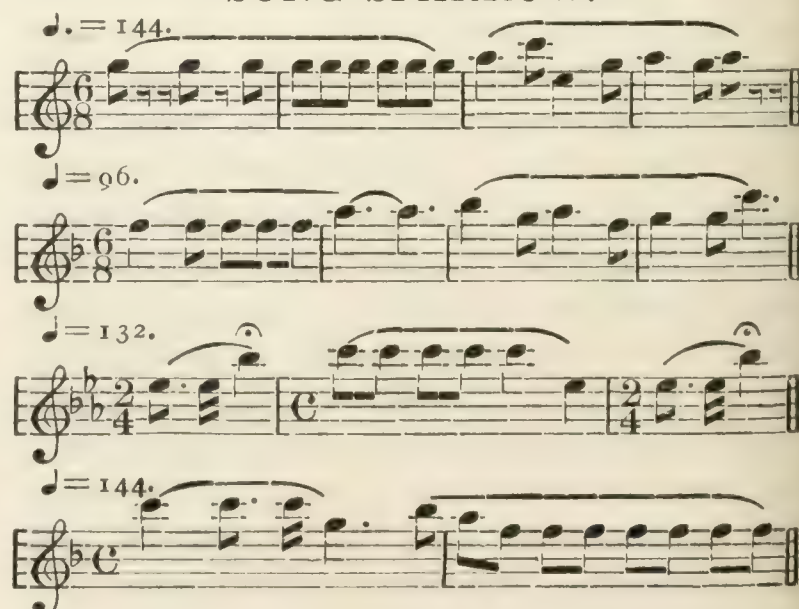
Many of the songs of song sparrows are impossible of notation on the musical staff, as they employ intervals other than those that compose our scale and often notes that are more or less indeterminate in pitch, owing to their unmusical quality. Among them, however, are others that show great variety of attractive melody and almost or quite exact accord with the intervals of the diatonic scale. Here are a few examples of simple themes:

SONG SPARROW.



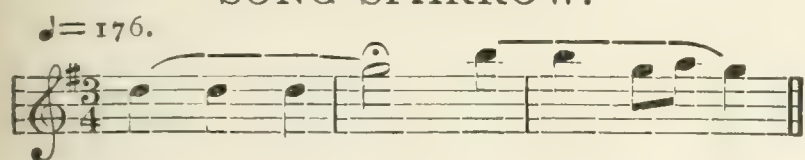
Not always, however, do the birds of this species confine themselves to such short phrases. Indeed, it is rather the rule that longer ones are uttered, such as:

SONG SPARROW.



Mingled with all these songs were notes, typical of song-sparrow music, that sounded somewhat unmusical, like the tone produced by striking a cracked goblet. Rarely is this mixed tone absent from a song-sparrow phrase; one, two, or more, sometimes all of the notes will have this quality, attractive, doubtless, from the sparrow point of view, but a defect to our differently developed taste. One phrase I have caught, however, that was composed entirely of clear tones:

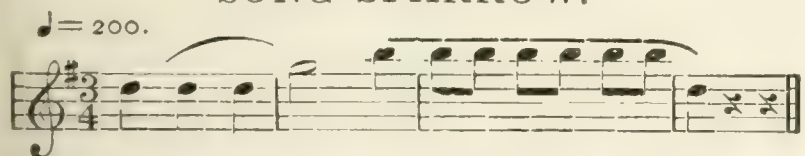
SONG SPARROW.



This pretty bit of a waltz was sung daily and many times a day by a song sparrow that makes its home at Linden, Maryland, a northern suburb of Washington (I use the present tense because of the well-known habit birds have of nesting year after year in the same locality. This particular bird I heard at the same place two years later, and doubt not I could hear it there every summer of its little life.)

The strain was sometimes slightly varied thus:

SONG SPARROW.

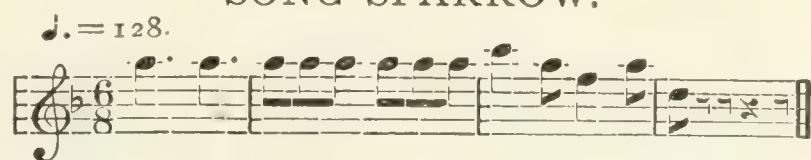


which forms, it will be noticed, a very good continuation of the waltz, though I never heard the two phrases coupled together by this composer.

The use of the term "composer," though applied in a playful way, suggests the thought, "How far are the songs of birds voluntary compositions?" That birds have an æsthetic sense and are capable of appreciating and do appreciate the beauty of song, plumage, and nest can hardly be questioned in the light of our present knowledge of their habits. Weissmann has pointed out that the musical sense is not a faculty that grows with the growth of the human race, and it is not difficult to believe that it is shared by creatures which are but a little lower than man in musical expression, and which are the only creatures besides man that combine into phrases different musical tones of distinct pitch. Imita-

tion, probably, plays an important part in the acquisition of song, though many notes seem to come by inheritance; but neither imitation nor inheritance can finally account for the songs of the song sparrow, in view of the fact that rarely if, indeed, ever do two individuals of this group utter the same combinations of tones. And when we reflect how many of these combinations are melodious, judged by an intelligent standard of melody, it is hard to account for them on grounds other than intelligent appreciation of their beauty. Everything in nature has some reason for existence. What purpose other than æsthetic is subserved by an attractive melody like the following song-sparrow utterance—

SONG SPARROW.



that would not be equally well accomplished by a combination of incoherent, unrhythmical, indefinite notes?

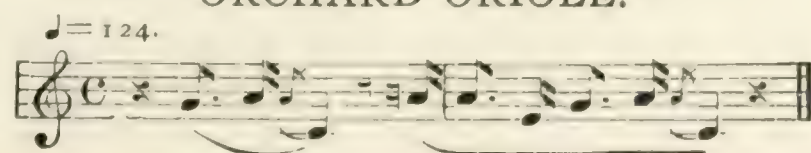
Why, too, do so many wood-thrush songs consist of two or more phrases that bear a definite musical relation to each other? Note this relationship in the following examples of two phrases thus coupled together:

WOOD THRUSH.



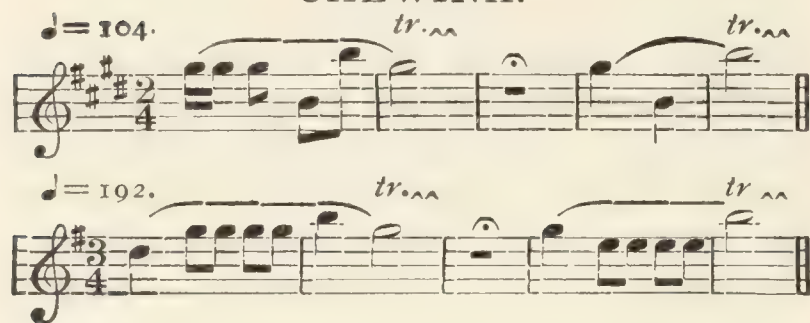
Such combinations are not confined to wood thrushes. Here is one from an orchard oriole:

ORCHARD ORIOLE.



And two from chewinks:

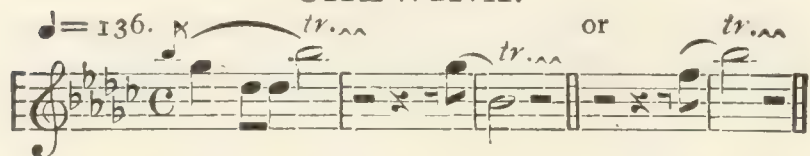
CHEWINK.



The last-quoted song is very melodious, and is particularly striking in that it passes from a major key (G) to the relative minor (E). It must be remembered that these are not haphazard combinations, but that they are repeatedly thus coupled by the singers.

The chewink that gave me the first of these songs also sang another, which had two distinct closing phrases, used *ad libitum*:

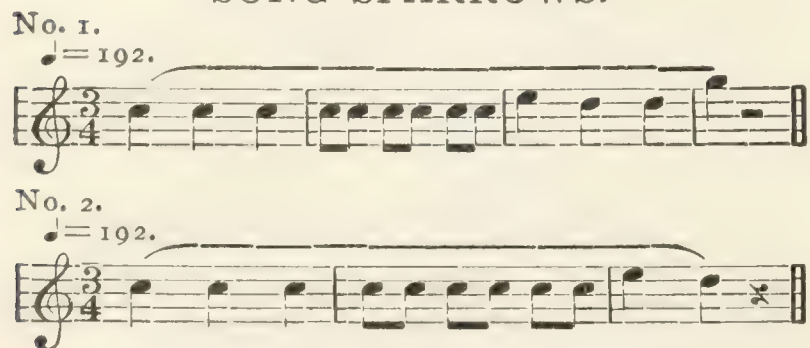
CHEWINK.



One drops down to B flat in closing, the other ascends to B flat; and it is particularly noteworthy that an attractive change of key is effected in the second phrase through the F that leads to the closing B flat.

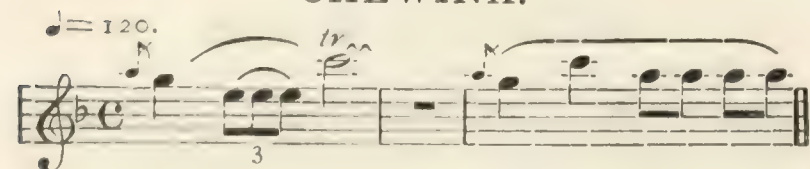
Sometimes the second phrase is sung by another bird, giving an antiphonal character to the music. Thus (to quote one example of a number that might be cited), I have heard two song sparrows regularly alternate the following phrases:

SONG SPARROWS.



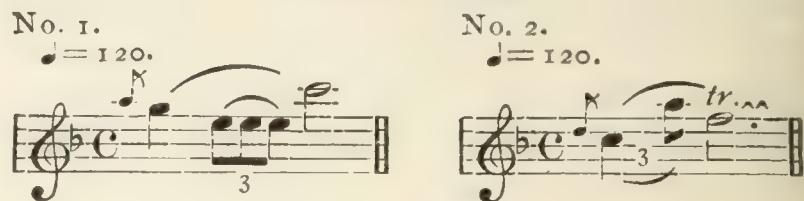
A curious case, in which both of these methods were combined, came to my attention in the summer of 1905. A chewink was singing a two-phrase song—

CHEWINK.



and had repeated it a number of times—long enough to allow me to note it, put my note-book away, and start to leave the spot—when another chewink, near by, suddenly cut in with a different ending, thus:

CHEWINKS.

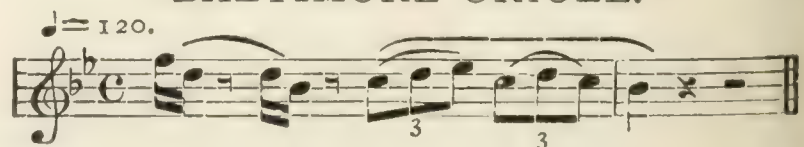


The effect was comical. It suggested the idea that the second bird's mental attitude in proffering the substitute might have been thus expressed: "Here, my friend, you have been racking my nerves with that musical suspense long enough; let me give your song a different ending." It recalled to my mind an anecdote of Beethoven, who is related to have risen from his bed at night, gone to the piano, resolved a suspended modulation which his nephew (I think it was) had left, and then, after having brought the harmonies to a complete resting-place, returned to bed, doubtless with a grim satisfaction.

Though drawing a parallel between the musical feeling of a bird and that of Beethoven is only within the province of the poet and has no place in the realm of the musician or scientist, yet my observations have convinced me that some birds have at least a shadow of that sense of tonality that is so prominent a feature in modern music. Several of the songs I have cited indicate this constant mental reference to a key-note which is alleged (though erroneously, I fully believe) to have had its origin in the human mind within the last three or four centuries, and several other examples may be brought forward in illustration of its existence in birds.

Here is the song of a Baltimore oriole:

BALTIMORE ORIOLE.



In this example the whole song tends directly to the key-note with which it closes.

Another was furnished by a chewink:

CHEWINK.

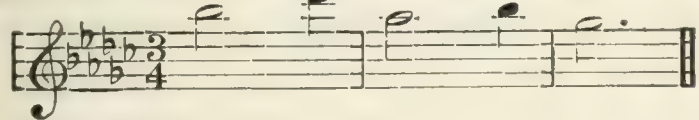
♩ = 112.



And a meadowlark gave me this graceful descent to the tonic in waltz time:

MEADOWLARK.

♩. = 68.



A summertanager, a year or two ago, was wont to regale me daily as I sat on my porch with a five-phrased song in which the sense of tonality seems to be almost overmastering:

SUMMER TANAGER.

♩ = 120.

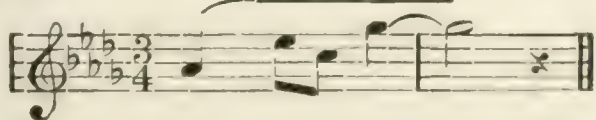


This song suggests the fancy that the singer was so impressed with the importance of the key-note that he was afraid to wander far from it, and finally, when he had reached a clear and unmistakable ending, clinched the matter by means of a repetition of the last phrase with its emphatic descent to the key-note.

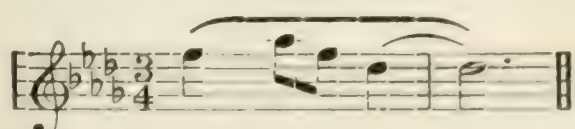
It is not necessary, of course, that a melody should close with the tonic in order to show governance by a sense of tonality. If the key be clearly marked, it matters not what the combination of notes used or what the closing note. Thus in the following phrase taken from a wood thrush—

WOOD THRUSH.

♩. = 112.



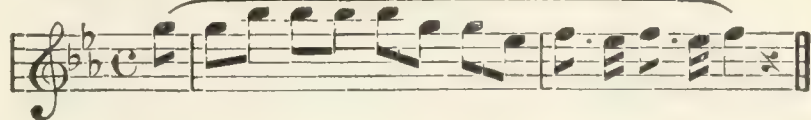
although the D flat is not used, there is no question that it is the key-note, and an appropriate ending would carry us to this note, thus:



So, too, in this very rhythmical melody furnished by a fox sparrow—

FOX SPARROW.

♩ = 128.



there is no question that the key of the song is E flat. Even in the abrupt change to another, distantly related key in this fragment of wood-thrush music—

WOOD THRUSH.

♩ = 128.



we cannot escape a sense that the phrase begins in A flat and ends in A natural.

The following very pretty melody, clearly sung by a ruby-crowned kinglet—

RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.

♩ = 140.



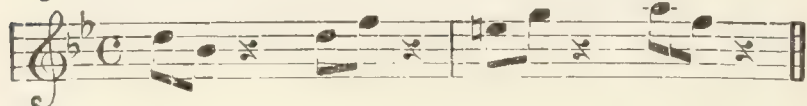
ends with a triple use of the key-note and gains thereby perfect completeness, even though the note occurs each time in an unaccented part of the measure and is followed by unemphasized grace-notes. In the first measure of this song the portamento was used with fine effect: the voice of the singer trembled down from C sharp to A with a beautiful quality of tone, and this touch made the music unique and exceedingly attractive. When I first heard the song (I was conducting an outing at the Vermont Academy at the time) I was at once struck with its distinctness and grace, due as much to the character of the melody as to the beauty of the voice of the bird.

That many of the songs of the birds are pure melodies, judged by our standard, can be further emphasized by treating them as fragmentary themes and developing them. Any of the phrases I have quoted could be used in an elaborate musical piece, and some are to be heard that are capable of treatment as the entire foundation on which such a musical structure might rest. Thus I once caught from a yellow-throated vireo—a bird whose songs usually have little that

appeals to our musical appreciation—the following combination of four two-note phrases:

YELLOW-THROATED VIREO.

$\text{♩} = 108.$



Here is a hint which a human composer could utilize with excellent effect. The theme could easily be extended in the following fashion:

$\text{♩} = 108.$

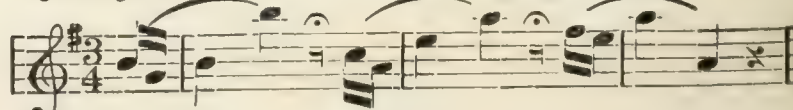


and so on indefinitely.

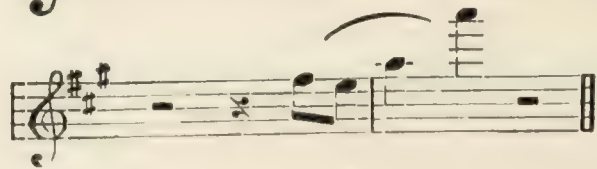
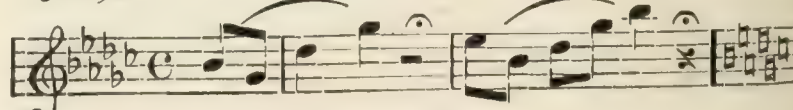
This simple treatment of a theme furnished by a vireo serves to indicate what inspiration might be secured by human musicians should they more often seek material from their fellow musicians of wood and field. Thousands of such fragments arise each spring in the wilderness to pass away unheeded with the life of the singer. Whether utilized or not, they are too interesting, and often too beautiful, to remain unrecorded. I wish every musician in the land could hear and preserve the bits of melody that filter through the fresh green foliage. I could promise each much treasure, with an occasional nugget in the shape of a song from a mastersinger. For that other world of music possesses its masters no less than our own. One of these avian geniuses it was my pleasure to know in the spring of 1904. In a beautiful grove, a few minutes' walk from the house I then occupied, a wood thrush had taken up his abode. This near neighbor sang the most wonderful songs I ever heard from the throat of a wild bird in a wild wood. Frequently, of an evening, I would stray to his home to hear his vesper hymns, and once or twice took a companion along as one would invite a friend to accompany him to a rare concert. The singer on whom I thus attended had two songs, each far superior in construction to any I had ever heard before. I had, on rare occasions, met with wood thrushes that combined three related phrases into one consistent whole, as shown in these two examples—

WOOD THRUSH.

$\text{♩} = 132.$



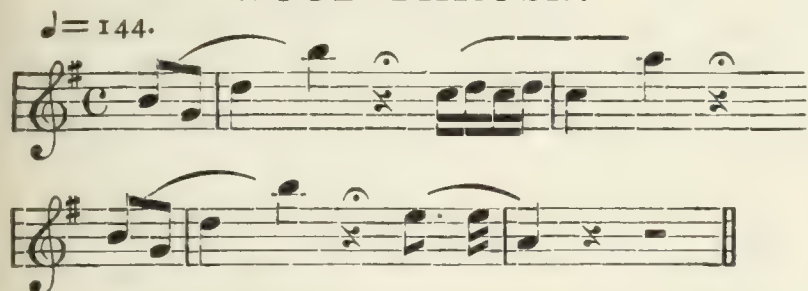
$\text{♩} = 92.$



but this mastersinger sang four phrases, all related, and arranged in the formal style of our four-line ballads and hymns.

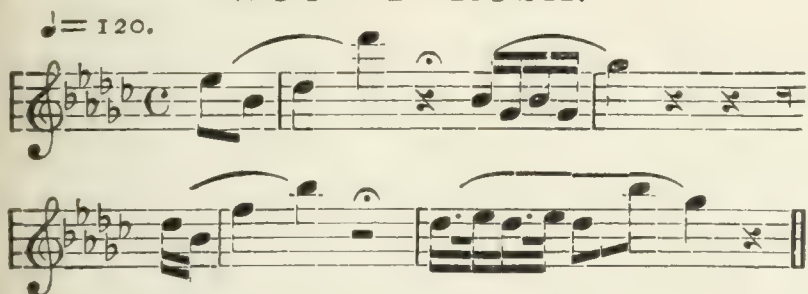
One of the songs, almost strictly following the unwritten law governing the usual construction of the human ballad, was as follows:

WOOD THRUSH.



The other, freer in style and to my ear more beautiful, was:

WOOD THRUSH.

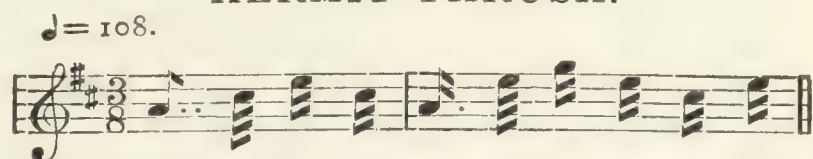


Note the construction of the second song: The first two themes are in G flat, the third makes a beautiful modulation to B flat minor, and the fourth returns to the original key of G flat, ending with the key-note! With the added knowledge that this was sung with a dignity of phrasing and a beauty of voice such as one rarely hears from a wood thrush, it is hard—it is impossible—to believe that the song was but a chance combination of sounds with no relation to music as we know and understand it.

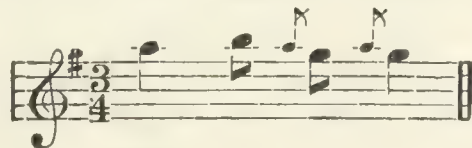
One more melodious gem only will I take from my storehouse and here dis-

play. In a hemlock wood on the side of a mountain in southern Maine I sat for an hour one morning in May, 1905, listening to the continuous singing of a hermit thrush near at hand. From the varied strains that flowed from the singer in leisurely, liquid tones, I preserved five that were sung consecutively—three full-voiced themes, with two high-pitched alternates, inserted like the repeated refrains of old ballads. The song suggested complete tranquillity and peace—not a solemn serenity, but the light-hearted content of a happy recluse,—and my fancy framed words suitable to the suggested mood of the singer. So well does the music adapt itself to words I shall not divorce it from them, but shall offer to my kindly disposed readers this example of a song—the first on record, I believe—composed by a bird and a human being in collaboration:

HERMIT THRUSH.



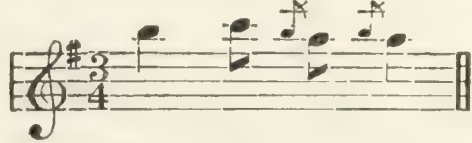
Tho' the outer world be full of fol-ly—



Fa - la - la - la —



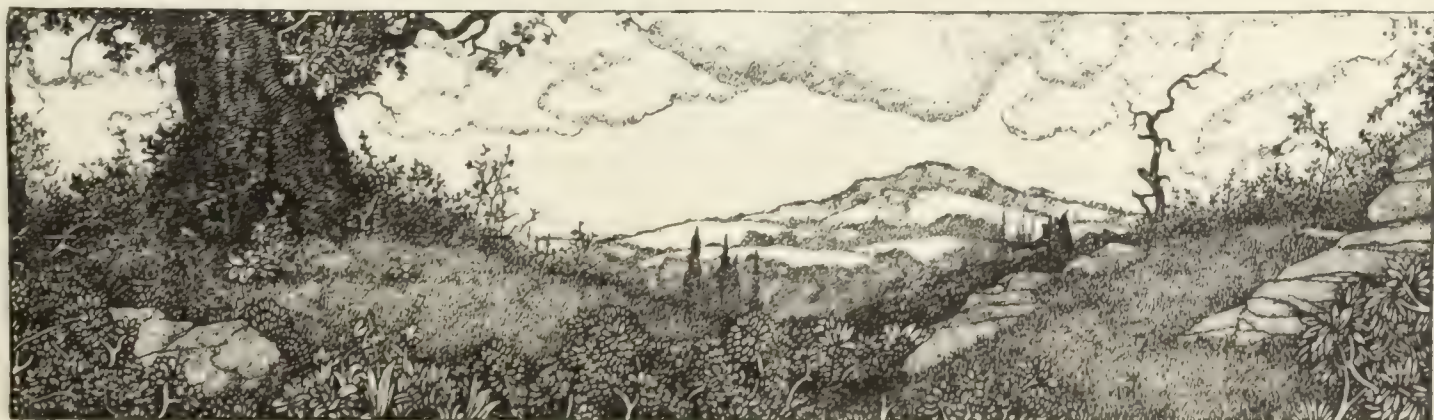
Un-dis-turb'd the sol-i - ta - ry life —



Fa - la - la - la —



Deep in the wood, in the wood.



Love in the Mist

BY CLARE BENEDICT

WHY, Jerry, how *did* you get here?"

She was laughing and crying and being kissed; her arms were frankly about his neck.

"Oh!" she cried again, "I am so glad—I can't even *think*! It—it—was such a surprise to—to—open the door and find *you* here!"

The boy surveyed her as best he could.

"I say, how well you look! But you oughtn't to, you know? I don't—a bit. Good Lord! we haven't seen each other for five hideous months!"

"I have hated it so!"

By "it" she meant Italy and France, in which countries she had been sojourning since the preceding March.

Jerry looked fierce.

"Mrs. Dickson is a brute!"

Madge shook her head; the tears were still in her eyes, but behind them there was joy—the kind that nothing can spoil.

"No, Jerry," she said, "it isn't as bad as that; she simply doesn't understand. She must have cared for papa, of course, but she has forgotten—that is all. I told her how we felt—I wrote it, I mean—how there could *never* be anything else. But it worked the wrong way; you know what she did—she made papa send me abroad. Oh! it has seemed ten years!"

Again the girl's voice broke, the boy was miserable. He stroked her slim little arm.

"It was awfully rough on us all; your father missed you like fun! I used to see him sometimes down-down; we always talked about you. Yes, you will see I am right when I say that Mrs. Dickson is a brute."

She gazed at him in loving pride; his three superior years gave his judgments so much weight.

"Oh, Jerry, never mind, so long as we are here!"

At this she was kissed again.

"Yes, but I can't stay. I thought

you'd come before. I've been waiting here for three days. It's a fearful hole, too; nothing fit to eat and most awfully cold."

Her soft hand touched his cheek.

"And you did it all for me?"

He gave an embarrassed laugh.

"Oh, I did more than that—I bearded the lion in his den—the lioness, I mean. I hung about Deeside for ten blessed days; it was all the time I had. Oh, she was very sweet to me, asking me to dinner, and all that sort of thing, but underneath she was laughing; she knew when my leave would expire. It's an awfully shabby thing to trade on a fellow's lack of funds."

Madge could find no words, but she kept tight hold of his hand.

"You don't ask a single question! What a funny girl you are!"

"I am not funny at all."

But she had not thought to ask; it was enough that he was here.

"I don't see how you knew," she murmured, dreamily. "I didn't myself until two days ago. They telegraphed me, you see, to join them at the moor."

"Oh, I knew she would send for you as soon as I had gone; she is getting up a house-party, with no end of swells."

His tone was very bitter. Madge gazed at him in alarm.

"Oh, Jerry, you must be mistaken! She didn't mention it to me."

"Of course she didn't mention it; she wanted to spring it on. I've studied her pretty thoroughly; I know the workings of her mind. She's a very clever woman; but, Madge, the worst of it is that when I am with such women I get to doubt them all. They wriggle so and twist things; they don't care a hang what they say."

She laughed, looking up at him; she could not be serious just now. He laughed, too, though less light-heartedly.

"Oh, you know I don't mean you!



Drawn by Henry J. Peck

THEY HAD THE SITTING-ROOM TO THEMSELVES

Well, I had to chance it—about your route, that is,—though I thought it would be this one. Oh, Mrs. Dickson doesn't know. I didn't tell her my leave was extended; I can play the game as well as she!"

The girl smiled at him serenely.

"You're a *very* clever man."

Young Jerry looked delighted.

"I don't see where the cleverness comes in. This won't help us a bit. Oh, darn it all—if I only had some funds!"

"Don't," she said, softly. "What does that matter—to us?"

"Good old Madge!" he murmured. "I believe you would stick to me if I was a tramp! I'm not much better; really, I have hired the worst old team—a pair of used-up cart-horses. You must promise not to look when I drive off?"

The girl's face clouded instantly.

"Why, Jerry, what do you mean? You are not going to leave me?"

"Well, it stands like this, you see—I've either got to catch my steamer or to lose my place at home; as it is, they've given me an extension; in fact, they've been awfully kind. That's why I don't want to disappoint them. You wouldn't want it, either, would you?"

Her lips were quivering ominously; he watched her with wretched eyes.

"Come, brace up, Madge," he urged; "you've got lots of pluck for a girl!"

Even this had no effect. Jerry's handsome face showed his acute concern.

"I say, Madge," he pleaded, as he took her gently in his arms, "you mustn't break down—I can't bear it. We've still got nearly an hour!"

She brightened, trying to smile at him.

"That's a good girl!" he cried. "Besides," he went on, confidently, "we are sure to win, you know—but not by chucking things. I've got to work like everything, and you've got to be plucky and wait. She will see then that we mean to stick to it—that it's that or nothing for us."

"Jerry, if she could hear you, I believe she would yield at once."

This was very flattering, but the boy only shook his head. "Oh no, she wouldn't; she isn't that kind—she is very conscientious, but she cares for little things. She— But I'd better stop; after all, she's your father's wife."

Madge stared at him a moment, then her mouth began to twitch.

"She means to be very kind to us!"

At that they both laughed out.

"Let's drop it," he suggested; "we are wasting all our time."

He drew up two chairs in front of the little coal fire; the inn being empty, they had the sitting-room to themselves.

Outside, the wind was enjoying itself in great gusts, playing tag with the mists that haunt the Scottish peaks. The inn stood alone upon the long, straight post-road; a more solitary position could scarcely have been found.

"Isn't this nice?" the girl sighed, as she settled herself in her seat; the chairs were so close together that hands and arms could be linked. "To be here all alone in this dear little room, at the top of a wild Scotch pass—just you and I—and the fire?"

He glanced about him doubtfully.

"There is Céleste," he objected.

"Oh, Céleste won't interrupt us; she is having her lunch. There is something so mysterious about a real Scotch mist!"

They were silent for a moment, though their eyes did not lose time; each minute was so precious when the term of them was set.

The wind howled very fiercely, the fire blazed and snapped; it seemed as if these two elements were eager to have their say also.

"I like that gown of yours!"

"Oh, this?" she said, indifferently, trying to hide her joy. "This is an old travelling-dress. How much time have we by your watch?"

"Fifty minutes," he groaned.

"Then we must talk plans."

"What plans?" he exclaimed.

"But you don't seem to see—I must have something to say,—it is so hard for me."

He surveyed her rather gloomily; her little face was set.

"Of course you're very young," he said.

She gave him an astonished frown.

"When a woman has made up her mind, it is not a question of years; besides, you are only twenty-two. You wouldn't like me to be older than you?"

This retort impressed the boy.

"I wouldn't have you any different from just what you are."

Madge looked relieved; she had heard of strange young men who preferred older women.

"I'm glad you're satisfied; but, Jerry, don't you see any way for us to do?"

"I only see one way, and that is for me to drive ahead and try to get promoted as quickly as I can."

The girl's head drooped again.

"But that would take so long; it might be years and years. How can we possibly wait—only seeing each other now and then? Besides, there are other things."

He threw her an anxious glance. If she only would not cry!

"I tell you what," he said, assuming a cheerful air; "we will both think very hard for five minutes by the clock. They say it helps a lot when two people concentrate their wills; but you must keep your thoughts quite fixed! I wonder if you can!"

This taunt revived the girl.

"I can do it as well as you."

"All right then, let's begin."

The clock ticked very loud, the fire sputtered and snapped, the wind shook the little windows, and still the young people thought.

"Time's up," Jerry announced; whereupon Madge raised her eyes, gazing at her comrade with a kind of solemn joy.

"I have found the solution; it is wonderful—how it came. I can't help thinking, Jerry, that it came direct from God."

Jerry felt uncomfortable, but girls would talk like this; it was natural to them, probably.

"What have you thought?" he asked.

She flushed in sudden shyness, hanging her small brown head.

"You tell first," she murmured.

"I didn't think of anything, except that things were very bad!"

"Oh, didn't you?" she cried, disappointedly.

"Come on, let's hear what you thought."

"I don't believe I can tell you."

"Oh, but you must," he insisted; "it won't be fair if you don't."

"Oh, won't it?" she stammered, lifting her face to his. Her expression was so witsful that her youthful chief grew grave.

"I say, Madge, you mustn't tell me unless you want to, you know."

She pressed a little closer.

"I am going to tell you," she said. "How much time have we exactly?"

"Just forty minutes and a half."

"You see," she began, speaking hurriedly, "our predicament is this—we may be separated for years—we meet now—quite by chance—"

"Good gracious, Madge!" he objected, "I don't know what you call chance! I have worked for this and plotted for it with all the brains I have!"

"Well, partly by chance. I might have gone the other way. But this is the point, we *are* here now; in forty minutes we must part. As the long, dreary road carries us farther and farther—"

"I say, you needn't enlarge. I know the beastly road; I have tramped up and down it for three days in the rain!"

"Please don't interrupt me—the important part comes next. This is Scotland—you and I are of one mind—there is Céleste—and the landlord. *Now* do you see what I mean?"

"I'll be hanged if I do!"

"Oh, Jerry," she cried, desperately, her face turned quite away, "I want you to marry me immediately, according to Scottish law."

He gave a long whistle, pushing back his chair. "My goodness! you surprised me. But I can't do it—it isn't right."

They faced each other stubbornly.

"Why isn't it?" she demanded.

"Oh, I can't give you reasons, but I know it isn't,—that's all."

"You mean it isn't legal? But think of Gretna Green. Lots of great people did it. Besides, in our case it would only be a form—I should go straight to papa, but I could tell him then, you see." She faltered, looking at him. "I—I—want to belong to you—Jerry. Don't you want it too?"

The childish appeal shook the boy to his depths, but he concealed the fact stoically, thinking it for her good.

"Of course I do, but it mustn't be by stealth; it must be before the world. I have my pride, you know; I won't take you on the sly. There, things will come straight pretty soon—I shall work like anything. You're not angry, are you, Madge?"

She lifted an obstinate mouth, which he kissed until it grew soft.

"I don't give in at all! Oh, there is the sound of wheels!"

Jerry sprang to the window; Madge followed close behind; but they could not see distinctly, the mist having increased somewhat. A man stepped from the carriage and entered the door of the inn.

"It looks like Mr. Norton."

Jerry gave a groan.

"I suppose he will come up here! What horrid luck for us!"

"Oh no, it isn't," she panted. "Oh, Jerry, don't you see? He is an older man and a lawyer; he is a great friend of mamma's. If he thinks my plan is possible, I presume you won't object?"

"You don't mean that you are going to consult him?"

"Of course I am," she exclaimed. "You must meet him first and explain things; otherwise he might think it rather strange. After that you can put the case to him impartially. I will give you just ten minutes,—then I shall come in. I've subtracted it from our hour."

"How much of it will be left over?"

"About twenty-five minutes," she replied, "but it will be enough, if we don't dawdle. Oh, do you understand?"

"No, I don't," he said, vehemently. "I will never agree to such a scheme."

"Oh yes, you will," she pleaded, "if Mr. Norton does?" She put her arms up suddenly. "Oh, Jerry, you can't refuse?"

She clung to him and nestled to him, rubbing her soft cheek against his, and coaxing him so adorably that at last he was forced to yield.

"I don't approve of it, Madge; but if Mr. Norton sees no harm—"

"Jerry," she cried, ecstatically, as she gained the little door, "you're the nicest man in all the world—you're the nicest man alive!"

Soon after Madge's exit Lawrence Norton was ushered up-stairs. He hesitated an instant at the open door.

"Come in, Mr. Norton; this is the public room. This weather is pretty dismal. I suppose you are bound for Braemar?"

Norton made some slight rejoinder; he was chilled by the long, cold drive.

"I'm off myself towards Glasgow."

"Ah, indeed!" the older man said.

A silence fell between them; Jerry felt extremely ill at ease.

"It's an awfully beastly wind-storm."

"It is, indeed," Norton replied. "I am quite surprised," he added, "to find any one else up here."

"Oh," the boy put in quickly, thankful for this lead, "there is another person here beside me—some one that you know."

"Really?" Norton answered. "Some one from New York?"

"You will see for yourself in a minute; she is coming in before long."

"A lady?" Norton inquired. "Well, I am sorry for her! The weather is abominable—and this seems a poor sort of place."

"She isn't staying, except to rest the horses; she is going on to Braemar."

Norton looked more interested.

"Some one I know, you say?"

"Oh, hang it all!—it's Madge Dickson," was Jerry's blunt response.

Norton's expression altered. "Madgie?" he repeated,—“little Madgie here?"

"Yes," said Jerry, stiffly; "Miss Dickson is here with her maid."

The older man looked amused.

"I used to know her when she was a child," he explained; "that was not so very long ago, but I haven't seen her for some time."

"You see," Jerry went on, ignoring the other's remark, "I was to explain to you first how matters stood. The fact is, she and I are engaged, but her family won't agree—her stepmother won't, that is,—so we have to meet as we can. I planned this; she didn't know—she is on her way to the moor, and I am bound for my ship,—it's a kind of crisis, you see, and—well—she's a girl and she gets frightened. She has taken it into her head that we ought to go through some formula—that it will make it easier for her, on account of her stepmother."

Norton looked grave; his thoughts were rather complex, but one stood out before all—to these two young creatures Edith seemed a stubborn foe—little, gentle Edith—his Edith of long ago!

"I haven't agreed at all," the boy explained, eagerly, "but I promised to put it to you—as a man of the world, you know—whether you thought it right that we should be married here before witnesses according to Scottish law. We have agreed to abide by what you say."



"JERRY, YOU'RE THE NICEST MAN IN ALL THE WORLD"

"So you have put me in as umpire without consulting me?"

"Oh, we knew you wouldn't mind—you are such an old family friend!"

Norton winced in spite of himself.

"I will do my best," he said, "but I think I may say at once that I am distinctly against the thing. Anything irregular is sure to make talk, and that should be avoided—where a young girl is concerned."

"Yes," the boy cried, "that is just my view; women must be protected, whether they like it or not—one's own women especially."

Norton suppressed a smile.

"She's a dear little girl; you ought to be very proud."

Jerry blushed furiously, to his infinite disgust. "That goes without the saying—but she's coming. I say, you will be firm? She has a way of wheedling."

"She is not alone in that!"

The door opened softly and Madge Dickson entered the room. She came forward nervously, holding out her hand.

"I am so glad, Mr. Norton!"

"So am I, Miss Madge!"

They stood for an instant, smiling, then Madge glanced at the boy.

"I have told him," he assured her; "he quite understands how it is."

Her eyes sought those of Norton.

"Of course I do," he said.

"How kind of you!" she murmured, after which no one spoke.

At last the girl grew desperate.

"Did Jerry ask you about—it?"

"He told me your idea; but, my dear Miss Madge (you must let me be quite frank), I don't think it would be advisable; you must give up any such scheme."

The girl looked disconcerted. Young Jerry gained her side.

"I say, Madge," he remonstrated, "we mean it for your good."

She raised her head defiantly.

"Don't be a prig!" she cried.

It was Jerry's turn to be disconcerted, but he rallied gallantly.

"I don't care a straw what *I* am, but you must be above all blame."

Madge turned towards him quickly, laying her hand on his.

"I beg your pardon, Jerry."

They exchanged a rapid glance.

Norton saw that in that eye-glance the forgiveness had been granted tenfold; he saw, too, in that same eye-glance the boy's adoring love. The girl was not transparent; he could not read her so well.

"Miss Madge," he said, regretfully, "I am afraid it is I who am the prig. But if you will think it over, you will see that it really won't do."

"I suppose you know best," she said, in a submissive tone; "anyway, I promised to do whatever you advised—and as Jerry thinks so, too—"

The boy beamed upon her.

"It's awfully nice of you, Madge, to take it in that way!"

"But," she went on, keeping her eyes on the ground, "we have so little time—"

Norton started towards the door.

"I understand—" he began.

"No," she exclaimed, "I don't mean that at all,—I mean the reverse—that—Jerry ought to go—and—get his last things done,—he mustn't lose his ship,—that is our only hope—his being able to work very fast. It will seem long enough at best—to the one who has to wait."

She said this so sweetly that both men felt like brutes, the younger one a little less so, when on passing to the door he had managed surreptitiously to squeeze her slender hand.

"Mr. Norton," Madge said, hurriedly, "I have a few words to say. Do you mind coming over by the fire? I sha'n't be very long."

He watched her in approval as she crossed the little room. She was certainly very graceful; Edith had not overdrawn. A sudden sense of pleasure had stirred his languid heart; Edith was right in saying that Madge would make a sweet wife. Edith was very discerning; she seldom made mistakes; she had told him that the girl was exceptional, that she only needed a little bringing out. She had said more than this, he remembered; she had hinted—in her way. She had also taken him into her confidence about this boy-and-girl affair. She had deplored it, very naturally, saying that the girl was far too young; though if it had been the right person— But here Edith had broken off. Later, she had asked him to help her in diverting the girl; she had invited him to the moor for that purpose, as Madge was shy with strange men. In his case there would be the old acquaintanceship, he would have a better chance; besides, he would know just what to say to her; Jerry was quite unformed.

Edith had written this in her last letter; she had expatiated on the young man's lack of head. But Norton, having seen the youthful lover, was much more favorably impressed. The boy was deeply in earnest and quite absorbed in Madge. No, Edith had not done Jerry justice; he was really a fine young man. If he could be sure that the girl would break her heart over him? He was glad, though, that he could not be sure.

In the mean time Madge Dickson was twisting her hands; the distinguished lawyer seemed formidable, viewed as her stepmother's friend.

"I am going to the moor," he began, "so we shall see each other soon again."

Madge looked perturbed.

"Is it really a party?"

"There are others, I believe; I don't know just how many."

This seemed to break her down.

"Oh, you don't know what it means to me. I am not like other girls—I can't stand scenes or arguments—I hate to have people disapprove. It makes me ill and nervous—and yet—I won't give up."

She gazed at him appealingly.

"Miss Madge, what can I do?"

But she saw he took it lightly.

"I don't think you quite understand. Jerry is everything to me!"

"He is—just now," he replied.

She flushed in sudden indignation, fixing him with her eyes.

Norton was strangely abashed.

"That was very bad taste, I admit! But, Miss Madge, you are so young; the world has many turns."

"If you mean that I could turn against Jerry or that he could turn against me, then you don't know the world as well as I do—for *I* know that that could not be!"

"But people change as they grow older, not necessarily for the worse—the point of view alters insensibly; you ought to give yourselves a little time. It is a serious thing—taking a husband—a very serious thing. I believe that Jerry loves you devotedly, but—he is not twenty-three years old!"

Norton felt that he was pleading for something—something that he did not understand. Madge, too, felt the hidden something and braced herself forthwith.

"Mr. Norton," she said, in a low voice, "I will try to make it quite clear. I should like you to understand it, as you are mamma's old friend. I have cared for Jerry always, ever since I was a child—we were children together; he was always my chief friend. I turned to him for everything; I had no mother, you see. My stepmother was very kind to me, but she didn't understand. Jerry did, even if he was young and ignorant; he used to comfort me—and I loved him for it dearly—long before I knew; and when I did know, it seemed quite natural—we had always cared so much—we had always been such comrades—we had always belonged to each other. That is why time couldn't make any difference—he is like a part of myself—I couldn't get on without him,—you see I am not at all brave. That is what makes me so unhappy, that I am not brave like him—I can't face the long—long—waiting—the months without seeing him. And—there is another thing—I have not even told him—it makes me so ashamed. I—I have reason to think, Mr. Norton, that they will try to—to—bring up some one

else,—and—and—I am such a coward—I can't bear to displease papa. That is why I wanted to bind myself in some solemn way, so that Jerry would have the right to stand by me—in case I needed him. And," she added, softly, "it would show that I trusted him—with all."

During the girl's passionate speech Norton's expression had changed.

"Miss Madge," he said, abruptly, "how long has Jerry been in Scotland?"

"Fourteen days," she replied.

Norton rose from his chair.

"I will call in your maid and the bridegroom."

She did not attempt to thank him, but her eyes were full of light. As he passed her, bent on his errand, something soft touched his sleeve.

In five minutes more the principals and witnesses had assembled in the inn parlor. The room was extremely dreary; it had but two good points—a fireplace and a bay window,—though to-day even these had drawbacks, for the wind howled down the chimney and the rain beat against the panes, the mist-storm of the morning having now become a heavy gale.

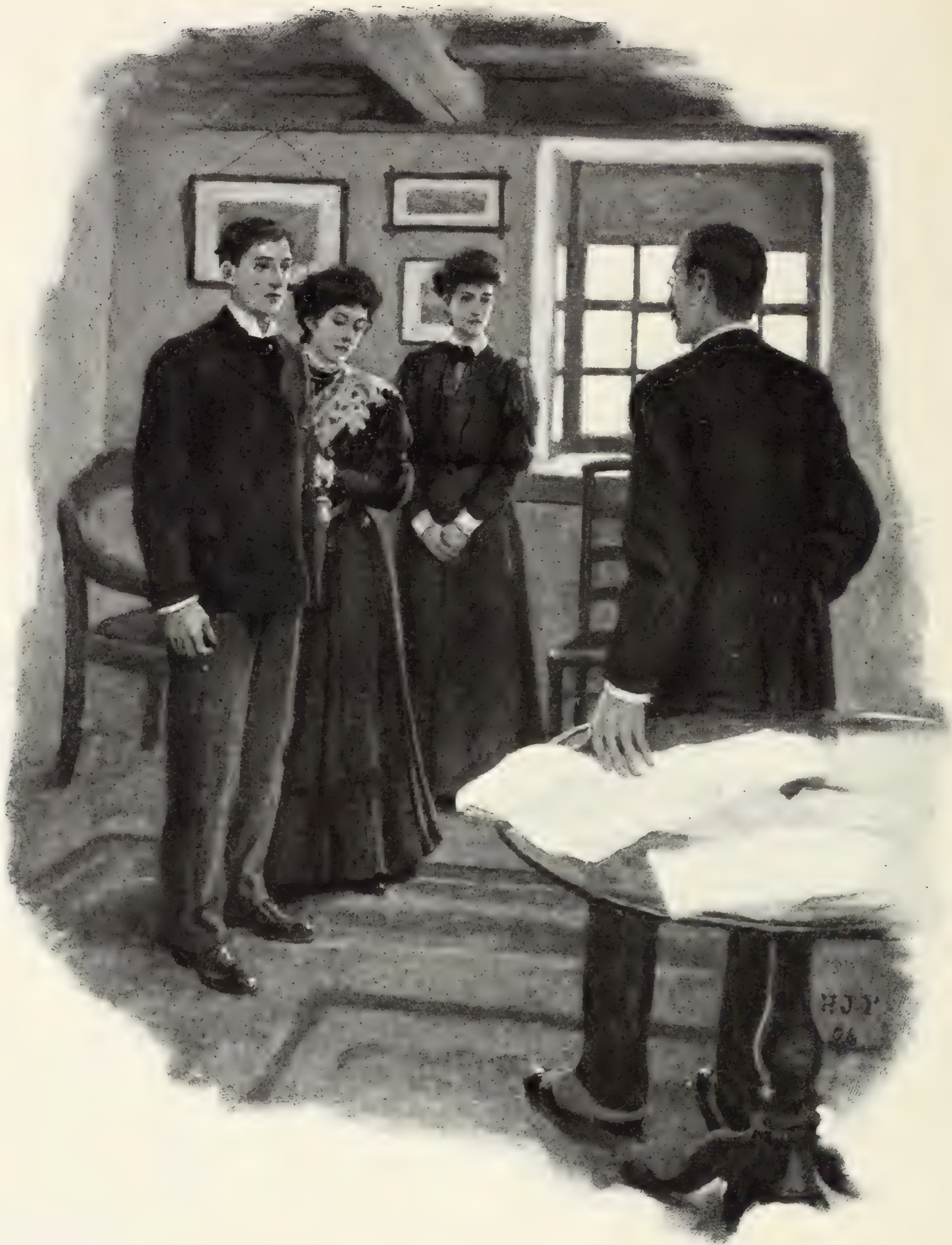
The occupants of the sitting-room harmonized with it in gloom. Céleste, the French maid, was lugubriously stiff, her otherwise genial face had fixed itself into a frown, her cheerful nasal tones were subdued to muttered words which, being quite unintelligible, produced the effect of groans. Norton, on his part, was not in the highest spirits, though he would not confess to himself how deeply depressed he was.

The girl, therefore, being sensitive, felt weighed down by the witnesses' evident concern; her pretty face was half hidden behind her lover's tall form.

On the whole, it was the young man who came out of it the best, though underneath he, too, was exceedingly perturbed. He was harassed about the future—about his work at home, most of all about Madge, whose tender, frightened eyes made him realize in a flash how she dreaded the trials to come.

One thing amused him grimly—he made the most of it—the fact that Norton had yielded to Madge's first appeal!

"Oughtn't some one do something?" he inquired, plaintively.



SWIFTLY HE PUT THE QUESTIONS

"Some one ought to ask us what *we* propose to do."

He patted her arm approvingly.

"Of course they ought," he cried.

After this they both looked at Norton.

"Am I to ask?" he said.

"If you don't mind," they murmured, standing side by side.

The lawyer inspected them as they waited, the girl so shy and drooping, the boy so full of pride.

Then swiftly he put the questions, and the two young people replied. Afterwards there was a short silence, broken only by the wind.

Céleste gave a gloomy cough; Madge shivered in spite of herself; Norton walked towards the window, a sound having caught his ear. He turned, nodding hastily to Jerry, who nodded back again.

Madge saw the silent signal; the tears rushed into her eyes, though she made no attempt to detain him when Jerry kissed her good-by. But she looked at him, and looked at him, forgetting all the world.

"See here, Madge," he said, unsteadily, "it won't be very long—there will be the letters. Oh, I've got to go, dear!"

He made one plunge for the door, not

however, forgetting to slip a coin into Céleste's ready hand. He could ill afford such extravagances, but in this case the woman must be appeased, otherwise she might treat her young mistress to depressing platitudes.

At the door he paused, looking backward; his eyes lingered passionately on the girl; then he turned to Norton. "Take care of her, please," he said.

As Jerry started off in his trap, another carriage drove up, this time coming from the north, but the mist was now so thick that nothing further could be discerned. Norton, who was waving to the boy in the hope of being seen, espied the second carriage. The next moment he gave a cry.

"It is Mrs. Dickson, Miss Madge,—I can't be mistaken in that walk! Good heavens! she must know!"

This was his first idea, but he dismissed it shamefacedly. Edith had a way of knowing so many secret things that her friends sometimes suspected that she possessed the second sight.

"She must have come up to take us back in style; she probably didn't expect to be caught in more than a mist. I will go down at once. Miss Madge, would you like to escape?"

The girl stood where Jerry had left her—a picture of pale despair; the tragedy of the parting had swept all the blood from her cheeks.

"No," she said, tonelessly; "I shall tell her what has occurred."

"But, mademoiselle!" the Frenchwoman protested, aghast at such a *bêtise*.

Norton, too, looked a little disconcerted.

"Hadn't you better wait until later?"

At this point in the dispute a step was heard on the stair.

Norton threw the door wide open.

"Another surprise," he exclaimed. "I found Miss Madge here by happy accident, and now you complete the thing!"

Edith Dickson greeted him sedately; she could be sedate when she chose; and now she was playing the chaperon—a rôle which didn't suit her altogether.

She kissed her stepdaughter affectionately, anxiously almost.

"I thought I should catch you here," she murmured. "I came to meet you half-way. Our carriage will be much

better. I can take you both with me. Oh, Céleste, my wet cloak is in the entry. Will you see that it is spread out?"

When the maid had left the room, Edith Dickson glanced round. "Do you know," she began, apologetically, "I have a feeling that something has happened here? Even the furniture suggests it. There is a sense of hidden things."

"How like you!" Norton murmured.

She turned suddenly to her stepdaughter.

"Why, Madge, how pale you are! Has anything really happened?"

The girl clenched her fingers.

"I don't wish to deceive you," she said. "Jerry Lawton has just left us—and—mamma—I am his wife."

With that she escaped from the room.

"Lawrence, what *does* she mean?"

"If you will sit down a moment, Edith, I will endeavor to explain."

She sat down and he drew up the other chair; for a third time within the hour a man and a woman faced that fire.

"Lawrence," she said, reproachfully, "were you in it too?"

He made no immediate answer; he was gazing at her sideways. She had not changed much—little Edith—except that her smile was gone; otherwise her delicate beauty was quite untouched by time.

The old pang shot across him—if she had only been steadfast! He roused himself with an effort.

"Of course it isn't legal," he remarked.

"What isn't?" she demanded, for she, too, was far away in thought; she, too, was thinking of the time when he and she had been boy and girl. It was not so long away—fifteen years at most,—but to her it seemed an age, a wilderness of mist and pain.

Then suddenly, as she thought, the mist and pain grew less—a sense of strange well-being came over the lonely woman. Was it some subtle influence thrown out by the burning coals, or was it that other presence—the ardent, youthful lover?

"The Scotch marriage that she told you of."

The answer brought her back again; she must resist the spell—the spell of the strange little fire and of what might have been.

"Do you mean to say that you countenanced it, after what you have heard?"

"Ah, but you don't know what I *have* heard," he replied, in a meditative tone.

"Lawrence," she cried, impulsively, "how can you treat me so?"

He poked the fire in silence; it blazed up merrily.

"I don't think," he said, slowly, "that you have any right to put it so. I should say it was just the opposite—as far as bad treatment is concerned."

Edith Dickson flushed a little.

"You are wandering from the point. What have those children been up to? And what was your part in it, please?"

"Oh," he cried, facetiously, "you don't do it well at all—the disapproving parent. Shall I tell you how you looked when you came in?"

She made no coherent answer.

"You looked like a sweet little school-girl attempting to play a big part!"

Mrs. Dickson smiled rather faintly; her fingers clasped her chain.

"But you haven't answered my questions. About the children—and yourself."

"They have gone through an empty form of marriage, which won't bind them in the least, but which comforted them immensely—poor little tragic things! They didn't know that the present law requires a prior residence in Scotland of twenty-one days. I didn't undeceive them, because my heart was touched! If you had seen them, Edith, standing there side by side—so trustful and so devoted,—I am sure you would yield too! What is there half so beautiful as just this early love? At first I was as much against it as you could have been yourself, and so was Jerry Lawton—which does him honor, by the way. He refused pointblank to agree to it unless I would take the responsibility of actually advising the thing. Well, I did so—after I had heard her story; she told it of her own accord—very simply and sweetly; she showed me her dear little soul. She loves him, Edith, superbly, and yet she is timid, too. Oh, my dear, I don't want her to be tempted; for, Edith, the first love *is* best!"

Mrs. Dickson stared at the fire; her delicate features were set.

"I suppose it didn't occur to you that I might have a side?"

"Of course you have," he assured her; "no one knows that better than I. You are the most generous woman, but—you don't happen to understand her. That was her sole accusation, and, Edith, I believe it is true. I have promised, you see, to stand by her."

She threw out both her hands.

"She has chosen her knight and her champion! She has no right to two!"

"Edith, you are bitter, you are very hard on the child; and yet, of all living people, *you* should sympathize."

"Lawrence," she said, unsteadily, "why must you take her side? I mean, why must you condemn me without even asking me to explain? It is true that I do not understand her, that we are not congenial, on the whole, but she was against me from the beginning—she has always misunderstood. I tried repeatedly to make her love me—desperately—in my way—I pined for it, Lawrence—I pined for it,—I had no children of my own. But I failed—the knack was missing. At first I used to care; afterwards I got rather hardened,—yes, I suppose I *was* hard. And then came this affair with Jerry; he disliked me intensely, too—I could see it in every eye-glance—she had prejudiced him so. Of course that was inevitable, but it hurt me bitterly; they looked upon me as their enemy,—and yet I couldn't humble myself to them. Well, it has been a kind of tragedy, in which we were all to blame,—only I don't want you to think I have been heartless—not that, Lawrence—from you."

They had risen; the man stood beside her, looking down into her face. The fire burned more faintly, though the red coals glowed on.

"Edith," he said, in a low voice, "I beg your pardon a thousand times! But you and Madge *must* come together—you must give her one more chance! She only needs a little mother-love."

She lifted sad eyes to his.

"Why, Lawrence, I wanted to give her the best thing that I knew!"

He was silent for an instant; he was glad the room was dim.

"Edith," he said at last, softly, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

Brahma

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

WHOSO desires, or joys, or weeps
For whatsoever things may be
In life between the gulfs of sleep
Knows not the fashion of the Three.

Brahma am I, and Vishnu too,
And Siva;—maker, savior, flame
Of ruin.—Can thine eyes then view
Me who am Three and still the same?

I shatter cities in their might
And shape soft flowers of their clay.
I break the hundred towers of night
To build therewith the dome of day.

Brahma am I; I shape all things
Whereof the wisest mouth can tell.
I fashion from the mould of kings
The butterfly. And it is well.

Vishnu am I; it is my will
The stone should lie where once it fell,
The sun still shine to warm the hill,
The heart still hope. And it is well.

Siva am I. With scathing fire
I sweep the worlds like wind of hell.
With all its web of vain desire
Creation falls. And it is well.

Think you I do these for my sport?—
Each flower that buds and blooms and dies
Draws from the deep spring of my heart
A flood of unguessed agonies.

But thus through courts of starry space
I who am all, who am the Three,
Cast on the dark of Time and Place
The light of mine Eternity.

The Last Slave-Ship

BY S. H. M. BYERS

IT seemed like talking with ghosts of a vanished people when I met at a little negro settlement on the Alabama River with the half-dozen or so still living Africans who had been captives of the last slave-ship to enter the United States.

Many things can be forgotten in forty-seven years, and probably few Americans remember the story of the slave-ship *Clotilde* that was run into Mobile Bay and burned one dark night in 1859, and how its cargo of slaves was dumped off into the canebrakes and left, some to be picked up and sold, some to wander about and starve, and some to die of homesickness.

Notwithstanding that it all happened close to Mobile, scarcely any one in this year recalls anything of the facts. Only in an old scrap-book of a friend could I find a single printed word about them; and when this friend's daughter had once been to the strange settlement, and had described some of the people's habits of life in a charming little dialect sketch, the dramatic situation seized upon me. A burning desire possessed me to see these remarkable people face to face. A chase followed among the old negroes of Mobile, for somebody had said I would find among them a certain man who knew of the Africans. He also knew the road through the big dark swamp behind the city to their settlement. The fates were kind, and at last I found a white man who, in the old Confederacy days, had often been to the settlement, knew the Africans well, and, in fact, at a certain time had had them under his control as a Confederate officer.

A drive of half a dozen miles over an elevated plank road and through a wilderness of trees and water brought us out to the clay hills by the Alabama River. My guide pointed to a cluster of magnolia-trees on a hill at our left.

"That's all that's left of him," he said, half musingly.

"Of whom?" I asked.

"Tim Meaher, the owner of the ship," he answered. "His plantation-house, with the big veranda, up there under the trees, burned down last year; there's some old chimneys left, some grass, and some rose-bushes, and that's all there is of Meaher."

There was a cluster of sawmills close by in the "piney woods," and beyond these many negro cabins in rows. But their occupants were the common negroes, working in the mills, and of recent arrival. It was little they knew of the real "Africans" as distinguished from themselves. After much inquiry, and much running about the pineys, and the pathetic-looking Confederate breastworks that still stretch sullenly for a mile and more through the woods, we came to a few African houses. They were only dilapidated cabins, but surrounded with truck-gardens and rose-bushes. Hardly a dozen of the old *Clotilde's* victims are alive, though numbers of their children live near the settlement and have intermarried with the common negro.

Few of the captured ones had been more than twenty at the time of their enslavement, and all remembered the horrible details as if they had been experiences of a recent time. They were more stalwart in appearance and of finer physique than the American negro whose ancestors have been long in bondage. Their eyes were brighter too, their voices even softer and more melodious.

With slow, soft-spoken words, in a kind of English made up exclusively of broken nouns and verbs, with hyphens between, two of the survivors, Gossalow, aged seventy, and his wife, sought to tell their story. It was a melancholy tale.

At the next cabin another survivor, a woman named Abacky, met us among the roses by her gateway. In words

more understandable—but still soft and slow, emphasized more by manner than by voice—she related a plaintive tale of suffering. Desdemona would have listened and loved, hearing such a story as this unfortunate creature told us there among the roses.

Gosselow and his wife had been stolen from the African town Whinney, but Abacky's home was in Ataka, near King Dahomey's land.

In slow, soft tones of awful earnestness she spoke of their peaceful farm and village life in Africa; how they tilled the ground, planting yams and rice; how some of the women traded in products with other tribes—and all was peaceful; and then one summer morning, just at the daybreak, they heard sudden shouts and firing of guns. Men, women, and children sprang from their beds, only to be killed or captured.

It was the "raiders" of the terrible King Dahomey, come to enslave the village! The surprise was so complete that in half an hour all was over. The young and strong were chained together by the necks, the feeble and the old left dead or dying in their burning village.

One hundred and sixteen young men and women were now marched to the seacoast to be traded to Bill Foster, and then chained in the black hole of an American slave-ship. It was one ship of hundreds built in New Orleans, Mobile, or New York to engage in this traffic.

Abacky's story of the march to the coast, the murderous cruelty of that voyage of weeks and months, as the helpless captives crouched in filth and darkness, chained in the hot hold of the ship, gasping for breath, praying for a drop of water, was related in a way that would have melted stone. After forty years her eyes were burning, her soul inexpressibly agitated, at the memory.

Like other women of her tribe, Abacky still bore on her cheeks the slight marks of tattooing in her younger days. The men bore similar but distinct marks on the breast.

I soon learned from my guide that many of the superstitious notions and customs of their African homes had clung to the captives long after they had been brought over and dumped into

the canebrakes by the Alabama River. They still buried their dead in graves filled with oak leaves. Once a year the whole tribe plunged into some river. The strong who could swim across were worthy to live; the weak, the feeble, were allowed to drown; their time had come. New-born children were thrown by the mother into the water. If they struggled, she helped them out. If they went down quietly, it was a sign they would be feeble or useless, and so they were allowed to drown. They had a queen of their own at the settlement whose mandates for many years were more powerful in the social arrangements and their daily life than was any law of the United States.

And now for the story of the *Clotilde* itself, the last slave-ship to evade the sea sentinels and carry this freight of human chattels into an American port. Its hull lies in one of the dark, poisonous bayous near Mobile. It was just before the civil war and on this very Alabama River that the inception of the crime began.

Driven at last by public sentiment and by the fearful tales of horror that shocked the civilized world, the American government had revived some of its laws against the slave-trade. Once more the Congress declared that men captured in the outrageous traffic should be hanged. That put many a slave-trader on the high seas or his beneficiary on Southern plantations to serious thinking.

The enormous extent of this traffic now appears almost beyond belief. For fifty years the human conscience of the American people was dead. The infamy was winked at, and it flourished under the Stars and Stripes when every other civilized nation of the earth was struggling for its suppression. In the eight short years preceding 1848 the British government caught and destroyed 625 slave-ships and freed 40,000 of their victims. The American government was doing nothing at all. Then, as later, controlled and directed by a section growing rich and arrogant out of the piracy of slaves, it folded its arms and stood unmoved. Its officials saw nothing. The cupidity of scoundrels on the Northern seaboard equalled the scoundrelism of the Southern slave-traders. Aside from the earnest, crying, but vain appeals of the

Abolitionists there was no moral opposition to the trade. There was no anger, there was no pity. New York city itself, in the short period of eighteen months, equipped and sent secretly from its harbor eighty-five slave-ships to prey upon helpless humanity beyond the sea. Seventeen million dollars a year was being made in the awful traffic. Stephen A. Douglas declared that 15,000 chained and tortured human beings were brought into the United States in the single year 1859. Among them, as we now know, were the slaves stolen for the ship *Clotilde*.

One night as the Mobile packet *Roger B. Taney* was wending its way up the Alabama River to Montgomery, a group of men in the forecabin jested over the inefficiency of the last act of Congress to suppress the "trade."

There were a few Northerners in the cabin. "Yes, hanging the worst of them will scare the rest off," said a passenger from New York.

"Nonsense! They'll hang nobody—they'll scare nobody," quickly put in a Southern voice. It was Captain Tim Meaher—owner of the boat and the possessor of a vast plantation farther down the river—who spoke. "A thousand dollars that inside two years I myself can bring a shipful of niggers right into Mobile Bay under the officers' noses," he continued. The bet was taken.

The Northerners left the boat at Montgomery, and near the close of the down-river trip Captain Meaher went secretly to his plantation to make his preparations. Well he realized that the bet he had made on the boat would now increase his danger. He would be watched. But Meaher was not easily daunted. Many years of steamboating had made him acquainted with every hidden channel of that mysterious Alabama River—so diverging in its many courses through the woods, swamps, canebrakes, and reeded sand-bars toward the bay, that even today none but experienced boatmen can tell exactly where the Alabama River is.

The bay and the near Gulf, with its secret inlets, were as familiar to him as the creeks about his plantation. Above all, he was a character born for desperate undertakings. In the utmost secrecy he unfolded his plans to a few rich friends, who engaged to purchase all

the "niggers" he could bring in. It was agreed, however, that thirty should be reserved for himself. At the average rate, that was fifteen thousand dollars' worth of slaves for nothing. His next step was the purchase of a lumber-schooner called the *Clotilde*, for which he paid \$35,000. On one pretence and another (it didn't take much pretending on the part of lawbreakers and slavers in those days) he completely overhauled the vessel, rerigged her, and transformed her into a low craft with tall masts, long spars, and broad sails like the wings of a yachting racer. Bill Foster, experienced in the old slave-ship business, was hired as skipper of the boat. He was to sail direct to the west coast of Africa, and by the sale of rum, with which the ship was loaded, come back with a cargo of "niggers." If he couldn't buy them with his rum, he was to get them, anyway; steal them, raid them; only get them. Like every slave-ship, the *Clotilde* was furnished with guns and cutlasses, and with hundreds of iron manacles, rings, and chains for tying the victims down. Foster's crew were picked up from Mobile, New Orleans, and along-coast—scoundrels of no certain nativity anywhere, no common interest save love of adventure, drink, and rascality in general.

One night many barrels of water and bags of yams and rice were secretly put aboard the ship in Mobile Bay, and as the tide went out Captain Foster and the *Clotilde*, with a little lumber on her deck just for appearances, slipped into the Gulf of Mexico and off towards Africa.

Captain Meaher stood on the wharf and saw her sail away. Then the big rawboned Irishman went to his plantation above Mobile and waited. Weeks, months, went slowly by, and still he waited, and no news came of the slaver. Sometimes he would go with his old steam-packet, the *Roger B. Taney*, up the long Alabama River again, but he dreaded to be long away from the seacoast. Something might happen. Already there was talk, and spite of brewing troubles between the North and the South, Meaher knew he was a watched man. He kept sentinels all along the mouth of Mobile Bay and around the Mississippi Sound looking for the ship.

Early one Sunday morning a rider came dashing along the highroad through the big swamp. Tim Meaher hurried down the steps of his great porch to meet him and to catch the man's hoarse whisper: "The niggers have come. The niggers are there."

People had seen a mysterious boat standing still on the water, three miles from shore, in front of Biloxi, on Mississippi Sound, some forty miles away. One day a man in a life-boat came to shore; there was some secret whispering on the bank with another man who had been on the lookout, and then a rider had galloped across country to Tim Meaher, waiting there on the veranda by the Alabama River.

Meaher at once disappeared from home, but those in the secret knew what he was about. He had a friend named Hollingsworth, who was the owner of some swift tugboats and was called Captain. And now "Captain" Hollingsworth, the tugman, was hunted up. He was in church. Meaher found him there that Sunday morning, led him into the vestibule, and hired him to go with his quickest tug and find the little ship *Clotilde*, and quietly but quickly pull her up Mobile Bay into a certain bayou by the Spanish River. This was close to the mouth of the Alabama. He was to ask no questions. He would find the *Clotilde* away around in the Mississippi Sound. Tim Meaher had a brother named Byrnes Meaher, who was owner of a steamboat called the *Czar*. This dutiful relation was directed to fire up quickly and run his steamboat in the darkness up to the bayou by the Spanish River, near to the Alabama, to wait the coming that night of the *Clotilde*.

Meaher, burning with impatience, changed his plan, and instead of sending Hollingsworth down the bay, took command of the little tug himself, and hurried around into Mississippi Sound to meet the *Clotilde*.

She was lying still in the sunshine, as if becalmed, out there in front of Biloxi. It must have been an interesting episode when Captain Tim Meaher climbed up the slave-ship's ladder and over the railing and took his African lieutenant Bill Foster by the hand. Bill Foster, the slave-skipper, standing there on the deck,

could have told Meaher horrible things of the just-completed passage: of the awful scenes down in the hold of the ship; of the poor creatures dying in convulsions, and the bodies he had flung overboard in the tropics. Only he could have told about the raiding of that African village that morning at dawn; how the King of Dahomey and his drunken followers burned huts, knocked the old negroes in the head, men and women, and tied the young ones by the neck and brought them to the ship, his ship, the slave-ship—with the Stars and Stripes overhead. But Captain Meaher had little time to listen to narratives from his skipper; for as he had hurried down Mobile Bay in Hollingsworth's tug he had seen a United States government vessel.

But the fates helped Meaher the following night, for it proved dark, and the sea tempestuous. Besides all, Tim Meaher knew, by daylight or dark, the deep or shallow places of treacherous Mobile Bay better than any other man.

Long before morning the *Czar* and the *Clotilde* were lying side by side at the designated place, behind a bend of the Spanish River. The half-dying and unresisting slaves were silently driven out of the hold of the *Clotilde* and into the hold of the *Czar*; the hatches were fastened down, and the boat put out in the darkness to go to the farm of John M. Dabney, an old plantation hidden among the swamps and canebrakes far up the Tombigbee River—a confluent of the Alabama.

The *Clotilde* was set on fire there in the bayou and burned to the water's edge. In the winter of 1903 the writer saw a half-buried hull of a schooner in the sand by a bayou on Mobile Bay.

With the *Clotilde* burning far behind, the *Czar*, with Meaher and Foster, the crew of the *Clotilde*, and all the slave cargo, landed at the canebrakes at the Dabney farm. Here the slaves were huddled out of human sight, and left guarded by a trusted few of Meaher's men. Meaher himself, with Foster and all the pirate crew of the *Clotilde*, re-boarded the *Czar*, and quickly steamed down the Tombigbee to its junction with the Alabama. There, at nine o'clock at night, he hailed and boarded his own Alabama packet, the *Roger B. Taney*, on

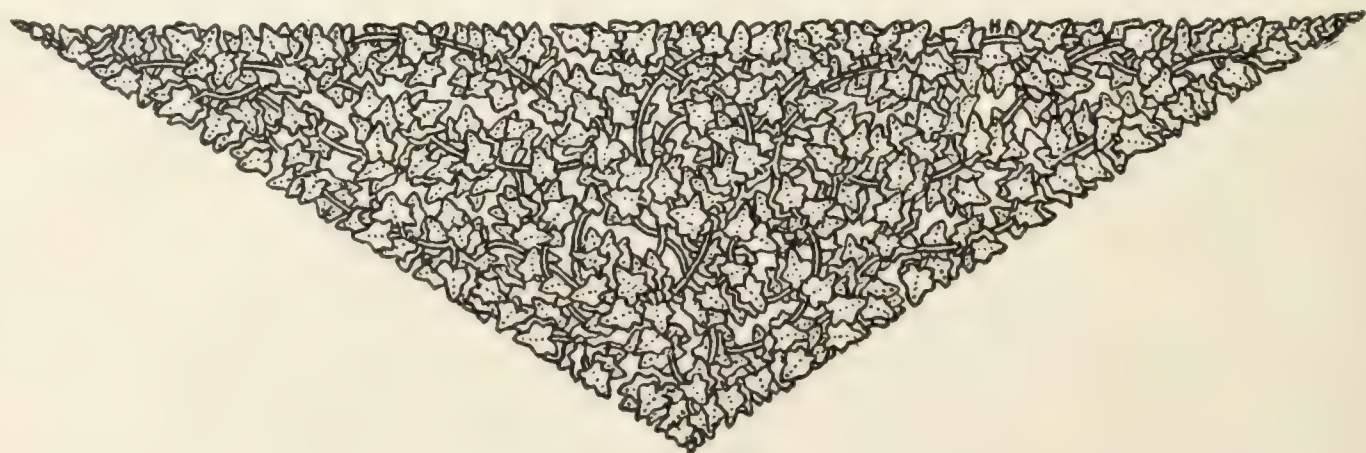
her weekly trip up the Alabama. The *Clotilde's* crew and Bill Foster were all transferred from the *Czar*, placed in the packet's hold, and ordered to keep out of sight on the trip up to Montgomery.

Everybody on the packet wondered at the mysterious proceedings going on about them in the darkness, and at the sudden disappearance of the twenty or thirty passengers (the *Clotilde's* crew) they had heard coming aboard at the mouth of the Tombigbee River. Meaher had previously ordered that supper on his packet be delayed till he came on board. This was to throw his own people as well as the officials off the track, and to assure everybody that on the eventful night he was on his own boat, at his own table, about his own legitimate business. He took his seat at the head of the table as calmly and as unperturbed as if he did not know of the pirates secreted in the hold of his boat, nor of the slaves hidden in the canebrakes. There were curious questions asked, but he evaded them all. It was 200 miles to Montgomery, and when Meaher's packet arrived, not a soul of the *Clotilde's* pirate crew was allowed to show his head outside the hold of the boat. Then suddenly a special car left Montgomery on the mail-train for New York. The curtains of the cars were down, the doors locked, for within were the crew of the *Clotilde*. At New York they got their pay, and disappeared. Captain Tim Meaher, however, was arrested at his plantation later, and put on trial for his life. He was released on bond, and once more went up and down the Alabama on his packet, the *Roger B. Taney*. At last the government officials heard of

the whereabouts of the Africans in the canebrakes of the Tombigbee River, and chartered the *Eclipse* to go and bring them to Mobile. They were quickly outwitted by Tim Meaher. Hearing of the intentions of the officers, he sent an employee to get all the crew of the *Eclipse* drunk. They were off on the land. Then, with his quick packet filled with bacon-sides for fuel, he forced his engines and hurried up the river to the Dabney plantation. That night the *Roger B. Taney* carried the slaves to another, a safer, hiding-place among the canebrakes two hundred miles up the Alabama. For days, but to no purpose, the officers on the *Eclipse* hunted the canebrakes of the Tombigbee River.

Then the trial of Captain Tim Meaher was begun. It proved a farce. Perjury, bribery, the tumult and excitement of an oncoming war, blinded the public—and the owner of the last slave-ship to enter the United States was saved from the halter. But the trial cost him \$100,000.

After a while Meaher brought the negroes from the hidden canebrakes of the Alabama to his own plantation near Mobile. Some were secretly sold as slaves, some allowed to run about like wild animals, picking up a living from other black people in the neighborhood. Many died of homesickness and grief. The little remnant living of that last slave-ship's cargo wander around Captain Meaher's old plantation by the Alabama River to-day, forever in sight of the scenes of their awful experiences. They cling to their little cabins, their rose-bushes, and their gardens, and, if questioned, they will tell you, in soft, broken voices, the story of their lives.



The Fortunate Lord Fabrigas

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON

SOME men were born to point the world's morals, others to adorn its tales, and the Marquis of Fabrigas to justify civilization. A Velasquez or Titian among the artists in life, he confounded pessimism by his very presence. For who could despair of society while Fabrigas condescended to adorn it? In his youth, and indeed up till his seven-and-twentieth year or so, fame had been content to sing of him as the best-looking, best-dressed, and politest man in London. If it were permissible to breathe a gentle hint of criticism upon such a paragon, one might perhaps have said that his virtues at this period were a trifle negative; that he was content merely to stand upon a pedestal and accept with his charming smile the natural admiration of the world; that though he struck the most effective attitudes imaginable, these were rather limited in number.

But gradually a pleasant and unexpected change was noted by the epicures. His smiling silences grew shorter in duration, his smooth speech began to display by flashes a crisp and happy wit; a remarkable gift for catching the attention of society developed; he hopped, as it were, from one pedestal to another, and before the buzz of admiration had time to subside he had hopped, with a perfect dramatic instinct, upon a third. In brief, before the politest public in the world he played, with the lime-light always cunningly upon him, the part of perfect gentleman.

Look at him as he reclines (neither "lounge" nor "sit" would meet the nicety of the case) in an easy chair within the smoking-room of his club. It is an afternoon in early summer, in the very height of the season, and so appropriately does Fabrigas dress that had you the requisite sensibility you could tell the month by his trousers, the day by his waistcoat, and the time, within a couple of hours, by his tie. All the while he

smokes with a characteristically graceful indolence, unconscious (apparently) of the glances of two admiring fellow members.

"Fabrigas is perfect!" said one.

The other looked at him for a moment longer, and then said slowly:

"What an extraordinary transformation! It has happened so gradually that one has grown used to it; but—there it is, the most remarkable case of development on record!"

"What do you mean?"

"I remember Fabrigas not so many years ago as a mere Adonis of the Guards:—he is now, at three-and-thirty, a wit, a man of taste, a fellow who actually displays an idea now and then; he has made an excellent speech in the House of Lords, written a tolerable pamphlet, composed a creditable poem. The Admirable Fabrigas! But how has it happened?"

Lord Fabrigas rose and came down the room. As he passed the pair he stopped for a moment, honored them with a smiling remark or two, which if not strictly witty in themselves were at least expressed in the manner and with the cadence of a happily tongued talker, and passed on when he had spoken exactly enough to leave a pleasant flavor in the mind.

Watch him now, moving with a light step and shining boot along the pavement of Pall Mall, his figure, tall and slender, worthily encased in a creation of the greatest artist among tailors, and a cylindrical mirror of silk poised at an irresistible angle above his finely cut profile, with its trim, fair mustache and its background of precisely barbered hair. Is he not a walking contradiction of the phrases "an effete aristocracy," "gilded barbarism," and the like?

His steps at present are turned eastwards, till presently he reaches that little flat, the occupancy of which, instead

of his ancestral mansion up a lane in Mayfair, has been one of his most telling strokes of genius. It is on the first floor of a building which divides a famous street into two populous, jingling thoroughfares, on the eastern fringe of

no sooner entered his smoking-room than a man sprang up from a chair and stood deferentially at attention, an open book still in his hand, an expression of respectful scrutiny in his eyes. By his attitude by his dress, by his lit-

tle side-whiskers, he was clearly the Marquis's valet; yet he arrested attention as surely as his master. Of a good height and shape, and with good features, he was endowed besides with the eye of an enthusiast burning beneath the brow of a philosopher. Evidently he was a privileged valet, for Fabrigas, passing without remark his presence and occupation in the smoking-room, fell into a chair and pulled thoughtfully at his mustache.

"Jeenes," said he in a moment, "I think I'll have this thing shaved off. I saw a fellow in the club with a mustache almost the identical same. If they are all going to grow 'em again, there's nothing for it but clean shaving."

Jeenes looked at him critically.

"My lord, I do not think we shall remove it," he answered at length, respectfully but firmly. "It has been one of my most frequent observations that some lips were constructed by nature to carry a mustache; others were not. Yours, my lord, falls under the former category."

He spoke in perfect English, and at the same time with an air of finality that appeared to settle the question, for his lordship merely observed:



UNCONSCIOUS OF ADMIRING GLANCES

club-land and flat-land; so conspicuous a situation that everybody observes the curtained windows with their boxes full of flowers and their woodwork painted blue, and asks whom they belong to—so unlikely a place for a Marquis to live that everybody having learned the tenant's name comments for some moments on the phenomenon. Thus, delicately and adroitly, he keeps obscurity at bay.

On this particular afternoon he had

"Well, if you are quite sure of it—By the way, these trousers, now—I've noticed you've put 'em out for me twice within the last fortnight."

"Your lordship perhaps observed that the sunlight was equally diffused on both occasions?"

"I didn't," said Fabrigas; "but of course I thought you'd some good reason for it."

Jeenes respectfully tendered him the book he had been reading.

"You will find the underlined passages worth learning by heart, my lord," he suggested. "The bit dealing with the labor question might serve as the basis for a conversation should you meet the Archbishop to-night. For purposes of feminine conquest the parts marked with a red pencil should prove telling if murmured with your lordship's voice suitably lowered."

There was a certain significance in his tone that caught his master's attention.

"Gad! Jeenes," he cried, "what are you driving at now?"

A pained expression flitted across the valet's imperturbable face.

"Oh, my lord! That won't do! The occasion should have been seized—a slight rise of your lordship's eyebrows—an even voice—half of those words omitted, and the rest said somewhat thus: 'Gad! Jeenes, what now?' It has the effect of an epigram;—do you see, my lord?"

"Gad! Jeenes, what now?" repeated Fabrigas, carefully. "Yes, you are right; those should have been the words."

Acknowledging his lordship's goodness by a respectful inclination, Jeenes resumed in well-considered words:

"My lord, as a bachelor you have enjoyed such a success—such a *succès*, one might say—as has surpassed my highest expectations. I entered your service six years ago because I saw in your lordship the ideal Marquis of the populace, of fiction, of the stage, and of my



A MAN SPRANG UP FROM A CHAIR AND STOOD DEFERENTIALLY AT ATTENTION

own humble conception of what an aristocrat should be like. But if I may say so without offence, my lord, a trifling something—a *souçon*, as it were—was still required to realize the highest possibilities. We have now put that right, my lord."

He paused, but rather, it seemed, to let this portion of his homily sink in than through any fear lest its tenor should displease his noble master.

"You've been devilish serviceable, Jeenes," said Fabrigas, languidly.

"Perfectly expressed!" exclaimed Jeenes, enthusiastically. "Spoken—and I may say thought—like a lord! Now, your lordship, we must not risk the reputation we have made. And we can't keep on dazzling 'em with something new forever, my lord; that's to say, not with high-class novelties. 'Twouldn't do for the Marquis of Fabrigas to stoop to correspondenting or going on the stage. That would savor too much of advertisement, my lord."

"You're quite sure?" asked his lordship, doubtfully.

"Believe me, a twopence-in-the-pound bankruptcy is better than that! No—we must marry!"

Fabrigas started, and for a moment a shade of irritation crossed his lightly tanned, unwrinkled face.

"Look here, Jeenes," he began, "there are some matters—"

"I ask your lordship's pardon."

His lordship lit a cigarette, and ruminated for a minute or two, while his valet watched him with a slight shade of anxiety. That it was not concerned, however, with the Marquis's temporary displeasure appeared when he at length gave voice to this dictum:

"The rich women bore me; and I can't afford the poor ones."

Jeenes appeared only partially satisfied.

"Rich women bore me: poor would bust me—or words to that effect:—how's that, my lord, as a trifling verbal amendment—the sentiment of course remaining your own?"

"Yes, yes," said Fabrigas, a trifle impatiently; "but that being so, who am I to marry?"

"You will meet her at Sir Henry's table to-night, my lord. Sir Henry's

butler and I have talked it over confidentially, and such influence as he has will be used to getting you to take her in to dinner. Her exact figure is three millions and some twenty thousand odd, made in South-African mines, but not now invested in 'em; her age is nineteen on the 22d of March last, and her height five feet nine, or eight, depending on whether she is measured in her shoes or *au naturel*. Each item of this information, my lord, I can guarantee."

"And her name, Jeenes?"

"I beg your lordship's pardon—I had forgotten to mention it. Miss Ada Wimberley, my lord."

"Heiress of Horatio Wimberley?"

"The same, my lord."

"This promises. And her appearance?"

Jeenes's serenity for a moment deserted him.

"Oh, my lord, I was afforded a private view of her last night as she stepped, my lord, from her carriage. She is divine!"

"Hullo!" smiled Fabrigas.

"My lord, I do not exaggerate. I said to myself that moment, 'At last I have met a lady worthy of Lord Fabrigas!' Oh, your lordship, she has not left my thoughts since. If you win her, you will be the envy of Europe!"

"If?"

"'When,' I should have said. I beg your lordship's pardon."

Fabrigas reflected for a minute. Then he picked up the book.

"Underlined in red, you say?" he asked, casually.

"In red, my lord."

The announcement of the engagement of Lord Fabrigas to Miss Ada Wimberley within ten days of her first appearance in London caused the most gratifying sensation. Once more he had done exactly the right thing, and at exactly the right time. The very lull in political events at home and complications abroad, in railway accidents and *causes célèbres*, which at the moment threatened to eclipse the gayety of journalists, seemed designed by Providence to reward him for his enterprise. The happy couple obtained columns of print, when at a less auspicious juncture they might have

had to rest content with paragraphs. Their photographs were cut out of a dozen periodicals and pinned, pasted, or propped against a million walls; a new waltz was dedicated to her, and a new cigarette named after him. Well might they style him "the fortunate Lord Fabrigas"! His bride to be was not only beautiful and fabulously rich, but gracious and clever besides. Indeed, she quickly came to be considered almost equally with him a mark-stone showing where the tides of civilization could reach at their highest flow. Beyond that limit, gods, Martians, and the spirits of Japanese generals might conceivably attain, but surely not mortals upon this earth. In a word, this happy pair were held to typify felicity, culture, and splendor, as harmoniously united as the three legs of Manx heraldry. Who should suppose there was a cloud in their firmament? To conceive of either of them oppressed with unwelcome thoughts seemed as incongruous as to imagine a pessimistic butterfly or a chilly sunbeam. And yet when Fabrigas came into his flat one afternoon about a fortnight after the engagement was announced his brow was furrowed by an unwonted frown.

"My dressing-gown, Jeenes!" said he.

Jeenes started.

"But, my lord, Miss Wimberley expects you."

"She must be content with expectations."

"Your lordship!"

"I am beginning to grow bored."

"With that divine, that charming lady? Oh, my lord!" His valet's fervor appeared to disconcert the Marquis a little.

"An engagement is the invention of the devil, Jeenes. If I could be married to-morrow and get it over, I wouldn't

mind. But, hang it! I pitched the key too high at first. She expects such a d—d lot. I hadn't bargained for making love like an operatic tenor."

"In love, my lord," said the valet, sagely, "a little license is permissible, I



A GENTLEMAN HOLDING A BOUQUET STEPPED OUT OF LORD FABRIGAS'S FLAT

assure you. Cannot your lordship be natural now and then for a relief, as it were?"

"No," said his lordship. "I'm hanged if I can! I've forgotten how."

A shadow of distress passed over his servant's intelligent features; but he contented himself with merely calling the Marquis's attention to a beautiful bouquet of the rarest flowers.

"Your offering for to-day, my lord."

"Gad! you've chosen well," said Fabrigas, with a flicker of interest. "I tell you what, take that round yourself, see Miss Wimberley, and tell her I've caught a chill."

The color rose to Jeenes's face, and his master actually heard that smooth voice stammer.

"Me see her, my lord—personally address myself to Miss Wimberley! Oh, my lord!—do you really mean it?"

"Certainly, if I tell you to. What with feeling bored and the effect of a fellow's waistcoat in Piccadilly—pea-green, Jeenes, pea-green, with a magenta tie!—Gad! I don't feel equal to writing her a note:—while if I sent a wire she'd probably come with a poultice. You'd better be quick, or you won't be back in time to massage me."

His back was turned to his servant or he would have been amazed to see the emotions surging in Jeenes's face. At first he was clearly overwhelmed at the thought of the interview; for an instant pained and even displeased at the tone of his master's reference to the poultice; and then came a rush of resolution, of inspiration, of a fervor not often seen in the countenance of Jeenes. It was the man conquering the valet.

"Very good, my lord," said he, and grasping the bouquet convulsively, hurried from the room with unsteady stride.

Remarkable indeed must have been the potency of this upheaval; for straightway running to his room, he there took razor in hand and ruthlessly removed those neat side-whiskers that had marked him ideal valet. Ten minutes later a handsome, perfectly dressed gentleman, bearing himself with a distinguished air that arrested the eyes of more than one lady passing by, and holding in his gloved hand a bouquet, stepped out of Lord Fabrigas's flat, jumped into a hansom, and drove swiftly westwards.

"Positively, Jeenes, I cannot bring myself to do it. I can hardly expect you to understand, of course, the sensitiveness of a nature like mine:—you must be content to believe that I shrink—positively shrink—from the vulgarity of the ordeal."

"I admit, my lord, it is in many points similar to the experience of the common herd—"

"Oh, devilish!" interjected Fabrigas.

"At the same time it is difficult to perceive how the antecedents of matrimony can be sufficiently varied to avoid the orthodoxy your lordship complains of. Men will be men, and women will be women—"

"Yes, women will be women:—that's the rub!" exclaimed his lordship, bitterly. "Literally, Jeenes, my coat was creased beyond recognition in the course of one—pah!—she would insist upon dubbing it a 'hug'! It suggests an orgy of wrinkles—a 'high tea' in the suburbs— Gad! Jeenes, it's as bad as dissent or labor members; 'pon my word it is!"

"My lord," said Jeenes, in a low voice, "had that been my coat I should never have permitted those creases to be ironed out."

The Marquis raised his finely pencilled eyebrows.

"That is the difference between Fabrigas and the herd," he condescended to explain.

The extraordinary delicacy of the Marquis's feelings may be realized when it is mentioned that for a whole week now he had preferred to eclipse his lustre within the shelter of his flat, professing in daily missives to the lady of his choice that his chill precluded his appearance even in the warm June air, rather than endure the discomforts of orthodox love-making. These billets-doux were such perfect little models of Chesterfieldian composition that apparently Miss Wimberley's affection was content to feed upon them without even making an endeavor to visit her invalid fiancé. Her answers, too, became more and more pitched in the same elegant key—a fact which, while it undoubtedly pleased Fabrigas, failed to efface the sordid recollection of his experiences. To avoid the contamination of postmarks and pillar-boxes, each of his notes was carefully despatched by hand. And on each occasion the same distinguished-looking gentleman slipped (somewhat furtively) from the flat and departed with a bouquet in a hansom.

During this week the bearing of

Jeenes exhibited an odd mixture of his old calm deference, alternating with suppressed agitation. If his master's thoughts had any leisure from the contemplation of his own embarrassing case, he must have perceived that some hidden reef was disturbing the placid flow of his servant's existence; but who could expect a Fabrigas to notice a valet?

The Marquis turned and gazed at himself wistfully in the mirror.

"This infernal confinement is making me pale," he observed. "Fetch me another tie—something that blends with pallor. This thing makes me look like a corpse.

It will mean changing my waistcoat too, of course. Try something with subdued buttons. And naturally I can't wear a watch-chain:—even this tie-pin is too showy for a pale man. One small pearl is positively all I can carry."

While his servant was collecting trappings to meet the case, and during the process of getting into them, Fabrigas maintained a singularly thoughtful air. Then at last, with unusual animation, he exclaimed,

"Pack for a month in Norway."

Jeenes stared. "Then, my lord, you will elope with her? A very original idea; I congratulate your lordship."

Yet he seemed to stifle a sigh.

"No; I shall elope with you."

The Marquis was smiling again, a load of care removed from his mind.



"THIS INFERNAL CONFINEMENT IS MAKING ME PALE"

"And desert her, my lord!"

The Marquis frowned.

"'Desert' is a term confined to the most vulgar species of divorce. I choose to be free:—that is all."

"But, my lord, how will you break it to her?"

The Marquis reflected.

"Let me see—a cable from Norway, do you think? or wouldn't an unexplained disappearance be even more effective?"

He looked sharply at his servant.

"What the devil are you staring at, Jeenes?"

Jeenes recovered his composure instantly.

"I beg your pardon, my lord. Yes, a mysterious disappearance would, as your lordship suggests, occupy a promi-



"DEAR FABRIGAS, I TAKE THE LIBERTY OF ADDRESSING YOU..."

nent position in the posters for several consecutive nights."

"I did not suggest."

"Again I beg your lordship's pardon. I should have said 'implied.'"

"You're in a devilish odd humor, Jeenes," remarked Fabrigas. "Keep that waistcoat for yourself—and you might as well keep the tie-pin too."

"Thanks to your lordship's generosity, I have fifteen waistcoats and eleven tie-pins in my possession already. I cannot take further advantage of your magnanimous disposition, my lord. When do we start?"

"To-morrow."

With lowered eyes and a thoughtful air Jeenes stood for a moment silent before his master. But it only took him that moment to come to a decision.

"Can your lordship spare me for an hour this afternoon?"

"Want to say good-by to some one?" smiled Fabrigas, pleasantly. "Yes, you can go; but don't be long.

I've five hundred things for you to do for me."

Jeenes moved towards the door.

"I say," said his master,—"Jeenes!"

Jeenes turned and waited in respectful silence while the Marquis hesitated.

"You quite agree that I am doing the right thing?"

It was Jeenes's turn to hesitate. Then in a voice devoid of any hint of expression he answered,

"Perfectly, my lord."

Again he moved away, and again Lord Fabrigas called him back.

"By the way, Jeenes, I notice you've shaved your whiskers. I want you to grow them again. Fact is, you look too much like a gentleman without 'em."

In perfect silence Jeenes inclined his head and withdrew on velvet feet. That afternoon the gentleman with the bouquet again left the flat.

The Marquis of Fabrigas awoke from a refreshing sleep about the hour of

nine next morning, and his first waking thoughts were as delicious as his slumbers. To-day he would be free; to-morrow famous! Well might he be styled "the fortunate."

"Jeenes," he murmured, "I am ready for my tea."

A man bending over a chairful of clothes straightened himself briskly.

"Very good, my lord."

The Marquis sat up in bed with astonishing alacrity.

"Who the deuce are you?" cried he.

A trim little fellow with irreproachable manners answered him suavely.

"Mr. Jeenes, my lord, 'as engaged me temporarily. I shall be 'appy to attend your lordship till you 'ave suited yourself."

"Where is Jeenes?" gasped the Marquis.

"He asked me to 'and you this letter, my lord."

The envelope was sealed with a neat monogram, the stationery a trifle more austere perfect, if possible, than that the Marquis used himself, while the letter-press ran thus:

"DEAR FABRIGAS,—I take the liberty of addressing you with that familiarity which one gentleman is entitled to use when corresponding with another; since, as you will shortly gather, we shall meet on that footing in future. I do not desire to wound your feelings in any way, but I am compelled to inform you candidly that my elevation from a position in which I may say without vanity I was an unqualified success to one wherein my very refinements—my *nuances*, so to speak—will at the start be against me, is due entirely to your failure to occupy the latter position yourself. I destined you for immortality as the embodiment of all a Marquis ought to be. From my earliest youth it has been my dream to know and to worship a Great Aristocrat. At the age of twenty I had completed in my own mind the portrait of the nobleman I required. He was to be a mixture of George IV., Charles II., Sir Philip Sydney, and the nobleman of the contemporary novel as purveyed for the consumption of the more credulous and imaginative classes. Need I say I allude to such as have never

had the acute disappointment of meeting a living nobleman? At that time I was numbered among them; but my first situation was the means of raising me to speaking terms with the aristocracy. Is it necessary to add that at five-and-twenty I had decided to commit my dreams to paper and invent what I could not discover?

"At that crisis in my career I encountered yourself in the course of a week-end at the mansion of an already exploded hero. Instantly I laid my literary ambitions aside, and, as you are aware, I have devoted myself since to perfecting what appeared to me a character and a person all but ideal already.

"Now, my dear Fabrigas, speaking with perfect sincerity, I may say that as the bachelor about town and in the country house you were, and will ever remain, the personification of my own and my countrymen's dreams; and I can never give you any notion of my consternation and grief when I discovered that a tincture of those sordid middle-class virtues I had so long despised were actually necessary in order that the character of the Marquis of Fabrigas should retain my veneration. To think that my hero could not treat one woman in the spirit in which Rochester treated the entire sex without arousing in me a desire to punch his head! Fabrigas, the fault is very probably my own, but on the first occasion when I—attired in your cast-off clothing and answering to the name and title of Mr. Montague-Jeenes, secretary to his lordship—presented your bouquet to Miss Wimberley that was" (the Marquis started violently) "I secretly abjured your service. That you should not appreciate such a jewel! My faith in you was shaken, never to recover.

"It is true that I continued to struggle against my heterodoxy with tolerable success so lately as yesterday. But when you proposed to desert her, my conscience, my heart, and my artistic sense revolted simultaneously. I drove straight to Park Lane, informed her of your resolution, and—consolated her. She is now aware of my true profession, which, however, she is perfectly ready to forgive, since at one period of his

career the late Mr. Wimberley himself carried a basket;—when full, at his elbow; when empty, over his head. At the same time she considers that for reasons of euphony the Montague had better be retained. The ceremony will be performed at such an early hour of the morning you receive this that it will unfortunately be scarcely possible for you to attend the registrar's office; and as Mrs. Jeenes and myself start for the Continent immediately afterwards, you will be saved the fatigue of your proposed Norwegian expedition.

"With kindest regards, in which my wife cordially joins, and hoping to see

you at our house in Park Lane next season,

"Believe me, my dear Fabrigas,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT MONTAGUE-JEENES."

The fortunate Lord Fabrigas dropped the letter upon the counterpane and for the space of five minutes gazed at the contour of his feet, which he was surprised to see still so far away from him, since a curious sensation as of diminished stature afflicted him distressingly.

"Should one wear a black tie?" he wondered: "Or carry it off with a cream-colored waistcoat?"

Lux et Umbra

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

I STAY here in the shadow while you stand forth in the sun,
The clear, enveloping shadow where all desires are as one—
I see the sheen of your armor, the glint on your helmet's crest;
Your way is blazoned in splendor, but mine for me is the best.

I in my cloistered garden and you on the highwayside—
Courtier and Merchant and Palmer they all salute as you ride;
You rescue the captive maidens, you right the ruin and wrong.
They praise your name in the palace, your deeds are echoed in song.

Mine is the realm of silver, while yours is the realm of gold,
I have my guests and my comrades—the maimed, the lost, and the old,
The weary and overladen—who so welcome as these
To rest by the whispering fountains and shelter beneath the trees?

Still as the pageant passes, brilliant and brave and gay,
Glad with undying beauty I watch it pass on its way,
Glad that our fates were ordered or ever the world was made,
That you should ride in the sunshine, and I look forth from the shade.

The Sheep-Dog

BY MARY AUSTIN

WHAT one wishes to know is just what the sheep-dog means to the flock. It might be something of what the dark means to man, the mould of fear, the racial memory of the shape in which Terror first beset them. It is as easy to see what the flock means to the dog as to understand what it meant before man went about this business of perverting the Original Intention. If it is a trick man has played upon the dog to constitute him the guardian of his natural prey, he has also been played upon, for even as men proved their God on the persons of the brethren, and exterminated tribes to show how great He was, latterly they afflict themselves to offer up the heathen scathless and comforted.

Now that, in the room of the Primal Impulse the herder is the god of the sheep-dog, the flock is become an oblation. The ministrant waits with pricked ears and an expectant eye the motion of his deity; he invites orders by eagerness; he worries the sheep by the zealousness of care; that not one may escape, he threads every wandering scent and trails it back to the flock. In short, when in the best temper for his work he frequently becomes useless from excess of use. But in the half a hundred centuries that have gone to perverting his native instincts, the sheep have hardly come so far. They no longer flee the herd dog, but neither do they run to him. When he rounds them they turn; when he speaks they tremble; when he snaps they leave off feeding; but when they hear his cousin german, the coyote, padding about them in the dark, they trust only to fleeing. For this is the apotheosis of the dog, that he fights his own kind for the flock, but the flock does not know it.

It is notable that the best sheep-dogs are most like wolves in habit, the erect triangular ears, the long thin muzzle, the sag of the bushy tail, the thick mane-

like hackles; as if it were on the particular aptness for knowing the ways of flocking beasts developed by successful wolves, that the effective collie is moulded. No particular breed of dogs is favored by the herders of the Sierra pastures, though Scotch strains predominate. Among the Frenchmen a small short-tailed, black-and-white type is seen oftenest, a pinto with white about the eyes. One may pay as much as five dollars or five hundred, for a six months' pup, but mostly the herders breed their own stock and exchange among themselves. Ordinarily the dog goes with the flock, is the property of the owner, for sheep learn to know their own guardian and suffer an accession of timidity if a stranger is set over them.

The herder who brings up a dog by hand loves it surpassingly. There was one of my acquaintance had so great an attachment for a bitch called Jehane that he worked long for a hard master, and yearly tendered him the full of his wage if only he might have Jehane and depart with her to a better employment. He was not single in his belief that Jehane regarded him with a like affection, for the faith a herder grows to have in the dog's understanding is only exceeded by belief in the miracle of communication. To see three or four shepherds met in a district of good pastures, leaning on their staves, each with a dog at his knees, quick and attentive to the talk, is to go a long way toward conviction.

Many years ago, but not so long that he can recall it without sorrow, Giraud lost a dog on Kern River. There had come one of the sudden storms of that district, white blasts of hail and a nipping wind; it was important to get the sheep speedily to lower ground. The dog was ailing and fell behind somewhere in the white swarm of the snow. When it lay soft and quiet over all that region and the flock was bedded far below it in

the cañon, Giraud returned to the upper river, seeking and calling; twenty days he quested bootless about the meadows and among the cold camps. More he could not have done for a brother; for Pierre Giraud was not then the owner of good acres and well-fleeced merinos that he is now, and twenty days of a shepherd's time is more than the price of a dog. "And still," Pierre finishes his story simply, "whenever I go by that country of Kern River I think of my dog."

Curiously, the obligation of his work—who shall say it is not that higher form of habit out of which the sense of duty shapes itself?—is always stronger in the dog than the love for the herder. Lacking a direct command, in any severance of their interests, the collie stays by the sheep. In that same country of young, roaring rivers there was a shepherd who died suddenly in his camp and was not found for two days. The flock was gone on from the meadow where he lay, straying toward high places as shepherdless sheep will, and the dogs with them. They had returned to lick the dead face of the herder, no doubt they had mourned above him in their fashion in the dusk of pines, but though they could win no authority from him, they stayed by the flock. So they did when the two herdsmen of Barret's were frozen on their feet while still faithfully rounding the sheep; they dropped stilly in their places and were overblown by the snow. The dogs had scraped the drifts from their bodies, and the sheep had trampled mindlessly on the straightened forms, but at the end of the third day, when succor found them, the dogs had come a flock-journey from that place and had turned the sheep toward home. This is as long as can be proved that the sense of responsibility to the flock stays with the dog when he feels himself abandoned by his overlord.

A dog might remain indefinitely with the sheep because he has the habit of association, but the service of herding is rendered only at the bidding of the gods. The superintendent of Tejon told me of a dog that could be trusted to take a bunch of muttons that had been cut out for use at the ranch-house, and from any point of the range, drive them a whole day's journey at his order, and

bring them safely to the home corral. Señor Lopez, I think, related of another that it was sent out to hunt estrays, and not returning, was hunted for, and found warding a ewe and twin lambs, licking his wounds and sniffing, not without the appearance of satisfaction, at a newly killed coyote. The dog must have found the ewe in travail, for the lambs were but a few hours old, and been made aware of it by what absolute and elemental means who shall say, and stood guarding the event through the night.

At Los Alisos there was a bitch of such excellent temper that she was thought of more value for raising pups than herding; she was, therefore, when her litter came, taken from the flock and given quarters at the ranch-house. But in the morning Flora went out to the sheep. She sought them in the pastures where they had been, and kept the accustomed round, returning wearied to her young at noon; she followed after them at evening and covered with panting sides the distance they had put between them and her litter. At the end of the second day, when she came to her bed, half dead with running, she was tied, but gnawed the rope, and in twenty-four hours was out on the cold trail of the flock. One of the vaqueros found her twenty miles from home, working faint and frenzied over its vanishing scent. It was only after this fruitless sally she was reconciled to her new estate.

Now consider that we have very many high and brave phrases for such performances when they pertain to two-footed beings who grow hair on their heads only, and are disallowed the use of them for the four-foots that have hair all over them. Duty, chivalry, sacrifice, these are words sacred to the man things. But how shall one loving definiteness consign to the loose limbo of Instinct all the qualities engendered in the intelligence of the dog by the mind of man? For it is incontrovertible that a good sheep-dog is made.

The propensity to herd is fixed in the breed. Some unaccountably in any litter will have missed the possibility of being good at it, and a collie that is not good for a herd dog is good for nothing. The only thing to do with the born incompetent is to shoot it or give it to the

children; in the bringing up of a family almost any dog is better than no dog at all. What good breeding means in a young collie is not that he is fit to herd sheep, but that he is fit to be trained to it. Aptitude he may be born with, but he can in no wise dispense with the hand of the herder over him. What we need is a new vocabulary for the larger estate which a dog takes on when he is tamed by a man.

Training here is not carried to so fine a pitch as abroad, most owners not desiring too dependable a dog. The herder is the more likely to leave the flock too much to his care, and whatever a sheep-dog may learn, it is never to discriminate in the matter of pasture. An excellent collie makes an indolent herder.

Every man who follows after sheep will tell you how he thinks he trains his pups, and of all the means variously expounded there are two that are constant. It is important that the dog acquire early the habit of association, and to this purpose herders will often carry a pup in the cayac and suckle it to a goat. Most important is it that he shall learn to return of his own motion to the master for deserved chastisement. To accomplish this the dog is tied with sufficient ropeway and punished until he discovers that the ease of his distress is to come straightly to the hand that afflicts him. He is to be tied long to allow him room for volition and tied securely that he may not once get clean away from the trainer's hand. Once a dog, through fear or the sense of anger incurred, escapes his master for a space of hours, there is not much to be done by way of retrieval. It is as if the impalpable bridge between his mind and the mind of man, being broken by the act, is never to be built again. For this, in fine, is what constitutes a good herd dog—to be wholly open to the suggestion of the man-mind, and carry its will to the flock. His is the service of the go-between. Not that he knows or cares what becomes of the flock, but merely what the herder intends toward it.

I have said the shepherd will tell you how he thinks he trains his collies; for, watching them, I grow certain that more goes forward than the herder is rightly aware. Working communication between

them is largely by signs, since the dog manœuvres at the distance of a flock length, taking orders from the herder's arm. Every movement of the flock can be so effected, but if the herder would have barking, he must say to him, Speak, and he speaks. The teaching methods seem not to be contrived by any rule; as if every man fumbling at the dog's understanding had hit upon a device which seemed to accomplish his end, and might or might not serve the next adventure. You would not suppose in any other case that by waving arms, buffets, pettings, and retrievings, and by no other means, so much could be communicable in violation to racial instincts, with no root in experience and only a possible one in the generational memory; nor do I, for one, suppose it. Moreover, it sticks in my mind that I have never seen one herd dog instruct another even by the implication of behaving in such a manner as to invite imitation.

Bobcats I have seen teaching their kittens to seek prey, young eagles coached at flying, coyote cubs remanded to the trail with a snarl when wishful to leave it; but never the sheep-dog teaching her young to round and guard. In this all the shepherds of the Long Trail bear me out. Assuredly the least intelligent dog learns something by imitation; to be convinced of it one has only to note the assumed postures, the look as of a very deaf person who wishes to have you understand that he has heard, the self-gratulation when some tentative motion proves acceptable, the tolerable assumption, when it fails, that the sally has been undertaken merely by way of entertainment. But with it all no intention of being imitated.

Since all these things are so, how, then, can a shepherd say to the go-between what the dog cannot say to another dog? It is not altogether that they lack speech, for, as I say, the work of herding goes on by signs, and I have come to an excellent understanding with some collies that know only Basque and a patois that is not the French of the books. Fellowship of man and beast is helped by conversation, though it is not indispensable, and if the herder has an arm to wave has not the dog a tail to wag? If he reads the face of his master—and who that has been loved by

a dog but believes him amenable to a smile or a frown—may he not so learn the countenance of his blood-brother? Notwithstanding, the desire of the shepherd which the dog bears to the sheep, remains, as respect to other dogs, like the personal revelation of a deity, locked, incommunicable. He arises to the man virtues so long as the man's command, or the echo of it, lies in his consciousness. But we, when we have arrived at the pitch of conserving what was once our study to destroy, conceive that we have done it of ourselves.

What a herd dog has first to learn is to know every one of two or three hundred sheep, and to know them both by sight and smell. This he does thoroughly. When Watterson was running sheep on the plains he had a young collie not yet put to the herd, but kept about the pumping-plant. As the sheep came in by hundreds to the troughs, the dog grew so to know them that when they had picked up a stray from another band he discovered it from afar off, and darting as a hornet, nipping and yelping, parted it out from the band. At that time no mere man would have pretended, without the aid of the brand, to recognize any of the thousands that bore it.

How long recollection stays by the dog is not certain, but at least a twelvemonth, as was proved to Filon Girard after he had lost a third of his band when the Santa Anna came roaring up by Lone Pine with a cloud of saffron-colored dust on its wings. After shearing of next year, passing close to another band, Filon's dogs set themselves unbidden to routing out of it, and rounding with their own, nearly twenty head, which the herder, being an honest man, freely admitted he had picked up on the mesa following after Filon the spring before.

Quick to know the wilful and unbiddable members of a flock, the wise collie is not sparing of bites, and following after a stubborn stray, will often throw it, and stand guard until help arrives or the sheep shows a better mind. But the herder who has a dog trained at the difficult work of herding range sheep through the chutes and runways into boats and cars for transportation is the fortunate fellow.

There was Pete's dog, Bourdaloue, that, at the Stockton landing, with no assistance, put eight hundred wild sheep from the highlands on the boat in eight minutes, by running along the backs of the flock until he had picked out the stubborn or stupid leaders that caused the sheep to jam in the runway, and by sharp bites set them forward, himself treading the backs of the racing flock, like the première equestrienne of the circus, which all the men of the shipping cheered to see.

In shaping his work to the land he moves in, an old wolf habit comes into play. From knowing how to leap up in mid-run to keep sight of small quarry, the dog has learned to mount on stumps and boulders to observe the flock. So he does in the sage and chamisal, and of greater necessity he did years ago in the coast ranges where the mustard engulfed the flock until their whereabouts could be known only by the swaying of its bloom. Julien, the good shepherd of Lone Pine, had a little dog, much loved, that would come and bark to be taken up on his master's shoulder, that he might better judge how his work lay. The propensity of sheep to fall over each other into a pit whenever occasion offers is as well noted by the dog as by the owner; so there was once a collie of Hittell's of such flock-wisdom that at a point in a certain drive, where an accident had occurred by the sheep being gulched, he never failed afterward to go forward and guard the bank until the flock had gone by.

Footsoreness is the worst evil of the Long Trail; cactus thorns, foxtail, and sharp, hot granite sands induce so great distress that to remedy it the shepherd makes moccasins of deerskin for his dogs. Once having experience of these comforts, the collie returns to the herder's knee and lifts up his paws as a gentle invitation to have them on when the trail begins to wear. On his long drive Sanger had slung a rawhide under the wagon to carry brushwood for the fire, but the dogs soon discovered in it a material easement of their fatigues, and would lie in it while the team went forward, each collie rousting out his confrère and insisting on his turn.

When one falls in with a sheep-camp

it is always well to inquire concerning the dogs; the herder who will not talk of anything else will talk of these. You bend back the springy sage to sit upon, the shepherd sits on a brown boulder with his staff between his knees, the dogs at his feet, ears pointed with attention. He unfolds his cigarette-papers and fumbles for the sack.

"Eh, my tobacco? I have left it at the camp. Go, Pinto, and fetch it."

Away races the collie, pleased as a patted schoolboy, and comes back with the tobacco between his jaws.

"I must tell you a story of the misbegotten devil of a he goat, Noé," says the shepherd, rolling a cigarette. "You! Go and fetch Noé, that Madam-who-writes-the-book may see."

In a jiffy the dog has nipped Noé by the ankles and cut him out of the band, but you will have to ask again before you get your story, for it is not Noé the shepherd has in mind. In reality he is bursting with pride of his dog, and thinks only to exhibit him. It is the expansiveness of affection that elevates the customary performance to an achievement. As for the other man's dog, why should it not do well? unless his master, being a dull fellow, has spent his pains to no end. But in the Pinto there with the listening ears and muzzle delicately pointed and inquiring, with the eye confident and restrained as expressing the suspension of communication rather than its incompleteness, you perceive at once a tangible and exceptionable distinction.

Light Woe

BY FALLOW NORTON

THE wind of woe sang through my trees—
 O well I love a singing!
 But Peace came by and all is still;
 Sweet silent Peace must have her will
 To stop the light woe's singing.

The hand of woe upon my walls
 Dark shapes was ever tracing.
 Mayhap they were not beautiful,
 But they were strange and wonderful,
 And joy came of his tracing.

But Peace within the chamber came,
 (Peace loveth me too dearly!)
 Now I must smile on bright blank walls,
 And sleep in dreamless tuneless halls
 Where silence rings too clearly.

A little war, a little woe,
 To set the banners flying!
 O rather than the earth were still—
 No song, no sound, no stir, no thrill—
 I'd hear my own voice crying!

The Little Silver Heart

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

THE trouble is that ever since it happened Connie hasn't been able to remember so well about the strange things at Aunt Betsy's. It all seems to slip away from her, and more and more all the time. It is a very good thing she told Ben and me about it as soon as she got here, because now she will even ask Ben questions, like, "What was it I said when they asked me whether she talked to me?" or, "Where was I sitting when I saw her?"

The reason why Connie went out to Aunt Betsy's was because she had too many dreams at night and recited poetry all the time. It was the doctor himself that sent her there. She used to be his nurse, and he used to spend the summer with her when he was a little boy. It only took an hour on the train and then a long drive, but when you got there it was 'way back in the country.

Aunt Betsy was quite old, and her niece Mrs. Annie took care of her. There was another niece, Mrs. Edward, that took care of Gran'ma Biggs, down in the cottage, and there was Ann Ellen, that was the maid. That is, she was the maid in one way, because she did the washing and other things, but she ate at the table with them and she called Mrs. Annie, "Annie." She had a bad temper, but she sang nice songs, and when she wasn't busy she told Connie stories of the Indian massacres.

You might think it would be lonely there, with nobody to play with, but for a long time, almost a week, Connie didn't think so. To begin with, it was a very interesting house indeed. There was a bookcase in the sitting-room with all kinds of queer books in it; there was a music-box, square, that played four tunes, with a looking-glass in it; and a big tall screen made of white cloth like sheets and pillow-cases. This cloth was entirely covered up with pictures, plain and colored, and little bits of poetry and jokes

and photographs and colored birds of all kinds, pasted on to exactly fit each other, so that not a speck of cloth showed except where some had been torn off. It was made by Dr. Welles and his brothers when they were boys, and Connie spent hours reading it: both sides were covered.

There were some queer-looking photographs in there, and a melodeon that Connie used to go in and play on whenever she got the chance, but that wasn't often, because they made her stay outdoors all the time. She was sorry for that, because the melodeon sounded so sad and loud, and it made her think about things long ago that she had nearly forgotten, she said.

She used to hear about Gran'ma Biggs, but for some time she didn't see her, because, though she often went down to the cottage on errands, Mrs. Edward was always in the kitchen, and there didn't seem to be anybody about but Mr. Biggs, her husband, and he never said a word. For two months that she was there Connie never heard him open his mouth but once, and then he only said two words.

Well, one day when Connie went down to get some pickled pears, Mrs. Edward wasn't in the kitchen, and Connie went through into the next room, and it was a bedroom, strange to say. In it was a big high bed with long ruffles like skirts around the bottom, and a great big bureau with glass knobs, and Connie said she didn't believe the windows had been opened for a year. There was a little thin old woman in the bed in a queer white nightcap, just as in old-fashioned pictures. She was very old indeed, with only a few teeth, and she was brown and wrinkled and had very bright eyes. She was staring straight at Connie, so Connie felt she ought to say something, and she said: "How do you do? I hope you're feeling better, Gran'ma Biggs," for she knew who it must be.

"Why," said Gran'ma Biggs, "if it



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"WHY," SAID GRANDMA BIGGS, "IF IT AIN'T LITTLE LORILLA"

ain't little Lorilla! How air ye, Lorilla, child? I ain't seen ye for weeks. Why ain't ye been down?"

"I'm Constantia Van Cott," said Connie, "and you've never met me before, but I'm glad to know you." Con is always very polite.

Then Gran'ma Biggs began to laugh, such a queer laugh—like a squeaky door, Connie told us.

"Allus up to your monkey tricks," she said. "I never see such a child for games. Seem's if you had to play sump'n different every time you come. Well, come an' shake hands with old gran'ma, anyway."

So Connie went up to the bed, and she says that unless a parrot ever climbed up on your fingers you never will know what it felt like to shake hands with Gran'ma Biggs.

"Ain't you brought Spot?" said gran'ma. "I thought you allers brought her. Didn't I hear her bark?"

"That's old Nig that came up with me," Connie told her; "he has a good many spots, but that's not his name."

Just then Mrs. Edward came running in, all out of breath.

"What are you doing in here?" she asked Connie, quite crossly, and then she said to Gran'ma Biggs, "Mother, I hope you haven't been talking any nonsense."

"Well, I guess not," said gran'ma. "I'm too glad to see Lorilla to talk nonsense. Why ain't you let her down before? Here I've been a-beggin' an' a-prayin' for her, an' you puttin' me off for weeks—or months, for aught I know. But the dear child's come fin'ly to see her gran'ma, all by herself, ain't you, lovey?"

"This ain't Lorilla, mother; it's the little girl Fred sent down—don't you remember I told you?" said Mrs. Edward, very quick and shaking her head at Gran'ma Biggs.

"An' Spot, too—I ain't seen old Spotty for a long time," gran'ma went on.

Mrs. Edward took hold of Connie's arm and just dragged her out of the room.

"That's not Spot, mother; you remember when she died; 'twas ten years ago, an' the pup's thirteen now. You remember little Nig that upset the milk, don't you?" she asked gran'ma, and she tried to shut the door. But Gran'ma Biggs

sat right up in bed and shook her fist at her; and Connie said it was dreadful to see her, with her arm all brown and thin and her old hooked nose.

"Then you bring me Lorilla right off," she called out, "and no shennanegin about it! I'll speak to Edward to-night, mind you that."

But by that time the door was shut, and Mrs. Edward walked home with Connie.

"You mustn't mind mother," she told her; "her mind sort o' wanders; you see she's 'most ninety years old. Spot's been dead these ten years."

"And Lorilla," says Connie. "Is she dead, too?"

"I don't see how you ever got in there," said Mrs. Edward; "it beats all how things will go wrong some days. Sick people are a great care."

You see she never answered Connie's question at all. As soon as they got back she sent Connie out to play, and then she called Mrs. Annie and Aunt Betsy, and Connie knew perfectly well that she was telling them about it, from the way they looked out of the window at her.

Well, just about then Connie began to get lonely. She thought how all the girls at Elmbank had somebody to play with, and there she was with only an old spotted dog for a companion. There wasn't any house but the cottage for a long distance, and she began to feel how all alone and deserted everything was—anything might happen to them there, with no telephone. And just then it clouded over and thundered and some drops fell, and Connie thought she might as well begin to cry then and there, she felt so sad and lonesome.

She went into the house by the side door and up the back stairs, and started to go into the little hall that led to her room; but when she pushed in the door it wasn't that little hall at all, but some attic stairs. Connie was so surprised she stopped crying and went on up the stairs. The ceiling sloped down to the floor at each end and it was quite dim, because there were only a few little windows and they were very cobwebby; besides, the rain made things dark. There were one or two old trunks there and some queer bandboxes and a little tin bathtub, all painted with flowers. There were

several broken chairs with painted backs and seats made of that stuff that looks like straw, and a wooden crib that shut up like a camp-chair in the middle. There was a dusty old wire cage for a squirrel, and a whole lot of dried catnip tied up in bunches, and other smelly things.

Connie poked along, to see how small she would have to bow down as the roof got lower and lower, and just as she was going to get on her hands and knees she stumbled over a little trunk. It was so small that she knew it must have been a doll's trunk, and she sat right down and opened it, because, though she never would touch any of the other trunks and boxes for the world, of course she felt that she had a right to see the little-girl things.

The first thing in the trunk was a pile of doll's clothes; they weren't very nice, but they were made just as well as if the cloth had been better, but very old-fashioned. And it must have been a grown-up doll, too, because there were hats for it, with strings like Aunt Betsy's. And there were nightcaps like Gran'ma Biggs's.

Under the clothes were some other playthings—a long string all covered with buttons of many different sorts, a little box with the top all made of shells pasted on close together, and a little cup made of striped shiny wood that had printed on it, *Made of wood from Mt. Tom, Massachusetts*. In the shell box there was a lock of black curly hair tied with blue ribbon in an envelope, and on it was written, "My dear Spotty's hair when she was six months old." In another envelope was some yellow hair, not real, and that said, "A lock of Estella's old hair that was burned when Fred sent the new wig." You see, that was the doll. There was one more with brown hair, but the writing was all scratched out, so that Connie couldn't read it.

Under the box was a book, in a cover made of brown cloth like what is behind furniture sometimes; it was called *The Third Reader*. They used to learn to read in books like that, but Connie says we'd better be thankful that we don't now, for the stories in this one were silly. They were babyish, and the poetry especially. There was no name in the front, but instead it said, "If my name you wish to see, look on page one hundred

and three." She turned to that page, and then it said, "If my name you still would find, look on page marked fifty-nine." So she looked there, and there was the name: "Lorilla Biggs. If on this name you chance to look, think of me and close the book."

And that is just what Connie did. She would have been so glad if Lorilla had been there; it was all she needed to make her contented—somebody to play with, you see. She said it almost seemed as if Lorilla *was* there, because there were her things and the locks of hair and the writing that said to think of her. It was almost dark, and Connie played that Lorilla was over behind one of the trunks, and that the noise the rain made on the roof was her feet running around. She said afterwards she wouldn't have been surprised if Lorilla had come out any minute. But of course she didn't, and Connie knew well enough that she must either be dead or grown up by this time.

The sound of the rain made her feel sleepy, it was so quiet in there, and the catnip and things smelled so strong, too—such things always make Con sleepy. So she fell asleep, and the water leaked in right over her shoulder, and when she woke up she was quite wet, and the doll's things, too. It was awfully dark and she was scared to death, so she just tumbled the things under the trunk and felt her way down-stairs, and changed her dress quickly so that Mrs. Annie shouldn't be worried, for her throat felt sore.

Well, they were so delighted to see her, they never scolded her a bit, for they'd been out hunting all over for her; they thought she was lost somewhere. And Aunt Betsy kissed her, and they all cried, and Mrs. Edward's husband said, "Well, well!" That's every word she ever heard him say.

Of course she told them where she had been, and then she said, "Was Lorilla your sister, Mrs. Annie?"

Connie says they looked at her and then at each other and never said a word. Then they all began to say something, and all stopped together. Finally Aunt Betsy said: "Well, Annie, there's no need to make a bad matter worse by fightin' the truth. Nobody knows what mother's said, so we might's well out with it."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

A LOCK OF BLACK CURLY HAIR TIED WITH BLUE RIBBON

"All right," said Mrs. Annie; "you're in charge, and what you say goes. I guess the truth's the best myself."

So then she told Connie about little Lorilla. She was their sister Etta's little girl, and her father died when she was a baby, so she was all her mother had, and her mother was dreadful choice of her, Mrs. Annie said. She was pretty and good and a real comfort, and Gran'-ma Biggs just worshipped the ground she walked on. She had to play most of the time by herself, because she was the only child, but she was real contented, and she set great store by Spot; they'd play by the hour together, "just like you and old Nig," Mrs. Annie said. She was eleven years old, like Connie, and she had dreadful old-fashioned ways and sewed patchwork just like a woman. She made the quilt in Connie's room.

Well, one morning Spot went off to the river to take a swim, and while she was gone Lorilla said she guessed she'd go out and try to find some closed gentians for her mother, because they were her mother's favorite flower, and September was the month to find them. So they said all right, and her mother said to kiss her good-by. And Lorilla laughed and said she wouldn't be gone long enough for that; but then she changed her mind and came back and kissed her. "I'll kiss you, too, Aunt Annie," she said; and then Aunt Betsy pretended to cry and said, "No kiss for poor old Aunt Betsy?" Then Lorilla nearly cried herself, because she thought Aunt Betsy was in earnest, and she was too tender-hearted to hurt a fly. She went out after she gave her a kiss, too, and shut the door after her very carefully, the way she always did. And they never saw her again.

They hunted and they hunted for weeks and weeks, and poor old Spot used to run around the barn where they used to play together, howling and crying till they had to chain her up, but they never found any sign of her. Dr. Welles's father sent three detectives up there, and everybody for miles around helped them hunt, and they arrested a band of gipsies that was roaming about, a mile away, and thought they had her once, but they couldn't prove that the gipsies had seen her, and they had to let them go. After the gipsies

had got away they found out that three or four of them had escaped before the rest were caught, and gone away on a train, and people always thought they were the ones that had little Lorilla.

Her mother only lived a year after that; she just pined off, Mrs. Annie said. But she always said Lorilla was dead, and she was the only one that thought that, for everybody else was sure she was living with the gipsies or carried away into another country.

Of course that was very exciting and interesting, and Connie asked so many questions that she didn't have time to tell about her throat, and it got sorer all the time. She dreamed about Lorilla all night, and the next morning she went out with old Nig and walked along by the river and pretended that she was going to meet her there, after Lorilla got the gentians, and that they were going to play. Finally she got tired pretending to wait, and she thought all of a sudden that she might just as well pretend Lorilla *had* come. So she did. She said she felt rather silly when she first said: "Why, here you are at last, Lorilla! I'd about given you up," but after that it was just as easy as anything, and before long she was talking away, first for herself and then for Lorilla, and having quite a nice time. It wasn't nearly so lonely, of course, and it was fun to plan out what Lorilla would have said. At first she used to stop and think, but after a while she answered back very quickly, not stopping at all, and sometimes she would speak so fast that she really didn't know what she was going to say, and it surprised her when she'd said it—if you see what I mean. If you knew Con, you wouldn't be surprised that she got so excited doing this that her head ached, and she never went home till they came to get her for dinner. She wouldn't tell about her throat then, for she wanted to get right back to Lorilla, and she was afraid Mrs. Annie would make her go to bed. So she went directly there and sat down by the river and began to play again.

While she was playing she happened to look behind her and saw somebody walking through the trees. Of course she stopped talking and felt ashamed of herself to be making so much noise all alone,

and she was afraid whoever it was would laugh, because she was talking with two voices, one for Lorilla and one for herself. She waited for them to get by, and then she began again. But when she looked around to make sure, she saw somebody step behind a bush, and she could see that it was a woman, for she saw her dress and her sunbonnet. She supposed it was Mrs. Annie coming to see what she was doing, and got up to catch her, but she hid behind some of the bushes and kept so still that Con got very cross and nearly cried, she felt so tired and her head ached so. Finally she called out, "You can hide there all day if you want to; I sha'n't hunt!" and went back to her place. But she only whispered then, partly to tease Mrs. Annie and partly because she hated to have anybody hear her. But she knew that nobody had gone away, for she listened carefully, and suddenly she turned around, and it wasn't Mrs. Annie, after all, but a little girl not much bigger than Connie herself. Connie stared at her for a minute, but she looked very scared, and jumped behind a big tree that was there, and all of a sudden Con got frightened herself, it was so still there, and called Nig and ran home. She looked around once or twice, but she didn't see the little girl, which she was sorry for, because she looked nice, though scared. When she got to the house she asked what little girl lived around there, and Mrs. Annie said, not any.

"Did you see one?" she asked her, and when Connie told her about it she laughed and said that it must be Henry Barber's little girl from Waite's Falls. "Henry comes once a week to see if we want any pot-cheese or buttermilk and get the rags for his wife to make her rugs of," she said, "and I told him last week to bring Josie with him to visit with you. She's dreadful shy, and I guess when she saw you she couldn't come up to the scratch. You oughtn't to 'a' run, though."

Pretty soon Mrs. Edward came over and Mrs. Annie told her about Josie, but Mrs. Edward said that Henry Barber had just driven by and Josie wasn't with him.

"Well, then, he's left her in the woods there, and Connie'd better run right back and hunt her up," said Mrs. Annie; so Connie went back and hunted and called,

but for a long time she couldn't find anybody. Once or twice, though, she saw her just ahead, and then she'd call out: "Oh, please wait! Please stay till I catch up, Josie!" One time the little girl waited till Con was quite near, and turned and smiled, but then she looked scared again, and slipped off to one side, where the bushes were thick. Finally Connie thought she'd sit down and pretend not to notice, and see if she'd come up; so she sat down on a big stone and shut her eyes and waited, and when she opened them softly there was the little girl standing quite near, looking at her. Connie kept on sitting still, and by and by the little girl sat down near her and watched her. So then Connie smiled and she smiled, and they smiled back and forth, and at last Connie asked her if she knew that her father had started home without her, and she shook her head.

"We'd better start on and see if we can catch him," Connie said. "Come on!" and she jumped up, but that frightened the little girl, and she was up like lightning and running away. She ran so quick and so soft that the leaves rustling covered up the footsteps, and once Connie lost track of her she couldn't get her again. By this time poor Con was pretty tired, and she was so disappointed she began to cry; and when she got back they had to get her some cookies and milk before she could stop. Mrs. Annie was awfully cross with Josie for being so silly, and told Connie never to mind; she'd take her up to the Barbers' and teach Josie manners if her own mother couldn't.

"She'll come round all right," she said; "those black eyes o' hers 'll snap when she sees what I've brought her—I know what she likes."

"Her eyes aren't black—they're gray," said Connie; "and if she doesn't like me, she needn't, so there!"

"What you talkin' about, child? her eyes are black as ink," said Mrs. Edward.

Then Connie lost her temper and pushed away the cooky, which didn't taste very good, anyway, and contradicted dreadfully.

"Her eyes are not black—they are as gray as mine," she said, very crossly.

"There, there!" Mrs. Annie said; "don't mind the child; she's tired to



ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE LITTLE GIRL SAT DOWN NEAR HER AND WATCHED HER

death, and she looks to me as if she'd caught a chill besides."

She made Connie change her stockings and gave her some milk toast for supper; but it didn't taste good, but bitter, like the cooky, and Connie was glad to go to bed. But she woke up in the middle of the night, and couldn't get to sleep again for a long time. She thought about little Lorilla, and how nice it would have been if she had been at Aunt Betsy's, and how they would have played together and told stories and slept in the same room, and it seemed to her she simply couldn't bear it to stay there alone much longer. She thought maybe she'd go to sleep if she could count a few stars, which she'd heard makes you sleepy, and she got up and sat on the window-sill and looked out. It was so still she could hear the leaves rustle on trees a long way off, and Gran'-ma Biggs's cottage and the barn at the end of the lane behind it looked like pictures of houses, all flat. Just as she started to count the stars on top of the barn she saw something move beside it, and when she looked down near the ground she saw it was a person, stealing quietly around the corner of the barn, and she knew by the sunbonnet and the apron that it was the little girl. At first she couldn't believe it, but the more she looked the more she was sure, and then she leaned out of the window and waved her hand, hoping to get her attention and then go down and let her in. The little girl didn't seem to dare to go very far from the barn, because as soon as she had taken a few steps she'd turn around and run behind it again, just the way she did by the river. But Connie kept on waving—of course she didn't dare call out loud—and pretty soon she thought the little girl saw her, for she tipped her bonnet high as though she was looking up, and started along toward the cottage. In a moment she was by it, and then she came into the lane, and pretty soon she was quite near Aunt Betsy's house. Then Connie was sure she saw her, for she waved her hand and hurried faster, when all of a sudden, just as she reached the well, Nig began to bark and howl. It was a dreadful noise, coming when everything was so still, and it frightened Connie so that she screamed and nearly fell out of the window. It frightened

the little girl still more, for she turned right around and ran back to the barn, and disappeared behind it.

Of course that woke up Mrs. Annie, and she came running to Connie's room, and when Connie told her that the little girl hadn't found her father, after all, but was hiding behind the barn and too afraid to come out, Mrs. Annie stared at her in the strangest way and said: "Child, you're dreaming. There's no little girl there. You've been walking in your sleep."

"I think I know a person when I see one," said Connie, half crying, "and she waved her hand to me, too. You go down behind the barn and you'll see."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Edward. "Look here, child; Josie Barber's down with the measles, and how could she be here? Henry told me so himself; he stopped in after you went to bed."

"Then it's some other little girl," said Connie, "and she's out all alone behind the barn," but they put her back into bed and said that there wasn't any little girl that it could be, and made her go to sleep.

So Connie went to sleep, and she dreamed that she and little Lorilla were playing in the barn, and the hay got into her nose and choked her, and she was dying, and Lorilla shook her and said, "Wake up! wake up!" and she woke up with a jump, all hot and stuffy and choking.

Well, I suppose you'll think she was crazy, but she got up out of bed and put on her wrapper and her shoes and stockings, and opened the door softly and started down-stairs. She said she had to go and find that little girl. She just had to. And she was so hot besides, she thought it would be cooler outdoors. Her head felt very big, and she says that she skipped down the stairs just like dancing, as you do in dreams. She went out by the kitchen door very softly, and it was beautiful in the yard, almost light, with only one big star and the sky a kind of white. You could see everything very plainly, and she wasn't a bit afraid. It smelled so good that she felt very happy, and she ran along the path to the barn, in that dancing kind of way, so quickly that she got there in a moment, though it was really quite a long way.

And there was the little girl waiting for her, just as she knew she would be. She wasn't a bit shy by that time, and they began to play directly. Connie meant to ask her why she didn't go home to bed, and where she lived, but she forgot all about it somehow, and her head felt so big and queer that she couldn't remember much of anything. We've often asked Connie what they played, but it made her very cross after a while, because at first she used to say, "Oh, we just played, that's all," and finally she had to own up that she couldn't remember, but they had a beautiful time. We asked her what the little girl talked about, and at first she used to say, "Oh, everything, you know—just different things"; but when Ben asked her to tell one thing—just some one thing that the little girl said—she thought very hard and finally said that she couldn't remember one word, really; but of course she must have talked, or they couldn't have played, could they?

After a while Con got sleepy and wanted the little girl to come in and go to bed, but she wouldn't go so far from the barn: she'd run behind it if she heard a noise, and once when the black rooster, that always woke up first, began to crow, she ran in and made Connie hunt a long time before she found her. That made Connie cross and her head ached terribly, and she felt dizzy, too, so she said she was going back to the house unless the little girl told her the secret place she hid in. Then the little girl put her fingers on her lips and looked very wise, and beckoned to Connie to come and see something, and not make any noise; and Con went softly after her. She knelt down and swept away some hay from the back of the floor and caught her finger nail into a little kind of crack in the board and lifted the board up and pointed down. And there was a lovely little place under the floor, just big enough to hide in, and the board would drop back, and nobody would ever in the world guess you were there. Then Con was ashamed for being so cross and begged the little girl's pardon, the place was so fine; and she smiled very kindly, and took off her neck a blue ribbon with a silver heart strung on it and held it out to Connie. Connie put out her hand for it, but before she touched it the little girl let go of it and it

dropped into the secret place and the board fell back, and there it was—gone.

"Look out! Look out!" Connie called, very loud, and the little girl gave a jump and Connie fell down, and when she got up the little girl was gone. Connie said she felt as if she'd been asleep and just waked up, and she knew she was sick or something, her head was so queer and her legs shook. She ran out of the barn and stumbled along to the house and fell asleep right on the kitchen floor, and Mrs. Annie found her there when she came down.

Now, what do you think? When Connie told them where she went and about the little girl, they just looked at each other and told her she dreamed it. They said she had walked in her sleep to the kitchen door and never gone any farther.

And Aunt Betsy said: "Annie, I'm going to write for Fred this minute. You get the quinine now. It's chills 'n' fever."

Well, that was too much for poor Con to bear, and she burst out crying and couldn't stop.

"Go out to the barn, then, if you don't believe me, and get into the secret place and find the silver heart she gave me—then you'll see!" she told them, sobbing and crying.

Hardly had she said that, when Aunt Betsy put her hand up to her belt and tumbled over in her chair, and Mrs. Annie and Mrs. Edward stared at Connie and swallowed in their throats; and Mrs. Annie whispered:

"The heart? The silver heart? Which one? Tell me, deary; tell Aunt Annie."

So Connie told them, and Mrs. Edward got up and said: "The Lord help poor Etta, girls—she's seen Lorilla's locket! I'm going for Mr. Weed, an' you look after Betsy."

Connie said that after that nobody seemed to pay any attention to her, and when they did they stared at her and didn't pet her at all, and she felt bad, too. Aunt Betsy cried and cried, and the coffee boiled all over the stove and smelled dreadfully, and Connie took a great big cup, and they never said a word. It made her feel very well and her head got small again. She had to sit in the room with Aunt Betsy, and nobody did a thing till Mr. Weed came, and then she had to tell



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

A BLUE RIBBON WITH A SILVER HEART STRUNG ON IT

him the whole thing over again. And he shook his head and asked her to describe the locket; and when she said it was on a blue ribbon, Aunt Betsy cried harder than ever.

"Come out with me to the barn, my child," said Mr. Weed, and they went, and some other people that Connie had never seen before, and Mr. Barber and the hired man and Ann Ellen. And Connie went right to the place and pushed away the hay, and the board wasn't there at all, but smaller ones, all nailed down tight. It had been changed, and now she knew they wouldn't believe her, and she began to cry.

"You see, my child," said Mr. Weed, and he looked very sadly at her, "you have made a great deal of pain for these poor sisters, and to no purpose. There is no board here such as you describe."

"But there was, there was!" Connie cried out; "it was as wide as three of these boards and loose at the end, and dark brown. And now some one has covered it up, and I can't get my locket, and the little girl gave it to me."

Just then Henry, the hired man, stepped out and coughed and said: "This here floor ain't only been laid but eight years, Mis' Edward, since I come, and the old boards was like she says. It was laid right on top o' the other."

Then Mr. Weed looked very sharply at Henry, and Mrs. Annie gave a scream and ran to the place and began to pick at the nails.

"Oh, Mr. Weed! Oh, poor Etta!" she cried out. "I remember now. That's what Lorilla meant. She told me one day that if ever the Indians sh'd come again they'd never get her, for she knew a place they'd never find in a hundred years. 'I'll be safe there, Aunt Annie,' says she, 'you'll see;' but she never'd tell me. It was under there—my poor baby, 'twas under there!"

Connie couldn't move a step, her legs shook so, and Mr. Weed held her hand so tight.

"My friends," he said, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings a strange matter has been disclosed to us. Let some one bring a chisel and a hammer!"

Henry went away, and suddenly Aunt Betsy sat right down on the floor and made motions to Mrs. Annie.

"Annie," she said, very hoarse, just as if she had caught cold,—“Annie. 'Twas the day she went away that we had the hay in!”

When Henry came back there were more people with him, and it was so still you could hear the long nails squeak when he knocked the boards up. When he had got them off—he broke them at the other end—Connie pulled her hand away and ran. "There's my board," she said, "and here's where you put your finger nail," and she fitted her nail in and pulled the board back a little way. "I told you somebody had covered it up," she said, "now I'll find my locket," and she started to look in, but Mr. Weed pulled her back.

"Hush, my child!" he said, and Connie says his hand was cold as ice; "go back with the women. I will look."

He looked down and jumped back, and then he looked again, with his hand out behind him so nobody could come.

Everybody was crying but Connie, and she was feeling queerer and queerer.

"My friends," he said, very gentle and still, "let us pray."

Then he made a prayer and everybody knelt down, and Connie can't remember what he said except the end: "who in Thine own good time revealest everything, so that we may be at peace. Amen."

"And now please give me my locket," says Connie, who tried to be polite while he was praying, "for my throat is so sore."

And he leaned down over the secret place and put down his hand a moment, and then he held it out, and there, tied to an old grayish kind of string, was a little silver heart.

Mrs. Annie gave a long sigh, like when you hold your breath, and then, Connie says, the floor sank down under her and left her standing in the air, and she seemed to forget everything after that, but somebody carried her away. And when she got well she was at home, and Ben and I came to see her.

She has never seen them again, Mrs. Annie and Mrs. Edward and Gran'ma Biggs, and nobody would tell her anything about them, so she has nearly forgotten, now; but Ben thinks that nothing in any book is more wonderful than this story of little Lorilla.

The Americanism of Washington

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

HARD is the task of him who at this late day would attempt to say anything new about Washington. But perhaps it may be possible to unsay some of the things which have been said, and which, though they were at one time new, have never at any time been strictly true.

The character of Washington, emerging splendid from the dust and tumult of those great conflicts in which he played the leading part, has passed successively into three media of obscurity, from each of which his figure, like the sun shining through vapors, has received some disguise of shape and color. First came the mist of mythology, in which we discerned the new St. George, serene, impeccable, moving through an orchard of ever-blooming cherry-trees, gracefully vanquishing dragons with a touch, and shedding fragrance and radiance around him. Out of that mythological mist we groped our way, to find ourselves beneath the rolling clouds of oratory, above which the head of the hero was pinnacled in remote grandeur, like a sphinx poised upon a volcanic peak, isolated and mysterious. That altitudinous figure still dominates the cloudy landscapes of the after-dinner orator; but the frigid academic mind has turned away from it, and looking through the fog of criticism has desecrated another Washington, not really an American, not amazingly a hero, but a very decent English country gentleman, honorable, courageous, good, shrewd, slow, and, above all, immensely lucky.

Now here are two of the things often said about Washington which need, if I mistake not, to be unsaid: first, that he was a solitary and inexplicable phenomenon of greatness; and, second, that he was not an American.

Solitude, indeed, is the last quality that an intelligent student of his career

would ascribe to him. Dignified and reserved he was, undoubtedly; and as this manner was natural to him, he won more true friends by using it than if he had disguised himself in a forced familiarity and worn his heart upon his sleeve. But from first to last he was a man who did his work in the bonds of companionship, who trusted his comrades in the great enterprise even though they were not his intimates, and who neither sought nor occupied a lonely eminence of unshared glory. He was not of the jealous race of those who

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;

nor of the temper of George III., who chose his ministers for their vacuous complacency. Washington was surrounded by men of similar though not of equal strength,—Franklin, Hamilton, Knox, Greene, the Adams', Jefferson, Madison. He is not a lonely pinnacle like Mount Shasta, elevated above the plain

By drastic lift of pent volcanic fires.

He rises like the central summit of a great mountain range, with all his noble fellowship of kindred peaks about him, enhancing his unquestioned supremacy by their glorious neighborhood and their great support.

What shall we say, then, of the Americanism of Washington? It was denied, during his lifetime for a little while, by those who envied his greatness, resented his leadership, and sought to shake him from his lofty place. But he stood serene and imperturbable, while that denial, like many another blast of evil-scented wind, passed into nothingness, even before the disappearance of the party strife out of whose fermentation it had arisen. By the unanimous judgment of his countrymen for two generations after his death

he was hailed as *Pater Patriæ*; and the age which conferred that title was too ingenuous to suppose that the father could be of a different race from his own offspring.

But the modern doubt is more subtle, more curious, more refined in its methods. It does not spring, as the old denial did, from a partisan hatred, which would seek to discredit Washington by an accusation of undue partiality for England, and thus to break his hold upon the love of the people. It arises, rather, like a creeping exhalation, from a modern theory of what true Americanism really is: a theory which goes back, indeed, for its inspiration to Dr. Johnson's somewhat crudely expressed opinion that "the Americans were a race whom no other mortals could wish to resemble;" but which, in its later form, takes counsel with those British connoisseurs who demand of their typical American not depravity of morals but deprivation of manners, not vice of heart but vulgarity of speech, not badness but bumptiousness, and at least enough of eccentricity to make him amusing to cultivated people. I find that not a few of our native professors and critics are inclined to accept some features of this view, perhaps in mere reaction from the unamusing character of their own existence. They are not quite ready to subscribe to Mr. Kipling's statement that the real American is "unkempt, disreputable, vast," but they are willing to admit that it will not do for him to be prudent, orderly, dignified. He must have a touch of picturesque rudeness, a red shirt in his mental as well as in his sartorial outfit. The poetry that expresses him must recognize no metrical rules. The art that depicts him must use the primitive colors, and lay them on thick. I remember reading somewhere that Tennyson had an idea that Longfellow, when he met him, would put his feet upon the table. And it is precisely because Longfellow kept his feet in their proper place, in society as well as in verse, that some critics, nowadays, would have us believe that he was not a truly American poet.

Traces of this curious theory of Americanism in its application to Washington may now be found in many places. You shall hear historians describe him as a transplanted English commoner a sec-

ond edition of John Hampden. You shall read, in a famous poem, of Lincoln as

New birth of our new soil, the *first* American.

That Lincoln was one of the greatest Americans, glorious in the largeness of his heart, the vigor of his manhood, the heroism of his soul, none can doubt. But to affirm that he was the first American is to disown and disinherit Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson. Lincoln himself would have been the man to extinguish such an impoverishing claim with huge and hearty laughter. He knew that Grant and Sherman and Seward and Farragut and the men who stood with him were Americans, just as Washington knew that the Boston maltster, and the Pennsylvania printer, and the Rhode Island anchor-smith, and the New Jersey preacher, and the New York lawyer, and the men who stood with him were Americans.

He knew it, I say: and by what divination? By a test more searching than any mere peculiarity of manners, dress, or speech: by a touchstone able to divide the gold of essential character from the alloy of superficial characteristics; by a standard which disregarded alike Franklin's fur cap and Putnam's old felt hat, Morgan's leather leggings and Wither- spoon's black silk gown and John Adams' lace ruffles, to recognize and approve, beneath these various garbs, the vital sign of America woven into the very souls of the men who belonged to her by a spiritual birthright.

For what is true Americanism, and where does it reside? Not on the tongue, nor in the clothes, nor among the transient social forms, refined or rude, which mottle the surface of human life. The log cabin has no monopoly of it, nor is it an immovable fixture of the stately pillared mansion. Its home is not on the frontier nor in the populous city, not among the trees of the wild forest nor the cultured groves of Academe. Its dwelling is in the heart. It speaks a score of dialects but one language, follows a hundred paths to the same goal, performs a thousand kinds of service in loyalty to the same ideal which is its life. True Americanism is this:

To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God.

To believe that any form of power that tramples on these rights is unjust.

To believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, that government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and that the people should choose their own rulers.

To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair play for all.

To believe not in a forced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges, and opportunities.

To believe that the selfish interests of persons, classes, and sections must be subordinated to the welfare of the commonwealth.

To believe that union is as much a human necessity as liberty is a divine gift.

To believe, not that all people are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people.

To believe that a free state should offer an asylum to the oppressed, and an example of virtue, sobriety, and fair dealing to all nations.

To believe that for the existence and perpetuity of such a state a man should be willing to give his whole service, in property, in labor, and in life.

That is Americanism; an ideal embodying itself in a people; a creed heated white hot in the furnace of conviction and hammered into shape on the anvil of life; a vision commanding men to follow it whithersoever it may lead them. And it was the subordination of the personal self to that ideal, that creed, that vision, which gave eminence and glory to Washington and the men who stood with him.

This is the truth that emerges, crystalline and luminous, from the conflicts and confusions of the Revolution. The men who were able to surrender themselves and all their interests to the pure and loyal service of their ideal were the men who made good, the victors crowned with glory and honor. The men who would not make that surrender, who sought selfish ends, who were controlled by personal ambition and the love of gain, who were willing to stoop to crooked means to advance their own fortunes, were the failures, the lost leaders, and, in some cases, the men whose names are embalmed in their own infamy. The ultimate secret of greatness is neither physical nor intellectual, but moral. It is the capacity to lose self in the service of something greater. It is the faith to recognize, the will to obey, and the strength to follow a star.

Washington, no doubt, was preeminent among his contemporaries in natural endowments. Less brilliant in his mental gifts than some, less eloquent and accom-

plished than others, he had a rare balance of large powers which justified Lowell's phrase of "an imperial man." His athletic vigor and skill, his steadiness of nerve restraining an intensity of passion, his undaunted courage which refused no necessary risks and his prudence which took no unnecessary ones, the quiet sureness with which he grasped large ideas and the pressing energy with which he executed small details, the breadth of his intelligence, the depth of his convictions, his power to apply great thoughts and principles to every-day affairs, and his singular superiority to current prejudices and illusions,—these were gifts in combination which would have made him distinguished in any company, in any age. But what was it that won and kept a free field for the exercise of these gifts? What was it that secured for them a long, unbroken opportunity of development in the activities of leadership, until they reached the summit of their perfection? It was a moral quality. It was the evident magnanimity of the man, which assured the people that he was no self-seeker who would betray their interests for his own glory or rob them for his own gain. It was the supreme magnanimity of the man, which made the best spirits of the time trust him implicitly, in war and peace, as one who would never forget his duty or his integrity in the sense of his own greatness.

From the first, Washington appears not

as a man aiming at prominence or power, but rather as one under obligation to serve a cause. Necessity was laid upon him, and he met it willingly. After his marvellous escape from death in his first campaign for the defence of the colonies, the Rev. Samuel Davies, fourth president of Princeton College, spoke of him in a sermon as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I can but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." It was a prophetic voice, and Washington was not disobedient to the message. Chosen to command the Army of the Revolution in 1775, he confessed to his wife his deep reluctance to surrender the joys of home, acknowledged publicly his feeling that he was not equal to the great trust committed to him, and then, accepting it as thrown upon him "by a kind of destiny," he gave himself body and soul to its fulfilment, refusing all pay beyond the mere discharge of his expenses, of which he kept a strict account, and asking no other reward than the success of the cause which he served.

"Ah, but he was a rich man," cries the carping critic, "he could afford to do it." How many rich men to-day avail themselves of their opportunity to indulge in this kind of extravagance, toiling tremendously without a salary, neglecting their own estate for the public benefit, seeing their property diminished without complaint, and coming into serious financial embarrassment, even within sight of bankruptcy, as Washington did, merely for the gratification of a desire to serve the people? This is indeed a very singular and noble form of luxury. But the wealth which makes it possible neither accounts for its existence nor detracts from its glory. It was the fruit of a manhood superior alike to riches and to poverty, willing to risk all, and to use all, for the common good.

Was it in any sense a misfortune for the people of America, even the poorest among them, that there was a man able to advance sixty-four thousand dollars out of his own purse, with no other security but his own faith in their cause, to pay his daily expenses while he was leading their armies? This unsecured loan was one of the very things, I doubt not, that helped to inspire general confidence. Even

so the prophet Jeremiah purchased a field in Anathoth, in the days when Judah was captive into Babylon, paying down the money, even seventeen shekels of silver, as a token of his faith that the land would be delivered from the enemy and restored to peaceful and orderly habitation.

Washington's substantial pledge of property to the cause of liberty was repaid by a grateful country at the close of the war. But not a dollar of payment for the tremendous toil of body and mind, not a dollar for work "overtime," for indirect damages to his estate, for commissions on the benefits which he secured for the general enterprise, for the use of his name or the value of his counsel, would he receive. A few years later, when his large sagacity perceived that the development of internal commerce was one of the first needs of the new country, at a time when he held no public office, he became president of a company for the extension of navigation on the rivers James and Potomac. The Legislature of Virginia proposed to give him a hundred and fifty shares of stock. Washington refused this, or any other kind of pay, saying that he could serve the people better in the enterprise if he were known to have no selfish interest in it. He was not the kind of a man to reconcile himself to a gratuity (which is the Latinized word for a "tip" offered to a person not in livery), and if the modern methods of "coming in on the ground-floor" and "taking a rake-off" had been explained and suggested to him, I suspect that he would have described them in language more notable for its force than for its elegance.

It is true, of course, that the fortune which he so willingly imperilled and impaired recouped itself again after peace was established, and his industry and wisdom made him once more a rich man for those days. But what injustice was there in that? It is both natural and right that men who have risked their all to secure for the country at large what they could have secured for themselves by other means, should share in the general prosperity attendant upon the success of their efforts and sacrifices for the common good. I am sick of the shallow judgment that ranks the worth of a man

by his poverty or by his wealth at death. Many a selfish speculator dies poor. Many an unselfish patriot dies prosperous. It is not the possession of the dollar that cankers the soul, it is the worship of it. The true test of a man is this: Has he labored for his own interest, or for the general welfare? Has he earned his money fairly or unfairly? Does he use it greedily or generously? What does it mean to him, a personal advantage over his fellow men, or a personal opportunity of serving them?

There are a hundred other points in Washington's career in which the same supremacy of character, magnanimity focussed on service to an ideal, is revealed in conduct. I see it in the wisdom with which he, a son of the South, chose most of his generals from the North, that he might secure immediate efficiency and unity in the army. I see it in the generosity with which he praised the achievements of his associates, disregarding jealous rivalries, and ever willing to share the credit of victory as he was to bear the burden of defeat. I see it in the patience with which he suffered his fame to be imperilled for the moment by reverses and retreats, if only he might the more surely guard the frail hope of ultimate victory for his country. I see it in the quiet dignity with which he faced the Conway Cabal, not anxious to defend his own reputation and secure his own power, but nobly resolute to save the army from being crippled and the cause of liberty from being wrecked. I see it in the splendid self-forgetfulness which cleansed his mind of all temptation to take personal revenge upon those who had sought to injure him in that base intrigue. I read it in his letter of consolation and encouragement to the wretched Gates after the defeat at Camden. I hear the prolonged reechoing music of it in his letter to General Knox in 1798, in regard to military appointments, declaring his wish to "avoid feuds with those who are embarked in the same general enterprise with myself."

Listen to the same spirit as it speaks in his circular address to the governors of the different States, urging them to "forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general pros-

perity, and in some instances to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community." Watch how it guides him unerringly through the critical period of American history which lies between the success of the Revolution and the establishment of the nation, enabling him to avoid the pitfalls of sectional and partisan strife, and to use his great influence with the people in leading them out of the confusion of a weak Confederacy into the strength of an indissoluble Union of sovereign States. See how he once more sets aside his personal preferences for a quiet country life, and risks his already secure popularity, together with his reputation for consistency, by obeying the voice which calls him to be a candidate for the Presidency. See how he chooses for the cabinet and for the Supreme Court, not an exclusive group of personal friends, but men who can be trusted to serve the great cause of Union with fidelity and power—Jefferson, Randolph, Hamilton, Knox, John Jay, Wilson, Cushing, Rutledge. See how patiently and indomitably he gives himself to the toil of office, deriving from his exalted station no gain "beyond the lustre which may be reflected from its connection with a power of promoting human felicity." See how he retires, at last, to the longed-for joys of private life, confessing that his career has not been without errors of judgment, beseeching the Almighty that they may bring no harm to his country, and asking no other reward for his labors than to partake, "in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart."

Oh, sweet and stately words, revealing, through their calm reserve, the inmost secret of a life that did not flare with transient enthusiasm but glowed with unquenchable devotion to a cause! "The ever favorite object of my heart,"—how quietly, how simply he discloses the source and origin of a sublime consecration, a lifelong heroism. Thus speaks the victor looking back upon the long battle. But if you would know the depth and the intensity of the divine fire that burned within his breast you must go back to the dark and icy days of Valley Forge, and hear him cry in passion un-

restrained: "If I know my own mind, I could offer myself a living sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease. I would be a living offering to the savage fury and die by inches to save the people."

The ever favorite object of my heart! It is the capacity to find such an object in the success of the people's cause, to follow it unselfishly, to serve it loyally, that distinguishes the men who stood with Washington and who deserve to share his fame. I read the annals of the Revolution, and I find everywhere this secret and searching test dividing the strong from the weak, the noble from the base, the heirs of glory from the captives of oblivion and the inheritors of shame. It was the unwillingness to sink and forget self in the service of something greater that made the failures and wrecks of those tempestuous times, through which the single-hearted and the devoted pressed on to victory and honor.

Turn back to the battle of Saratoga. There were two Americans on that field who suffered under a great personal disappointment: Philip Schuyler, who was unjustly supplanted in command of the army by General Gates; and Benedict Arnold, who was deprived by envy of his due share in the glory of winning the battle. Schuyler forgot his own injury in loyalty to the cause, offered to serve Gates in any capacity, and went straight on to the end of his noble life giving all that he had to his country. But in Arnold's heart the favorite object was not his country but his own ambition, and the wound which his pride received at Saratoga rankled and festered and spread its poison through his whole nature, until he went forth from the camp, "a leper white as snow."

What was it that made Charles Lee, as fearless a man as ever lived, play the part of a coward in order to hide his treason at the battle of Monmouth? It was the inward eating corruption of that selfish vanity which caused him to desire the defeat of an army whose command he had wished but failed to attain. He had offered his sword to America for his own glory, and when that was denied him, he withdrew the offering, and died, as he had lived, to himself.

What was it that tarnished the fame of

Gates and Wilkinson and Burr and Conway? What made their lives, and those of men like them, futile and inefficient compared with other men whose natural gifts were less? It was the taint of dominant selfishness that ran through their careers, now hiding itself, now breaking out in some act of malignity or treachery. Of the common interest they were reckless, provided they might advance their own. Disappointed in that "ever favorite object of their hearts," they did not hesitate to imperil the cause in whose service they were enlisted.

Turn to other cases, in which a charitable judgment will impute no positive betrayal of trusts, but a defect of vision to recognize the claim of the higher ideal. Tory or Revolutionist a man might be, according to his temperament and conviction; but where a man begins with protests against tyranny and ends with subservience to it, we look for the cause. What was it that separated Joseph Galloway from Francis Hopkinson? It was Galloway's opinion that, while the struggle for independence might be justifiable, it could not be successful, and the temptation of a larger immediate reward under the British crown than could ever be given by the American Congress in which he had once served. What was it that divided the Rev. Jacob Duché from the Rev. John Witherspoon? It was Duché's fear that the cause for which he had prayed so eloquently in the first Continental Congress was doomed after the capture of Philadelphia, and his unwillingness to go down with that cause instead of enjoying the comfortable fruits of his native wit and eloquence in an easy London chaplaincy. What was it that cut William Franklin off from his professedly prudent and worldly-wise old father Benjamin? It was the luxurious and benumbing charm of the royal governorship of New Jersey.

"Professedly prudent" is the phrase that I have chosen to apply to Benjamin Franklin. For the one thing that is clear, as we turn to look at him and the other men who stood with Washington, is that, whatever their philosophical professions may have been, they were not controlled by prudence. They were really imprudent, and at heart willing to take all risks of poverty and death in a struggle whose

cause was just though its issue was dubious. If it be rashness to commit honor and life and property to a great adventure for the general good, then these men were rash to the verge of recklessness. They refused no peril, they withheld no sacrifice, in the following of their ideal.

I hear John Dickinson saying: "It is not our duty to leave wealth to our children, but it is our duty to leave liberty to them. We have counted the cost of this contest, and we find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery." I see Samuel Adams, impoverished, living upon a pittance, hardly able to provide a decent coat for his back, rejecting with scorn the offer of a profitable office, wealth, a title even, to win him from his allegiance to the cause of America. I see Robert Morris, the wealthy merchant, opening his purse and pledging his credit to support the Revolution, and later devoting all his fortune and his energy to restore and establish the financial honor of the Republic, with the memorable words, "The United States may command all that I have, except my integrity." I hear the proud John Adams saying to his wife, "I have accepted a seat in the House of Representatives, and thereby have consented to my own ruin, to your ruin, and the ruin of our children"; and I hear her reply with the tears running down her face, "Well, I am willing in this cause to run all risks with you, and be ruined with you, if you are ruined." I see Benjamin Franklin, in the Congress of 1776, already past his seventieth year, prosperous, famous, by far the most celebrated man in America, accepting without demur the difficult and dangerous mission to France, and whispering to his friend Dr. Rush, "I am old and good for nothing, but as the storekeepers say of their remnants of cloth, 'I am but a fag-end, and you may have me for what you please.'"

Here is a man who will illustrate and prove, perhaps better than any other of those who stood with Washington, the point at which I am aiming. There was none of the glamour of romance about old Ben Franklin. He was shrewd, canny, humorous. The chivalric Southerners disliked his philosophy, and the solemn New-Englanders mistrusted his jokes. He made no extravagant claims for his own motives, and some of his ways were

not distinctly ideal. He was full of prudential proverbs, and claimed to be a follower of the theory of enlightened self-interest. But there was not a faculty of his wise old head which he did not put at the service of his country, nor was there a pulse of his slow and steady heart which did not beat loyal to the cause of freedom. He forfeited profitable office and sure preferment under the crown, for hard work, uncertain pay, and certain peril in behalf of the Colonies. He followed the inexorable logic, step by step, which led him from the natural rights of his countrymen to their liberty, from their liberty to their independence. He endured with a grim humor the revilings of those whom he called "malevolent critics and bug-writers." He broke with his old and dear associates in England, writing to one of them, "You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy and I am Yours, B. Franklin." He never flinched or faltered at any sacrifice of personal ease or interest to the demands of his country. His patient, skilful, laborious efforts in France did as much for the final victory of the American cause as any soldier's sword. He yielded his own opinions in regard to the method of making the treaty of peace with England, and thereby imperilled for a time his own prestige. He served as President of Pennsylvania three times, devoting all his salary to public benefactions. His influence in the Constitutional Convention was steadfast on the side of union and harmony, though in many things he differed from the prevailing party. His voice was among those who hailed Washington as the only possible candidate for the Presidency. His last public act was a petition to Congress for the abolition of slavery. At his death the government had not yet settled his accounts in its service, and his country was left apparently his debtor; which, in a sense still larger and deeper, she must remain as long as liberty endures and union triumphs in the Republic.

Is not this, after all, the root of the whole matter? Is not this the thing that is vitally and essentially true of all those great men, clustering about Washington, whose fame we honor and revere with his? They all left the community, the commonwealth, the race, in debt to them.

This was their purpose and the ever favorite object of their hearts. They were deliberate and joyful creditors. Renouncing the maxim of worldly wisdom which bids men "get all you can and keep all you get," they resolved rather to give all they had to advance the common cause, to use every benefit conferred upon them in the service of the general welfare, to bestow upon the world more than they received from it, and to leave a fair and unblotted account of business done with life which should show a clear balance in their favor.

Thus, in brief outline, and in words which must seem poor and inadequate, I have ventured to interpret anew the story of Washington and the men who stood with him: not as a stirring ballad of battle and danger, in which the knights ride valiantly, and are renowned for their mighty strokes at the enemy in arms; not as a philosophic epic, in which the development of a great national idea is displayed, and the struggle of opposing policies is traced to its conclusion; but as a drama of the eternal conflict in the soul of man between self-interest in its Protean forms, and loyalty to the right, service to a cause, allegiance to an ideal. Those great actors who played in it have passed away, but the same drama still holds the stage. The drop-curtain falls between the acts; the scenery shifts; the music alters: but the crisis and its issues are unchanged, and the parts which you and I play are assigned to us by our own choice of "the ever favorite object of our hearts."

Men tell us that the age of ideals is past, and that we are now come to the age of expediency, of polite indifference to moral standards, of careful attention to the bearing of different policies upon our own personal interests. Men tell us that the rights of man are a poetic fiction, that democracy has nothing in it to command our allegiance unless it promotes our individual comfort and prosperity, and that the whole duty of a citizen is to vote with his party and get an office for himself, or for some one who will look after him. Men tell us that to succeed means to get money, because with that all other good things can be secured. Men tell us that the one thing to do is

to promote and protect the particular trade, or industry, or corporation in which we have a share: the laws of trade will work out that survival of the fittest which is the only real righteousness, and if we survive that will prove that we are fit. Men tell us that all beyond this is phantasy, dreaming, Sunday-school politics: there is nothing worth living for except to get on in the world; and nothing at all worth dying for, since the age of ideals is past.

It is past indeed for those who proclaim, or whisper, or in their hearts believe, or in their lives obey, this black gospel. And what is to follow? An age of cruel and bitter jealousies between sections and classes, of hatred and strife between the Haves and the Have-nots, of futile contests between parties which have kept their names and confused their principles so that no man may distinguish them except as the Ins and Outs. An age of greedy privilege and sullen poverty, of blatant luxury and curious envy, of rising palaces and vanishing homes, of stupid frivolity and idiotic publicomania, in which four hundred gilded fribbles give monkey-dinners and Louis XV. revels while four million ungilded gossips gape at them and read about them in the newspapers. An age when princes of finance buy protection from the representatives of a fierce democracy, when guardians of the savings which insure the lives of the poor use them as a surplus to pay for the extravagances of the rich, and when men who have climbed above their fellows on golden ladders tremble at the crack of the blackmailer's whip and come down at the call of an obscene newspaper. An age when the python of political corruption casts its "rings" about the neck of proud cities and sovereign States, and throttles honesty to silence and liberty to death. It is such an age, dark, confused, shameful, that the sceptic and the scorner must face when they turn their backs upon those ancient shrines where the flames of faith and integrity and devotion are flickering like the deserted altars of a forsaken worship.

But not for us who claim our heritage in blood and spirit from Washington and the men who stood with him,—not for us of other tribes and kindred who Have found a fatherland upon this shore,

and learned the meaning of manhood beneath the shelter of liberty,—not for us, nor for our country, that dark apostasy, that dismal outlook! We see the Palladium of the American ideal—goddess of the just eye, the unpolluted heart, the equal hand—standing as the image of Athene stood above the upper streams of Simois:

It stood, and sun and moonshine rained their
light

On the pure columns of its glen-built hall.
Backward and forward rolled the waves of
fight

Round Troy—but while this stood Troy
could not fall.

We see the heroes of the present conflict, the men whose allegiance is not to sections but to the whole people, the fearless champions of fair play. We hear from the chair of Washington a brave and honest voice which cries that our industrial problems must be solved not in the interest of capital, nor of labor, but of the whole people. We believe that the liberties which the heroes of old won with blood and sacrifice are ours to keep with labor and service.

All that our fathers wrought
With true prophetic thought,
Must be defended.

No privilege that encroaches upon those liberties is to be endured. No lawless

disorder that imperils them is to be sanctioned. No class that disregards or invades them is to be tolerated.

There is a life that is worth living now, as it was worth living in the former days, and that is the honest life, the useful life, the unselfish life, cleansed by devotion to an ideal. There is a battle that is worth fighting now, as it was worth fighting then, and that is the battle for justice and equality. To make our city and our State free in fact as well as in name; to break the rings that strangle real liberty, and to keep them broken; to cleanse, so far as in our power lies, the fountains of our national life from political, commercial, and social corruption; to teach our sons and daughters, by precept and example, the honor of serving such a country as America,—that is work worthy of the finest manhood and womanhood. The well born are those who are born to do that work. The well bred are those who are bred to be proud of that work. The well educated are those who see deepest into the meaning and the necessity of that work. Nor shall their labor be for nought, nor the reward of their sacrifice fail them. For high in the firmament of human destiny are set the stars of faith in mankind, and unselfish courage, and loyalty to the ideal; and while they shine, the Americanism of Washington and the men who stood with him shall never, never die.



Michael's Son

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

A MARCH night, and outside the rain was falling in splashes. Every now and then I noticed the sound of its incessant dribble from the eaves upon the tin roof just below the windows of the special-visitors' room. Then it would gradually grow remote and drift out of my consciousness, and once more I would become aware of where I was and what had brought me hither.

I was living a whole lifetime just then inside the space of three hours. They had telegraphed me to be on hand, for things were likely to take a bad turn almost any moment. I had come through on the Lake Shore Limited from Cleveland, and gone directly to St. Gregory's. I remember how still everything seemed that night as I came up out of the Subway at the Cathedral Parkway station and turned into the long, wet cross-street, with its rows of lights reflected in yellow bars on the pavement.

"You can wait here," the interne had directed, as he slid back the door of the visitors' room. "I don't think we'll be able to give you any definite report before three o'clock or so; but you'd better be ready to come up any minute."

That was all I could get him to say, except that the case was difficult.

I went into the room and sat down automatically on a mission settle that stood against the opposite wall. The door closed, and I was there alone. At least I supposed so until I looked about me. Then I noticed that there was some one in the opposite corner—an old man, a little over sixty, I should judge, with matty white hair and a keen, close-shaved face full of small wrinkles. He had not moved nor given any indication of his presence when I entered; but his eyes were fixed on me with a curious impersonal intentness like the gaze of a sculptured Buddha.

His two hands rested on the crook of a heavy cane, and his shoulders and head

were bent forward until his chin almost touched the gnarled and skinny fingers. I noticed that his head trembled a little all the time, like a hanging leaf on a still winter day. One would have found something grotesque in his appearance if it had not been pathetic in the same degree. He was sitting in an armchair, and he continued sitting there in this attitude without moving, without any sign of recognition in his fixed, cavernous eyes, which blinked every few seconds like an owl's in strong light.

It would have been hard to say whether the silence with which we regarded each other meant that we had nothing in common or that we had everything in common; but I suspect that it was the latter, and I think we were afraid of each other, just because each of us knew that the other was trying to wrench the future out of the inscrutable control of fate.

At all events, an hour must have passed before either of us spoke. Meantime, I heard the wash from the eaves dribbling on the roof outside, and now and then I would get out of my seat and stare through the window up the long, wet street, with its reflected bars of light. I thought about the things that any man has to think about at such a time, and about the one thing that most men keep out of sight as long as they can. There was much of a strangely irrelevant character amongst the flood of ideas that raced across my brain. I did not direct my thoughts: they were breaking up into my consciousness after some arbitrary and undecipherable method of their own, and I myself seemed to be a purely external observer of the process.

I recalled, oddly enough, a certain game of two-old-cat that I had played one July day years ago in the open lot behind the Second Advent church at home. Nothing had occurred then to make it more memorable than a hundred other games of two-old-cat, long since gone into oblivion;

but it all came back now, point by point, with the picturelike vividness of a panorama. I could see myself crouching there in a carefully imitated professional attitude behind the round stone that served for home-plate, and I remembered how I had spit into my new twenty-five-cent catcher's mitt, and then rubbed it with dirt to get a good grip. . . .

Suddenly there were steps in the hallway outside. They were coming nearer. I saw the emaciated hands of the old man tighten on the head of his cane until the blue veins bulged. Our eyes met again with a shock that was almost physical. But the steps retreated in the distance, and the room was quiet once more, only I heard his breath coming heavily, and the rain had begun to slap against the window.

A moment later he spoke. He did not seem to be addressing me, though his eyes still rested on my face.

"God!" he said.

I never heard a single word tell so much. It was as if all the secrets of the past had just then broken their immemorial silence. His voice was hoarse, and had a sort of crackle in it like the breaking of dried reed-grass under one's feet.

I got up from the settle and went to the window again, across which the rain was now running in little scallops. The lights outside were almost invisible now—mere blotches, with vague halos.

"I wish I could do something for you," I said, mechanically. I had to say something, and it was as easy to say that as anything else. If I hadn't spoken I should have gone crazy in a little while. The act of utterance brought me the feeling of knocking over walls—large, blank, white walls which had begun to crowd in on me.

The man blinked his eyes, and his lips parted with a kind of chuckle in which there was not the least suggestion of mirth.

"You're very obligin', sir," he said, "but it ain't no real use sayin' them kind o' things now. We don't neither of us care about anybody else—not just now. It wouldn't be natur'."

Somewhere in the distance we heard a faint scream, intense and shrill with agony, which came to such a sudden end

that you almost felt a door being shut noiselessly upon it.

"That ain't mine," remarked the old man, with an accent of timid defiance. "I know that ain't mine. He wouldn't never make no noise even if they kilt him."

"Your son?" I asked, indifferently.

"That's the size of it, sir," he answered, pushing out the point of his cane along a crack in the floor. "Me boy Jim."

"Appendicitis?"

He nodded his head. "The boy ain't never been sick in his life before. No, sir, there ain't a speck or a scar on his whole body. When he was a kid I used ter wash him meself every day, his ma havin' died when he was three, an' after that nobody but me ever touched him."

"How old is he?" I asked. On the whole, to talk was easier for both of us than to keep silence. It seemed to drive back the black things that flapped in one's eyes.

"Twenty-five come Thursday week, sir, an' ye never seen a likelier lad. Just beginnin' to grow a neat little mustache, an' his eyes is blue, like his ma's. He always favored his ma."

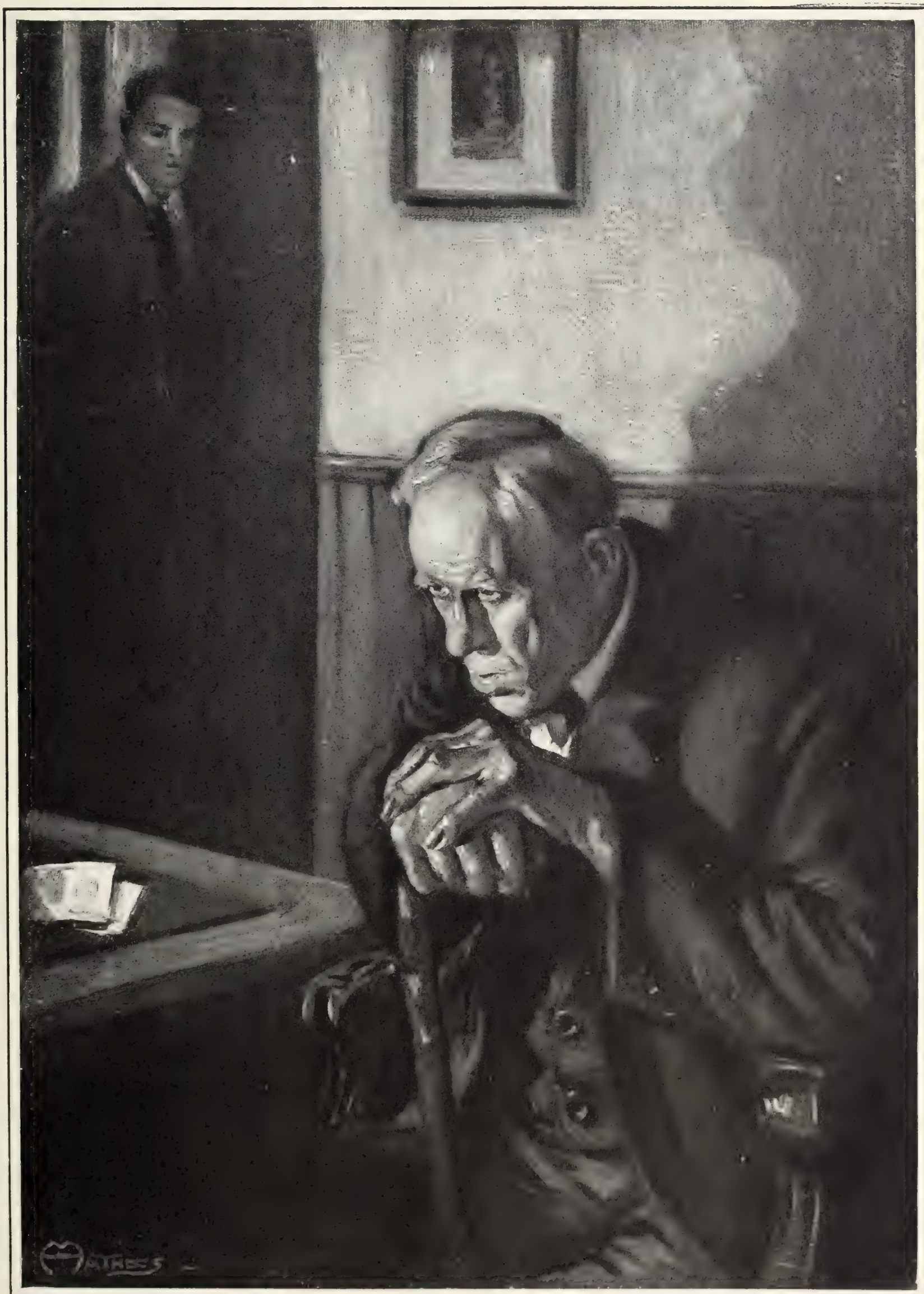
"You live together?"

"Sure we do. Always have, savin' the year he was to Cuba an' two years he was to a normal school. He thinks a awful pile o' eddication. I ain't never had none meself; but I done a good job on him, if I do say it. Why, he's had nine year o' schoolin', an' never 'ad to turn his hand to get it, neither. Hully Mike! but you ought to see all the prizes an' badges, and them other fool things he's took to school. I got a whole wall to home covered with 'em. Oh, he's goin' to get well all right."

"I hope he is," I agreed, and then we sat in silence for a time.

I began thinking of the summer when I had first met Charlotte—that glorious golden summer on Buzzard Bay, when all the past and the future seemed to stand still and wait for us while we wandered together along the shore—the intense blue sky overhead flecked by the rapid wing of an occasional sea-gull.

We had read the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*—that inimitable handbook for lovers—sitting in the tall grass of an



Drawn by Harry Mathes

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

HE CONTINUED SITTING THERE WITHOUT MOVING

open field above the bay, and I saw her again now, leaning on one elbow and making funny little braids out of the long timothy-stalks, while I read the lines that no one has a right to read, I think, unless he is in love himself—in love with his heart and his soul and whatever else of him there is:

"How do I love thee, let me count the ways—

I love thee to the depth and breadth
and height

My soul can reach." . . .

A small bird had flown up from the ground a few yards away, and we had gone off on a hunt for the nest—hunting for nests and eggs in August! . . .

That was three years ago: and it had all proved true—ten times truer than a man has a right to ask for. . . .

"You say you hope he is,"—it was the voice of the old man that recalled me after I don't know how long an interval—perhaps a minute, perhaps twenty. "You say you hope he is! There ain't no hopin' about it. He's got to get well. . . . He's goin' to."

"Why, yes, of course he is," I answered, almost automatically. "Why shouldn't he?"

"That's it, sir,"—his voice was almost declamatory in its insistence, and he tattooed on the floor with his cane. "Why shouldn't he? Ain't I needin' of him? Don't he belong to me? I've been workin' at a drill-lathe over to Brooklyn for forty year, an' what would I do it for if it wasn't him? He's had all the money he needed, and more too, so he could go to the oppry an' dress refined. He's got elegant taste, Jim has. Some of 'em blames him for it; but he's a good little boy, an' he thinks his old dad's all right."

Jim's dad nodded his head two or three times for emphasis, and a little smile of fatherly pride ran across his lips.

From the darkness outside the screech of a siren-whistle broke the silence—some fire-tug, probably, on the alarm.

The man's hands clutched his cane, and he started from his seat. "God! What's that?" he cried, hoarsely. Then he sank back into the chair and laid his cane across his knees. He was ap-

parently ashamed of his nervousness and felt the need of apology. "Lord! I guess I thought it was somebody screamin' again," he explained, awkwardly. "I must be sort o' silly."

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"Ever since ten o'clock this mornin'—I mean, yisterday mornin', for this is to-morrow now, ain't it?" he said, with an effort at accuracy. "They sint for me by the telephone, and me boss said, hand-in' me a five-dollar bill: 'Go on, Michael,' says he,—'an' God bless ye!' an' he looked at me kind o' funnylike. He's a damn fine boss, he is, if I do say it, an' he always tellin' me I was sp'ilin' the boy."

Another silence followed, during which his thoughts went their uncharted way, and mine went theirs. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passed. The drip of the rain outside had a rhythmical regularity about it now, first a long tap, and then two short ones a little farther off. It led my thoughts somehow to the plans I had made for welcoming Charlotte home from her month in the South and the surprise I had arranged for—a baby-grand piano I had bought last week. She might have been playing it, perhaps, at this very minute. . . .

The old man spoke again. "Look-a-here, sir," he said, apologetically. "I never asked ye what ye was waitin' for, did I? Who is it o' yourn?"

"My wife," I answered.

"'Pendicitis?"

"Yes, . . . it came on very suddenly while she was travelling."

"Is she as much of a youngster as you be?" he asked.

"Just twenty-four."

"Any . . . children?"

"No. . . ."

"You ain't been married long?"

"Two years."

He gave an encouraging nod. "Oh, well, well, you've a plenty o' time ahead of ye yet," he observed, paternally. "I been beginnin' to tell my boy as he ought to get married, but he wouldn't never only kind o' laugh an' say, 'What 'ud I want a wife for, dad?' There's a heap o' girls that's broke their hearts on him, but he never give a damn."

"Perhaps it will come one of these days," I said, aimlessly.

"Oh yes, it 'll come, an' don't you

worry about that. They all gets it one day or another."

"I suppose you'll be glad when the time comes."

"Well, I ain't sayin' as I won't, sir. It 'll make a nice little home for me, won't it? when I ain't good enough to work no longer. They told me at the shop last year they'd let me go whenever I said the word an' give me a annuity, too; but I says, 'No, sir; I'll stick to the job as long as it 'll stick to me,'—so there I be still."

Just then we heard the sound of feet in the hallway again. I felt my fingers clutching the edge of the settle, and my head began to prickle at the roots of my hair.

An instant later the door slid back and a nurse in white cap and apron stepped in. She went directly to the old man. "Mr. Flynn," she said, quietly, "I have very bad news for you. Your son died five minutes ago. It happened very suddenly. I will come back for you in a little while and take you up to the room if you care to go."

I can read each one of those words out of my memory to-day more clearly than from a book. She turned away and hurried out of the room, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and we were left there alone again, the man who had been a father, and I.

He had crumpled over into his chair like some ungainly roadside plant run down by a wagon-wheel. His cane had slipped to the floor, and his shoulders toppled forward until his elbows rested in his lap and his gnarled hands spread out on his knees. The fingers worked aimlessly, and his face seemed for a moment to have lost all expression, vacant and meaningless.

The sweat had broken out all over my forehead, and I got up mechanically and went to the window. The rain had stopped outside. I looked up the street, and saw it reaching on under the white spots of light for thousands of miles into a land of which I had never heard. It seemed to me as if my brain were in a vise.

Suddenly I felt a touch on my arm. I saw the man who had lived through the last two hours with me standing at my side. I was surprised to notice how

small and shrunken he was. He had not given me that impression as he sat in the chair. At the instant his eyes had something of the mute appeal in them of a dog's.

"He's dead, sir," he said,—“my Jim.”

Instinctively I gripped his hand with both of mine and held it for a long time. I could not have spoken even if he had wanted me to; but there was no need for speech just then. I remember noticing that his eyes were perfectly dry, though the lids blinked irregularly.

"I oughtn't never to o' had a boy," he said finally. "Then they couldn't have took him away. Don't you never have none, even if you think it would be nice."

"Can't I do anything for you?" I asked, automatically. I thought I heard steps again in the distance, and my ears began to sing giddily.

My question seemed to recall him to himself. "No, thank ye, sir," he answered, in the matter-of-fact tone of one long schooled to conceal his feelings. "I suppose I'll be goin' back to work in three or four days now. I can probably hold down my job for five or ten years more—I suppose it don't matter much what I does now—it's all about the same in the end."

The door opened and the nurse came in again. She stepped up to me and put her hand kindly on my elbow. "The head surgeon asked me to tell you that the critical time has passed, and that your wife is doing very well. If you will call to-morrow at three-thirty, you may have a chance to see her for a minute."

Then she turned to Jim's father. "Shall we go up now?" she said, gently.

It seemed to me as if something had snapped in my head just then and I sank back into a chair. There was nothing quite real in what I saw about me—I was amid the painted details of a picture. I saw the old man looking at me intently while the nurse went to pick up his cane. He evidently wanted to speak to me again, but felt shy in the presence of the woman. Probably she noticed this, for she stepped out and waited for him in the hall. Then he came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder.

"You didn't need her like I needed my boy," he said, in the same matter-of-fact tone, "because a man can't never have a boy over again; but I suppose that's how they'd fix things up, and it got to turn out that way."

He started forward, then hesitated once more and came back. "But I ain't blamin' you, sir," he added, with a final

effort to make himself understood; "and even if I does wish it could o' been the other way, that's only because I can't help it, bein' as I was his dad, ye see."

A moment later I saw him limping out of the door, and I sat there alone until the first gray blur of the morning began to mix with the yellow of the gas-jets.

The Heart of a Maid

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

OH, must not love to life belong,
If truth be there without disguise?
Under my window came his song
Who had the morning in his eyes.

And in his eyes I there beheld
The years we two must range apart:
And in his eyes my spirit spelled
The sure return of heart to heart.

"Now up and down the world go tread,
"But nothing in the world destroy:
"Then come you back alive or dead,
"And I shall look on you with joy!"

He turned away toward the east
With all the morning in his eyes:
And while around him light increased,
He melted out against the skies.

And goes he up the world or down,
I often think, but never know;
Though sure, from here to any town,
Was but a little way to go!

And though I never see those eyes
Till down I lie where sleep is done,
Yet every morning as I rise
I look again and find the sun.

Oh, must not love to life belong,
When truth is there without disguise?
About my window comes his song,
Who had the morning in his eyes.



A CASTLE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

The Strangest Corner of England

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

IT is fantastic, impossible England, romantic, preposterous England. Also, it is practically an unknown England. Rarely has an American come here except when wrecked. To most of the English it is equally unknown. Add to this that it is tropical England, and even then the enumeration of its peculiarities is not complete. For, most of all, it is a place of contradictions and contrasts, of incongruities.

And it is an unseen England. Come to where the sentinel rocks of Land's End watch over the sea, and it is still undiscovered, for it is a region thirty miles beyond: a score of little islands, only five of them inhabited, and innumerable reefs and rocks.

It is the Scilly Isles, and they are all that is left of vanished Lyonesse. And the people set here in the midst of the sea, within barriers of bleakness, within these naked shores of windy desolation,

are not principally followers of the sea. They are tillers of the soil! In the Scillies it is the unexpected that one must always come to expect.

The government may be termed an absolute despotism. So the people consider it, and they like it, and they love to refer to their ruler as "the King." And this beneficent despot, this lord of the isles, this ruler who saith unto one man Come, and he cometh, and to another, Do this, and he doeth it, is plain Mr. Smith! It is the glorification, the apotheosis of Smith. In a land where rank is worshipped, no marquis or duke wields such unqualified power as does this simple "Mister."

And, marvels on marvel's head accumulating, he does not even own the islands. He is but lessee, from the English government, and while lessee is looked upon as their lord proprietor.

He pays all the taxes, and thereby his

people are inordinately pleased. True, they pay "rates" for roads and schools, but they draw a distinction, perhaps not always discernible by strangers, and for that very reason the more delightful, between these payments and taxes.

"What power does Mr. Smith possess?" I asked an islander.

"Oh, he has all power," was the reply.

"But what can he do to you?"

"We'd better be good, for he can do *anything* to us," came, in awed sincerity.

As a matter of fact, he can punish, as chief of the justices of the peace, to the limit of a few months' imprisonment, and if there is any right of appeal from his decisions the islanders have neglected to learn it.

But that is only a small part of his power. He wields absolute control over rents, leases, steamer-landings, all the pleasures and all the business of the islands. He is not reticent in expressing his will, and everywhere his will is supreme.

The people bitterly resent being called "islanders"—as if this were not pre-eminently what they are! "Scillonians" is their name. Yet they equally resent all reference to their islands as "rocks."

In the old days the Scillonians were not a farmer folk. They were, in order of importance, wreckers, smugglers, sailors, pilots, fishermen. Well may wrecking be considered the principal industry of the past, for the wrecks of the Scillys are numbered in thousands.

Steam changed the Scillys. Wrecks grew fewer. Steam fishing-boats competed too successfully with sails and oars. Few ships sought refuge in the roadstead. Poverty impended. And then, three-quarters of a century ago, came the advent of the first Mr. Smith, Augustus Smith, an uncle of the present lessee.

Augustus Smith was a wise, farseeing, arbitrary man; a beneficent tyrant. He instituted an iron rule, and exerted vigorous oversight. He ordained compulsory education forty years before it became the law of England. And education was needed. It was only a century ago, so old men say, that there was no book upon the islands except a Bible and a *Doctor Faustus*. The people decided to secure a new library—and sent to Penzance for another copy of *Faustus*.

Augustus Smith saw that here and there in sheltered nooks the primrose and the violet grew wild and the wall-flower tossed its perfume to the winds, while snow fell swirling in London streets. But to him it was more than a phenomenon: it was an inspiration. He instituted the growing of early flowers for the London market. He showed his amazed people how to make the almost desert islands to blossom with narcissus and jonquil and daffodil and lily.



CASTLE GATE OF THE TIME OF ELIZABETH



HOW THE SURF COMES IN AT SCILLY

He divided the arable ground into little holdings, and taught the protective virtues of hedges and stone walls. And he decreed that no family should keep more than one son at home, to make his living from the tiny patch, nor more than one daughter to assist with the flowers and with the household tasks. Surplus sons and daughters were to go to sea, or the army, or the mainland, or find definite employment, or marry and secure little holdings of their own. Many were banished; but the grief and rage of the islanders gradually turned to devoted love. Now, from early January and throughout February and March, the shipments of flowers are estimated only in tons.

And Despot Smith did more. He planted trees and plants where there was but wind-swept heath. And what trees and what plants! Giant palms of the tropics; rhododendrons twenty feet in height; camellias flowering gloriously. There are bamboo and aloe and magnolia. Within his private estate, on Tresco, where he has wrought all this, are the crumbling arches of an ancient abbey, now tropically embowered where anciently monks prayed in an infinite bleakness.

The present Mr. Smith carries out the ideas of his predecessor and wields a

similar power. He does nothing illegal, and all is for his people's good, but in practice it is an anomaly. And as if with intent to accentuate the glorification of the family name, his forbears doubled his cognomen, he being not only a Smith, but a Smith-Dorrien-Smith!

For centuries, islands predominantly of wreckers and smugglers, they are now islands of the law-abiding. Schools and lighthouses, churches and wireless telegraphy have come, but wrecks have decreased, and crime is rare. Yet there are no lawyers, the people having inherited deep-grained dislike of all legal procedure. The four subjustices, seldom disturbed by official duty, foregather every Saturday evening for friendly confabulation. The police force of the islands is never overworked.

That force consists, to be precise, of part of one entire man. The sole policeman is contrived more than a double debt to pay, for by day he winds the town clock, inspects sundry school and sanitary matters, sweeps the council-chamber, busies himself diversitively, and not until nightfall does he assume the simple insignia of his rank. "A man must live," he says, with a futile attempt to veil his pride as cap is assumed and baton grasped. Proudly he



MAY-DAY IN THE CAPITAL

parades; and when, once a year or so, he goes to the mainland with a prisoner requiring more than the simple restraint of the Scilly lock-up, it is with apprehension, for he realizes that he leaves an archipelago unprotected.

There is a town-crier, too. He labors with hands more than voice, for it is seldom that there is forthcoming the needful shilling. As with the policeman, there is no pomp or panoply. A cap, a bell (diverting juxtaposition), and he is translated indeed. The thatched roof of his cottage caught fire recently, and, while neighbors worked to save it, his own distress was deep, perplexed as he was as to whether to join the fire-fighters or for once go through the town shouting news that was worth while.

Seen from the ocean-liners the Scillies are but naked shore and wind-swept reef. But the liners are of vast interest to the islanders! They are far nearer to Scillonian life than is the nearest land. These sons of the sea not only differentiate line from line, but often ship from ship, and have come to know pecu-

liarities of course steered by different captains—uncanny, this silent watch by these people who have the blood of countless generations of wreckers in their veins.

A taciturn, reticent folk; yet, coming to know them, you will be told that but a few months ago one of the islanders saw, looming out of the close-clinging mist, a giant liner bearing straight upon his little patch of flowers. There was no opportunity for warning—but, by some miracle of swift reversing, the great steamer quivered and stopped, then slowly vanished into the deep, shivering grayness.

They point out, gravely and quietly, these folk, where they expect the next great wreck to be. Not by that flower garden; that was of the aberrant. Nor on the rocks beside that most exposed of all the lighthouses of the world, the Bishop; although there, years ago, a steamer lost more than three hundred of its passengers. No, it is upon a certain obscure reef that the islanders expect some twentieth-century racer to rush.

The talk one evening turned to tales of that great Bishop wreck. "The islands were covered with American money," croaked an old man who had dodderingly listened. My silence, thinking of what this vivid indirectness implied, seemed to them to imply criticism. "Why should we not have what we find?" said one, defensively. "It would only go to the government!"

As far back as the time of Henry the First there were royal grants of "the islands and their wrecks," and frequent was the phrase in centuries following. With royal encouragement, why should they not be wreckers!

One Sunday, long ago, service was in progress when there came the cry of "Wreck!" The men started from their seats. In a moment there would have been a stampede. But they cowered back as the minister sternly thundered a warning. He strode to the door. Again his voice arose. "Let's all start fair!" he shouted, throwing off impeding cassock as he ran, while his congregation labored at his heels.

Most curious of all wrecks was that of a bark, with a cargo of beads, that went ashore two hundred years ago. So generous has been the ocean with this treasure, that throughout these two centuries

it has intermittently been tossing beads ashore, yet so frugally that the supply is not yet exhausted, for in a few minutes' search I found that some had been thrown there since the last search of the islanders.

Dire tales cling grimly to these reefs: of false lights, of lights extinguished at most bitter need, of shipwrecked men fighting off apparent rescuers and deeming the sea the less ferocious foe.

Upon St. Agnes there is a frightful cove which bears St. Warna's name; rock-hemmed, with merciless rock covering what ought to be a beach, and with nothing to relieve the rocky savagery. At the edge of the rocky shore is a well; and beside that well, in ancient days, islanders gathered, once a year, to pray to St. Warna to send them plethora of wrecks. They prayed for wrecks, those men, as the inhabitants of happier regions pray for harvests. They were sincere; and they deemed that the answers justified their faith. St. Warna, St. Mary, St. Agnes, St. Martin—such are names which the old-time devoutness applied.

A ship was sailing home from the Indies. The night was tempestuous and fog crept over the sea. The captain feared the Scillys. "Is there any one



MIDWINTER FLOWER-GROWING

who knows the rocks?" said he. A Scillonian responded and was given the helm—and suddenly there came a crash. "You said you knew the Scillys!" cried the captain, furious and aghast. "Yes; and this is one of them."

And the tale of Sir Cloudesley Shovel is still told; of how, with a gallant fleet, he was sailing home from the Mediterranean and, nearing these reefs, was warned by a Scillonian of his crew. The man became impetuous when Shovel paid no heed, and so was instantly hanged for mutiny. It was evil and foggy weather, typically Scillonian. The admiral arrogantly held his course; his ships were dashed to pieces; and he and two thousand of his men were drowned.

The admiral's body was tossed ashore, high in a grassy cove; but never afterwards did grass grow on the spot where the body lay. A punishment, this—such is the naïve view-point of the true Scillonian—not for losing two thousand lives but for cruelty to one of the islanders.

Alas, poor admiral! As if all this were not enough, he is commemorated in Westminster Abbey with so absurd a

monument as moved Horace Walpole to the jibe that it made men of taste dread such honors.

Behind the ragged-tempered sea, the wrinkled rocks, are long slopes covered thick with yellow gorse, with furze, with sturdy grass, with tossing fern. Rocks are gay with fungi and lichens in innumerable hues, and seaweed clings in endless variety. There are puffins and shags and terns, there are the kingfisher and the giant cormorant. And gulls love to whiten the rocks like snow.

Inside the roadstead, where great warships have lain at anchor, are wimpling waves and stretches of white-gleaming sand; yet even this roadstead is often rough for small craft, and the people watch anxiously when the doctor is rowed over by twelve sturdy volunteers. As to dentists, there is none; although the teeth of the islanders give way early, owing, so they believe, to the preserved rain-water which they perforce drink.

Less than two hundred feet is the greatest height upon the islands, and yet from many a headland there is a far-reaching and delectable view.



MODERN TROPICAL GROWTH ON WIND-BLOWN SCILLY



A STREET IN THE CAPITAL

Right brave blood there is in these island folk. Charles, afterward king, found for six long weeks a refuge here from the Parliamentarians. Later, the islanders gallantly but vainly fought for royalty against a powerful fleet, and a stone fort of that period frowns over one of the channels. Another stone fort was built in the time of Elizabeth.

It was natural that this fragment of Lyonesse should stand for the king. Lyonesse! the land that stretched out from Cornwall, and of which the Scillys were the projecting headlands or islands at its very end. Within the land that sank in the turbulent sea were a hundred and forty parishes, so the old chroniclers aver, and one tells of seeing ruins far beneath the water. Seen with the eye of faith? Perhaps. And what a touch! Yet when mists of the mighty Atlantic close between Land's End and Scilly, even the meagre imagination may be touched with venturesome insight, and even the dumbest ear may hear

the vague echoing of ancient parish bells. Curious, too, that from time immemorial the island folk have called the intervening sea the "Lioness," and that tradition has insistently pointed out the reef of Seven Stones as the site of the principal city of the kingdom. Where there is so much smoke of legend shall there not be some fire of truth?

It is as unscientific as it is unjust to demand that an ancient legend shall absolutely prove itself. Justice and science alike demand that a legend of a respectable appearance should be considered innocent unless it be proved guilty, and this more especially when it has so charming a savor of the saltiness of time.

From Lyonesse King Arthur came; it was across the dales of Lyonesse that his followers fled when he was slain; and Lyonesse is inseparably connected with the story of Tristram and Ysolte, for Tristram was the son of its king. It is more logical to believe in the essential existence of a Lyonesse than to doubt.



SCILLY CLIFFS IN A STORM

Geology notes the similarity between the granite of Cornwall and that of the Scilly rocks; and there are so many Druidical remains, so many rude stone crosses, as to point out the unlikeliness of these islands always having been so far from the mainland as now. And for some centuries historical records are scanty. There are also ruins of ancient castles and churches, but of these few vestiges remain. Fishermen and wreckers, finding blocks of stone ready to their hands, built these seats of the mighty into huddled huts.

One feels the fascination of what may have happened many and many a year ago in this kingdom by the sea. Walking at random, I came to a pathway on the top of a wall. Below me lay an ancient moat, long since dry. The pathway led me to a flight of stone steps, at the foot of which, in solid rock, were ancient grooves for the oaken doors and chain of a portcullis. An underground passage led from this sally-port, and opened upon a charming little garden, where the ladies of the vanished castle

whiled away the hours till their knights returned. In a shadowed corner is an old stone bench, narcissus and jonquil grow rich and lush, and the enclosing wall dips straight down to the rocks and the restless sea.

Tennyson wrote feelingly of Lyonesse; of its "trackless realms," of its glens, all "grey boulder and black tarn." And he visited Lyonesse. But local tradition retains only the memory of a bitter dispute with his landlady as to the cost of some broken china. It is a pleasanter literary memory that fixes the home of Besant's Armored.

There is no middle class in Scilly, and the good policy of this is evident from the standpoint of an absolute ruler. To compensate for the littleness of public power, there are many to wield it. Almost every man is councillor or justice, alderman or health officer, or has to do with rates, schools, police, or other department Lilliputian. And it keeps the people contented and proud.

With such a subdivision of honors one should expect the pluralist to be un-



A GROUP OF FIGURE-HEADS FROM WRECKS

known. But herein lies another of the delightful contradictions. Not only does the policeman perform duties multifarious, but there is one man who is clerk to the guardians of the poor, clerk to the magistrates, clerk to the council, registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, clerk to the education committee, and officer to the coroner. Yet time often hangs heavy on his hands.

For centuries there has been a curious cosmopolitanism in this place of accessible seclusion. In the blood of the islanders there are strains from every maritime nation. The reefs took their toll of the Armada. Wounded British were landed here from the battle of Bunker's Hill. And the wrecked and the refugee often remained.

But the cosmopolitanism of the living is as nothing to that of those who came so far to drown. They that went down into the sea in wrecks were of every nationality, of every variety of wealth and power, fame and obscurity.

Some of the old-fashioned headstones of the islanders carry the very flavor of the sea; such as the one which piously tells that, "Though he's been where

billows roar, still, by God's help, he's safe on shore," and which concludes with the asseveration that "Now he's safe among the fleet, waiting for Jesus Christ to meet."

Ever, at Scilly, the thoughts return to wrecks. And frightful as are the waves in great storms, when deep calls unto deep, it is not from storm, but fog, that the greatest disasters have come. Scillonians themselves, before they became flower-growers, paid with usury the ocean's claims, and it used to be said that for one Scillonian who died a natural death nine were drowned. And so fierce and treacherous are the currents that the strongest swimmer may be carried away before the eyes of the stoutest rowers. Recently, two boats, returning in company to the roadstead, chose different courses to pass one of the islands. One was never heard of again, neither men nor boat; for the wild current that had capsized and seized the craft had borne it far out to sea.

These people, some two thousand in all, huddle upon these rocks like seabirds in a storm. Their very capital, Hugh Town, has been inundatingly



FIGURE-HEADS FROM WRECKS SET UP IN A GARDEN


driven from its location, and even now is so exposed that it will infallibly be driven to move uneasily anew.

It is only those who love water who should go to Scilly. One is not permitted to shoot the birds; but one may fish and float and dream. It is over a tossing sea that one goes there; forty miles distant is the nearest port, Penzance. Often an icy wind sweeps over the flower-patches, and often, at night, a bitter chill creeps stingingly in from the sea. And, oddly enough—except that it is another of the expected incongruities—the picturesqueness of fact is not reflected in picturesqueness of appearance. One would expect at least a Maarken folk; but they look only commonplace. Yet their very commonplaceness makes it possible that men and women are here who have never travelled so far as the mainland.

The shouting wind calls out its secrets in unintelligible cries, the sinister fog glides in, the waves raven for this fragment of Lyonesse—and one thinks again how delectable a land must Lyonesse have been. There are indications of the tropical in Cornwall; and

Lyonesse must have been far more tropical than Cornwall without the windy desolation of Scilly. And one would like to trace back to the days of Lyonesse the beginning of the celebration of May, for the queen still holds in Scilly her little annual court.

Much has suffered a land change. Ships' planking has been eagerly seized upon for fences. Now and then a prow becomes a gate-post. Ships' bells that sounded the knell of sailors now ring gayly for these dwellers on rock. And many a figure-head which erstwhile stood at the prow of some stately ship sentinels a gateway or stares impassively over a field of narcissus. For these people love figure-heads, and describe them with uncanny pride. This was from a Spanish ship; that, a Dutch; this one, a saint, bore to safety the sole survivor from a Portuguese bark. Thus the long list goes on. The estate on Tresco is particularly rich in this spoil of the sea. And, final incongruity of all, a noble Neptune watches patiently in the garden of that beneficent untitled ruler, Mr. Smith.



Editor's Easy Chair

ONE of the few absolute advantages of living at all is that you can live now and then in several worlds at once. You can, by virtue of sympathy, dwell with somebody much your junior or senior in a world much younger or older than your own; and if you happen to be a modern you can, by force of imagination, consort with the ancients in a pleasing contemporaneity. Of course this must be managed by a touch of nature on both sides; but there is more nature in other people than they are apt to suppose, and the thing is not so very difficult if you have some nature in yourself. A touch of ill nature even will do, but it had better be good nature.

At the Greek play given by the Harvard students, the other day (or week, or month), you needed as many touches of good nature as possible for the realization of your affinity with the ancients, if you went to the first performance. The weather, which had unprofitably lavished long hours of sunshine on your railroad run to Boston, and then with the moment of your starting on your drive to Cambridge, began to rain mean small spiteful drops, like the tears of a woman working herself into a temper, was so dramatically disappointing that if the rain had not eventually made itself part of the play, it would have soured the sweetest expectation. But if you loosed your fancy to the work, and figured the shower as a sort of larger chorus, it was by no means an antipathetic condition. The lowering heavens, the pale gloom of the day, the gusts that fitfully came and went, were in a rich accord with the sombre tragedy of *Agamemnon*, such as, no doubt, the home weather of Æschylus sometimes effected at Athens. You could regret the want of shadow-making sunshine, but the action had a sublimity the more statuesque and absolute from the absence of the contrasting lights and darks. The wet green grass, the long low façade of the palace at Argos,

with its varitinted pillars and capitals and frieze and pediment, and its brown-red roof, and the snow-white dark-garlanded marble altar before it, formed a color scheme incomparably heightened in its vividness by the dim rainy air. The eye noted these facts of the entourage with a solemn joy to the beholder at the first glance, and his heart thrilled with a high impatience for the impending action. What he had read of that far wonderworld of the Greeks who outran us long ago in the race of civilization mixed with a glad reminiscence of the circuses of his barbaric boyhood. When the scene, so elemental and so constant, filled itself from time to time with the bold blues and purples, the pinks and whites and browns of the tunics and chitons and peplons and scarfs and fillets, there was a beauty in the setting of the piece which a brighter atmosphere could not have enhanced and might have lessened.

That, at least, was what we presently said, crouching beneath our umbrellas, and looking round to right and left over and under the rounding tops of our fellow spectators' umbrellas and insensately rejoicing in the anomaly of umbrellas at a play of Æschylus. Was it wholly an anomaly? Not unless we were the more deceived by the remembrance of that lady with an umbrella in a fresco at Herculaneum; though, to be sure, the Greeks might not have been allowed to put up their umbrellas in the theatre. Still, there was no proof that they were not, and we gave ourselves the benefit of the doubt on the damp gradines of the Stadium on the Soldiers' Field at Cambridge. Very likely the Athenians who first saw the *Agamemnon* at Athens had not thought to bring rugs with them to spread on the cold seats, but they might very probably have brought grass cushions, as some of us had, and we chose to find a greater parity than disparity with them in our thoughtfulness.

At the actual distance of time, much

detail of the earliest representation of the *Agamemnon* has been lost, and we see the event altogether august through the mists of that remoteness. But it is in no violent or impertinent surmise that we take for granted certain unintentional reliefs, which if not formally the same in the ancient and the modern Athens, were of kindred quality. Something must have corresponded in the first performance to that occurrence in the latest, when, after we had been waiting half an hour beyond the hour of beginning, a man in a sack suit and a straw hat came out of the bronze doors of the king's house, and proclaimed to us through a megaphone that the play would go on, adding, "We are waiting for one musician." He retired with our plaudits, bowing, and then we waited, with our umbrellas now up, now down, as the rain fitfully willed, and made what we could of members of the cast behind the palace, going and coming in ulsters upon errands doubtless connected with the coming show. Beyond the immense length of the Stadium in its horseshoe stretch we had also the passage of some football players over the wet grass to console us. About the time we were going to vent our despair in cries of rage, the Watchman, who was to hail the coming of *Agamemnon* in the distance, and shout the glad fact to all Argos, climbed the roof of the palace, and did what he could to amuse our furious leisure. He walked to and fro over the tiles, and stopped now and then to shade his eyes for a particularly good look; then from time to time he stretched his brown butternut length of limb and tunic on the verge of the pediment. The Watchman became a universal favorite by his cheerfulness with the delay, and he set us the example of a patient endurance, in the fiction that he was waiting for *Agamemnon*, when he was really waiting, as we were, for the musician. Without that musician there could be no *Agamemnon*, no Chorus, no Herald, no Cassandra, no Clytemnestra, no murder, nothing; but we joined the Watchman in feigning that the delay was caused by *Agamemnon*. Suddenly, at the right-hand corner of the palace the musician rushed upon our sight in duplicate, each of him with a musical instrument-case in hand, and ran across

the grass to the foot of the altar, and vanished in a sort of burrow under it. Then the man in the sack suit and straw hat came out with a plate in his hand, and hastened to the altar steps, but stumbled on them, and cast the contents of his plate broadcast over them, or all but the little that was left to pour on the altar top. It proved to be the stuff of the sacred fire, but the rain had got into it, and when the priest and his acolytes issued from the palace to invoke the favor of the gods, and the priest tried to light it with his torch, it would not burn, and nothing remained for him but pour his libation, and retire with what dignity he could amidst our unseemly laughter. The dignity of his recession, which was truly great, was marred by the effort of one of the acolytes to scrape from the sole of his bare foot, as he mounted to the bronze portal, the short-cut grass which had stuck to it from the lawn-mowed turf.

This was really the last touch of malicious fortune, and for the rest the tragedy stood forth in its majestic gloom, as a king might who has dropped the disguise of a beggar's rags and lifted himself, awe-striking and awe-stricken, to front his doom. Thereafter the teasing sense of county fair which had haunted us from our coming into the Stadium, and mixed with the sense of circus, as one might have known it in the Coliseum at Rome or the Arena at Verona, ceased from our consciousness and left it singly sensitive to every effect of the noble scene and responsive to all the beauty that appealed to the soul through the eye or ear. We four thousand Yankees, arrived there in the wet from every part of the big Republic, were transmuted into so many Hellenes of the great Republic, and were pure Greek; so pure that we almost understood our own language as it was rolled forth in the stately measures of the poet. Not even the veil which the English libretto interposes between us and Verdi or Wagner at the opera which Greek tragedy recalls seemed to hang between us and the meaning of *Æschylus*, and we realized how much more native one may be to the Greek than to the Italian or the German, without being born to it. Perhaps we followed the sense the more readily because we had already

and very recently read the faithful translation of the piece; but we now prefer the livelier conjecture, and we invite the reader to suppose that it was the mother-civilization interpreting it to us and making us one with her eldest children in a sort of family speech, less dependent upon letter than upon spirit.

If our readers have never staged a Greek tragedy, it is probable that they cannot fully imagine the difficulties of it. In modern drama, especially the drama of Ibsen, who is so very Greek in some things, we are used to a fulness of stage direction beside which the drama of Æschylus is absolutely empty. From the beginning to the end of his tragedy the Greek poet makes no sign outside of the dialogue, and very little in it, to show when any person comes on or goes off; and this defect has to be supplied by the management. But in the staging of the tragedy at Cambridge the management had been equal to the demand upon it, and after the exterior and adventitious misadventures of the pre-lusive moments, the play went forward with entire evenness, or if there were any errors they were lost to us in the excellence of the rendering. You said to yourself that of course the musicians ought to have been in their burrows under the altar before the spectators were in their places, and that, of course, the sacred fuel ought to have been on the altar and kept from being rained on, but these were slight details that you quickly forgot, and were, in fact, ashamed to remember. We chose rather to remember the scholarship that had gone to the flawless result, with a young joy in the beauty of it, which was itself very beautiful. It was not merely that the players were letter-perfect in their parts; certain difficulties of characterization had to be overcome, which in a co-educational university would not have presented themselves. Clytemnestra and her attendant maidens, and Cassandra and the captive girls of Troy, must be studious youth of the other sex, and the grave seniors of the chorus must be undergraduates of a borrowed senility.

But perhaps—who knows?—the difficulties were facilities in disguise, and all contributed to the fine result. If the part of Clytemnestra or of Cassandra had been taken by some clever actress,

all emotion, and consciousness, and chic, as clever actresses oftenest are, it might have wanted the charm which those studious youth gave each. They somehow made their appeal to reason, not to passion, and the feeling, too deep for tears, which underlies passion was the more potently touched because of the certain constraint, not archaic but primitive, not Byzantine but Homeric, in the double supposition of their performance. As yet we cannot be sure how much we have lost in having women's rôles taken by women in Shakespeare.

The very horses which drew the chariots had to be imagined from Norwegian ponies with manes hogged after those of the sculptured steeds of the Parthenon, and then trained to their histrionic duties under unaccustomed yokes. The mere mechanical obstructions overcome were such as only love of the thing to be done could have met, and that they were met, so that they could suggest themselves only to the spectator's afterthought, was part of the success that was not less than splendid. The success implied an illusion which began with the first glimpse of the palace, lifting its authentic forms and colors from the shaven grass, and confronting the comer as he issued upon the open Stadium and looked out down on the space which the tragedy was to fill with its poetry. Nothing really diminished the gravity of this. Even the figure of the Cambridge policeman, who appeared at the moment of the tumultuous demonstration following the defiant speeches of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, after Agamemnon's murder, and waited with folded arms, ready to interfere if necessary, was a false note soon lost in the tremendous harmony of the action.


In the mean time many things commended themselves to the mind of the spectator. Of course the first was that formal unity of the tragedy not only with grand opera, but also with that minor opera which we call comic without always meaning something droll. The sung or chanted speeches of the chorus, and the spoken speeches of the persons in the action, suggested the naturalness of the form which casts off recitative, and approaches life more nearly than the species in which the Italian composers wittingly or unwittingly per-

petuated the tradition of the Greek dramatists. Æschylus seemed to have wrought his play not so much in the fashion of *Il Trovatore* or *La Somnambula*, as in the fashion of *Iolanthe* or of *Patience*, only he took seriously the help of the chorus which Mr. Gilbert takes ironically. But beside the form, uttering the mood and make of a people childlike in their ethics, there dwelt far more importantly and interestingly an identity of spirit which one must hesitate to call Puritanic, though it recalled Puritanism. The chorus was made up of moralists as severe as the average of church members, and a familiar confusion of counsel informed their censure. They understood that the gods were dealing with Agamemnon and according to their pleasure and caprice, and would duly visit Clytemnestra and Ægisthus in turn with disaster logically as little consequent from the deeds of either. What the chorus saw was the operation of Fate, but they treated it in their personal criticism as if it were Predestination, and they apparently regarded it with something like the mystical resignation with which the religious once viewed the wisdom of God in saving some and damning others for His own glory. The doomed and the damned were alike censured for sin, because they ought to have done right on the chance of being spared or saved. Oddly enough, the victims of Fate coincided in this view, and sought to justify their crimes, instead of pleading emotional insanity, and throwing the responsibility on their gods. The personal conscience, which we supposed absent from the Greek conception of man's relations to the deity, evinced itself as distinctly as in the Anglo-Saxon ideal portrayed in *Macbeth* or *The Scarlet Letter*. The wicked knew themselves, and were known, wicked, and held to answer for their misdeeds quite as if their wills were free.

In this religious unity you lived simultaneously in the pagan and in the Christian world, but it was not one of the agreeable moments of the double life. The experience made you think that perhaps we had not got so far as we sometimes fancy; but there was something in the æsthetic atmosphere which more pleasingly suggested the oneness of the ancient and modern drama. The con-

temporary play conforms more nearly to the classic unities of time, place, and action than to the romantic ideal of widely changing scene and swiftly lapping time. But what perhaps the Greek dramatists could best teach an American audience would be patience and pleasure in far simpler intrigue and action than we are used to on our stage. The events of the *Agamemnon* were great enough; nothing could surpass them in moral magnitude, but they were few, and their succession was apparently unstudied, so that you did not proceed from shock to shock, as we imagine we must if we are to believe ourselves interested in a scene upon the stage. In Æschylus the drama has perhaps less evolved itself from the epic than in the later dramatists; the figures are in high relief, but not yet in perfect detachment; the story is more told and less acted; but that all gives it a naïve charm which we should be glad if our nascent theatre could revert to. It might help us to be a little more naïve ourselves, a little more simple; every world is primitive, when you come to know it, and at heart we might find ourselves as childlike as those Greeks seemed. We might like long, explicit speeches; we might enjoy the same fables over and over again; in fact, as it is, we do so when a piece runs a hundred or three hundred nights.

The trouble with us is one that the Greeks never had to face. They were autochthons and had their emotions fresh from their own ground, but we are derivatives a thousand times derived, and in our multiplicity of origin we are a people without an origin of our own. When we need an origin, or want it, we go and get it somewhere outside of ourselves, but too often we choose a bad origin. That is one of the reasons—we own we are late coming to it—why we would like to realize our unity and contemporaneity with the ancients. If having Greek plays in English would help us do this, we wish we might have them, though of course it would be something like having Verdi or Wagner in English. It had been well on twenty-five years since we had heard a Greek play, and we should not like it to be so long again, though we would willingly live through the interval, if necessary.



Editor's Study

A CONTRIBUTOR, sending us a short story and asking our criticism of it, says that it is her second, her first having been declined by another editor "because it was written too subjectively." She pays us the compliment of agreeing with so much that we say in the Study that she holds our judgment in uncommon respect. We trust, however, that she was not led astray into "too subjective" writing by anything we have said as to the preeminently subjective quality of the new literature.

Generalizations are apt to be misleading. Certain lines of distinction must be drawn between races and between epochs, but because certain characteristics belong preeminently to a race or an epoch we should not confound a preeminent with an exclusive possession.

Modern life and thought present a striking contrast to the ancient and medieval, just as one half of a circle contradicts the other half. Our completion of the cycle is a justification of its apparently so diverse antipodal arch. If we find ourselves in another hemisphere and regard other constellations, which rise and set in the mind of man rather than in an outward spectacle, we are but shown what was from the beginning the intention of all human culture, completely realized only by this subjective determination, but prophetically anticipated in Hellenic speculation. The ample disclosure, through realization of the kingdom within us, is a clearer and more intimately significant vision of the truth, both as to the new traits of human nature which have been developed in the process of evolution and as to the new ideals which inspire imaginative creation and which have transformed æsthetic sensibility itself, than that afforded to the ancient prophet beholding, as Moses from Pisgah, the land it was not his to occupy.

In its ground and in its appeal, imaginative creation, in whatever field of expression, was always subjective—as much

so in the production of Clytemnestra as in that of Lady Macbeth. It was always the mind of man, meaning by that his heart as well and the illusions it cherished, however inspired or communicated those illusions may have been, which determined the objective embodiments of poet, sculptor, and painter. Back of medieval impressionism was the mysticism of the human spirit. It was not the truth of life, as we behold it in the light of clarified reason, which men saw then, but fragments of it, through highly colored glasses. Our vision is from another side, where we are permitted to see truth ensphered in its integrity if we follow our quest to the end. Our impressions and illusions are therefore different—how different we have sought to define, as best we could, in previous numbers of this Study. The impressive picturesqueness of a vast pageant has faded, but we have opened a new treasure-house whose gold is genuine if not so glittering. Moreover, all the real and solid values of that past we have securely hoarded and wisely appreciate. These values have had their uses in the development of modern culture and are still indispensable. Were they blotted out or even ignored, our regret would be inconsolable, as if the world had forgotten its youth. No art and no literature can ever again be outwardly so marvellously impressive as this, our inalienable, possession. It is a good part of our romance, as is the mature man's remembrance of his boyhood, even if he would not live it over again. The glory of the old procession, though we refuse to keep step with it or with any other outward pomp, is, if we dwell with it, a dangerous fascination. Genius is in peril of shipwreck if too long it lingers to listen to these Sirens, yielding its heart to the old lure.

Our writers of fiction have not been denied this field of enchantment, else we should have missed *Romola*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Ben-Hur*, and the best

of Ainsworth; and in our own day we should have no Hewlett; but the hearts of such writers have been safely anchored in the modern world.

While the subjective determination is becoming more and more insistent in our fiction, the method of presentation is and must continue to be objective, though not in the same sense as in the plastic arts or even in painting—that is, it is not necessary that the projection should be as complete as in sculpture or that the composition should be as dependent for its effect upon the outward vision as in painting. The dramatic art, in its modern phases, which permit expression as well as motion, is more nearly allied to that of the novelist, though it is to a greater degree limited in its scope, in that it makes its appeal through the visual and auditory senses. The greatest of modern dramatists has a larger appreciation when the actor does not come between him and the reader—that is, when his works are considered simply as literature. The writer of fiction borrows something from the sculptor in the form and embodiment of men and women as physical existences,—something from the painter in his portraiture of outward personality, in his use of the external world and in his effects of tone and atmosphere—in what we may call his composition,—and very much from the dramatist in the objective expression of action and passion and in the progression of situations; but he transcends all these arts in the vastly wider scope of his own because of his freedom from their obvious limitations, and because by his suggestion or disclosure of intimate truth he reaches beyond impressions to the hidden meanings of human life. He differs from other artists in the degree and extent of the possibilities open to him and in a kind of possibility denied to them. Fiction in its development has therefore met an intellectual and spiritual need which all other arts were inadequate to meet.

Nevertheless, however subjective the theme of fiction in appeal, motive, or suggestion, there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as a subjective method in its artistic presentation, or, for that matter, in any presentation. Whatever is by any means brought into consciousness becomes an object, though it be but a men-

tal concept. The artistic imagination in literature is to some extent projective—always beyond the field of notional conception, into that of concrete embodiment. We call that literature objective which is confined within the world of sensuous impressions. When it passes into the world of reflection and psychical meanings, we call it subjective. This distinction is important, but it does not apply to methods of artistic representation.

In every stage of evolution, cosmic or human, though on the unseen side there is concurrent involution, what is apparent to us is the expansion, the unfolding. Though the involution determines the evolution, as the inward breathing is the positive and controlling factor in respiration—a fact which all great singers understand; though it is the tension, of which all functioning is the release; though it is, like sleep, the ascending side of life, the creative side, while all manifestations that are visible to us are precipitations and descents,—yet it is in this dying world, natural and human, that our wakeful course is run, and herein lies all that we can see of the beauty and glory of life, in flower and song, in landscape, sea and stars, in human contacts, and in the products of creative art.

Such is the world that is represented in fiction, and as freely and spontaneously projected by an imagination which is creative, which has a tension and uplift that measures the scope of its power and determines its precipitation and release in concrete forms of beauty.

What unlimited expansion and fruitfulness in this field of imaginative fiction! It meets our intellectual and spiritual needs not by lessons or sermons, not by artifice or cunning device of construction or by formal representations of life, but as Nature meets that sensibility in us which is complementary to her phenomena, by the spontaneous projection of form, tone, and color, and of innumerable effects which please, charm, surprise, or haunt us; and, in that world which transcends Nature, it illuminates human life, not only in its striking and dramatic aspects but in its commonplaces, responds to the ever-deepening culture of mind and heart, confronts and discloses the living truth in its lights and shadows, amuses and entertains, appealing to our

sense of humor and to our sympathy. In all this, though we may tolerate quintessential subtleties in so far as they are *nuances* of truth, we demand also clear projection, keen visualization.

We relish the delicate touch, where the brutal stroke would betray the crude hand; we appreciate reserve as an essential condition to the best art, as an index, indeed, of an imaginative tension which refuses dissipation in redundant expression; we are willing that a story should not be told if it is effectively impressed upon us by suggestion,—but we have no patience with weakness of grasp, or with vague and indefinite portrayal of character and situation. The firm line, however delicate, is indispensable. The effect of the story upon the reader must be vividly produced; no detail or suggestion essential to this should be withheld.

The writer in any department of literature does not have another material to conquer, as the sculptor and the painter has. His medium is his language, and words seem easy. They carry a kind of strength in themselves and, if wisely chosen, are effective. The extent of a writer's vocabulary and his happy use of it, merely as to the selection of the fit and necessary words, have a great deal to do with his successful expression. Felicity of phrasing and, still more, excellence of style will add to the grace, charm, and entertainment of his literary productions. But the art of fiction is not summed up in these acquirements or even positively entered upon by virtue of such an equipment. The writer must think deeply and feel deeply, must natively be possessed of a creative imagination and sensibility, and these must have had due culture through his thought and feeling, before vocabulary, phrase, and style can have any use or meaning relatively to his accomplishment. We should rather trust to native genius and the temperament which goes with it for the attainment of these technical excellences than to these excellences for the creation of great fiction.

There are many varieties of great fiction, but in every one of them the writers have achieved the disclosure of subjective truth through objective realization. Each variety has its distinctive merit. But, in reading Mrs. Deland's latest novel, *The*

Awakening of Helena Richie, we are impressed by a certain objective value and distinction exceedingly rare, if not indeed quite novel, in contemporary literature. The theme is subjective, the motive wholly spiritual, appealing most deeply and poignantly to our human sympathies. All this makes it an important contribution to what we call our new literature. It is as good an illustration as we could offer of all that we have been saying of the importance of objective realization in fiction. The distinction of this novel is that the realization has been accomplished through character-building of a kind which we have not often met in the whole field of modern fiction. Not to be too boldly assertive, we will simply challenge any critic to name a novel of English fiction published during the last quarter of a century which contains two as real and individual characters as Doctor Lavendar and Benjamin Wright. Indeed, is there any other such example of this sort of character-building since Thackeray created Colonel Newcome? Even Dickens's characters have earmarks and are typical rather than individual, better suited to the stage than to the common walks of our human life.

We were already familiar with Doctor Lavendar, whose genial and somewhat whimsical traits had been gradually disclosed in Mrs. Deland's short tales of Old Chester, but in this novel his character is more fully developed through his contacts with the shrewd and eccentric old gentleman, Benjamin Wright, who has much of that kind of insight which belongs to genius; with Helena Richie, the faultful but loving and lovable heroine of the story, who is herself not a bundle or mere concretion of psychological traits, but a real and living woman; and with the boy, David. Indeed, this child seems to have had as much to do with our new revelation of Doctor Lavendar as with the awakening of the woman. We do not feel that even here we have come to the end of Doctor Lavendar—at least we hope that we have not—but the further possibilities, in such a case, lie at the knees of genius.

There is no hurry or visible strain in the life of Old Chester, and Mrs. Deland's characterization in the portrayal of this life is leisurely and very simple. She

helps us to estimate the values of provincialism in fiction as Hawthorne did nearly two generations ago, only her men and women seem nearer and more humanly real. Many of our American story-writers have illustrated these values. Indeed, it seems almost necessary for the novelist to abandon the urban environment if he would find and develop native traits. In Mrs. Deland's work they do not seem so much to be found as to be creatively projected and matured.

American fiction—American, that is, in theme as well as in authorship—is denied much that gives distinction to the English. We see the distinction even when we compare Colonel Newcome with Doctor Lavendar. The former is not so provincial. But the very limitations of provincialism find an important compensation. The native traits of transplanted Englishmen in America and Australia have been developed by writers in these countries so strikingly and so faithfully that from this source has sprung the only fiction that can be called distinctively American or Australian—especially in a kind of short story which has no counterpart in England, not even in George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, or Thomas Hardy's and Mrs. Dudeney's short tales. The English writer of fiction finds a strong temptation—to which he legitimately yields—in the imperial background or in that of a somewhat impressive and maturely cultivated institutional life. Even in *Cranford* the reader does not get quite away from the East Indies.

Where the background is in itself so picturesquely interesting as it is in the best historical fiction, the novelist is tempted to depend upon its attractions and its impressiveness for his main effects, and the characterization is likely to be of secondary importance. The human figures are thrown against the absorbing background and often are embedded in its very texture. Sienkiewicz in his early novels, dealing with the more primitive conditions of life, created a few most striking individual characters, but in his *Quo Vadis* his men and women seem but a part of the magnificent historical setting.

David Claridge, the Quaker, the hero

of Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, will have his fascinating and impressive background in Egypt, where he stands at the central point dividing the West from the East. To put him there is in itself a daring adventure, piquing expectation; but we are confident that the reader will not be disappointed in the dramatic issue—also, that the character of the hero, in the tense situation, will not suffer diminution from the environment, but rather stand out in sterner lineament, in its full Western stature and significance—stand out not as a general type merely, but as an individual instance, having indeed its chief interest from that position. Here again we are likely to have a capital illustration of the value of objective realization. Sir Gilbert has always in his fiction availed of this value, not merely in a general way and not through trivial earmarks, but in points of actuality which indicate the tense vital current by emitting electric sparks and flashes.

Three such sharp points accentuate the introduction of the new novel—the three acts for which David is brought into judgment—a drink, a fight, and a kiss. We not only can imagine the excitement from these electric sparks in the Quaker meeting-house, but we feel it ourselves. The author might have simply intimated these acts and fixed his readers' attention upon the issue of the trial, but, following his instinct as an artist, he causes them to flash out in the red lightning—the red life-current showing in the wine, in the physical combat, in the caress. That nothing may be lacking to the effect we see these flashes, sharply defining the acts, not only in the indignant charges of the Elders, but repeated from David's own simple heart in his vivid defence. If there were not this keen objective realization, should we be aware of what is hidden from observation—the covert satisfaction of those men and women assembled to judge, in that, with impeccability, they can themselves feel the thrilling pulsations of heart otherwise denied them? David can play as well as drink and fight and kiss—so they must have his music too; and in that the sensuous bewilderment is resolved, the excitement quelled, and the reader's vision cleared for the ensuing drama.

Editor's Drawer

A Vindication of the Limerick

BY CAROLYN WELLS

IT has been said by ignorant and undiscerning would-be critics that the Limerick is not among the classic and best forms of poetry, and, indeed, some have gone so far as to say that it is not poetry at all.

A brief consideration of its claims to pre-eminence among recognized forms of verse will soon convince any intelligent reader of its superlative worth and beauty.

As a proof of this, let us consider the following Limerick, which in the opinion of connoisseurs is the best one ever written.

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Now let us compare this exquisite bit of real poesy with what might have been if Chaucer had written the lines:

A mayde ther ben, in Niger born and
bredde;
Hire merye smyle went neere aboute hire
hedde.
Uponne a beeste shee rood, a tyger gaye,
And sikerly shee laughen on hire waye.
Anon, as it bifel, bak from the ryde
Ther came, his sadel hangen doone bisyde,
The tyger. On his countenaunce the
whyle
Ther ben behelde a gladnesse and a smyle.

Again, if Austin Dobson had chosen to throw off the thing in triolet form:

She went for a ride,
That young lady of Niger;
Her smile was quite wide

As she went for a ride;
But she came back inside,
With the smile on the tiger!
She *went* for a ride,
That young lady of Niger.



The real young Lady of Niger

Rossetti, with his inability to refrain from refrains, might have turned out something like this:

In Niger dwelt a lady fair,
 (Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)
 Who smiled 'neath tangles of her hair,
 As her steed began his steady lope.
 (You like this style, I hope!)

On and on they sped and on,
 (Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)
 On and on and on and on;
 (You see I've not much scope.)

E'en ere they loped the second mile,
 The tiger 'gan his mouth to ope;
 Anon he halted for a while;
 Then went on with a pleasant smile,
 (Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)

Omar would have looked at the situation
 philosophically, and would have summed up
 his views in some such characteristic lines
 as these:

Why if the Soul can fling the Dust aside
 And smiling, on a Tiger blithely ride,
 Were't not a Shame,—were't not a Shame
 for him
 In stupid Niger tamely to abide?

Strange, is it not? that of the Myriads who
 Before us rode the Sandy Desert through,
 Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
 Which to discover we ride smiling, too.

We are no other than a moving Row
 Of Magic Niger-shapes that come and go
 Round with the Smile-illumined Tiger held
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

Tennyson would have seen a dramatic
 opportunity, and would have gloried in his
 chance, thus:

Half a league, half a league,
 On the big tiger,
 Rode with a smiling face
 The lady of Niger.
 Mad rushed the noble steed,
 Smiled she and took no heed;
 Smiled at the breakneck speed
 Of the big tiger.

Boldly they plunged and swayed,
 Fearless and unafraid,—
 Tiger and lovely maid,
 Fair and beguiling;
 Flash'd she her sunny smiles,
 Flash'd o'er the sunlit miles;
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the same smiling!

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made,
 Riding from Niger!
 Honor the ride they made!
 Honor the smiles displayed,
 Lady and Tiger!



As She was Pictured in Chaucer's Day



Rossetti's Probable Conception of the Story

Kipling, of course, would have seized the theme for a fine and stirring Barrack-Room Ballad:

"What is the lady smiling for?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"She's going for a tiger ride,"
The Color-Sergeant said;
"What makes her smile so gay, so gay?"
Said Files-on-Parade;
"She likes to go for tiger rides,"
The Color-Sergeant said.
"For she's riding on the tiger, you can see
his stately stride;
When they're returning home again, she'll
take a place inside;
And on the tiger's face will be the smile
so bland and wide,
But she's riding on the tiger in the morn-
ing."

Browning would have been pleased with the subject and would have done the best he could with it, doubtless along these lines:

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

(The Tiger speaks.)

Since now at length your fate you know,
I said, "Then, Dearest, since 'tis so,

Since nothing all your smile avails,
Since all your life seems meant for fails,
Henceforth you ride inside."
Who knows what's best? Ah, who can
tell?

I loved the lady. Therefore,—well,—
I shuddered. Yet it had to be.
And so together, I and she
Ride, ride, forever ride.

Swinburne would have spread himself
thusly:

O marvellous, mystical maiden,
With the way of the wind on the
wing;
Low laughter thy lithe lips hath laden,
Thy smile is a Song of the Spring.
O typical, tropical tiger,
With wicked and wheedlesome wiles;
O lovely lost lady of Niger,
Our Lady of Smiles.

Edgar Allan Poe would have put it this
way:

See the lady with a smile,
Sunny smile!



"Mad rushed the Noble Steed"

Hear her gaysome, gleesome giggle as she
rides around in style!

How the merry laughter trips
From her red and rosy lips,
As she smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles,
smiles, smiles,
While she rides along the dusty, desert
miles.

See the tiger with a smile,
Happy smile!

If such a smile means happiness, he's happy
quite a pile;
How contentedly he chuckles as he trots
along the miles.

Oh, he doesn't growl or groan
As he ambles on alone.
But he smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles,
smiles, smiles,
As he homeward goes along the desert
miles.

And Longfellow would have given it his
beautiful and clever "Hiawatha" setting:

Oh, the fair and lovely lady;
Oh, the sweet and winsome lady;
With a smile of gentle goodness
Like the lovely Laughing Water.
Oh, the day the lovely lady
Went to ride upon a tiger.
Came the tiger, back returning,
Homeward through the dusky twilight;
Ever slower, slower, slower,
Walked the tiger o'er the landscape;
Ever wider, wider, wider,
Spread the smile o'er all his features.

And so, after numerous examples and
careful consideration of this matter, we are
led to the conclusion that for certain
propositions the Limerick is the best and
indeed the only proper vehicle of expression.

Discovered

LITTLE Mary was visiting her aunt, who
lived in a new house with all modern
conveniences. It was her first meal at the
house, and she was frankly staring at every-
thing and everybody, including the company.
Her aunt, desiring more biscuits, touched

the electric button under her foot, which
rang a bell out in the kitchen. The maid
appeared at once, and, without a word be-
ing said, took the empty plate and started
for the kitchen for the biscuits. The
mystery was too much for the small girl,
and she piped out,

"Say, Mary, was you peeping?"



A. B. WALKER

The Beginning

ZEUS. "*Fore! Fore!*"

The Smoker

A FEW minutes before the noon train drew out of the station at Restcombe, Connecticut, the smoker was entered by a middle-aged Irishwoman, noticeable for her bulk and the immobility of her countenance. She calmly took possession of an unoccupied seat. The train started, and the newsboy came in presently with his wares. He grinningly informed the out-of-place passenger that she was in the smoker. No word, no sign, was offered in response. Soon a brakeman imparted to the woman the same information, and there followed the same result. Next the conductor politely reminded the woman that she was in a smoking-car especially intended for men. Again no sound or movement from Erin's daughter.

With the exception of a man directly across the aisle from her, the dozen or so occupants of the car, for the fun of the thing, repeated in succession, and fruitlessly, the performance of the newsboy, the brakeman, and the conductor.

Presently the much-informed woman pulled a black stump of a pipe from her dress

pocket, loaded it with equally black cut plug, waddled over to the passenger who had been the exception, and planted herself in the reversed seat in front of that individual, of whom she requested the "loan of a match."

When her pipe was in full and fragrant blast, she removed it from her straight line of a mouth, grinned most knowingly, and flatteringly said to her *vis-à-vis*, in tones so loud that all might hear, "It's a wise mon that moinds his own business. I belave I know a shmokin'-car when I see it."

Value of Grandma

THE Harlem boy was busy hunting up his trunks to go swimming. His chum looked sadly on.

"I wish I could go too," he sighed, "but the folks won't let me."

The boy stopped short in his speech to look at him.

"Ain't you got no grandmother?" he asked, in surprise.

Music

I HEARD a violin one day—
 It sounded like the spring—
 Like woolly lambs at play—
 Like baby birds that sing
 In snatches when they're learning how.
 I know the one that played
 Could see pink blossoms on a bough,
 Where children came beneath its shade
 To make white clover in a crown;
 Then while they laughed there in the
 grass—
 Soft petals fluttered down—
 They hushed—and saw some angels pass
 With friendly eyes that smile—
 The kind that I have often seen
 When Mother sings awhile
 Just as I go to sleep and dream.

I held my breath and then there rose
 The last sweet note and high.
 I felt just like when sunshine goes—
 I could not help but cry.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

A Glimpse of the Invisible

"BOBBIE," demanded Bobbie's mother, reproachfully, "why in the world didn't you give this letter to the postman, as I told you to?"

"Because," replied the youth, with dignity, "I didn't see him until he was entirely out of sight."



DR. SNAIL. "You'll excuse me, but I've got to hustle. I've got a hurry call and I promised to be there in two days."

Tact

THE neighborhood of Bog Hollow, a more respectable Irish community than the name might indicate, had been shaken to its very foundations by the sudden removal from its midst of one of its most honored citizens.

To say that the hand of Providence had been responsible for his shocking death would be scarcely fair, for Mr. Dougherty had taken things into his own hands, so to speak, and caused the unabating agitation by hanging himself in his large and commodious attic.

Bog Hollow was a seething, boiling mass of gossip, conjecture, and sympathy for the bereaved family.

Mrs. Byland and Mrs. McCreary, the two social powers, discussing the affair over the barbed wire of their rear fence, determined to lose no time in calling upon the distressed widow, although she had repulsed all attempts at sympathy or help from the near neighbors. Accordingly, that afternoon, in their starchiest and stiffest attire, they set out, not unmindful of the extreme delicacy of the situation. At the gate of the stricken home Mrs. Byland lost heart, and expressed herself as unable to think of anything she could say at such a time.

"Say! Say!" exclaimed Mrs. McCreary, "and phwat would ye say to ony one at a time loike this? And would ye be after askin' her the pertikelers o' his mishap or the size o' the rope? Sure an' we'll niver mintion the deceased no more 'n if he was sittin' there in the nixt room a-shmokin' his poipe. I say we'll talk o' iverything in the neighborhood but the hangin'."

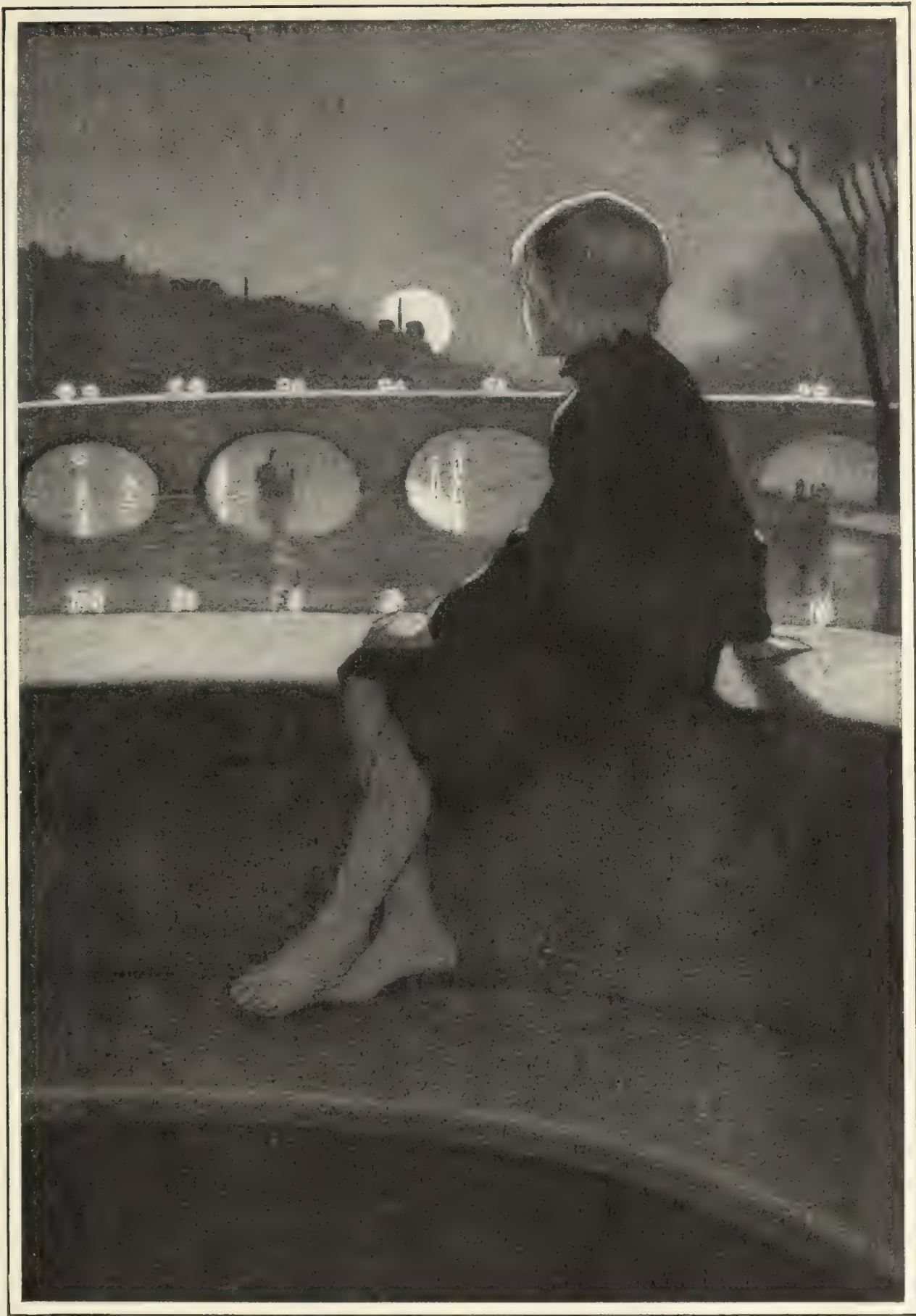
Mrs. McCreary scowled her utter contempt for such a lack of tact as displayed by her companion's attitude so forcibly, that the sudden opening of the front door by the widow herself found her quite unequal to the occasion. She scarcely recovered her composure during the call, but Mrs. Byland arose to the exigency of the situation and adroitly piloted the conversation through the shallow waters. The widow felt duly grateful for her efforts, and to show her appreciation attempted an interest in outside affairs by inquiring, in neighborly fashion, about the Monday's washing.

"No," said Mrs. Byland, "we didnt get our washin' out even; it poured that hard the intire day, we could only dry a few things by the kitchen foire; our house is so small," she added, explanatorily.

The widow sighed disconsolately, and remarked that their wash also had been deferred because of the rain.

"Oh," said Mrs. McCreary, determined to rise above her confusion and take her share of the conversational honors, "sure and I wouldnt think the rain would have bothered ye, Mrs. Dougherty, ye have sich a foine big attic fer hangin' things."

Confusion reigned.



The Frenchman in the Moon

THE *bonhomme* in the moon
Was a *gamin* once, like me,
Who used to light the lamps
In the streets of old *Paris*.

And then one night he climbed
By a moonbeam, so *on dit*,
Up where you see him now
As he still lights old *Paris*.

Not What He Meant

AT a wedding-feast the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast, in spite of the fact that he had previously pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose to his feet. He intended to imply that he was unprepared for speechmaking, but he unfortunately placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder, and looked down at her as he stammered out his opening and concluding words:

"This—er—thing has been unexpectedly forced upon me."

In the "Dark Room"

THE seven-year-old daughter of an Allentown, Pennsylvania, judge recently attended her father's court for the first time, and was very much interested in the proceedings.

Being questioned, upon her return home, what she thought of the experience, she responded as follows:

"Oh, it was kinder interestin'. Dad made a speech, then some other men made speeches, to twelve men who sat all together. Then these twelve men were put in a dark room to develop."



E. WARDE BLAISDELL

VISITOR. "Oh, my! the house is falling down, and we'll both be killed!"

MRS. ELEPHANT. "Oh no, that's only my husband. I'd know his step in a million."

Unavailing

A CERTAIN Boston eight-year-old is distinguished by her "insatiable curiosity." Bitter and embarrassing experiences have led her long-suffering mother to recognize this fact. Accordingly, when accidents in the kitchen and the expectation of guests to dine rendered the purchase of new water glasses necessary, Mrs. S—— took her daughter into her confidence. "Sarah," she said, "these are new glasses. I bought them at Johnson's yesterday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Robert drove me over to the shop with Jim and the runabout. Robert wore his 'butternut' livery and his brown derby. I paid \$6 for the glasses and had them sent. Now you know all I do about them, and I positively forbid you to ask me a single question about them when you see them on the table."

Sarah wore a subdued look during the progress of the meal, and Mrs. S—— was beginning to congratulate herself upon the effectiveness of her lesson, when an eager and interested expression came into Sarah's face, and she piped in her shrill but engaging voice, "Mother, what did you do with the old glasses?"

Too Long

A N Episcopal church in a North Carolina town employed as sexton an old negro, who, like all his race, had great faith in revivals, or "big meetin's," as he called them. Soon after he was installed, Lent began, and he was called upon to ring the bell, open the church, and pump the organ every day. At first this was all right,

but as the services went on much longer than his experience judged necessary, he grew impatient, and when one morning a lady he knew came to service early, he went up to her and said, "Miss Mandy, when dis big meetin' you all call Lint goin' to bust?"

Synonymous?

A YOUNG teacher was striving earnestly to increase the vocabulary of her charges. She had placed a list of words upon the blackboard to be used in sentences. Billy, a notably lazy child, was called upon first.

"Billy, you may give a sentence in which the word dogma is correctly used," said the teacher.

Billy hesitated. Finally, in a burst of confidence, he replied, "Our old dog-ma has seven pups."

The Wrong Number

PATRICK, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang very vigorously several times, and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver, and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do.

"Hillo!" he called.

"Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?"

"Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye think oi am—a box-car?"



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See page 816

MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH.—PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

LADY MACBETH. *"Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers"*

Act II.: Scene II.

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"Macbeth"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

HAMLET, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth* are generally considered to be Shakespeare's four greatest tragedies; but in estimating their relative importance critics are far from being at one. While Goethe, Coleridge, and Professor Dowden would seem to place *Hamlet* first, while Mr. Swinburne gives the first place to *Lear*, while D. G. Rossetti gives it to *Othello*, Campbell claims precedence for *Macbeth*. No doubt it could be shown that from the structural point of view Campbell is right. It is curious, however, that critics in a general way are apt to ignore the theatric quality of Shakespeare's dramas—apt to consider them entirely from the poetical, the literary, the dramatic standpoint: using the word "dramatic" in what would seem to be its present acceptation as implying a true delineation, in *any* literary form, of the soul of man. If Shakespeare himself were alive to read these criticisms, nothing would astonish him more than to learn this. To the oral critics of the Mermaid and the Apollo Saloon it would have seemed as absurd to talk about a play without discussing the playwright's structural method and mastery over

theatric conditions as it would be to talk about a poem like "Venus and Adonis" or "Hero and Leander" and leave the subjects of stanza, rhyme, and rhythm undiscussed.

Brief as is the space at my command here, I must say a few words about the theatric qualities of *Macbeth* before touching upon the characterization. One rush of theatric interest and movement carries us on from the first line to the last. Its artistic fusion is complete. A volume might be written about the mastery over theatric conditions exhibited by the second act alone. Unless we except the scene in the *Agamemnon* where the crime of Clytemnestra is narrated, this act must surely be the most powerful piece of writing in the imaginative literature of the world.

At the opening of the act, Macbeth is found prowling about the castle with his servant after the guests are all supposed to have retired. He suddenly comes upon Banquo and Fleance, who are also moving through the halls and corridors. Banquo's mind is evidently a little disturbed by reminiscences of the scenes on the heath; he is haunted by vague prognostications of foul play

of some kind; for on coming upon Macbeth he suddenly says:

Give me my sword.—

Who's there?

After Banquo has left him, Macbeth says to his servant:

Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

And Macbeth is left alone. By this time the expectation of the audience is worked up to a high pitch: for they realize that the coast is clear for the perpetrating of the crime. They realize too that before Macbeth can leave the stage for the murder-chamber there must be some delay—some considerable delay—in order that Banquo and Fleance and Macbeth's servant should get right away and out of ear-shot.

A soliloquy is absolutely necessary to fill up the gap here; no other kind of dramatic work is at all possible in order to keep Macbeth alone on the stage until Lady Macbeth shall strike upon the bell—a proceeding on his fellow-conspirator's part which the audience knows will have nothing whatever to do with any "drink" being ready, but will be the tinkling yet tremendous signal that the coast is clear for the murder of the sleeping king. And now consider this soliloquy for a moment.

The opening, although it is poetry of the highest kind, is something else; it is drama of the highest kind; and again it is something else: it is theatric work of the highest kind. The phantom dagger is exactly the hallucination that *would* be produced in the overwrought and fevered brain of such an imaginative man as Macbeth has in the first act proved himself to be.

Is this a dagger which I see before me?
The handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal Vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As that which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was
going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.

Suddenly the hallucination passes—the phantom dagger vanishes, and he says:

There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

And here, from the dramatic—the psychological—point of view, should not the soliloquy have come to an end? But it could *not* come to an end yet. The time as yet was too short for the audience to feel the sense of stillness required in the imaginative situation—it was too short also to satisfy the theatric demands (I do not mean the demands of the stage-carpentry, which were so slight in Shakespeare's time; I mean those demands of theatric illusion which must always be satisfied or the play will fall flat). Banquo, Fleance, and Macbeth's servant have too recently quitted the scene for the audience to feel that the coast is quite clear. Therefore dramatic and theatric requirements demand that the soliloquy should be prolonged, and prolonged it is. And if it be said that just as the lyrical power in the *Agamemnon* sometimes seems to weaken the purely dramatic effect of a scene, so the dramatic effect of a Shakespeare scene is sometimes weakened by the exhaustless poetic wealth of the richest of all poets, that is to forget that Æschylus and Shakespeare both set out to write poems.

If it be said that at the moment when the soliloquy should either cease, leaving Macbeth to pass swiftly and silently into the murder-chamber, or else should continue in the same impassioned personal strain, the poet's impulse to write fine poetry comes upon him, and for the moment seems to strangle him as a dramatist—that is to forget that Shakespeare never had an opportunity of studying the drama of the late Henrik Ibsen. Shakespeare undoubtedly makes Macbeth pass out of the impassioned into the meditative mood—a mood more suited to that of the Danish prince



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

ACT III.: SCENE IV.

MACBETH. "There's blood upon the face"

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when brooding in the churchyard at Elsinore than the mood natural to any man, howsoever philosophically minded, in Macbeth's situation.

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offering; and wither'd Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his
stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards
his design
Moves like a Ghost. Thou sure and firm-set Earth,
Hear not my steps which way they walk,
for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

Yes, Shakespeare undoubtedly does this, but it is because the poet feels that by thus carrying the spectator's imagination away into the region of universal poetry he lifts it out of the region of melodrama, in which plays like *Arden of Feversham* can flourish, into the region where the *Agamemnon* reigns.

But enough has now been said to show how specially interesting *Macbeth* is in studying Shakespeare's constructive art; and I must now turn to the characterization in the play. And here one is almost inclined to say that many of Shakespeare's critics have been ignoring the very basis of the Shakespearian art. For are there not three different methods of writing a drama? And are not these methods extremely unlike each other? While one dramatist will show that he was led to his subject by the impulse to paint characters—while another will show that he was led to his subject by the impulse to work out some kind of central idea—will not another show that the story, as story, has come to him first, and that he looks upon the characters, howsoever vigorously he may conceive them, as the means of working out the story? Surely no critic will deny this.

Now although at the head of all delineators of human character stands Shakespeare, a thousand signs in his work show that with him the conception

of plot and situation preceded the conception of character—preceded the conception of an inner *motif*. One reason why he is as fresh and as interesting to the great mass of readers to-day as he was when he first wrote his plays is to be found in his infallible eye for a plot. It is true, no doubt, that all these plots of his were borrowed, save perhaps in the case of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*; but that does not affect the question. In laying the golden fingers of his genius upon his spoil—a spoil consisting of the entire wealth of European romance and legend—he knew the value of a story better than did any of his contemporaries, and that is saying a good deal. When once he had succeeded in capturing the imagination of the general public by the interest of his story, the real strength of his genius, his power of characterization, could be brought into play. If the story contained a great *motif*—as the doctrine of Karma is contained in *Macbeth*—no one was so able to develop that *motif* in so triumphant a way as he. If the story gave an opportunity of creating a host of characters, no one was able to bring that host into life as he. If, as in *Macbeth*, the entire tragic mischief was brought about by two characters, only these two were elaborately painted, while all the rest were left to be mere working characters, more or less plot-ridden.

On the whole, it could easily be shown that *Macbeth* is the most interesting *hero en mal* in all drama, in all imaginative literature. In spite of his monstrous crimes, he never for a moment loses our sympathy, and sometimes he touches us to the quick. Notwithstanding all that we know of him and his bloody deeds, when we hear him exclaiming,

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not,

we cannot wish fervently that the besiegers, whom we know to be the inevita-

ble instruments of Karma, will break into Dunsinane Castle and do their duty. And when we hear him answering the Doctor's report of Lady Macbeth's condition with that famous query of his, that query which is no less anxious because it is expressed ironically—

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

—can we help grieving for the terrible loss that is coming upon him in the hour of his sorest need? Some of the finest poetry that Shakespeare ever wrote is uttered by this blood-stained regicide.

And this reminds me that in my essay upon *Hamlet* in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1904, I promised to show that Shakespeare, who, on occasion, allowed his own personality to declare itself, in many scenes of many plays, was especially liable to do this in *Macbeth*. "Never," says Richter, "does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another." But "this does not apply to dramatists of the first class," says the Shakespeariorator; "it does not apply to Shakespeare. If in Shakespeare's plays the names of the characters were omitted, I could tell who were the speakers." A certain overconfident critic really did say this. Could he perform this feat? Let us imagine a reader of average intelligence reading Shakespeare for the first time; and, further, let us imagine him reading Shakespeare in some emended version edited in folio with his usual industry by the late Mr. Perkins-Collier—edited with various passages from various plays transposed. Let us suppose the student coming upon the following soliloquy by the young Prince of Denmark in the churchyard of Elsinore:

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

"How thoroughly dramatic!" we can hear our virgin Shakespearian exclaim. "Who but Shakespeare would or could have put these words into the only mouth that could have uttered them—the mouth of his great metaphysical character, Hamlet?"

Or let us suppose the same student coming upon those before-quoted Hamletian lines which follow the evanishment of the dagger in the second act of *Macbeth*, and let us suppose them put by Perkins-Collier into Hamlet's mouth at midnight on the Elsinore platform.

"How wonderfully, how superbly dramatic!" would exclaim the virgin Shakespearian. "Who but Shakespeare would or could have written so dramatically as this? An inferior dramatist of these degenerate days would be sure to put such words, if he could only write them, into the wrong mouth—into Claudio's mouth or perhaps into Prospero's, or—for there is no limit to the contemporary dramatist's ineptitude—into the mouth of Macbeth himself as he stands at Duncan's bedroom door, dagger in hand, waiting till Lady Macbeth 'strike upon the bell.' But to put them into the mouth of a character like Hamlet—a dreamer whose imagination actualizes, poetizes the dry syllogisms of the mere metaphysician—a dreamer of whose peculiar temper such lines as,

We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded by a sleep,

and such lines as,

To die and go we know not where,

and such lines as,

To be or not to be,

are the key-notes—to do this a Shakespeare is required."

Just as there is a good deal of human nature in man, so there is a good deal of Shakespeare in Shakespeare's characters, especially in Hamlet and Macbeth. Not that Shakespeare ever killed a king, nor did Macbeth, for the matter of that. The true Macbeth, the Mac-



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ACT III: SCENE IV.

LADY MACBETH. "*A kind good night to all!*"

beth of history, was no more a hero *en mal* than was Shakespeare himself. But that does not in the least signify when a great poet condescends to make use of a king to work out the tragic mischief of a play.

Shakespeare has lately been denounced as a snob, and I am afraid that affair of the bogus coat of arms shows that he was not entirely free from the snobbery of feudalism, but no one knew better than he—no one felt more strongly than he—that above all monarchs sits a great suzerain, the Lord of the Pen, who uses kings and who utters truths or lies according to his pleasure. When Charles the Twelfth wanted his librarian to hand from the library a volume of history, he used to say, "Give me my liar." And well he might. But if you come to the fine accomplishment of lying, what is the mere jog-trot muse of history to the muse of poetry, against whose slanderous utterances there is no appeal? Supposing that in the unknown country of shadows which lies beyond the stars the shade of King Macbethad, son of Finnlaech (who fell at the battle of Lumphanon, after having for seventeen years reigned over Scotland—reigned with so generous a hand that he was called "Macbethad the Liberal")—supposing that this wronged hero *en bien* should happen to meet the shade of the author of *Macbeth*, and suppose that the warrior-king should protest, with the meekness that becomes a king in confronting a poet, against the wrong done to his memory—suppose he should ask the poet what was his justification for having depicted him as the protagonist of assassins—him who never killed a man in his life save in open battle, while Duncan, his supposed victim, really did succeed to the Scottish throne because his path had been somehow made clear for him by a family murder—suppose Macbeth should presume to ask such a question of the poet, what reply would the shade of the suzerain make? Would he deign to make any reply at all, or would he simply beckon to the shade of Raphael Holinshed (from whose chronicle the story of *Macbeth* is drawn) to relieve him from the irksomeness of answering idle questions?

I have said that Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are the only two characters who are not in some degree plot-ridden; but so complete is the marriage bond between them that we get here two characters who make together but one hero *en mal*. And this is strange, that the most perfect spiritual marriage in poetry is between two of poetry's greatest criminals.

But in order to make myself clear I am obliged to repeat a certain dialogue on the subject that I wrote on a former occasion:

"I remember being much struck once by some words of Pascal's, '*Il y a des héros en mal comme en bien.*' Now, did it ever occur to you that since the tragic mischief of drama ceased to be Fate, the hero *en mal* has been a very important personage in a drama or story, more important sometimes than even the hero *en bien* himself?" "Certainly; that is so in Walter Scott's stories, where it frequently occurs that the hero *en bien* is just a 'washed-out walking gentleman,'—the heroes *en mal*, Rob Roy and Roshley Osbaldistone, interest us in everything they do and say; and, again, what character in *Vanity Fair* interests us as Becky Sharp does?" "Just so; and it is only so long as the hero *en bien* makes an effective foil to the hero *en mal* that he can be called a success." "I suppose that the protagonist of all heroes *en mal* is Macbeth." "You forget that Macbeth and Lady Macbeth make one hero *en mal*. The idea of man's dual nature, of which literature, especially Oriental literature, is so full, is expressed by Shakespeare once for all in his characterization of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, which represents the marriage state in its ideal form." "Really whatever subject you take up flashes out at once under a new light." "When the double-souled hero *en mal* rushes, dagger in hand, into the chamber of the hero *en bien*, Duncan, for whom is it that we hold our breath? Is it on account of the hero *en bien*, who we know is going to be stuck like a pig? Not a bit of it: it is on account of the hero *en mal*. And when there comes the terrible knocking at the gate, is it through our sympathy with the hero *en bien*, who we know is just now lying murdered, that the pulsations of our hearts are arrested? Not a bit of it: it is our sympathy with the picturesque hero *en mal*, who has lifted assassination to the highest poetry."

With regard to this famous scene, however, there is something more to say.

Was it not De Quincey's forgetfulness of the importance of the hero *en mal* in drama that led him to write his famous essay on "the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*"? He there seeks to explain the startling effect of the knocking which follows the murder of Duncan by some far-sought theory about the breaking in of the "real" world upon that "imaginary" world into which the poet has taken us. Like so many of Shakespeare's critics, he is much too acute to understand such a stupid creature as man, therefore much too acute to understand such a truthful delineator of man as Shakespeare. A little less acuteness would have shown him that the startling effect of that knocking is caused by the fact that our sympathy is with the hero *en mal* when he has entered the murder-chamber, and that we have identified ourselves with him, and we, the audience, *are* that hero; and when the knocking comes upon us, with our hands steeped in the blood of the hero *en bien*, we stand appalled lest our crime should be discovered. For the honor of human nature, however, let me hasten to suggest that this is not because we love assassination, but because there is some deep law in imaginative illusion whereby the identification of the spectator's personality is with the active character in most dramatic actions rather than with the passive.

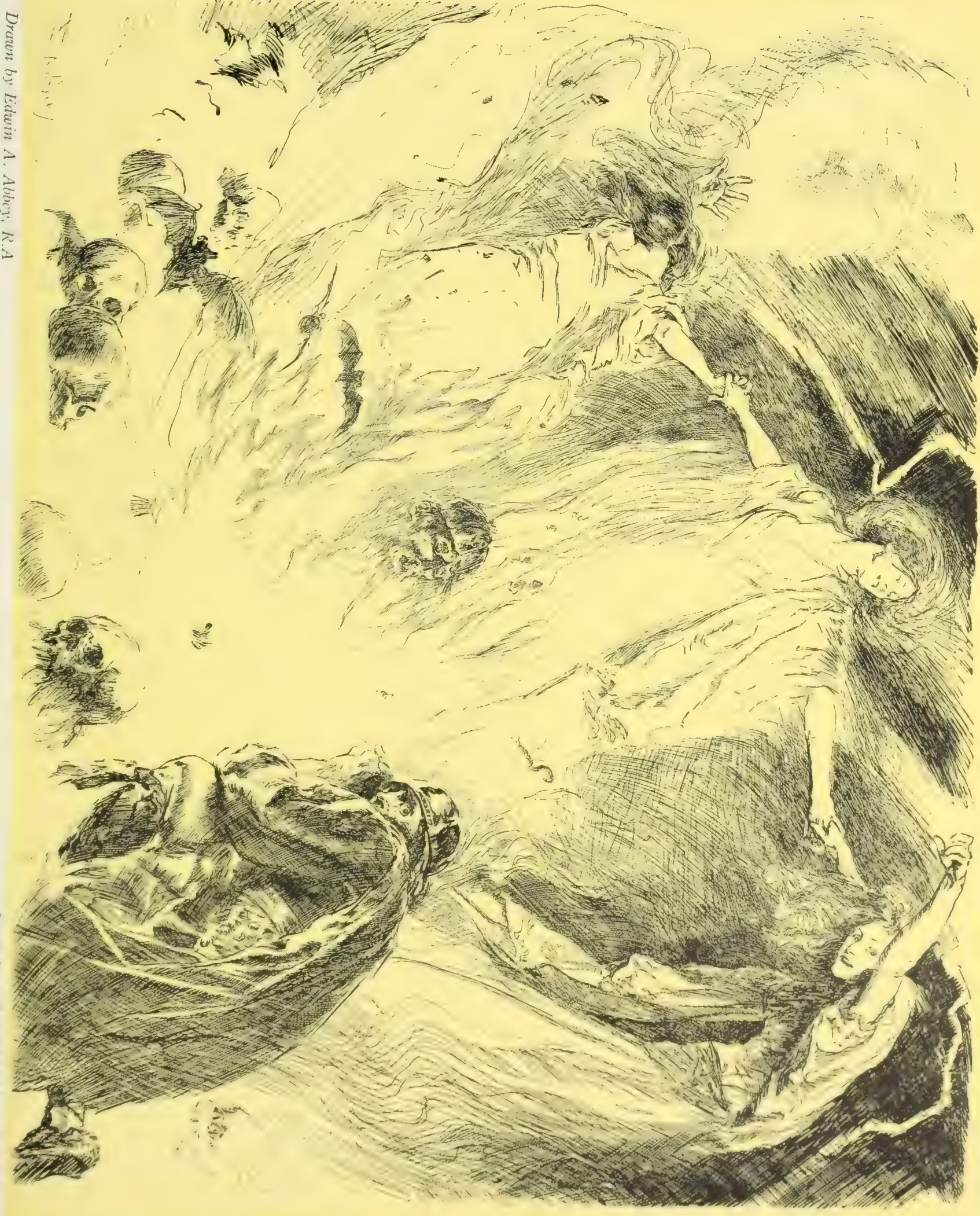
I have before asked the question, Was Æschylus conscious of such a law of the human mind when he made Agamemnon fall under the hand of Clytemnestra, though the poet of the *Odyssey* had distinctly declared that it was her paltry paramour Ægisthus who struck the blow? For note how enormously more powerful is the play made by this change. The mention of Clytemnestra brings me naturally to Lady Macbeth. For in studying her character it seems impossible to avoid comparing her with the great heroine *en mal* of Æschylus. Which is the greater creation of these two it would be difficult to say.

Undoubtedly, however, there are finer touches of humanity and femininity in Clytemnestra than in Lady Macbeth. There is nothing so fine in this line in the speeches that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Lady Macbeth as Clytem-

nestra's allusion to Agamemnon's sacrificing for his own ambition their daughter Iphigenia. Nor is there in the character of Lady Macbeth anything so human or womanly as that speech in the *Agamemnon* towards the end of the play where Clytemnestra checks the bloodthirstiness of Ægisthus and bids him not perpetrate any further ills.

Of course, seeing that this allusion to her daughter comes in after the assassination, and not before it, it may be taken as an open question whether or not the allusion is self-sophisticatory or self-justificatory, but whichever way we read it, it seems to humanize Clytemnestra, and this alone is sufficient to place her above Lady Macbeth, considered as a separate entity and not as a moiety of one and the same hero *en mal*. But to say the truth, the character of Lady Macbeth has been so often discussed and discussed, and my space here is so limited, that I will in conclusion turn to a branch of the subject upon which there is more opportunity of saying something new. I mean the Porter's speech during the knocking.

Of this speech Coleridge said that he believes it to have been written for the mob, and written by some other hand than Shakespeare's. But why? Now I am going to show that one of the most important differences between classic and romantic tragedy is involved in this apparently simple question of who wrote the Porter's speech. Nothing is more effective in giving that warmth, vitality, and reality which Shakespeare always seeks in his tragedies than the humorous scenes—sometimes broad enough, to be sure—which he introduces into them. The power of humor for securing illusion, whether it be absolute humor as in the case of Shakespeare or relative humor as in the case of Ben Jonson, is far greater than is generally supposed. The secret of it seems to lie near the heart of the human enigma itself. Perhaps it was because the eighteenth century—the age of acceptance which preceded the Renaissance of Wonder—ignored that enigma that humor was banished from tragedy. But if we consider what would be the illusion of *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or *Lear*, or Goethe's *Faust* without this element of humor—



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A

ACT IV.: SCENE I.

FIRST APPARITION. "Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff."

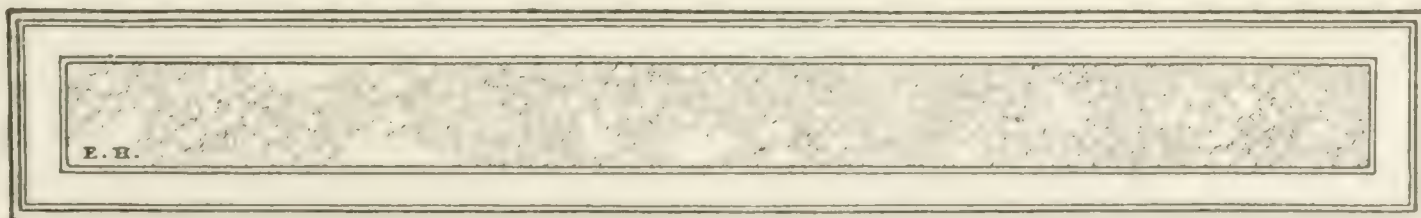
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the universal solvent mingling the world within the tragic circle with the world without—we shall arrive at one very potent cause of the decadence of drama during the age of acceptance. Fully to understand the meaning of that decadence we should have to plumb more deeply than is here possible the mystery of dramatic effects. “Poetry,” says Gravina, “must remove from the composition all such images as contradict what it wishes to persuade. The less fiction makes room for ideas which contradict it, the more easily we forget truth to yield ourselves up to illusion.” All dramatists, ancient and modern, have seen this; but the question is, What *are* the images which “contradict” the illusion? Now, it was a received critical canon during the age of acceptance that humorous images destroy the illusion of tragedy, and critics and poets pointed triumphantly to Greek models. Perhaps if we remember a few facts in connection with Greek tragedy—the fact, for instance, that at every festival the dramatist had to produce four plays, and that the last of the four had to be satirical, and the fact that the sentry in the *Agamemnon* and the nurse in the *Choëphori* are as much like an Elizabethan sentry and nurse as they can well be—we shall find that humor, although generally relegated to the fourth play, was not so far removed from the Greek idea of tragedy as the eighteenth century assumed. But the question of the introduction of humor into Shakespearian drama is important when discussing the decadence of tragedy during the age of acceptance.

The reflective Elizabethans saw, both by reason and by instinct, that in romantic drama, where Fate, as the motive power of the dramatic action, is supplanted by the power which I once ven-

tured to call “Harlequin Circumstance,” there is properly no such thing as pure tragedy at all; that without Fate drama, even in its very highest and intensest mood, is but comi-tragedy—comi-tragedy for this simple reason, that the factors that are to work the evil are supernatural no longer, but human, and steeped necessarily in that atmosphere of the grotesque which always envelops humanity when considered as the puppet of Circumstance and not that of Destiny.

No one saw this more clearly than Shakespeare, who calls us “fools of Nature”; no one more sharply recognized that romantic drama, being in its essence a reflex of the universal life of man, cannot but reflect that glamour of the grotesque in which the great drama of human life must, when the idea of Fate is supplanted by the idea of Harlequin Circumstance, be encircled. In other words, no one saw more clearly than he that the grotesque is not only a permissible, but a necessary element in tragedy. For the tragic thread out of which the romantic dramatist has to weave his tragic woof is drawn, not, as in Greek drama, from the narrow fate-woven web of family doom, but from that broad and mingled yarn of which Harlequin Circumstance weaves the web of human life. This thread, therefore, must come dyed with all the varied colors and steeped in all the humors of that free human life, though darkening towards the catastrophe at every shuttle-movement of Harlequin—darkening as surely and as inevitably as, in Greek drama, it darkens at every shuttle-movement of the weaver Destiny. Thus considered, the importance of the part played by the Porter’s speech in *Macbeth* is enormous. How Coleridge, the finest of all the Shakespearian critics, could have made such a mistake is inconceivable.



The Captain of Company Q

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

ZEBEDEE was the Captain of Company Q. Sheer merit had won him the title. He was the first and the last of his kind. He stood unique. For it was the only Company Q that had ever been captained—Company Q being the stragglers and camp-followers, miscellaneous and heterogeneous, who drift in an army's wake.

Unique though Zebedee's position was, it was far from satisfying the ambition that he had once cherished. For he had longed to be a soldier. He had dreamed of doing great deeds; of rising from the ranks, of steadily mounting upward, of winning lofty title and mighty fame.

But the surgeon curtly refused him. It was the heart, he said. And when Zebedee, amazed, bewildered, for he had never suspected himself to be a sick man, stammered a protest, the surgeon said a few cutting words about worthless men trying to get in for pay and pension—which words were to Zebedee as blows. And he yielded with such bleak finality as never again to ask for enlistment.

But although he himself could scarcely explain how it came to pass, he found himself a camp-follower, a drudge, a volunteer servant to the command of a general to whose fame he gave humble and admiring awe. At first the soldiers had tolerated him; gradually there had come a recognition of his willingness, his good nature, his real cleverness. It somehow came to be believed that it was by some vagrant choice of his own that he was a member of Company Q, and none ever dreamed that he longed with pathetic intensity for his lost chance of being a soldier. On the march he wore a look of exaltation whenever, which was not seldom, two or three of the men would carelessly give him their muskets to carry. In the camp he was happy if he could do some service—he would chop wood, build fires, and cook. And in time of battle he was perforce resigned when

the soldiers marched by him into the smoke and the roar, leaving him behind to hold some officer's horse or look after some tent.

But the innate spirit that, if given the opportunity, would have carried him far upward, made him master of the motley members of Q, and it gradually came to be that his words had the force of law with them.

He never assumed a complete uniform. His very reverence for it and for all that it represented kept him from such a height of undeserved glory. But he tried to satisfy his craving soul with the tattered jacket of an artilleryman, a shabby cavalry cap, and the breeches of infantry; and the sartorial dissimilitude, through the working of some obscure logic, obviated a presumption, yet kept alive some pride.

How it happened that Zebedee was so often in dangerous places which the other members of Company Q carefully avoided was a puzzle to the soldiers, and it came to be ascribed to a sort of blundering heedlessness—not bravery, of course, for he was only a camp-follower.

And one day, when the command failed in its attack upon a fort, Zebedee found himself with the handful who fled for safety close up against the hostile works. There they were protected from shots from above; and the enemy dared not, on account of a covering fire, come out into the open to attack them; and there they hoped to stay till darkness should permit retreat.

But the day was blisteringly hot, and thirst began to madden them. Then Zebedee slung about him a score of canteens, and dashed out across the plain, and lead rained pitilessly about him as he jingled on, but he was not hit. His canteens were swiftly filled by friendly hands, and he turned to go back across that deadly space.

He knew that fire would flash along



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

THEN ZEBEDEE DASHED OUT ACROSS THE PLAIN
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the hostile works; that lead again would rain; but he did not waver. He saw the dark line of his comrades, he knew their misery, he could at least give one life for his country—and the men watched him with awe as, with a curious gravity, he, about to die, saluted them in farewell and ran unhesitatingly out. A sort of glory was upon his countenance. There was a hush. Friend and enemy alike were awed and still. No sound was heard but the rapid patter of his feet. There came no flash and smoke, no splintering sound of musketry. But there arose a mighty shout—friends and enemies alike were cheering him!—and he sank, hysterically sobbing, among his comrades.

This, of course, brought about important recognition. The General heard of it; heard, too, that the Captain of Company Q did not, from some crotchet, some whimsy, wish to be a regular soldier.

"Zebedee," he said, "you are a brave man."

Zebedee's heart beat high with hope, and the look of exaltation shone in his eyes. Not knowing whether or not to use words, or what words to use, he could only stand stiffly at salute—he knew how to salute, although no drill-master had ever paid attention to him; he had eagerly watched and practised, and was perfect at this as at many other things. He stood rigidly at salute—but his eyes were like the eyes of a faithful dog that hungrily watches his master for a bone.

"I am sorry you are not an enlisted man, Zebedee."

Ah! how high his heart beat now! To be a corporal—perhaps even a sergeant—

The General went on, speaking slowly so that the full sense of his condescension should sink in: "And so, you shall be my own personal servant."

Zebedee stood rigid as if he were a piece of mechanism, and all expression was swept from his face as marks are swept from a slate.

And having thus conferred honor, the General went out; he, the great warrior so able to discern the hidden movements of an opposing army, to read the secret plans of an enemy, but quite unable to discern the poignant suffering of a brave man.

Zebedee was a sturdy man, not given

to running away or to changeableness. In his heart—the heart of which the surgeon had spoken so contemptuously—he had enlisted for the war; he would not be permitted, so it seemed, to fight the good fight, but he must patiently finish the course and keep the faith.

What mattered it now that by observation he had learned many things besides how to salute! With bitter resignation he would watch the coming and going of officers, the forms and ceremonies of war. At dress parade he knew just when the drums were to march slowly down from the right flank; just when there was to be the thrice-repeated, long, brisk roll; just when the drums were to turn back, with quicker step; just how the commanding officer out there in front would keep his hand upon the hilt of his sword; just when the adjutant would take his place at the front of the line; just when was to come the command, "First sergeants to the front and centre!" The roll of drums, and the crash of music, and the tramp of many feet—and the Captain of Company Q would turn away, his eyes filled with tears, as vague visions came of the heights to which he had aspired when he hurried to enlist—before he knew he had a heart. But he knew it now; he knew it, and it hurt.

In the uncommunicative companionship of General and servant he learned much. He learned to know and almost to love the stern, strong man, who held his men in iron discipline and led them into battle with a fierceness that was almost joy.

There came, too, a sort of liking for Zebedee on the part of the grim officer. He trusted him, sometimes let him write orders, treated him with a curt kindness, and often permitted him to remain within hearing when discussions went on.

And Zebedee, still in touch with Company Q, which stood more in awe of him than ever, and in touch, since his day of glory, with the men, came also to know and to understand the officers. By observation, divination, putting together this and that, he came to know how much depended upon the personality of the General, and how bitter was the rivalry among those next in command; he knew that they would do their utmost under the overmastering influence of their



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

"I DEPEND UPON YOU, ZEBEDEE"

leader's spirit, but that jealousy and laxity would work disaster should the potent headship be lost.

And with this there came to Zebedee a new sense of responsibility and pride. When so much depended upon the General, surely the importance was great of the servant who saw to it that he should sleep in comfort and properly eat!

He no longer wore the old clothes whose acquisition had been such pride to him. The General had given him some of his own cast-off things, which fitted him measurably well and relieved the shabbiness of effect which would not have consorted with his present dignity.

There had been a day of fighting, a day of doubt. The General, almost overwhelmingly outnumbered, had fought with splendid skill. But as night fell there went shivering through the ranks the rumor that he had been desperately hurt.

The General lay unconscious in his tent. Absolute quiet had been ordered. Zebedee must watch him, nurse him, tend him, and the sentinels must keep even the highest officers away. The sentinels' duty would be well done, for iron discipline had taught each man to hold the General's tent a thing sacred.

Absolute silence had been ordered. And, as if heeding, the rattle of musketry died away, the sullen cannon stopped from muttering, even there ceased the sound of trampling feet, of rolling wagons, of the swinging tinkle of canteens. Only the chirring hum of frogs and katydids and tree-toads, the multitudinous murmur of a Virginia summer night, was heard. Then from far in the distance came solemnly the strain, "My country, 'tis of thee," and the soul of Zebedee was thrilled and uplifted as never before in his poor life.

Once in a while the chief surgeon hurried back from the multitude of other cases that the day had given. In piercing anxiety Zebedee watched by the General's side. "Has there been any change?" "There has been no change."

Slowly the hours marched toward morning. The chief surgeon again appeared and led Zebedee outside the tent. "There will be an advance and an engagement at daybreak. The General will sleep for hours. I may be unable to come

in again for a while. Be sure to let him sleep. I depend upon you, Zebedee."

Zebedee had held all surgeons to be his enemies, but here was one that roused his humble devotion. And the words crystallized a feeling which had already come over him with almost oppressive weight—the feeling that upon him, Zebedee, there lay a heavy responsibility. He thought of the renewed battle, now so imminent, and as by a flash of inspiration he saw the results of jealousy and half-hearted cooperation; he saw the soldiers, like frightened children, making an ineffectual stand; the impotency of his position came upon him like pain.

He glanced from the tent. A nebulous lustre marked the glow from the enemy's fires. Through the air came faintly the mysterious light that tells of the coming of morning. A dull slow wind crept laggard by. Statued sentinels stood stiff and still. Two dimly outlined aides conversed in cautious sibilation. Silently he drew back and returned to the General's side.

The General still slept. To Zebedee's anxious ears a soft thudding told of soldiers marching through the feeble light. The sound increased. He knew that shadows were passing by. There was the crunch of heavy wheels and he knew that cannon, sulkily tossing their lowered heads from side to side, were being dragged unwillingly toward fight. Faintly audible firing began in the far distance, and the sulky cannon set up a hoarse and excited cry.

The laggard dawn came with a plumping rain. The candle in the bayonet end flamed yellow. The sounds of distant battle grew more loud.

The General opened his eyes. He sighed with a great weariness. He listened to the sounds, and thought himself again a boy, on a farm, hearing the homely noise of breakfast dishes and milk cans and wagons. "I can't get up—I'm tired," he said, and his voice was as the querulous voice of a boy. His eyes fell upon Zebedee, and the tense look of dread anxiety almost roused him. He sat up; then fell back, smiling quietly. "I have always trusted you, Zebedee," he said, simply, in such a tone as Zebedee had never before heard; "always—trusted—you." And with that, he was dead.



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

HE WENT INTO THE TENT

Dead, and the battle was on. To Zebedee it meant the end of all things precious. His mind in its agony lost all sense of proportion. The General was dead!—that was the one important fact in all the universe.

A shell flew over the tent. Already the enemy were advancing! Another shell, and another and another. They fascinated him. In their sounds they marked the full range of life and of passion. One shrieked, one groaned, one muttered like a miser counting gold, one whispered like a child, one was petulant, one expostulated, one whispered softly like a maid confessing love. Zebedee shivered. Suddenly the shell sounds turned to taunts. He could have wept from very impotence. He felt choking, smothered. Passionate cannon began a louder uproar.

The General was dead. Yes; that was the one important fact in all the universe. He, only he, knew!—And suddenly there came an awesome thought.

Even from the first frightened contemplation of it he snatched a fearful joy. He steadied himself. He drew himself up to his full height. He drew a deep breath and stretched out his arms as a man preparing for some feat of strength. His face grew strange, and a thousand tiny wrinkles aged him as the thought bewilderingly grew. His breath came in queer respirations.

The sinister droning of another shell—and doubt fell from him like a garment.

The astonished aides saw the General come forth into the rain, with hat drawn over his face and collar turned up high. Something of menacing austerity in his motions repressed all words of sympathy or dissuasion. In an instant he was upon

a horse and had set off at headlong gallop for the front.

Panic had already begun. Men were confusedly huddling, firing distractedly and at random. A curious quaking cry was beginning to arise—the cry of frightened men in hysteria; and ranks were beginning to crumble, and soldiers were on the verge of tumultuous retreat.

But now the General was there! Like magic the news spread. His very presence checked the panic and hysteria. He gave a few quick orders, in a voice so tense and strange that the officers scarcely knew it. His wild stark energy stirred officers and men into invincibility. It was as if the fate of all the world and all time hung upon what he could accomplish in the few minutes thus permitted him. He dared not stop to think.

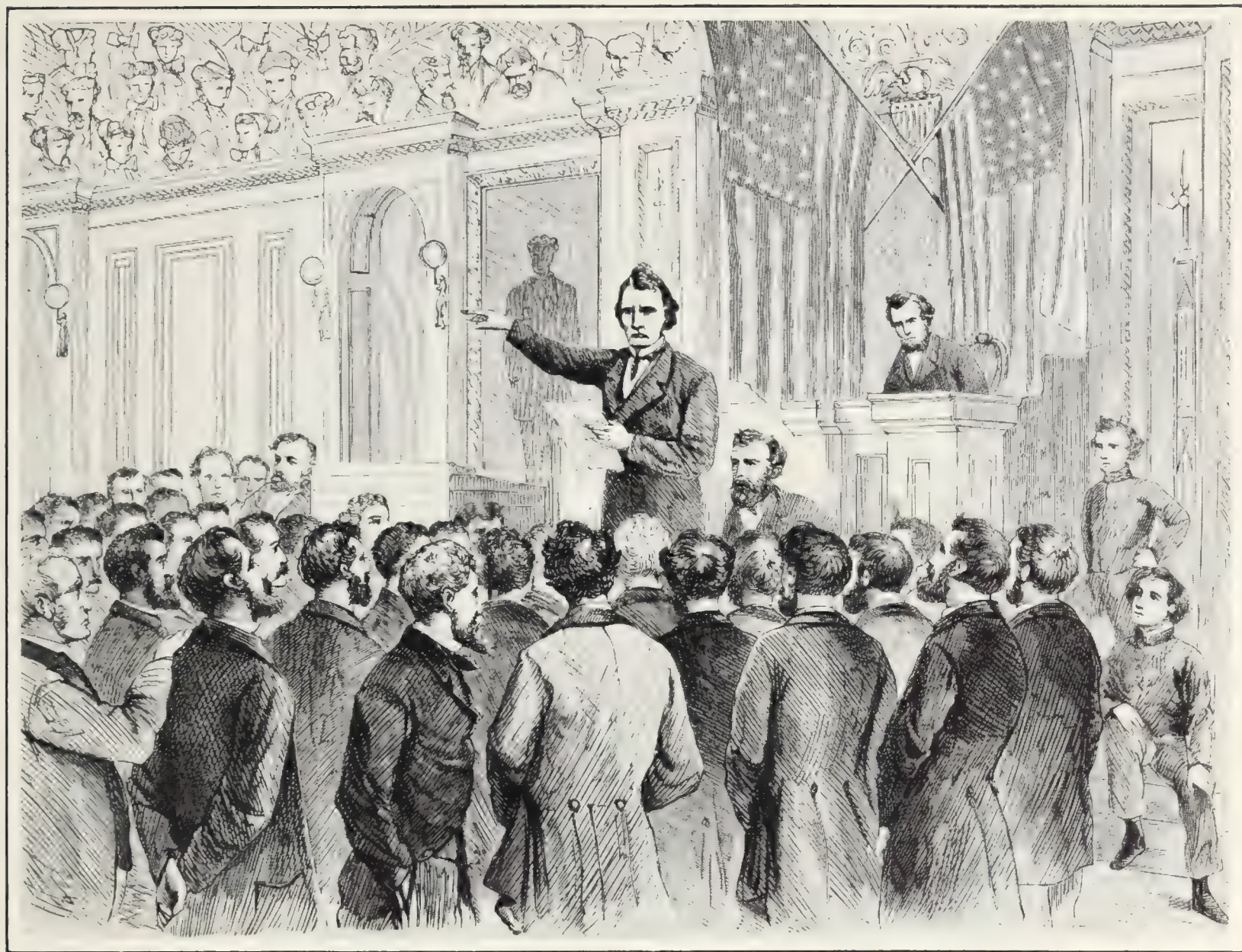
Slowly the enemy crumbled. The sun struggled through the clouds and the colors shone in glorified indistinctness in a wet glitter of sunlight.

It was over now. He turned his horse and rode slowly back toward the tent. "Don't follow me," he said, curtly. And he rode back, slowly and alone. The cry of the cannon was now triumphant and glad. A shell, whirling above him, spluttered in futile animosity. The wild cheering was music to his ears.

His dream was over now—the dream he had dreamt when he longed to enlist. He flung up his arms and laughed aloud. His dream! To enlist as a private, to win patiently through grades of sergeant and lieutenant, to captain and colonel and general in command!

He wearily dropped from his horse. He went into the tent. The Captain of Company Q looked down upon the General's peaceful face.





THADDEUS STEVENS CLOSING THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE AS TO IMPEACHMENT
(From a sketch made at the time for *Harper's Weekly* by Theodore R. Davis)

Decisive Battles of the Law

THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON: A HISTORIC MOOT CASE

BY *FREDERICK TREVOR HILL*

IF a foreigner unacquainted with American politics had unwittingly selected the morning of March 30, 1868, for a tour of the national Capitol, he might well have imagined, on approaching the seat of government, that a social function of some description was impending in the Halls of Congress, for fashionably dressed women were arriving in carriages from every direction, and others were flocking up the broad stairway; and had the visitor proceeded undaunted into the Rotunda he would have found himself surrounded by ladies in gala attire.

Even a stranger left to his own conjectures would have speedily discerned,

however, that whatever else the affair might be, it was decidedly exclusive, for although many fair guests were apparently called, and all were evidently clad in wedding-garments, comparatively few were chosen, and the credentials of those few were subjected to a rigid scrutiny before their possessors were allowed to pass the doorkeepers of the Senate galleries. Scores of fair applicants were turned away with scant ceremony, venting their grievances in such open fashion that any one who chose to listen speedily learned that the ticket system governing admission to Andrew Johnson's impeachment trial was a gross infringement of Amer-

ican liberty, a scandalous abuse of political patronage, and generally an outrage.

By eleven o'clock, however, all Washington was represented behind the fluttering fans—not only political Washington, but diplomatic, literary, artistic, and generally exclusive Washington.

Doubtless most of the fair onlookers knew more of the personal history of their neighbors than they did of the merits of the great controversy which had occasioned the gathering. To the leaders of society the political issue had been a tiresome and complicated business, but it had resulted in an Occasion—and the Occasion was unquestionably great.

Even in the diplomatic circles the events which had culminated in the impending trial were but imperfectly understood. The newspaper men, however, were familiar with every phase of the mighty struggle over the reconstruction of the seceded States. They knew that Andrew Johnson had inherited a task utterly beyond his powers, and they had watched his clumsy but courageous efforts to handle it with intense interest but with little sympathy, for the President was not a man of personal magnetism who touched the imagination. He was a coarse-fibred, right-hearted, strong-headed, fearless, honest fighter who neither asked nor gave quarter—a good hater, with-

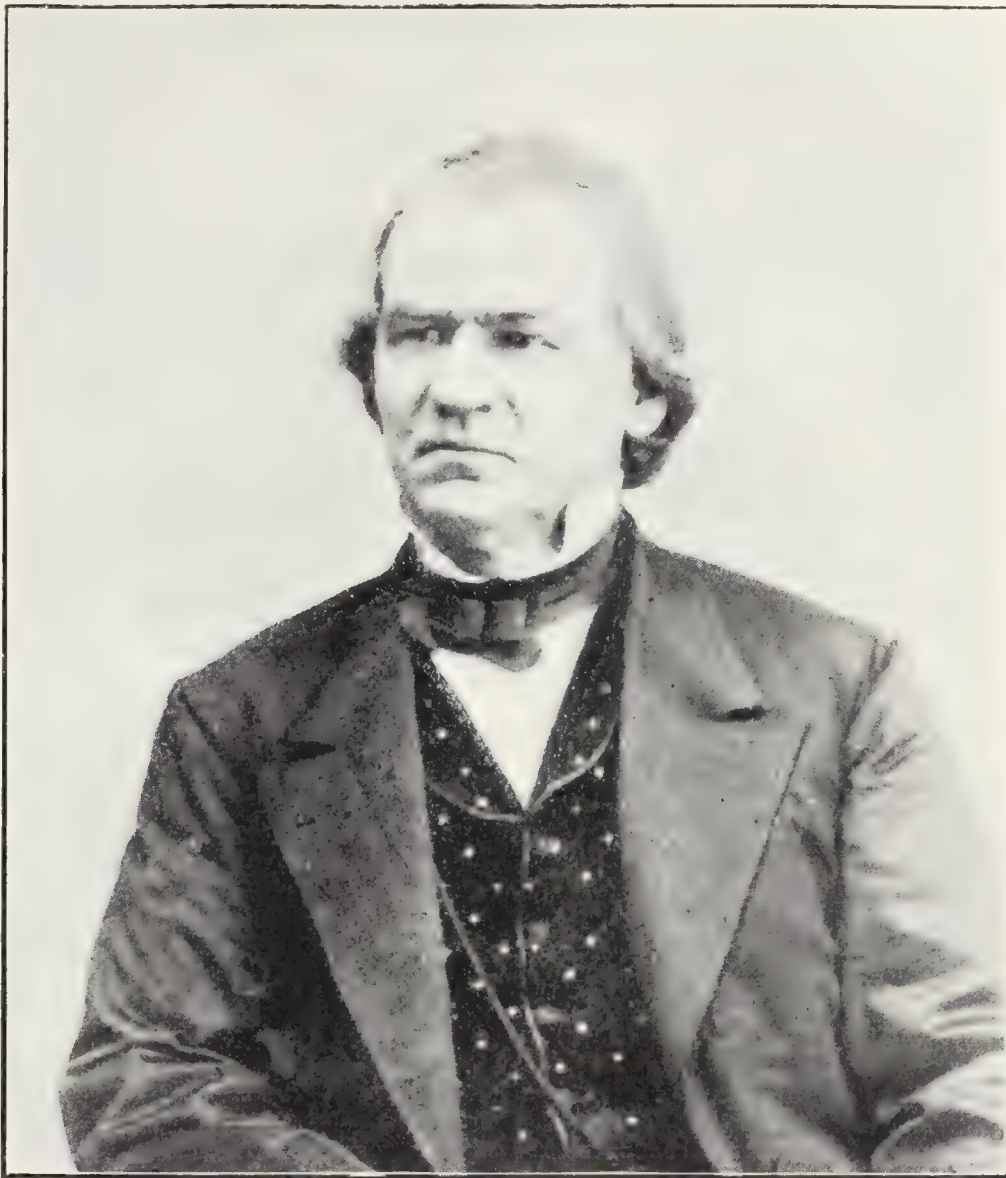
out the qualities which rally and inspire friends—a determined rather than a heroic figure, even when battling for the right.

No one who had studied the man as had the little group of journalists in the press-gallery above the Vice-President's chair could have failed to foresee trouble when his own State—Tennessee—was denied representation in the national councils; and when the Executive answered that affront with a veto of the Freedman's Bureau bill every trained observer interpreted his action as a challenge, and it required no gift of prophecy to predict that the defiance would be instantly met and answered by the leaders of Congress—men every whit as resolute and masterful as he. Indeed, covert hostilities had preceded this first blow in the open.

To the President's plan of conciliation and forgiveness his adversaries opposed a policy of coercion; to his vetoes they responded by packing the Senate and overriding his objections with shouts of exultation; to his insistence upon the letter of the Constitution they replied with sweeping amendments. But neither threats nor obstructions intimidated nor discouraged the Executive, and he closed with the opposition, grimly determined to fight to the bitter end, regardless of the



THE IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE PREPARING THE INDICTMENT
(From a sketch made at the time for *Harper's Weekly* by Theodore R. Davis)



ANDREW JOHNSON

consequences to himself or others. The fanatics no sooner disposed of one exasperating veto than another, equally well drawn and maddeningly logical, was thrust upon them, and the game of check and countercheck continued until Johnson's veto record far surpassed that of any other President, and bade fair to equal that of all his predecessors combined. It was speedily demonstrated, however, that this direct assault would never succeed in dislodging the legislative enemy; but there remained the mighty engine of official patronage, and it was not long before the unruly House and Senate found themselves attacked upon the flank. This move against their henchmen seriously alarmed the leaders of the dominant party, for they instantly realized that wholesale removals from office would destroy discipline and possibly force a compromise, or even a complete capitulation to "the great criminal of the White House." Not a moment was to be lost if the army of office-holders

was to be protected from rout or capture, and the Tenure-of-Office bill was speedily passed to avert the threatened catastrophe. This measure virtually left the President powerless to remove any official without the approval of the Senate. In its original form the bill had expressly excepted members of the cabinet from its protection, but this concession did not meet with the concurrence of the House, which was in no mood to leave Andrew Johnson even a vestige of authority, and a compromise was effected by substituting for the plain exception a proviso that members of the cabinet should respectively hold their offices during the term of the President by whom they had been appointed and for one month afterward—as vague and cowardly a phraseology as ever disgraced a public statute. Having disarmed their hated antagonist, the rabid party leaders then turned their undivided attention upon his wards, and in a frenzy of retaliation they enacted legislation which ultimately reduced the

South to the level of conquered provinces, and forced unqualified suffrage upon the entire Union—burdens and disgraces shared and suffered by the nation at large.

In all this disastrous business the radicals had had a powerful ally in Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and when the President was no longer able to endure the increasing arrogance and opposition of this important member of his official family and removed him from office, the House received the news with open exultation. More than one exasperated Representative had previously expressed the wish that Johnson would violate some of the obnoxious laws which had been forced upon him; but, as time passed, all hope of catching him had practically faded. But finally Providence in the dubious shape of the Tenure-of-Office Act had delivered him into their hands, and with indecorous haste and amid riotous rejoicings the President of the United States was impeached by the House upon charges promptly presented at the bar of the Senate.

At first the removal of Stanton was thought to be an all-sufficient provocation, but craftier counsels prevailed, and a ponderous bill of impeachment resulted, embracing all Johnson's alleged offences, from the misdemeanor of malfeasance in office to the high crime of bad manners. In fact, so multifarious and divergent were the accusations against the President that it is not surprising that some of the guests in the crowded galleries supposed that the Chief Magistrate was on trial for inebriety, others that he had committed treason, and still others that he was an accessory to Lincoln's assassination, as had so often been loosely charged in the Halls of Congress. Probably none of these speculations, however, troubled the visitors as the Senate dawdled through its unfinished business. There were other and more interesting matters demanding attention in the assembling company—important information to be asked and given concerning the distinguished occupants of the diplomatic gallery and other centres of interest, fine points of fashion to be noted and criticised—and the Chamber was a babel of

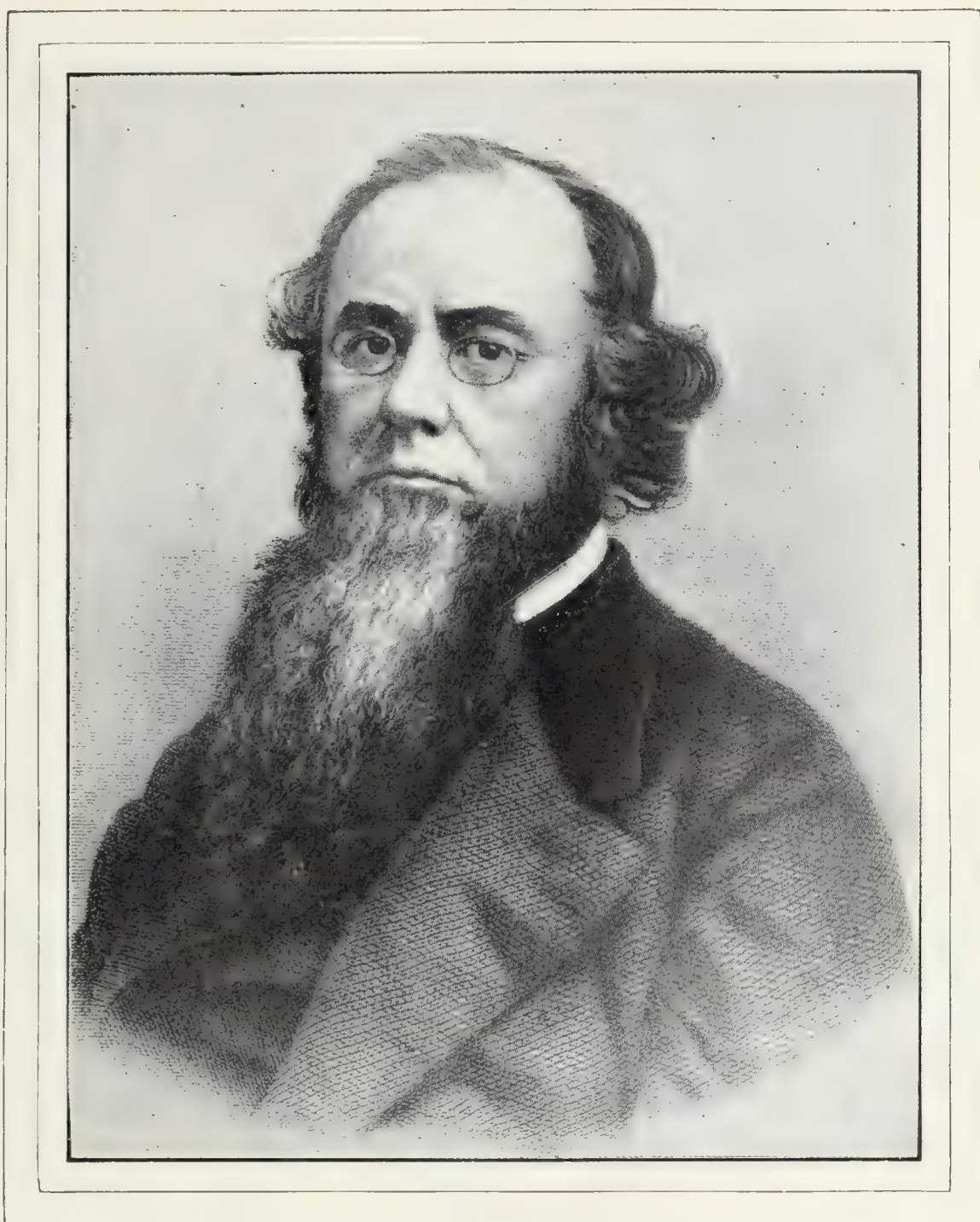
busy tongues when the sergeant-at-arms rose and commanded silence.

In the sudden hush which followed many of the late-comers studied the scene below them for the first time, and a glance over the floor showed every Senator in his place but one. That vacancy was speedily filled, however, for as the sergeant-at-arms ceased speaking, a tall, clean-shaven, amiable-looking man about fifty years of age vacated the Vice-President's chair and took the one unoccupied Senatorial post. The reporters in the press-gallery nudged one another and nodded significantly as they noted this move on the part of the presiding officer, for, despite his prior declarations, it was universally believed that Senator Benjamin F. Wade, Vice-President and heir apparent to the throne, would have the temerity to take his place as one of Andrew Johnson's judges and vote himself into the Presidency. But the significance of this ugly circumstance was not comprehended by the mass of spectators, and conversation had already begun again when the Chief Justice of the United States, the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, robed in his official black gown, was ushered into the Chamber and assumed his place as presiding officer.

With the advent of this distinguished jurist the scene became more impressive, and as he faced the curved rows of desks behind which sat fifty-four Senators, representing twenty-seven States and nearly forty millions of people, the assemblage seemed to take on more dignity and meaning. The attention of the audience, however, was speedily diverted from the imposing presence of the judge by proclamation announcing the counsel of the President, and from a side room five men entered the Chamber and seated themselves at a table placed at the right of the Chief Justice.

The chair nearest the assembled Senators was assigned to Henry Stanbery, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, who had resigned his office to devote himself to the case at bar, and whose careful preparation for both attack and defence was to be shown in every phase of the proceeding.

To the left of Stanbery sat Judge Benjamin Curtis, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, writer of one of the two



EDWIN MCMASTERS STANTON

dissenting opinions in the Dred Scott case, leader of the Pennsylvania bar, and known throughout the country as one of the most distinguished jurists of his day. Curtis was present at a great personal sacrifice and practically without compensation, and none of his associates accomplished more for the cause. Beside Curtis sat one of the ablest lawyers of Tennessee, Judge Thomas Nelson, a warm personal friend of the accused, who represented him in what might be termed his individual as distinguished from his official capacity, and who brought more personal feeling into the contest than any of the President's other counsel. Nelson's reputation in the profession was merely local, but the man at his immediate left was well known to the bar throughout the country, and his keen, thin face and tall, lank figure were familiar to many laymen in the audience, for William M. Evarts was no

stranger in Washington. He was then only at the threshold of his great legal career, but his professional reputation was firmly established in his own State, and there were but few lawyers not prominent in politics more widely known throughout the country.

Partially screened from observation by these imposing legal luminaries sat William Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, a lawyer of grave and modest demeanor, as yet a stranger to the public, but destined before the trial closed to make himself known from one end of the country to the other.

There had been nothing spectacular or even formal about the entrance of the President's counsel, but their quiet dignified bearing and businesslike gravity impressed even the casual observer with a feeling of confidence. The moment they had assumed their places another proclamation announced "the Honorable

Managers on behalf of the House of Representatives," and six men marched into the Chamber, two by two, each couple linking arms, and the interest of the audience immediately centred upon

known to the best-informed spectators as prominent Congressmen and active opponents of the President's policies. Of these Boutwell and Bingham were able lawyers, but neither Williams nor Wilson,

the chairman, was a lawyer of recognized ability, and John A. Logan, whose long black hair and flowing mustache added picturesqueness to the scene, had no reputation whatsoever in the courts.

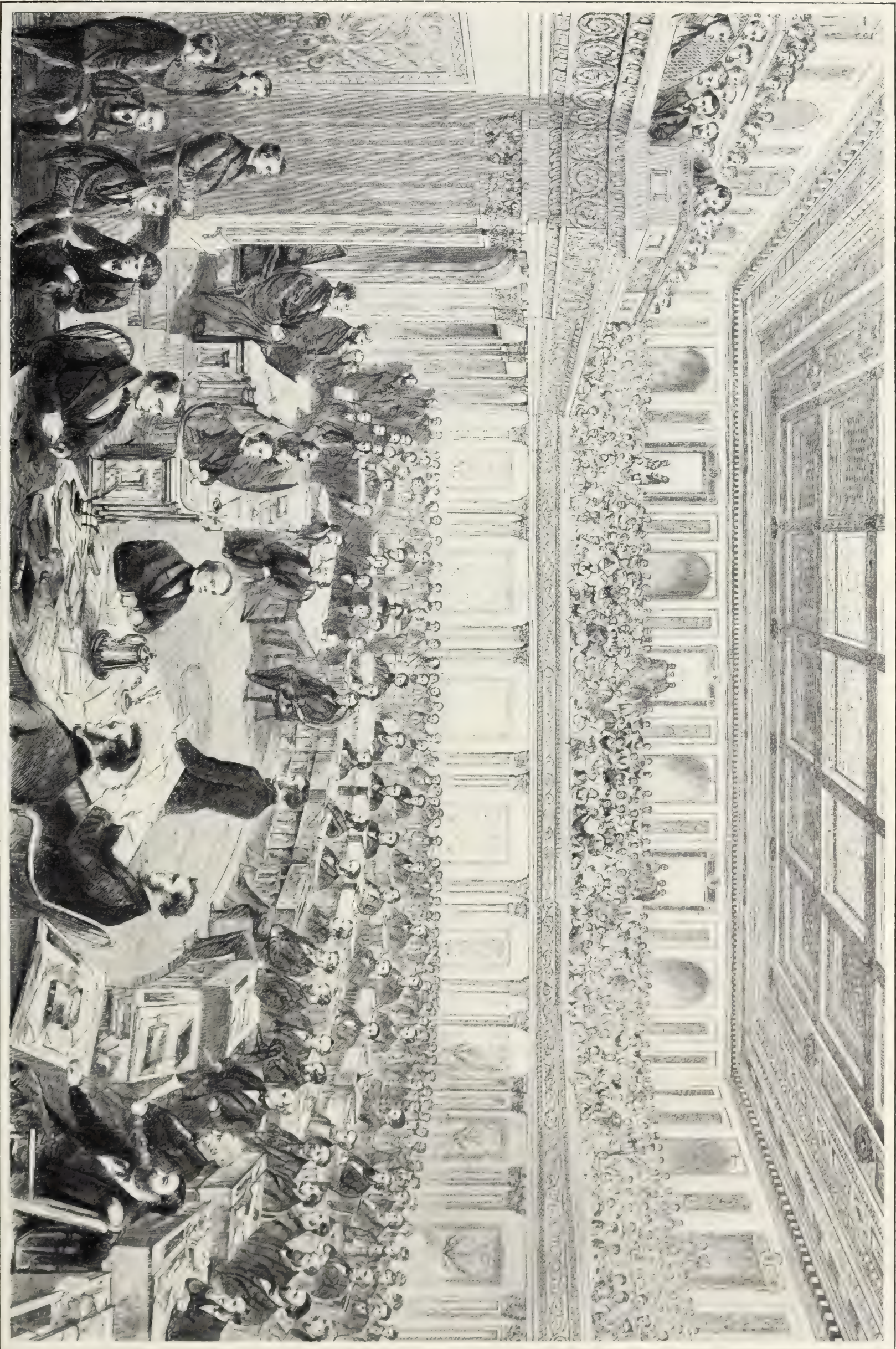
All eyes were still focussed on these official prosecutors, when the attention of the audience was suddenly diverted to a solitary figure moving toward the bar of the Senate, and several of the managers rose as a feeble and emaciated old man, leaning heavily upon a cane and painfully dragging a crippled foot along the floor, approached their table. The appearance of the newcomer was pitiful in every way, but one glance at his fierce, aggressive face, with its high protruding cheekbones, grim mouth, and blazing eyes, was sufficient to convince the observer that pity would be misplaced. Even in his prime and at his most vindictive moments Thaddeus Stevens had never appeared more implacable and vengeful than he did when,

with the hand of death upon his shoulder, he crawled into the Senate-chamber to aid in the prosecution of his bitterest enemy. With the fanatical zeal of the early Abolitionists, Stevens had carried his hatred of slavery to the point where he regarded himself as the Heaven-appointed avenger of the negroes and the scourge of the South, and all who checked or even questioned his mission became the objects of his ungovernable wrath. To his mind Andrew Johnson was a traitor plotting to restore slavery and the slave power, and in this belief he had fought him with the rage of a maniac for three years. Essentially a man of peace, he virtually thirsted for Andrew Johnson's blood, and though wasted in body and bowed with years he still had sufficient



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WADE

one of the leaders—a man whose large, pudgy body seemed literally bursting out of his extraordinary swallow-tail coat, exposing a broad expanse of not too immaculate linen, and whose massive bald head with its little fringe of oily curls was probably familiar to every occupant of the galleries, for Benjamin Butler had not hidden his light under a bushel. There was power in the man's coarse, big-featured face, force and aggressiveness in every line, but his curiously illuminated eyes with their half-closed lids, his hard mouth and small, drooping mustache, all combined to create an uncomfortable impression of cunning and insincerity, and his whole personality was unattractive. Accompanying this pugnacious leader were five men well



THE SENATE AS A COURT OF IMPEACHMENT FOR THE TRIAL
(From a sketch made at the time for *Harper's Weekly* by Theodore R. Davis)

strength to trail his victim. Indeed, as he declined a silent invitation to a place at the managers' table, and drawing a chair apart from his associates, settled himself to watch the proceedings, his sallow, thin, hawklike face, piercing eyes, and long, coarse black hair suggested an aged Indian intent upon his prey. The contrast between his sinister frailty and Butler's brutal vitality was suggestive, and as the two men faced the galleries the whole impeachment stood personified. Butler embodied the prosecution in the flesh—Stevens in the spirit.

The judge, jury, and counsel for the respective parties being present, the Sergeant-at-Arms announced the accusers, and the House of Representatives entered the Chamber, headed by the Speaker and the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, leaning upon the arm of the Clerk of the House.

The august tribunal was now complete, and in the hush which followed the somewhat noisy seating of the House the spectators leaned forward, expectantly awaiting the President's entrance. Every one knew that he had not attended the preliminary sessions of the court, but it was the popular belief that he would make his appearance on the day of trial. Johnson had, however, no intention of giving his enemies any such satisfaction, and in this and all other respects his attitude in maintaining the dignity of his mighty office was absolutely beyond criticism.

The absence of the accused was naturally a disappointment to the mass of spectators, but the presence of both Houses of Congress, the Chief Justice of the United States, the distinguished counsel, and the occasion of the assemblage afforded a spectacle never equalled in the history of the country. To the foreigners the proceedings were, of course, wanting in the pomp and circumstance customary in European affairs of state. There were no resplendent uniforms or picturesque observances; nothing, in fact, to catch the eye, give color to the picture, or touch the imagination, and the dull, sombre aspect of the Chamber and the absence of majestic official ceremonies naturally disappointed the Diplomatic Corps.

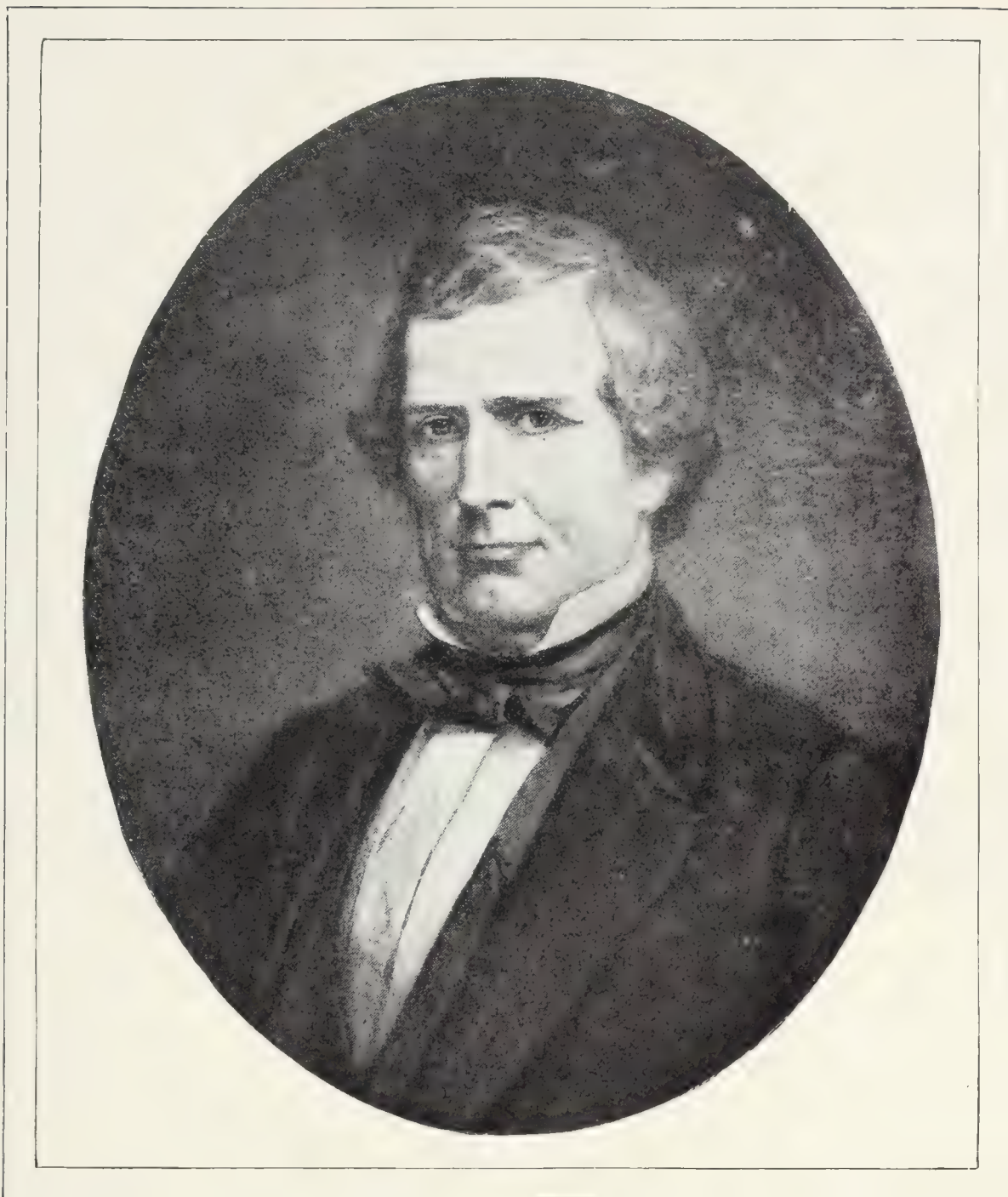
The simple democracy of the gathering should have appealed to all Americans,

however; and yet, strangely enough, it utterly failed to impress the best-informed element in the galleries, and more than one thoughtful observer vainly sought a satisfactory reason for their apathy. Possibly it was the presence of Wade, prepared to render a judicial decision upon an issue vital to his personal interests; perhaps it was the sight of Sumner, an open opponent of the accused, and other equally biased partisans, calmly sitting as judges sworn to administer impartial justice; mayhap it was the notorious Butler and the relentless Stevens and the other party politicians representing the prosecution; possibly it was the flimsiness of the charge, the tricky wording of the statute involved in the accusation and the technical character of its alleged violation; doubtless it was some or all of these ominous circumstances which instinctively chilled enthusiasm and forbade respect, and before many hours the conduct of the proceedings had utterly killed all impulse to patriotic pride.

The various proclamations and the assembling of the court had occupied less than half an hour, and without further loss of time the Chief Justice formally opened the trial by directing that the minutes of the last session be read, at the conclusion of which ceremony Butler immediately rose and faced the Senate.

In some respects "the hero of Fort Fisher" was better qualified for his task than many of his associates. No abler expounder of casuistry ever addressed a jury, and his doctrine that law was "anything plausibly presented and persistently maintained" had been the key-note of his professional career. In the case at bar there were practically no facts at issue. There were only law points. Of the fifty-four Senators who faced Butler, no less than forty-four were lawyers—many of them jurists of no mean calibre—men familiar with the tricks of the trade, and not only trained to distinguish between sophistry and logic, but qualified to know a lawyer from a limb of the law.

Seldom in the history of the courts has a member of the bar been called upon to address a similar body of legal experts, and despite his ingenuity and plausibility, Butler was not the type of practitioner whose utterances on questions of law carry weight with the pro-

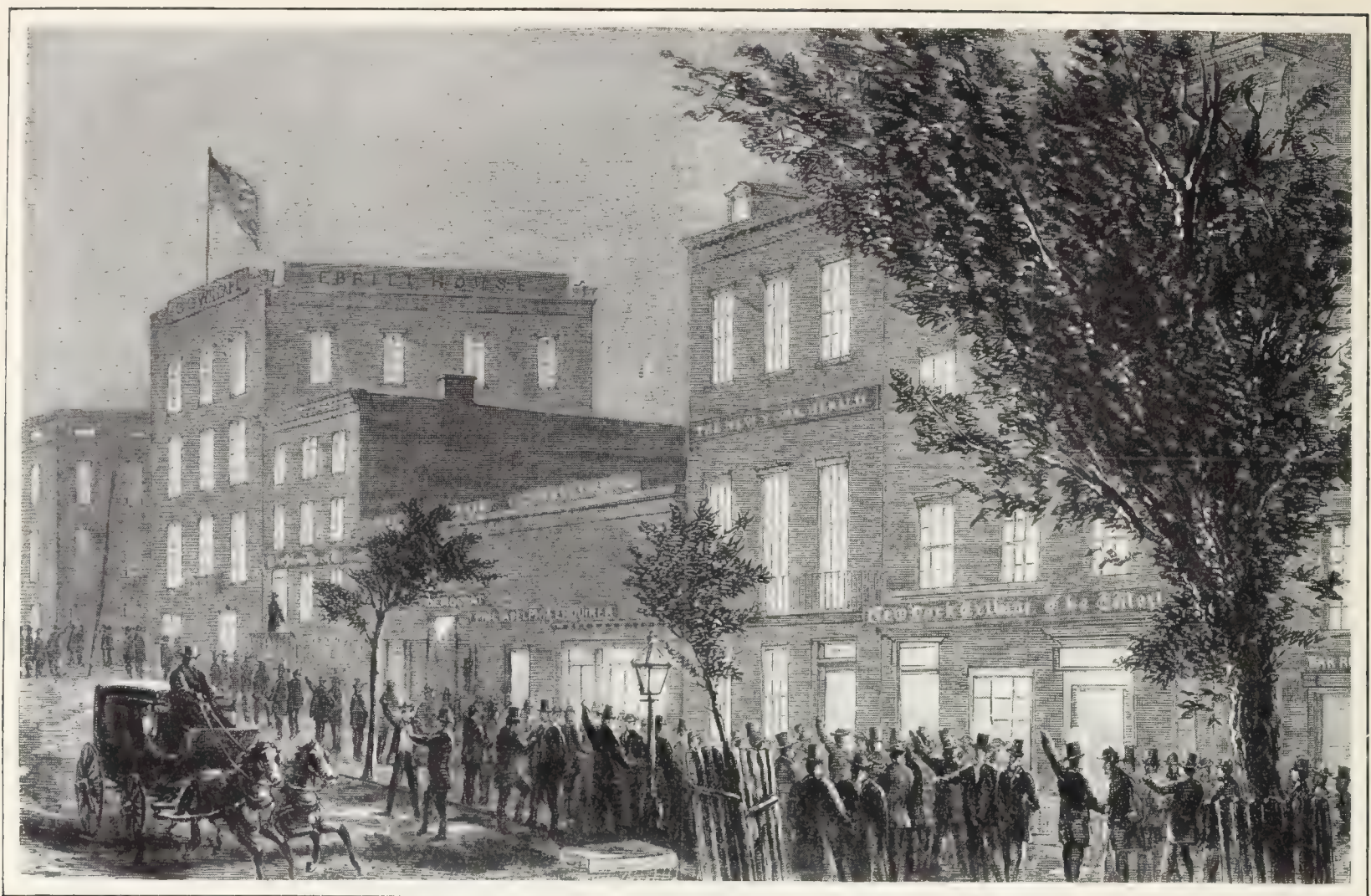


THADDEUS STEVENS
From a portrait made in early manhood

fession. Indeed, he himself probably suspected the disadvantages under which he was laboring, for instead of trusting to his fluent powers of speech, he armed himself with a great sheaf of notes, and proceeded to read a carefully prepared address, which soon set the galleries yawning, but delighted the reporters, who gratefully laid aside their pads and pencils, knowing that copies of the harangue could be had for the asking.

Despite his labored efforts to adapt himself to his learned audience and avoid his customary forensic methods, the speaker's opening was eminently characteristic. He informed his hearers that the Senate organized as a Court of Impeachment was not a court; that not being a court, it was bound by no precedents, and that being bound by no precedents it could make its own rules of evidence and generally be "a law unto itself." Having announced this convenient theory, which was certainly well

adapted for a case destitute of all legal proof, he proceeded to demonstrate its soundness by quoting precedents from one of the most monumental briefs ever submitted to a court of law, utterly oblivious of the humor of hurling authorities at a tribunal supposed to be "a law unto itself." This preliminary fiction was, however, only a forerunner of those that were to follow, and starting with the proposition that Johnson was merely filling out Lincoln's unexpired term, the champion casuist argued that Stanton could not be removed from office under the Tenure-of-Office Act because he had been appointed by Lincoln, and the law protected all officials during the term of the President by whom they had been appointed. Johnson's term being Lincoln's term, the President had violated the law by removing the Secretary of War, and thereby forfeited his office. The jury-exhorter then turned to the more familiar field of cheap invective,



NEWSPAPER ROW, WASHINGTON, THE NIGHT AFTER THE TRIAL
(From a sketch made at the time for *Harper's Weekly* by Theodore R. Davis)

and the bored and sleepy audience roused itself to listen to gusty eloquence in which the President's opposition to the Congress was denounced as criminal, and wordy chastisement administered for the sin of criticising political opponents. A little of this diversion, however, soon palled upon the galleries, and at the end of three hours the orator relieved the suffering visitors by closing with a panegyric on the great example which the American people were about to afford the wondering nations of the earth by peacefully removing an obnoxious ruler, "while your king, O Monarchist! if he becomes a tyrant, can only be displaced through revolution, bloodshed, and civil war!" This absurd fustian must have fairly disgusted those Senators who knew in their heart of hearts that the power of impeachment was being misused for party purposes. Indeed, before the weary day ended there was some evidence of a reaction in the President's favor, and the case had already begun to totter.

There was plenty of vacant room in the galleries at the next session, but the proceedings had scarcely opened when the most interesting and im-

portant question of the whole trial was presented, the decision of which was destined to have a far-reaching result. In ordinary courts of law the presiding justice passes upon the admissibility of all evidence, but the moment Judge Chase attempted to exert this prerogative his authority was instantly challenged. The Senate and not the Chief Justice was the proper judge of what testimony should be admitted or excluded, contended the managers, who, for some mysterious reason, suspected Chase of favoring the accused, and after a sharp debate the Senators decided that they would reserve to themselves the right of deciding what testimony they would hear. The motive of this extraordinary move was only too obvious. It was the sort of justice which the cur proposed for the mouse in Alice's Wonderland,

"I'll be judge—I'll be jury!"
Said cunning old Fury.
"I'll try the whole cause
And condemn you to death!"

and the final outcome can be directly traced to this flagrant impropriety.

It is extremely doubtful if there ever

was a trial in which fewer facts were in dispute than in the case at bar, but for six days the managers struggled to substantiate the voluminous impeachment, at the end of which period all that was proved was what stood admitted by the pleadings, namely, that the President had attempted to remove his Secretary of War, and that some two years previous to this more than doubtful offence he had indulged in undignified utterances at the expense of his political enemies.

On the 9th of April, the prosecution having rested, Judge Curtis opened for the defence before an audience filling every nook and cranny of the Chamber. Curtis enjoyed a very different reputation in the profession from the leading counsel for the prosecution. He was a jurist of recognized authority, and there was no lawyer in the Senate but could well afford to receive instruction from his lips. Well aware of Butler's failure to impress his fellow practitioners, the speaker addressed the tribunal with admirable dignity and tact, speaking without notes, and arguing as a lawyer to lawyers, every sentence aimed at the best professional talent among the Republicans of the Chamber. In the little group of Democrats there were several lawyers of national repute, but their votes were assured, whereas there were a dozen or more Republicans open to legal persuasion, and if even a small minority of them could be won from party allegiance by a purely intellectual appeal, all danger of conviction would be over.

With a knowledge born of long experience in the appellate courts the distinguished advocate instantly struck at the heart of the case, demolishing Butler's "law unto itself" theory with a sentence, and attacking the cowardly worded Tenure-of-Office Act, showing that it was not intended to prevent the President from removing Stanton, or if it were, it was so badly constructed that it had utterly failed to effect its purpose.

"I am here," he began, "to speak to the Senate of the United States sitting in its judicial capacity as a Court of Impeachment presided over by the Chief Justice of the United States for the trial of the President of the United States. . . . The Honorable Managers have informed you that this is not a court, and

whatever may be the character of this body it is bound by no law. . . . Each one of you before you took your place here called God to witness that he would administer impartial justice in this case according to the Constitution and the laws."

If any one imagined, continued the speaker, that this oath invested him with authority to make up his own laws as occasion required, or as his desires dictated, his ideas of administering impartial justice were not those approved in the profession of the law.

Butler's whole argument was shattered by this blow, and his elaborate fiction that Johnson's term was Lincoln's was almost as speedily exposed.

This terse, logical, legal presentment of the main issue caught and held the attention of every lawyer in the Chamber, and at the close of his masterly dissection of the eleven articles Curtis might safely have rested his case, for devotion to the law was second nature to some of the Senate, and despite the bias and passion of party feuds they responded to the professional touch.

There was at least one layman, however, among the open-minded Senators to whom the strictly legal argument may not have appealed with convincing force; but at the close of Curtis's remarkable address, which occupied the best part of two days, an episode occurred which was calculated to arouse the indignation of laymen and lawyers alike.

General Lorenzo Thomas, a respected officer of the army, appointed by the President as Secretary of War *ad interim* after Stanton's removal, was called to the stand to show, among other things, that Johnson's purpose in appointing him was to create an issue for the courts, and thus decide the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office Act. General Thomas was an amiable man, well advanced in years, soldierly in appearance and bearing, and when he took the stand, dressed in full uniform, and gave his testimony, it was evident, despite his amusing loquacity, that he desired to relate the few facts within his knowledge as accurately as possible. But the unsophisticated witness gave Butler an opportunity to play to the galleries, and knowing his man, and having, so the

story goes, an old grudge to settle dating back to his removal as military governor of Louisiana, he attacked the general on cross-examination with all the weapons at the command of an unscrupulous practitioner, hectoring and bullying the honest old soldier, and tricking him into contradictions and foolish answers, until the thoughtless in the gallery roared.

This sorry exhibition was soon followed, however, by an outrage so gross that it discredited the whole proceeding, and gave the finishing-touch to the managers' blundering campaign. In the gorgeous uniform of a lieutenant-general, Sherman took the stand and proceeded to testify that the President had offered to appoint him Secretary of War on the understanding that the legality of his appointment should be tested in the courts, the object of the testimony being to show Mr. Johnson's motive and good faith, but the prosecution instantly objected to any proof of the President's motives; and when Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, took the stand to report the deliberations of the cabinet over the Tenure-of-Office Act, Butler and his associates were instantly up in arms.

In vain the defence protested that the President, being charged with an intentional violation of the laws, should be permitted to refute the motive attributed to his conduct; the managers knew the vital importance of the proposed testimony, and they fought it tooth and nail. Finally the Chief Justice ruled that the proof was relevant and admissible, but a Senator objecting, the question was submitted to the Senate, which promptly overruled the highest judicial authority in the country and refused to listen to the proof.

A more shameless denial of justice can scarcely be imagined; but the President's counsel were men of unlimited resource and indomitable courage, and they instantly devised a means of spreading the facts upon the record indirectly, with the same or even greater force than they would have had if introduced directly. Without the loss of a moment Mr. Evarts arose and calmly offered to prove on behalf of his client that the members of the cabinet (including Mr. Stanton) had advised the President that the Tenure-of-Office bill was unconstitu-

tional, and that the duty of preparing the veto message had been assigned to Mr. Stanton himself, and would have been written by him had he not been in ill health, and that as it was he had actually assisted Seward in drafting it.

The sensation created by this announcement can well be imagined, for it practically demonstrated that the President was being arraigned for following the counsel of the friend and ally of his accusers, but the party Senators sought to cover their consternation by solemnly voting to reject the proposed proof.

With significant calmness and an earnestness from which there was no escape Mr. Evarts then offered to prove that the President had submitted the question as to whether or not Mr. Lincoln's appointees were subject to removal under the Tenure-of-Office Act to the members of his cabinet, *including Mr. Stanton*, and had been advised by them that he could remove any such appointee. In other words, that Mr. Stanton, the protégé of Congress, whose dismissal was declared criminal by the impeachment, had himself approved the President's criminality.

All this testimony was deemed proper by the Chief Justice, but his decision was challenged and reversed by the majority of the Senate, callous to all pleas but party expediency, and not one word of testimony on any of these vital subjects was permitted. The exclusion of these facts, however, spoke louder than words. Public opinion throughout the country instantly revolted at this indecent attempt to suppress the facts, and more than one stanch Republican Senator became disgusted at such mockery of justice.

Secretary Welles having been forced to leave the stand without testifying, it was useless, in the face of the Senate's rulings, to prolong the struggle, and on the sixteenth day of the trial Mr. Evarts and his associates rested their case. The Senators thereupon voted a short adjournment to enable the respective counsel to prepare for the summing up.

Possibly no body of men anywhere in the world was better equipped than the Senate to withstand the deluge of words which was to descend upon it during

the succeeding fortnight. Logan mercifully reduced his contribution to writing, and Stanbery, Wilson, and Stevens were incapacitated by illness from taking more than a nominal part in the oratorical contest; but Boutwell, Williams, Bingham, Nelson, Groesbeck, and Evarts drained the language in their efforts to support and refute the charges against the President, without apparently convincing even one of their auditors by anything they said, for Butler and Curtis had covered the entire case in their respective openings, and there was nothing in the testimony which changed the situation.

Nelson's address was mainly notable for its passionate eulogy of the President, and Williams's, while less notable, was correspondingly bitter in denunciation. Much had been expected of Boutwell, but he not only failed to rise to the occasion, but exposed himself to unsparing ridicule by indulging in childish extravagant metaphor and exaggeration. Indeed, Evarts almost laughed the case out of court at his expense, and the jaded Senate actually listened when the great New York lawyer, in the course of a masterful speech, turned aside to flay his indiscreet opponent.

With the empty issue at bar it was well-nigh hopeless for any advocate to rise to great heights, but Evarts and Groesbeck almost achieved the impossible, and the Cincinnati lawyer, who had remained unobtrusively in the background until he rose to make his argument, not only relieved the tedium of the theme, but forced the tribute of unremitting attention from his hearers, and won the only legal reputation which resulted directly from the trial.

Bingham's long closing address was in no way remarkable, either for adroitness or eloquence, but the personnel of the galleries was very different from that of the opening days, and at the conclusion of his harangue he was greeted with a burst of suspiciously unprovoked applause, which continued until the galleries were cleared, the exhausted Senators speedily following the ejected public with the relief of prisoners released from torture.

But although the formal arguments were closed, the wavering Senators had

no sooner left the Chamber than they found themselves subjected to a very different sort of persuasion from that which had been officially urged upon them, and for almost two weeks they were pestered, persecuted, and actually threatened with every form of political and private argument in the effort to make their opinions conform to that of the majority.

Despite the unparalleled efforts which had been made to anticipate the judgment of the court, the event was still in doubt when the Senate assembled on the sixteenth day of May to record its verdict, and the galleries were again crowded to their utmost capacity, and great throngs of spectators were massed in and around the Capitol. By noon all the managers were present and all the President's counsel except Judge Curtis; every Senator, with the exception of Grimes and Howard, was at his post; the entire House of Representatives was in attendance, the Chief Justice occupied the chair, and just before the Chamber was called to order the doors opened, and Howard, who had arrived at the Capitol on a stretcher, was practically carried to his seat. Howard's vote was regarded as pledged to conviction, and the hopes of the President's enemies rose at his appearance. There now remained only one vacant place, and that of a man likely to favor the accused.

The Chief Justice's gavel fell, and after the majority of the members had decreed that the last article of the impeachment should be the first voted upon, Edmunds broke the solemn silence by moving that the Senate proceed to judgment. Glancing anxiously over the room, Senator Fessenden rose to urge an adjournment until Grimes could be present, but before his plea was concluded the doors again opened, the missing Senator, more dead than alive, was supported to his place, and the High Court of Impeachment presented a full bench.

Acting upon the order of the Senate, the Chief Justice thereupon directed the secretary to read the last article of the impeachment, the one count in the long indictment which was so worded as to insure a stronger vote than any of the other ten; and at the conclusion of this formality Judge Chase rose, and facing

the fascinated audience, commanded the Secretary to call the roll.

The first Senator in alphabetical order was Anthony, of Rhode Island, one of the waverers suspected of party disloyalty and the subject of much attention during the adjournment, and as he rose and faced the Chief Justice a deathlike stillness settled upon the Chamber.

"Mr. Senator Anthony, how say you?" questioned the distinguished jurist. "Is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor as charged in this article?"

"Guilty," answered the suspected Senator, and the managers and party leaders settled back comfortably in their chairs.

Hundreds of pencils kept tally as the voting proceeded, and it was soon apparent that party discipline was being strictly maintained, the Democrats without exception recording negative votes, and the Republicans exhibiting unbroken ranks. Indeed, Simon Cameron was so zealous in his party allegiance that he blurted out "Guilty!" before the Chief Justice completed his question, and for a moment the solemnity of the proceedings was threatened by the titter which greeted his performance. Suddenly, however, there was a sound which dismayed some of the satisfied managers, for Senator Fessenden, of Maine, answered "not guilty" to the presiding officer's inquiry, and destroyed all hope of complete party harmony. Fessenden's loyalty had been long under suspicion, but there were those who believed that neither he nor any other Senator would dare oppose the majority at the final hour. Nevertheless, Grimes struggled to his feet a few moments later and recorded his belief in the President's innocence, and Henderson of Missouri followed his example. Before the clerk reached the name of Senator Ross, of Kansas, however, twenty-four votes had been recorded for conviction, ten more were practically pledged, and only thirty-six were necessary to convict. Ross was a silent man, who had wrapped himself in a mantle of dignity and refused to discuss the case or to allow any one to approach him concerning it outside the

Senate-chamber, and his opinion was the only one about which no information of any sort had been procurable. If he voted "guilty," the impeachment was almost certain of success; if "not guilty," his example on the wavering Republicans might work disaster, and the audience sat spellbound as the Chief Justice voiced his solemn question. Then for the first time Ross broke his exemplary silence and recorded a vote of acquittal. From that tense moment the hopes of the party politicians sank, flickering fitfully after Lyman Trumbull refused to follow their dictation, and disappearing as Van Winkle placed his independence upon record, leaving Wade to the inglorious distinction of recording a vote in favor of elevating himself into the Presidential chair. But the final vote, thirty-five to nineteen, lacking only one of conviction, was too nearly a party triumph to justify surrender, and under whip and spur other votes were subsequently forced on the second and third articles with the same result; and then the disappointed majority, determined that the President should not enjoy the satisfaction of a complete acquittal, adjourned *sine die* without taking a vote on the remaining articles, the crowd in the galleries and corridors melted away, and the momentous impeachment ended.

Quietly retiring to Tennessee at the expiration of his Presidential term, Andrew Johnson began to plan the most dramatic return to public life recorded in American history. Offering himself as a candidate for the United States Senate, he entered heart and soul into the fierce campaigns that followed, and undeterred by reverses, delays, disappointments, and well-nigh insurmountable obstacles, fought for the only vindication he craved. At last, seven years after the great trial, he entered the Chamber which had witnessed his arraignment, and standing before his former judges on the very spot where his enemies had hoped to see him crushed and humbled, and gazing steadily into the eyes of Vice-President Wilson, he took the oath of office as a Senator from Tennessee.

Then and not till then did the curtain fall upon the first and only impeachment of a President of the United States.

The Better Part

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

THE boy and the girl (they were hardly more than that in years) were almost within sight of the Lodge, when Avice called a halt. Arden did not understand. "Are you tired?" he asked.

"No," she answered; "but there is something to consider. Can we sit down?"

Arden looked about him and presently discovered a flat-topped rock conveniently adjacent to the path. Over it he spread the steamer rug that he had been carrying—a wise precaution against a changeable April day.

"Are you sure that you will be warm enough?"

"What, under the sun!" Yet she smiled as she spoke, being secretly pleased at this exhibition of solicitude. "May I take off my hat?" she asked.

The boy considered this weighty matter at length. "Better not," he decided, and Avice stopped fingering her hatpins. Arden felt his heart softening at this prompt submission to his judgment; he felt half inclined to withdraw the prohibition. But the girl would not have her lord's will brought in question even by himself. "The wind is a bit chilly," she said gravely. "If you wouldn't mind sitting on this side of me—so. I don't feel it in the least now." A pause.

"Arden!"

"Yes."

"What is it that we are going to say to Cousin Tristis?"

The boy reflected. "Why, there's only the one thing," he said slowly. "The one thing."

"Well?"

"Once upon a time there were a boy and a girl. Then came a day when the wind blew from the south. And so they were married and lived happily ever after. Isn't that about it?"

The girl hesitated. "I—I suppose so," she said.

"Avice! You don't mean to intimate that there can be any doubt about it. Why—why, I love you, don't I?"

"Do you?" she corrected him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

The whispered explanation must have been satisfactory, for that charming blush immediately reappeared. Then the damsel became suddenly demure and even moved slightly away—very slightly.

"Let us get back to the point," she demanded. "Cousin Tristis is enormously old."

"Five-and-sixty."

"Think of that—an eternity! How long has he lived up there at the Lodge?"

"Always. At least since you and I can remember."

"And alone?"

"Cousin Tristis never married."

"I wonder why?"

"It's a jolly shame. Perhaps she died."

"Or perhaps she never lived. Arden!"

"Avice!"

"To go to him with our happiness—it seems so selfish."

"That's expected of lovers. Besides, he has the right to know. Aren't you his goddaughter? And it was Cousin Tristis who taught me my first Latin verb. *Amo, amas*—"

The girl laid one small palm upon the daring mouth, and then withdrew it in confusion. Did he imagine that she had expected him to kiss it?

"Avice—"

"You are very foolish to-day. And you won't try to understand me."

"But, dearest, I do—I do. Only I think you're wrong. It will make Cousin Tristis happy just to know how perfect everything is with us."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"Still we must be careful. Promise me that, Arden."

"Of course. I'll be as severely matter

of fact as though I were announcing that I had just bought a farm. So I have, you know—our farm. You can see the little white cottage, half buried in honeysuckles, from the Lodge porch. Think of that!”

“Now you are becoming sentimental again, and that, sir, is strictly and positively forbidden. Arden, if we don't hurry along we shall never be in time for tea—think of *that*.”

The man sat waiting in a big chair on the veranda, when the boy and the girl finally emerged from the woods and waved their first greetings. Through his binoculars he had recognized them a full hour ago at the turn in the valley road where the upward path to the Lodge begins. Now, it takes but half an hour, at the farthest, to make the ascent, and Cousin Tristis was justified in coming to a shrewd conclusion. It had been many a day since the boy and the girl had come together to the Lodge, but this was the sunny end of April and the sap was running upward—what was one to think?”

“We have come for tea, *Parrain*,” said Avice, as she kissed him. “Don't tell me that you have had it.”

“The kettle is on the hob,” answered Cousin Tristis. “Now, if the water hasn't all steamed away while you two saunterers were climbing the hill—”

“I'll go and see.” Avice disappeared.

The man contemplated his remaining visitor thoughtfully. “You ought to know the view by this time,” he remarked.

“I have just bought the Hedge farm,” said the boy with assumed indifference, “and I wanted to see if I could make out the cottage from here. I am going to keep it painted white with green blinds,” he added.

“I dare say Avice knows what she wants,” observed Cousin Tristis placidly.

Arden tried to keep his face straight; he remembered that he had promised to be careful. But in the next instant he had laughed outright.

“Isn't it the greatest ever!” he said, and laughed again. “Avice is just the dearest—but you know that, sir, as well as I do.”

“Yes, I know it, and I had been wondering how long it would take you to

discover the fact. You are quite sure of yourself—now?”

The boy returned the look with unflinching frankness. “You mean, if I really love her?” he said slowly. “How could there be any question about that, Cousin Tristis? It's just as though you should ask me if I liked strawberries. I do; of course I do. It's the same with Avice.”

Cousin Tristis smiled. “Very much the same,” he assented. “Boy, I am glad—so very glad.”

“I knew you'd be,” said Arden as their hands met. Then he threw back his head and laughed for the third time, joyously, unrestrainedly. “I'd like to shout it out for all the world to hear,” he started to explain, but just then the girl appeared in the doorway. Disapproval was written on her face.

“Oh, Avice, I couldn't help it,” was the boy's ingenuous plea. “And Cousin Tristis doesn't mind—really.”

“Avice!” said the man, and the girl offered him the shyest and sweetest of lips. Yet she understood why his own but lightly touched her forehead.

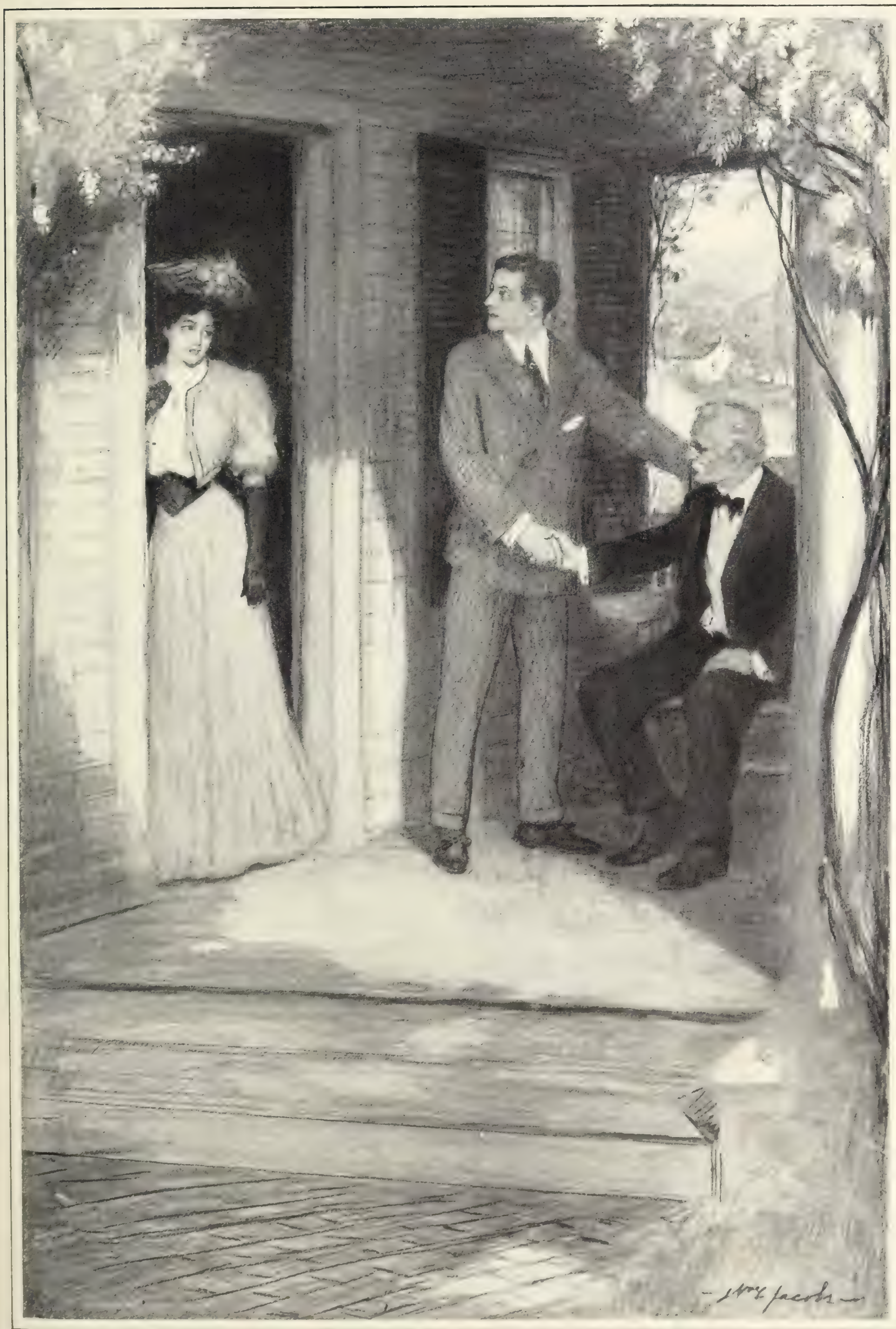
“Are we going to have tea out here?” inquired Arden, the practical-minded. “There is a shower travelling up the wind, and your waist, Avice, is ridiculously thin.”

“It will be better by the fire,” agreed Cousin Tristis, and so they went in.

The big, low-studded room was full of shadows, for the April sky had darkened swiftly. But in the fireplace, at the far end, great hickory logs flamed, and Arden had left open the upper half of the door so that the fresh earth-scented air might have free access. A few drops of clean rain mattered naught.

The man sipped his tea contentedly. “This is comfort,” he observed. “A spring shower pattering on the roof, Vergil's ‘no small part of a tree’ crackling in the chimney-piece, and Love sitting at either elbow. “‘Cousin Tristis doesn't mind—really,’” he quoted, and smiled at the boy. But the girl blushed.

“I understand, however,” he continued meditatively. “It doesn't seem quite nice to be sitting down to dinner while the beggar is looking in at the window. Still, there is the possibility that he isn't hungry; or he may be on a regimen that



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs

JUST THEN THE GIRL APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY

forbids truffles and turbot. Or, finally, he may be a philosophical beggar, one who actually prefers pulse and cold water."

"Are you a philosopher, Cousin Tristis?" asked the boy boldly.

"At least I am cultivating the temperament. This is a difficult enough task for the genuine lovers; for *les malades imaginaires*, it is impossible. We are thus enabled to account for the people who write to the newspapers, announcing that marriage is a failure."

"Oh!" exclaimed Avice, scandalized.

"Fortunately, Arden does not need to become a philosopher," continued Cousin Tristis. "He knows that he likes strawberries."

"So do I," spoke up the girl. "And I loathe logic."

"From which, nevertheless, we deduce the proposition that the only true passion is the mutual one. The disconsolate lovers are merely self-deceived; they are enamored with phantoms, bloodless shadows that they vainly imagine to be real persons."

"Avice is a real person," remarked the boy with an air of conviction. "I carried her across the brook just now, and she got more and more actual with every step. I wonder how they do it in novels."

"They probably weigh the consequences beforehand," suggested Cousin Tristis, and at that Avice cried "Oh!" again.

"To resume the argument," said the man. "Do not misunderstand me to be a contemner of Love because I am a philosopher and have observed that foolish people mistake mica for gold-dust. For the god knows how to avenge himself upon his detractors; above all upon those who have betrayed him for a price. Can you imagine what this may be—to sit in the dwelling of one's soul; to know that once again Love is passing through the street; to count his footsteps as they approach and then as they recede; to realize finally that nevermore will he seek to enter in. Yet this is the punishment of him who hath despised Love."

The boy was silent, staring straight into the fire, but the girl gave a little gasp and put out her hand appealingly; the man answered the unuttered question.

"No, this is not my punishment," he

said reassuringly, and imprisoned the small hand in both his own. "How could it be, when all my life long I have been a lover? Perhaps, indeed, that was the trouble, for either Love was too sure of me and had more important things to look after, or else I wearied him with my importunities. And so I remain like Hans Sach's boots; no matter how often the *Meistersinger* is performed, they never get cobbled."

"Cousin Tristis," began the boy, "was there ever—" Avice was looking at him, and he stopped short in confusion.

"Ah, that is the best part of it," answered the man cheerfully. "There never was, and so there is always the chance that there may be. Think of that—always the beautiful, enchanting possibility that somewhere a closed door is just about to open, that somehow the gray is going to be turned into gold before you can guess what is happening. It only needs a word, you know, a single wave of the wand."

"How pleasant to reflect that one's ship is always on the way in, that perhaps the very next tide will bring it past the bar! For remember that the finest fortune is the coming one; the true argosy is ever at sea, and you only catch the white flash of a sail now and then—at a particularly clear eventide or on a windless dawn. It isn't as though you had once possessed a treasure and then lost it, or, worse still, been disappointed in it."

"A room full of memories. That is what the most of us have to look forward to occupying; it may be sooner or it may be later, yet always surely. But with me it is different. I live in a room full of hopes, and not one of them but is as fresh and blooming as on the day it was planted. Water them with my tears? Nonsense! the really indispensable thing is sunshine, and so I keep on smiling at them."

"Of course, as the years lengthen, it becomes necessary to be prepared; it would be foolish to waste the good time. And so I have been making ready; I know exactly how things should be to please the right princess. There is the low chair, for instance, on the other side of the table with the reading-lamp. You observe that it is sheltered from the

draught of the door, and you have only to throw a glance across the geranium window-boxes to be out-of-doors and sitting in the very shadow of the pines. And then at night-time you have for company the Bellini Madonna, the most beautiful of all the Virgins—the one with the funny feather-duster trees in the background, at which you laugh deliciously through your tears. It is quite possible to sit in that chair forever and be perfectly happy, and I have marked its position, as you see, by four little dabs of white paint. For, of course, I want everything to be exactly right.

"Then there was the question of the piano, a difficult question, too; for a grand, in spite of what the advertisements say, has queer angles and takes up a tremendous lot of room. But if you must have a grand (and indeed you must) you will be willing to keep on shifting the combinations until everything fits as it should. An upright, of course, can be put anywhere; it resembles the people who don't count, and about whom it does not matter whether they are in the room or not. But a grand is different; it asserts itself, and if you bump against one of its odd corners you are made painfully aware of your error. Like the worth-while people, you are glad to listen to it when it speaks, and even in its silent hours its individuality persists; it is a real person, the friend for whom you sacrifice something and receive in exchange an infinite compensation. I think," concluded Cousin Tristis, "that I have found the right place for my piano. The temperature along the side wall is always equable, and there is a fine light from the left upon the music-rack."

"Is it a new writing-desk?" asked the girl; her glance rested upon the secretary standing near the big east window.

"No and yes," answered Cousin Tristis. "The lower part is old; don't you remember the brass escutcheons and drawer-pulls? The cabinet on top is new, and I designed it myself—shelves and drawers and pigeonholes just as I have always wanted them. And there is a secret compartment." These last words were uttered with pride and they aroused the instant feminine curiosity.

"Where is it?" asked Avice eagerly.

"The idea of telling! Still, you may find it if you can."

The girl made her investigation fruitlessly. "Tell me," she pleaded, and the man could not resist—it is doubtful if he had ever intended to do so. He removed some innocent-appearing ink-bottles from a central lockup compartment and pulled out bodily the shelf upon which they stood. "Put your hand back there," he commanded. "In and down—that's it."

The girl gave a delighted shriek. "How clever!" she exclaimed. Then, disappointedly, "Why, it's empty!"

"Of course," said Cousin Tristis. "How could there be any secret unless first there was some one to make it for me? It wouldn't be nice for the right princess to come along and discover a secret already in possession. How would she feel? How would you feel, supposing *you* were the right princess?"

The girl nodded comprehendingly. "I quite understand," she said. "It's just a part of the getting ready. For of course the right princess will bring the secret with her, and then you can put it away together. It will be a beautiful secret."

"Yes," said the man. "I am sure of that."

There was silence in the room for a little while, and then the boy spoke up, somewhat diffidently. "Do you ever get tired of the—the waiting?" he asked.

Cousin Tristis considered. "There was a time," he confessed, "when I used to wonder how long it would be before things came true. I even grew a little impatient over it, but I had to keep on believing. It's always the worst, you know, when the seasons are changing—summer into autumn, autumn into winter, and so on, for then one feels that the pages are actually being turned over. For instance, there is the first touch of red in the sumac bushes. That is a milestone, and you know that there are only so many of them to be passed.

"Above all, the coming of spring; you can't help expecting that something equally miraculous is going to happen to you—that it *must* happen. For day by day the ice on the brook is getting thinner, until one morning it is gone altogether and the water is singing again.

You want to sing with it, and you do. But there is no one to listen.

"Sounds sentimental, doesn't it?—and we don't allow that any more. For indeed I have learned how to wait. Now there was a time when I couldn't turn a street corner without feeling my heart come thumping up in my throat; when I would start at every knock upon my door. That was so very foolish, for of course when the right princess does come she will enter without knocking at all. All I have to do is to leave the door upon the latch—I should not want to keep her waiting."

"Oh no," said Avice quickly.

The boy looked at his watch. "We ought to be starting," he said. "Avice is apt to feel the chill after the sun goes down—it is the one reminder of her illness."

The girl protested at again assuming the cast-off rôle of invalidism, but she was overruled and put into her jacket by Cousin Tristis's own hand. After the final good-by the three stood for a moment on the porch looking down into the valley; they could see the white cottage of the Hedge farm distinctly.

"We shall have lots of spare room," said the boy. "If you would care to come, Cousin Tristis—any time after the first of June." The girl blushed, but seconded the invitation with a charming smile.

The man shook his head. "It would be to you if I went anywhere," he said. "But I am old, and the jar is somewhat cracked as well; it might be unsafe to move it."

"It is so lonely up here," urged the boy. "It doesn't seem right to leave you with—well, with only your dreams," he floundered on, oblivious of a warning finger.

"Only my dreams!" echoed the man. "But that is the one sufficient reason why I should wait. It is when men lose the power of dreaming, and then alone, that

they become frightened by the emptiness and silence about them and so are driven to seek companionship in the outer world. Or, to go yet deeper, it is only from the dream in which we no longer believe that any hurt can come to the soul. Now my dreams have not been proved false; they are merely waiting to come true. Think how beautiful that must be—the great happiness drawing nearer and nearer with each day. Nothing to regret, nothing to fear; everything to rejoice in, everything to hope for. And my part is to wait, just to wait—that surely is not difficult. For now that I have learned how, the waiting will not be long—perhaps to-night, or certainly to-morrow. You understand now how impossible it would be for me to go away, when it is only until to-morrow."

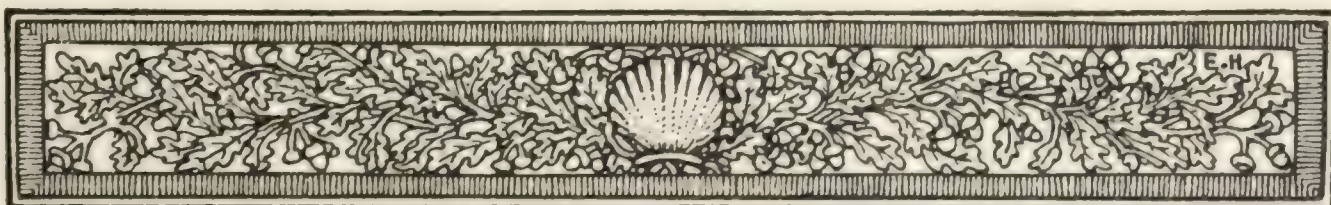
Again the boy would have spoken, but the girl stopped him with a look. "Come," she whispered, and they turned to go.

"Mind the steps by the fountain," admonished Cousin Tristis. "The moss is slippery there." Arden waved back an assenting hand.

The sun had disappeared behind Third Mountain and the Lodge was already in shadow. But far below, where the foot-path debouches into the valley road, the golden brightness of the day still ruled. The man kept his glasses focused on the spot until he saw the boy and girl come out from the semigloom of the larch forest. Hand in hand they stepped into the sunlight; a melodious "*Holà!*" came floating back and he caught the flash of a tiny square of cambric.

The man reentered the Lodge and closed the door, for the evening air was chill. The fire had sunken to a red mass of embers and he stooped to stir it into new life. Then, suddenly, he stayed his hand, standing motionless and with averted face.

They had been brave words.



The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER V

THE WIDER WAY

MONTHS later the following letter came to David Claridge in Cairo from Faith Claridge in Hamley:

"David, I write thee from the village and the land which thee didst once love so well. Does thee love them still? I am sure thee does not find in any land such true hearts as are here. They gave thee sour bread to eat ere thy going, but yet thee didst grind the flour and give the yeast for the baking. Thee didst frighten all who knew thee with thy doings upon that one mad midsummer day. The tavern, the theatre, the cross-roads, and the cockpit—was ever such a day! Indeed I think there are two Davids, the David we see and a David that lives in some dark corner of thee—it must be in thy hat, for it is not in thy heart. Yes, it is in the hat, for in the tavern, in the theatre, and at the cross-roads it was doffed—was that a compromise? I have thought it so. Keep on the hat, David—thee is better balanced then. It becomes thee well—did it not become thee on that day, that day of sorrow and yet of joy, at Heddington in the great hall?

"Now, Davy, I must tell of a strange thing. But first, a moment. Thee remembers the man Kimber smitten by thee at the public-house on *that* day? What thinks thee has happened? He followed to London the lass kissed by thee, and besought her to return and marry him. This she refused at first with anger; but afterwards she said that, if in three years he was of the same mind, and stayed sober and hard-working meanwhile, she would give him an answer, she would consider. Her head was high. She has become maid to a lady of degree, who has well befriended her.

"How do I know these things? Even

from the man Kimber, who, on his return from London, was taken to his bed with fever. Because of the hard blows dealt him by thee, I went to make amends. He welcomed me, and soon opened his whole mind. That mind has generous moments, David, for he took to being thankful for thy knocks. It was a new way to pay old debts. I could not bring myself to think thee was doing missionary work that day; I fear there was as much Cain as Silas in thee! But there it is. He thinks that through thee he may win his deserted lass again.

"Now for the strange thing I hinted. After visiting the man Kimber at Heddington, as I came back over the hill by the path we all took that day after the Meeting—Ebn Ezra Bey, my father, Elder Fairley, and thee and me—I drew near the chairmaker's hut where thee lived alone all those sad months. It was late evening—the sun had set. Yet I felt that, for the sake of my sister's child for whom I did spend myself for so many years, only to be left behind when he fared to the East and its 'barbaric pearl and gold,' I must needs go and lay my hand in love upon the door of the empty hut which had been ever as he left it. So I came down the little path swiftly, and then round the great rock, and up towards the door. But, as I did so, my heart stood still, for I heard voices. The door was open, but I could see no one. Yet there the voices sounded, one sharp and peevish with anger, the other low and rough. I could not hear the words spoken. At last, a figure came from the door and went quickly down the hillside. Who thinks thee was it? Even 'Neighbor Eglington.' I knew the walk and the forward thrust of the head. Inside the hut all was still. I drew near with a kind of fear, but yet I came to the door and looked in.

"As I looked into the dusk, my limbs trembled under me, I was indeed 'rooted to the spot,' for who should be sitting there, a half-finished chair between his knees, but Soolsby the old chair-maker! Yes, it was he. There he sat with fingers still, moveless, looking at me with his staring blue eyes and shock of red-gray hair.

"Soolsby! Soolsby!" said I, my heart hammering at my breast as it would be let out; for was not Soolsby dead and buried? His eyes stared at me—in fright. He seemed like one confounded. 'Why do you come?' he said in a hoarse whisper. 'Is he dead, then? Has harm come to him?'

"By now I had recovered myself, for it was no ghost I saw, but a human being more distraught than was myself.

"Do you not know me, Soolsby?" said I.

"You are Mercy Claridge—from beyond—beyond!" he answered in a dazed way.

"I am Faith Claridge, Soolsby," answered I. He started, peered forward at me, and for a moment he did not speak; then he looked down, and his hands worked with the cane in the chairs, and the fear went from his face. 'Ay, Faith Claridge, as I said,' he answered with apparent understanding, his stark mood passing. 'No, thee said Mercy Claridge, Soolsby,' said I, 'and she has been asleep these many years.' 'Ay, she has slept soundly, thanks be to God!' he said, and crossed himself. 'Why should thee have called me by her name?' said I. 'Ay, is not her tomb in the churchyard?' he answered, and added quickly, 'Luke Claridge and I are of an age to a day—which, think you, will go first?'

"He stopped weaving, and peered over at me with his staring blue eyes, and I felt a sudden quickening of the heart. For, at the question, curtains seemed to drop from all around me and leave me in the midst of pains and miseries, in a chill air that froze me to the marrow. I saw myself alone—thee in Egypt and I here, and none of our blood and name beside me. For we are the last, Davy—the last of the Claridges, save of those others far removed who are no more than kinsmen. But I said coldly, and with what was near to anger that he should link

his name and fate with that of Luke Claridge, 'Which of ye two goes first is God's will, and according to His wisdom. Which thinks thee,' added I—and now I cannot forgive myself for saying it—'which thinks thee would do least ill in going?' 'I know which would do most good,' he answered, with a harsh laugh in his throat. Yet his blue eyes looked kindly at me, and now he began to nod pleasantly. I thought him a little mad, but yet his speech had seemed not without dark meaning.

"Thee has had a visitor,' I said to him presently.—He laughed in a cold snarling way that made me shrink—he seemed not in the past to be so quick of temper—and answered: 'He wanted this and he wanted that—his high-handed, second-best Lordship! Ay, and he would have it because it pleased him to have it—like his father before him. His whim is his religion. A poor sparrow on a tree-top, if you tell him he must not have it, he will hunt it down the world till it is his, as though it was a bird of paradise. And when he's seen it fall at last, he'll remember but the fun of the chase; and the bird may get to its tree-top again—if it can—if it can—if it can, my lord! That is what his father was, the last Earl, and that is what he is who left my door just now. He came to snatch old Soolsby's palace, his nest on the hill, to use it for a telescope or such whims. He has scientific tricks like his father before him—now it is astronomy, and now chemistry, and such like; and always it is the Eglington mind, which has let God A'mighty make it as a favor. He would have old Soolsby's palace for his spy-glass, would he then? It scared him, as though I was the devil himself, to find me here. I had but come back in time—a day later, and he would have sat here and seen me in the Pit below before giving way. Possession's nine points were with me; and here I sat and faced him; and here he stormed, and would do this and should do that; and I went on with my work. Then he would buy my Colisyum, and I wouldn't sell it for all his puffball lordship might offer. Isn't the house of the snail as much to him as the turtle's shell to the turtle? I'll have no upstart spilling his chem-

icals here, or devilling the stars from a seat on my roof.'

"'Last autumn,' said I, 'David Claridge was housed here. Thy palace was a prison then.'

"'I know well of that. Haven't I found his records here? And do you think his makeshift lordship did not remind me?'

"'Records? What records, Soolsby?' said I, most curious.

"'Writings of his thoughts which he forgot—food for mind and body left in the cupboard.' 'Give them to me—upon this instant, Soolsby,' said I. 'All but one,' said he, 'and that is my own, for it was his mind upon old Soolsby the drunken chairmaker. God save him from the heathen sword that slew his uncle—two better men have never sat upon a chair!'

"He placed the papers in my hand, all save that one which spoke of him. Ah, David, what with the flute and the pen, banishment was no pain to thee! . . . He placed the papers, save that one, in my hands, and I, womanlike, asked again for all. 'Some day,' said he, 'come, and I will read it to you. I will give you a taste of it now,' he added as he twisted the chair about. 'Thus it reads.'

"Here are the words, Davy. What thinks thee of them now?

"'As I dwell in this house I know Soolsby as I never knew him when he lived, and though, up here, I spent many an hour with him. Men leave their impressions on all around them. The walls which have felt their look and their breath, the floor which has taken their footsteps, the chairs in which they have sat, have something of their presence. I feel Soolsby here at times so sharply that it would seem he came again and was in this room, though he is dead and gone. I ask him how it came he lived here alone; how it came that he made chairs, he, with brains enough to build great houses or great bridges; how it was that drink and he were such friends; and how he, a Catholic, lived here among us Quakers, so singular, uncompanionable, and severe. I think it true, and sadly true, that a man with a vice which he is able to satisfy easily and habitually, even as another satisfies a virtue, may give up the

wider actions of the world and the possibilities of his life for the pleasure which his one vice gives him, and neither miss nor desire those greater chances of virtue or ambition which he has lost. The simplicity of a vice may be as real as the simplicity of a virtue.'

"Ah, David, David, I know not what to think of those strange words; but old Soolsby seemed well to understand thee, and he called thee 'a first-best gentleman.' Is my story long? Well, it was so strange, and it fixed itself upon my mind so deeply, and thy writings at the hut have been so much in my hands and in my mind, that I have put it all down here. When I asked Soolsby how it came he had been rumored dead, he said that he himself had been the cause of it; but for what purpose he would not say, save that he was going a long voyage, and had made up his mind to return no more. 'I had a friend,' he said, 'and I was set to go and see that friend again. . . . But the years go on, and friends have an end. Life spills faster than the years,' he said. And he would say no more, but would walk with me even to my father's door. 'May the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints be with you,' he said at parting, 'if you will have a blessing from them. And tell him who is beyond and away in Egypt that old Soolsby's busy making a chair for him to sit in when the scarlet cloth is spread, and the East and West come to salaam before him. Tell him the old man says his fluting will be heard—ay, beyond and away!'

"And now, David, I have told thee all, nearly. Remains to say that thy one letter did our hearts good. My father reads it over and over, and shakes his head sadly, for, truth is, he has a fear that the world may lay its hand upon thee. One thing I do observe, his heart is hard set against Lord Eglington. In degree it has ever been so; but now it is like a constant frown upon his forehead. I see him at his window looking out towards the Cloistered House; and if he sees our neighbor come forth—perhaps upon his hunter, or now in his cart, or again with his dogs, he draws his hat down upon his eyes and whispers to himself. I think he is ever setting thee off against Eglington; and that is

foolish, for Eglington is but a man of the earth earthy. His is the soul of the adventurer.

"Now what more is there to say? I must ask thee how is thy friend Ebn Ezra Bey—I am glad thee didst find all he said was true, and that in Damascus thee was able to set a stone by my uncle's grave. But that the Prince Pasha of Egypt has set up a claim against my uncle's property is evil news; though, thanks be to God, as my father says, we have enough to keep us fed and clothed and housed. But do thee keep enough of the inheritance to bring thee safe home again to those who love thee. England is ever gray, Davy, but without thee it is grizzled—all one 'Quaker drab,' as says the Philistine. But it is a comely and a good land, and here we wait for thee.

"In love and remembrance,

"I am thy mother's sister, and thy loving friend,
FAITH."

David received this letter as he was mounting a huge white Syrian donkey to ride to the Mokattam Hills, which rise sharply behind Cairo, burning and lonely and large. The cities of the dead Khalifas and Mamelukes separated them from the living city where the fellah toiled, and Arab, Bedouin, Copt, strove together to intercept the fruits of his toiling as it passed in the form of taxes to the Palace of the Prince Pasha, while in the dark corners crouched waiting the cormorant usurers—Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians, a hideous salvage corps, who saved the house of a man that he might at last walk off with his shirt and the cloth under which he was carried to his grave. In a thousand narrow streets and lanes, in the warm glow of the bazars, in earth-damp huts, by blistering quays, on the myriad khias-sas on the river, from long before sunrise till the sunset gun boomed from the citadel rising beside the great mosque whose pinnacles seem to touch the blue, the slaves of the city of the Khedive ground out their lives like corn between the millstones.

David had been long enough in Egypt to know what sort of toiling it was. A man's labor was not his own. The fellah gave labor and taxes and back-

sheesh and life to the state, and to the long line of tyrants above him, under the sting of the kourbash; and the high officials gave backsheesh to the Prince Pasha or to his Mouffetish or to his Chief Eunuch or to his barber or to some slave who had his ear. From high to low might and money were the only right.

But all the time the bright unclouded sun looked down on a smiling land, and in Cairo streets the din of the hammers, the voices of the boys driving heavily laden donkeys, the call of the camel-drivers leading their caravans into the great squares, the clang of the brasses of the sherbet-sellers, the song of the vender of sweetmeats, the drone of the merchant praising his wares, went on amid scenes of wealth and luxury, and the city glowed with color and gleamed with light. Dark faces grinned over the steaming pot at the door of the cafés, idlers on the benches smoking hasheesh, street dancers bared their faces shamelessly to the men, and indolent musicians beat on their tiny drums, and sang the song of "*O Seyyid*," or of "*Antar*"; and the reciter gave his singsong tale from a bench above his fellows. Here a devout Moslem, indifferent to the presence of strangers, turned his face to the East, touched his forehead to the ground, and said his prayers. There, hung to a tree by a deserted mosque near by, the body of one who was with them all an hour before, and who had paid the penalty for some real or imaginary crime; while his fellows blessed Allah that the storm had passed them by. Guilt or innocence did not weigh with them; and the dead criminal, if such he were, had drunk his glass of water and prayed to Allah, was in their sight only unfortunate and not disgraced, and had "gone to the bosom of Allah." Now the muezzin from a minaret called to prayer, and the fellah in his cotton shirt and yelek heard, laid his load aside, and yielded himself to his one dear illusion which would enable him to meet with apathy his end—it might be to-morrow!—and go forth to that plenteous heaven where wives without number awaited him, where fields would yield harvests without labor, where rich food in gold dishes would be ever at his hand. This was his faith.

David had now been in the country six months, rapidly perfecting his knowledge of Arabic, speaking it always to his servant Mohammed, whom he had picked from the streets. Ebn Ezra Bey had gone upon his own business to Fazougli, the tropical Siberia of Egypt, to liberate by order of Prince Kaïd Pasha—and at a high price—a relative banished there. David had not yet been fortunate with his own business—the settlement of his uncle Benn's estate—though the last stages of negotiation with the Prince Pasha seemed to have been reached. When he had brought the influence of the British Agency to bear, promises were made, doors were opened wide, and Pasha and Bey offered him coffee and talked to him sympathetically. They had respect for him more than for most Franks, because he wore his hat at all times, and because the Prince Pasha had honored him with especial favor. Perhaps because David wore his hat always and the long coat with high collar like a Turk, or because Prince Kaïd was an acute judge of human nature, and also because honesty was a thing he greatly desired—in others—and never found near his own person; however it was, he had set David high in his esteem at once. This esteem gave greater certainty that any backsheesh coming from the estate of Benn Claridge would not be sifted through many hands on its way to himself. Of Benn Claridge Prince Kaïd had scarcely even heard until he died; and indeed it was only within the past few years that the Quaker merchant had extended his business to Egypt and had made his headquarters at Assiout, up the river.

David's donkey now picked its way carefully through the narrow streets of the Mousky. Arabs and fellahs squatting on mastabas by the doorways or chaffing at street corners looked at him with furtive interest. A foreigner of this character they had never before seen, with coat buttoned up like an Egyptian official in the presence of his superior, and this wide, droll hat on his head. He knew that he ran risks, that his confidence invited the occasional madness of a fanatical mind, which makes murder of the infidel a passport to heaven; but, as a man, he took his chances, and as a Christian he

believed he would suffer no mortal hurt till his appointed time. He was more Oriental, more fatalist, than he knew. He had also early in his life learned that an honest smile begets confidence; and his face, grave and even a little austere in outline, was usually lighted by a smile.

From the Mokattam Hills, where he read Faith's letter again, his back against one of the forts which Napoleon had built in his Egyptian days, he scanned the distance. At his feet lay the great mosque and the citadel, whose guns controlled the city, could pour into it a lava stream of shot and shell. The Nile wound its way through the green plains, stretching as far to the north as eye could see between the opal and mauve and gold of the Libyan Hills. Far over in the western vista a long line of trees, twining through an oasis flanking the city, led out to a point where the desert abruptly raised its hills of yellow sand. Here, enormous, lonely, and cynical, the pyramids which Cheops had built, the stone sphinx of Ghizeh, kept faith with the desert in the glow of a rainless land—reminders ever that the East, the mother of knowledge, will by knowledge prevail; that,

“The thousand years of thy insolence,
The thousand years of thy faith,
Will be paid in a fiery recompense,
And a thousand years of bitter death.”

“The sword—forever the sword,” David said to himself, as he looked. “Rameses and David and Mahomet and Constantine, and how many conquests have been made in the name of God! But after other conquests there have been peace and order and law. Here in Egypt it is ever the sword—the survival of the strongest. If I were Prince of Egypt—”

He started. “If I were Prince of Egypt—” he repeated, as though to rebuke himself, and was silent for a moment.

“Faith is right,” he said aloud at last. “There are two Davids, and one David acts with more discretion than the other thinks or speaks, or both Davids would have a bad end.”

As he made his way down the hillside again he fell to thinking upon all



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

A FOREIGNER OF THIS CHARACTER THEY HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN

Faith had written. The return of the drunken chairmaker made a deep impression on him—almost as deep as the waking dreams he had had of his uncle calling him.

“Soolsby and I—what is there between Soolsby and me?” he asked himself now as he made his way past the tombs of the Mamelukes. “He and I are as far apart as the poles, and yet it comes to me now, with a strange conviction, that somehow my life will be linked with that of the drunken Romish chairmaker. To what end?” Then he fell to thinking of his uncle Benn. The East was calling him. “Something works within me to hold me here, and sometimes I feel that where he lies, lies also work to do—a work to do.”

From the ramparts of the citadel he watched the sun go down, bathing the pyramids in a purple and golden light, throwing a glamour over all the western plain, and making heavenly the far hills with a plaintive color, which spoke of peace and rest, but not of hope. As he stood watching, he was conscious of people approaching. Voices mingled, there was light laughter, little bursts of admiration, then lower tones, and then he was roused by a voice calling. He turned round. A group of people were moving towards the exit from the ramparts, and near him stood a man waving an adieu.

“Well, give my love to the girls,” said the man cheerily.

Merry faces looked back and nodded, and in a moment they were gone. The man turned round and looked at David, then he jerked his head in a friendly sort of way and motioned towards the sunset.

“Good enough, eh?”

“Surely for me, friend,” answered David. On the instant he liked the red, wholesome face, and the keen round blue eyes, the rather opulent figure, the shrewd, whimsical smile, all aglow now with beaming sentimentality, which had from its softest corner called out, “Well, give my love to the girls.”

“Quaker, or I never saw Germantown and Philadelphia,” he said to David, with a friendly and personal manner quite without offence. “I put my money on Quakers every time.”

“But not from Germantown or Philadelphia,” answered David, declining a cigar which his new acquaintance offered.

“Bet you, I know that all right. But I never saw Quakers anywhere else, and I meant the tribe and not the tent. English, I bet? Of course, or you wouldn’t be talking the English language—though I’ve heard they talk it better in Boston than they do in England, and in Chicago they’re making new English every day and improving on the patent—if Chicago can’t have the newest thing, she won’t have anything. ‘High hopes that burn like stars sublime’ has Chicago. She won’t let Shakespeare or Milton be standards much longer. She’ll invent something. She won’t have it—she simply won’t have England swaggering over the English language. Oh, she’s dizzy, is Chicago—simply dizzy. I was born there—parents, one Philadelphy, one New York, one Pawtucket,—the Pawtucket one was the stepmother. Father liked his wives from the original States; but I was born in Chicago. My name is Lacey—Tom Lacey of Chicago.”

“Thank you, friend,” said David.

“And you, sir?”

“David Claridge.”

“Of—?”

“Of Hamley.”

“Mr. Claridge, of Hamley. Mr. Claridge, I am glad to meet you.” They shook hands. “Been here long, Mr. Claridge?”

“A few months only.”

“Queer place—gilt-edged dust-bin; get anything you like here, from a fresh gutter-snipe to old Haroun-al-Raschid. It’s the biggest jack-pot on earth. Barnum’s the man for this place—P. T. Barnum. Golly, how the whole thing glitters and stews! Out there at Shoo-bra his High Jinks Pasha kennels with his lions and lives with his cellars of gold, as if he was going to take them with him where he’s going—and he’s going fast. Here—down there, the people—the real people, sweat and drudge between a cake of doura, an onion, and a balass of water at one end of the day, and a hemp collar and their feet off the ground at the other.”

“You have seen much of Egypt?” asked David, feeling a strange confidence in the garrulous man, whose

frankness was united to shrewdness and a quick, observant eye.

"How much of *Egypt* I've seen, the Egypt where more men get lost, strayed, and stolen than die in their beds every day, the Egypt where a eunuch is more powerful than a minister, where an official will toss away a life as I'd toss this cigar down there where the last Mameluke captain made his great jump, where women—Lord God! where women are divorced by one evil husband by the dozen for nothing they ever did or left undone, and yet 'd be cut to pieces by their own fathers if they learned that 'To step aside is human—' Mr. Claridge, of that Egypt I don't know much more'n would entitle me to say, How d'ye do. But it's enough for me. You've seen something—eh?"

"A little. It is not civilized life here. Yet—yet a few strong patriotic men—"

Lacey looked quizzically at David. "Say," he said, "I thought that about Mexico once. I said *Manyana*—this *Manyana* is the curse of Mexico. It's always to-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow! Let's teach 'em to do things to-day. Let's show 'em what *business* means. Two million dollars went into that experiment, but *Manyana* won. We had good hands, but it had the joker! After five years I left—with a bald head at twenty-eight, and a little book of noble thoughts—*Tips for the Tired*, or *Things you can say To-day on what you can do To-morrow*. I lost my hair worrying, but I learnt to be patient. The Dagos wanted to live in their own way, and they did. It's one thing to be a missionary and say the little word in season, it's another to run your soft red head against a hard stone wall. I went to Mexico a *conquistador*, I left it a child of time, who had learned to smile—and I left two millions behind me, too. I said to an old Padre down there that I knew—we used to meet in the *Café Manriqué* and drink chocolate—I said to him, 'Padre, the Lord's Prayer is a mistake down here.' '*Si, señor,*' he said, and smiled his far-away smile at me. 'Yes,' said I, 'for you say in the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."' '*Si, señor,*' he says, 'but we do not expect it till to-morrow!'

The Padre knew from the start, but I learned at great expense, and went out of business—closed up shop forever, with a bald head and my *Tips for the Tired*. Well, I've had more out of it all, I guess, than if I'd trebled the millions and wiped *Manyana* off the Mexican coat of arms."

"You think it would be like that here?" David asked, abstractedly.

Lacey whistled. "There, the government was all right and the people all wrong. Here the people are all right and the government all wrong. Say, it makes my eyes water sometimes to see the fellah slogging away. He's a Jimdandy—works all day and half the night, and if the tax-gatherer isn't at the door, wakes up laughing. I saw one"—his light-blue eyes got a sudden hardness—"laughing on the other side of his mouth one morning. They were 'kourbashing' his feet; I landed on them as the soles came away. I hit out." His face became grave, he turned the cigar round in his mouth. "It made me feel better, but I had a close call. Lucky for me that in Mexico I got into the habit of carrying a pop-gun. It saved me then. But it isn't any use going on these special missions. We Americans think a lot of ourselves. We want every land to do as we do—and we want to make 'em do it. But a strong man here at the head, with a sword in his hand, peace in his heart, who'd be just and poor—how can you make officials honest when you take all you can get yourself—! But, no, I guess it's no good. This is a rotten cotton show."

Lacey had talked so much, not because he was garrulous only, but because the inquiry in David's eye was an encouragement to talk. Whatever his misfortunes in Mexico had been, his forty years sat lightly on him, and his expansive temperament, his childlike sentimentality, gave him an appearance of beaming, sophisticated youth. David was slowly apprehending these things as he talked—subconsciously, as it were; for he was seeing pictures of the things he himself had observed through the lens of another mind, as primitive in some regards as his own, but influenced by different experiences.

"Say, you're the best listener I ever saw," added Lacey, with a laugh.

David held out his hand. "Thee sees things clearly." Lacey grasped his hand.

At that moment an orderly appeared on the platform and came forward.

"He's after us—one of the Palace cavalry," said Lacey.

"Effendi—the Effendi Claridge! May his grave be not made till the Karadh-gatherers return," said the orderly to David.

"My name is Claridge," answered David.

"To the hotel, Effendi, first, then to the Mokattam Hills after thee, then here—from the Effendina, on whom be God's peace! this letter for thee."

David took the letter. "I thank thee, friend," he said. As he read, Lacey said to the orderly in Arabic, "How did you know he was here?"

The orderly grinned wickedly. "Always it is known what place the Effendi honors. It is not dark where he uncovers his face."

Lacey gave a low whistle.

"Say, you've got a pull in this show," he said, as David folded up the letter and put it in his pocket. "In Egypt, if the master smiles on you, the servant puts his nose in the dust."

"The Prince Pasha bids me to dinner at the Palace to-night. . . . I have no clothes for such affairs. Yet—"

His mind was asking itself if this was a door opening which he had no right to shut with his own hand. There was no reason why he should not go; therefore there might be a reason why he should go. It might be, it no doubt was, in the way of facilitating his business. He dismissed the orderly with an affirmative and ceremonial message to Prince Kaïd—and a piece of gold.

"You've learned the custom of the place," said Lacey, as he saw the gold piece glitter in the brown palm of the orderly.

"I suppose the man's only pay is in such service," said David. "The fault lies not with him. It is a land of back-sheesh. The fault is not with the people; it is with the rulers. I do not lament sharing my goods with the poor."

"You'll have a big going concern here

in no time," observed Lacey. "Now if I had those two millions I left in Mexico—" Suddenly he stopped. "Is it you that's trying to settle up an estate here—up at Assiout—belongs to an uncle—same persuasion?"

David inclined his head.

The American nodded approvingly. "They say that you and Prince Kaïd are doing the thing yourselves, and that the pashas and judges and all the high-mogul sharks of the Medjidie think that the end of the world has come. Is that so?"

"It is so, if not completely so. There are the poor men and humble—the pashas and judges and the others of the Medjidie, as thee said, are not poor. But such as the orderly yonder—" He paused meditatively.

Lacey looked at David with profound respect. "You make the poorest your partners, your friends. I see, I see. Jerusalem, that's masterly! I admire you. It's a new way in this country . . ." Then, after a moment: "It 'll do—by golly! it 'll do! Not a bit more costly, and you do some good with it. Yes—it—will—do."

"I have given no man money save in charity and for proper service given openly," said David, a little severely.

"Say—of course. And that's just what isn't done here. Everything goes to him who hath, and from him who hath not is taken away even that which he hath. One does the work and another gets paid—that's the way here. But you, Mr. Claridge, you clinch with the strong man at the top, and down below you've got as your partners the poor man whose name is Legion. If you get a fall out of the man at the top, you're solid with the Legion. And if the man at the top gets up again and salaams and strokes your hand, and says, 'Be my brother,' then it's a full Nile, and the fig-tree putteth forth its tender branches, and the date-palm flourisheth, and at the village pond the thanksgiving turkey gobbles and is glad. Selah!"

The sunset gun boomed out from the citadel. David turned to go, and Lacey said:

"I'm waiting for a pasha who's taking toll of the officers inside there—Achmet

Pasha. They call him the Ropemaker because so many pass through his hands to the Nile. The Old Muslin I call him because he's so diaphanous. Thinks nobody can see through him, and there's nobody that can't. If you stay long in Egypt, you'll find that Achmet is the shallowest, and Nahoum, the Armenian, the deepest pasha in all this sickening land. Achmet is cruel as a tiger to any one that stands in his way; Nahoum, the whale, only opens out to swallow now and then; but when Nahoum does open out, down goes Jonah, and never comes up again. I'll bet a dollar you'll see them both to-night at the Palace—if the Khedive doesn't throw them to the lions for their dinner before yours is served. Here one shark is swallowed by another bigger, till at last the only and original sea-serpent swallows 'em all."

As David wound his way down the hill, Lacey waved a hand after him.

"Well, give my love to the girls," he said.

CHAPTER VI

"HAST THOU NEVER KILLED A MAN?"

"CLARIDGE effendi."

As David moved forward, his mind was embarrassed by many impressions. He was not confused, but the glitter and splendor, the Oriental gorgeousness of the picture into which he stepped, excited his eye, roused some new sense in him. He was a curious figure in those surroundings. The consuls and agents of all the nations save one were in brilliant uniform, and pashas, generals, and great officials were splendid in gold braid and lace, and wore flashing orders on their breasts. David had been asked for half past eight o'clock, and he was there on the instant; yet here was every one assembled, the Prince Pasha included. As he walked up the room he suddenly realized this fact, and, for a moment, he thought he had made a mistake; but again he remembered distinctly that the letter said half past eight, and he wondered now if this had been arranged by the Prince—for what purpose? To afford amusement to the assembled company? He drew himself up with dignity, his face became graver. He had come in a Quaker suit of black broadcloth, with

gray steel buttons, and a plain white stock; and he wore his broad-brimmed hat—to the consternation of the British Consul-General and the Europeans present, to the amazement of the Turkish and native officials, who eyed him keenly. They themselves wore red tarbooshes, as did the Prince; yet all of them knew that the European custom of showing respect was by doffing the hat. The Prince Pasha had settled that with David, however, at their first meeting, when David had kept on his hat and offered Kaïd his hand.

Now, with amusement in his eyes, Prince Kaïd watched David coming up the great hall. What his object was in summoning David for an hour when all the court and all the official Europeans should be already present, remained to be seen. As David entered he was busy receiving salaams, and returning greeting, but with an eye to the singular boyish yet gallant and grave figure approaching. By the time David had reached the group, the Prince Pasha was ready to receive him.

"Friend, I am glad to welcome you," said the Effendina, sly humor lurking at the corner of his eye. Conscious of the amazement of all present, he held out his hand to David.

"May thy coming be as the morning dew, friend," he said, taking David's willing hand.

"And thy feet, friend Kaïd, walk in goodly paths, by the grace of God the compassionate and merciful."

As a wind unfelt stirs the leaves of a forest, making it rustle delicately, a whisper swept through the room. Official Egypt was dumfounded. Many had heard of David, a few had seen him, and all now eyed with inquisitive interest one who defied so many of the customs of his countrymen; who kept on his hat; who used a Mohammedan salutation like a true believer; whom the Effendina honored—and presently honored in an unusual degree by seating him at table opposite himself, where his Chief Chamberlain was used to sit.

During dinner Kaïd addressed his conversation again and again to David, asking questions put to disconcert the consuls and other official folk present, confident in the naïve reply which would be returned. For there was a keen truthfulness in the

young man's words, which, however suave and carefully balanced, however gravely simple and tactful, left no doubt as to their meaning. There was nothing in them which could be challenged, could be construed into active criticism of men or things; and yet much he said was horrifying. It made Achmet Pasha sit up aghast, and Nahoum Pasha, the astute Armenian, for a long time past the confidant and favorite of the Prince Pasha, laugh in his throat with joy; for, if there was a man in Egypt who enjoyed the thrust of a word or the bite of a phrase, it was Nahoum. Christian though he was, he was, nevertheless, Oriental to his farthest corner, and with the culture of a French savant. He had also the primitive view of life, and the morals of a race who, in the clash of East and West, set against Western character and aggression and directness, and loyalty to the terms of a bargain, the demoralized cunning of the desert folk; the circuitous tactics of those who believed that no man spoke the truth directly, that it must ever be found beneath devious and misleading words, to be tracked like a panther, as an Antipodean bushman once said, "through the sinuosities of the underbrush." Nahoum Pasha had also a rich sense of grim humor. Perhaps that was why he had lived so near the person of the Prince, had held office so long. There were no Grand Viziers in Egypt; but he was as much like one as possible; and he had one uncommon virtue: he was greatly generous. If he took with his right hand he gave with his left; and Mohammedan as well as Copt and Armenian, and beggars of every race and creed, hung about his doors each morning to receive the food and alms he gave freely.

After one of David's answers to the Kaïd, which had had the effect of causing his Highness to turn a sharp corner of conversation by addressing himself to the French consul, Nahoum said suavely:

"And so, monsieur, you think that we hold life lightly in the East; that it is a characteristic of civilization to make life more sacred, to cherish it more fondly?"

He was sitting beside David, and though he asked the question casually,

and with apparent intention only of keeping talk going, there was a lurking inquisition in his eye. He had seen enough to-night to make him sure that Kaïd had once more got the idea of making an European his confidant and adviser; to introduce to his court one of those mad Englishmen who cared nothing for gold—only for power; who loved administration for the sake of administration and the foolish joy of labor. He was now set to see what sort of match this intellect could play when faced by the inherent contradictions present in all truths or the solutions of all problems.

"It is one of the characteristics of that which lies behind civilization, friend, as thee and me have been taught," answered David.

Nahoum was quick in strategy, but he was unprepared for David's knowledge that he was an Armenian Christian, and he had looked for another answer.

But he kept his head and rose to the occasion. "Ah, it is high, it is noble, to save life—it is so easy to destroy it," he answered. "I saw his Highness put his life in danger once to save a dog from drowning. To cherish the lives of others, and to be careless of our own; to give that of great value as though it were of no worth—is it not the Great Lesson?" He said it with such an air of sincerity, with such dissimulation, that for the moment David was deceived. There was, however, on the face of the listening Kaïd a curious cynical smile. He had heard all, and he knew the sardonic meaning behind Nahoum's words.

Fat Higli Pasha, the Chief Chamberlain, the corrupt and corruptible, intervened. "It is not so hard to be careless when care would be useless," he said with a chuckle. "When the khamsin blows the dust-storms upon the caravan, the camel-driver hath no care for his camels. '*Malaish*,' he says, and buries his face in his yelek."

"Life is beautiful and so difficult—to save," observed Nahoum in a tone meant to tempt David on one hand and to reach the ears of the notorious Achmet Pasha, the Moufettish, the Prince's Finance Minister, whose extortions, cruelties, and taxations had built his master's palaces, bribed his harem, given him money to pay the interest on his European loans.

and made himself the richest man in Egypt; whose spies were everywhere, whose shadow was across every man's path. Kaïd might slay, might toss a pasha or a slave into the Nile now and then, might invite a Bey to visit him, and stroke his beard and call him brother and put diamond-dust in the coffee he drank, so that he died before two suns came and went again, "of inflammation and a natural death"; but he, Achmet Pasha, was the dark Inquisitor who tortured every day, for whose death all men prayed, and whom some would have slain, but that another worse than himself might succeed him.

At Nahoum's words the dusky brown of Achmet's face turned as black as the sudden dilation of the pupil of an eye deepens its hue, and he said with a guttural accent:

"Every man hath a time to die."

"But not his own time," answered Nahoum, maliciously.

"It would appear that in Egypt he hath not always the choice of the fashion or the time," remarked David, calmly. He had read the malice behind their words, and then had flashed into his own mind tales told him, with every circumstance of accuracy, of deaths in the Palace and out. Also he was now aware that Nahoum had mocked him. He was concerned to make it clear that he was not wholly beguiled.

"Is there, then, choice of fashion or time in England, effendi?" asked Nahoum, with assumed innocence.

"In England it is a matter between the Giver and Taker of life and himself—save where murder does its work," said David.

"And here it is between man and man—is it that you would say?" asked Nahoum.

"There seem wider privileges here, friend," answered David, dryly.

"Accidents will happen, privileges or no," rejoined Nahoum, with lowering eyelids.

The Prince intervened. "Thy own faith forbids the sword, forbids war, or—punishment."

"The Prophet I follow was called the Prince of Peace, friend," answered David, bowing gravely across the table.

"Didst thou never kill a man?" asked

Kaïd, with interest in his eyes. He asked the question without an ulterior thought, but as a man might ask another if he had never visited Paris.

"By the goodness of God, never," answered David.

"Neither in punishment nor in battle?"

"I am neither judge nor soldier, friend."

"*Inshallah*—thou hast yet far to go. Thou art young yet. Who can tell!"

"I have never so far to go as that, friend Kaïd," said David, in a voice that rang a little.

"To-morrow is no man's gift."

David was about to answer, but chancing to raise his eyes above the Prince Pasha's head, as though in thought, his glance was arrested and startled by seeing a face—the face of a woman—looking out of a little panel in a mooshrabieh screen in a gallery above. He would not have dwelt upon the incident, he would have set it down to the curiosity of a woman of the harem, but that the face looking out was that of an English girl, and looking over her shoulder was the dark, handsome face of an Egyptian or a Turk.

Self-control was the habit of his life, the training of his faith, and, as a rule, his face gave little evidence of inner excitement. Demonstration was discouraged, if not forbidden, among the Quakers, and if, to others, it gave a cold and austere manner, in himself it tempered to a warm stillness the powerful impulses in him, the rivers of feeling which sometimes roared through his veins.

Only one person had noticed his arrested look, so motionless did he sit; and now, without replying, he bowed gravely and deferentially to Kaïd, who rose from the table. David followed with the rest. Presently the Prince sent High Pasha to ask his nearer presence.

The Prince made a motion of his hand, and the circle withdrew. He waved David to a seat.

"To-morrow thy business shall be settled," said the Prince, suavely, "and on such terms as will not startle. Death-tribute is no new thing in the East. It is fortunate for thee that the tribute is from thy hand to my hand, and not from thy hand through many others to mine."

"I am conscious thee hath treated me with favor, friend Kaïd," said David. "I would that I might show thee kindness. Though how may a man of no account make return to a great Prince?"

"By the beard of my father, it is easily done, if thy kindness is a real thing, and not that which makes me poorer the more I have of it—as one should be given a herd of horses which must not be sold but still must be fed."

"I have given thee truth—is not truth cheaper than falsehood, friend?"

"It is the most expensive thing in Egypt—so that I despair of buying thee. Yet I would buy thee to remain here—here at my court; here by my hand which will do right by thee; which will give thee comfort and the labor thou lovest, and will defend thee if defence be needed. Thou hast not greed, thou hast no thirst for honor, yet thou hast wisdom beyond thy years—Kaïd has never besought men, but he beseeches thee. Once there was in Egypt Joseph, a wise youth, who served a Pharaoh, and was his chief counsellor, and it was well with the land. Thy name is a good name; well-being may follow thee. The ages have gone, and the rest of the world has changed, but Egypt is the same Egypt, the Nile rises and falls, and the old lean years and fat years come and go. Though I am in truth a Turk, and those who serve and rob me here are Turks, yet the fellah is the same as he was five thousand years ago. What Joseph the Israelite did, thou canst do; for I am no more unjust than was that Rameses whom Joseph served. Wilt thou abide here with me?"

David looked at Kaïd as though he would read in his face the reply that he must make, but he did not see Kaïd; he saw rather the face of one he had loved more than Jonathan had been loved by the young shepherd-prince of Israel. In his ears he heard the voice that had called him in his sleep—the voice of Benn Claridge; and at the same instant there flashed into his mind a picture of himself fighting outside the tavern beyond Hamley and bidding farewell to the girl at the cross-roads.

"Friend, I cannot answer thee now," he said, in a troubled voice.

Kaïd rose. "I will give thee an hour

to think upon it. Come with me." He stepped forward.

"To-morrow I will answer thee, friend."

"To-morrow there is work for thee to do. Come." David followed him.

The eyes that followed the Prince and the Quaker were not friendly. What Kaïd had long foreshadowed seemed at hand: the coming of an European counsellor and confidant. They realized that in the man who had just left the room with Kaïd there were characteristics unlike those they had ever met before in Europeans.

"A madman," whispered Higli Pasha to Achmet the Mouffetish.

"Then his will be the fate of the swine of Gadarene," said Nahoum Pasha, who had heard.

"At least you need not argue with a madman." The face of Achmet the Ropemaker was not more pleasant than his dark words.

"It is not the madman with whom you have to deal, but his keeper," rejoined Nahoum.

Nahoum's face was heavier than usual. Going to weight, he was still muscular and well groomed. His light-brown beard and hair and blue eyes gave him a look almost Saxon, and bland power spoke in his face and in every gesture.

He was seldom without the string of beads so many Orientals love to carry, and Armenian Christian as he was, the act seemed almost religious. It was to him, however, like a ground-wire in telegraphy—it carried off the nervous force tingling in him, driving him to impulsive action, while his reputation called for a constant outward urbanity, a philosophical apathy. He had had his great fight for place and power, alien as he was in religion, though he had lived in Egypt since a child. Bar to progress as his religion had been at first, it had been an advantage afterwards; for through it he could exclude himself from complications with the Wakhfs, the religious court of the Moslem creed, which had lands to administer, and controlled the laws of marriage and inheritance. He could shrug his shoulders and play with his beads, and blandly explain his own helplessness and ineligibility when his influence was summoned, or it was sought to entangle him in warring

interests. Oriental through and through, the basis of his creed was similar to that of a Moslem: Mohammed was a prophet and Christ was a prophet. It was a case of rival prophets—all else was obscured into a legend, and he saw the strife of race in the difference of creed. For the rest, he flourished the salutations and language of the Arab as though they were his own, and he spoke Arabic as perfectly as he did French.

He was the second son of his father. The first son, who was but a year older, and was as dark as he was fair, had inherited—had seized—all his father's wealth. He had lived abroad for some years in France and England. In the latter place he had been one of the Turkish embassy, and, being a Christian, and having none of the outward characteristics of the Turk, and in appearance more of a Spaniard than an Oriental, he had, by his gifts, his address and personal appearance, won the good-will of the Duchess of Middlesex, and had had that success all too flattering to the soul of an Egyptian. It had, however, been the means of his premature retirement from England, for his chief at the Embassy had a preference for an Oriental *entourage*. He was called Foorgat Bey.

Sitting at table, Nahoum alone of all present had caught David's arrested look, and glancing up, had seen the girl's face at the panel of mooshrabieh, and had seen also over her shoulder the face of his brother, Foorgat Bey. He had been even more astonished than David, and far more disturbed. He knew his brother's abilities; he knew his insinuating address—had he not influenced their father to give him wealth while he was yet alive? He was aware also that his brother had visited the Palace often of late. It would seem as though the Prince Pasha was ready to make him, as well as David, a favorite. But the face of the girl—it was an English face! Familiar with the Palace, and bribing when it was necessary to bribe, Foorgat Bey had evidently brought her to see the function, there where all women were forbidden. He could little imagine Foorgat Bey doing this from mere courtesy; he could not imagine any woman, save one wholly sophisticated, or one entirely innocent, trusting herself with him—and in such

a place. The girl's face, though not that of one in her teens, had seemed to him a very flower of innocence.

But as he stood telling his beads, abstractedly listening to the scandal of the Mouffetish and Higli Pasha on the one hand and the judicious comment of the French consul on the other, he was not thinking of his brother, but of the two who had just left the room. He was speculating as to which room they were likely to enter. They had not gone by the door convenient to passage to Kaïd's own apartments. He would give much to hear the conversation between Kaïd and the stranger; he was all too conscious of its purport. As he stood thinking, to his surprise Kaïd returned. After looking round the room for a moment, the Prince came slowly over to him, and, stretching out a hand, stroked his beard.

"Oh, brother of all the wise, may thy sun never pass its noon!" said Kaïd, in a slow, friendly voice.

Despite his will, a shudder passed through Nahoum Pasha's frame. How often in Egypt this gesture and such words were the prelude to assassination, from which there was no escape save by death itself. Into Nahoum's mind there flashed the words of an Arab teacher, "There is no refuge from God but God Himself," and he found himself blindly wondering, even as he felt Kaïd's hand upon his beard and listened to the honeyed words, what manner of death was now preparing for him, and what death of his own contriving should intervene. Escape, he knew, there was none, if his death was determined on; for spies were everywhere, and slaves in the pay of Kaïd were everywhere, and such as were not could be bought or compelled, even if he took refuge in the house of a foreign consul. The lean, invisible, ghastly arm of death could find him, if Kaïd willed, though he delved in the bowels of the Cairine earth, or climbed to an eagle's eyrie in the Libyan Hills. Whether it was diamond-dust or Achmet's thin thong that stopped the breath, it mattered not; it was sure. Yet he was not of the breed to tremble under the descending sword, and he had long accustomed himself to the chance of assassination or "sudden demise." It had been chief among the chances he

had taken when he entered the high and perilous service of Kaïd. Now, as he felt the secret joy of these dark spirits surrounding him—Achmet, and Higli Pasha, who kept saying beneath his breath in thankfulness that it was not his turn, Praise be to God!—as he felt their secret self-gratulations and their evil joy over his prospective downfall, he settled himself steadily, made a low salutation to Kaïd, and calmly awaited further speech. It came soon enough.

“It is written upon a cucumber leaf—does not the world read it?—that Nahoum Pasha’s form shall cast a longer shadow than the trees; so that every man in Egypt shall, thinking on him, be as covetous as Ashaah, who knew but one thing more covetous than himself, the sheep that mistook the rainbow for a rope of hay, and, jumping for it, broke its neck.”

Kaïd laughed softly, and some essayed to do likewise, but the laugh died, for they saw that the French, British, and American consuls had drawn together, and that a look of understanding had passed between them—of this kind of thing they had heard, but had never seen it, and already, without a word, they had made a bond upon the matter. With his eye meeting Kaïd’s again, after a low salaam, Nahoum made answer:

“I would that the lance of my fame might sheathe itself in the breasts of thy enemies, Effendina.”

“Thy tongue doth that brave office nobly,” was the reply. Once more Kaïd laid a gentle hand upon Nahoum’s beard. Then with a gesture towards the consuls and Europeans, he said to them in French, “If I might but beg your presence for yet a little time!” Then he turned and walked away. He left by a door leading to his own apartments.

When he had gone, Nahoum swung slowly round and faced the agitated groups. He had ever been prepared for peril, ever been ready for the end.

“He who sleeps with one eye open sees the sun rise first,” he said, with a sarcastic laugh. “He who goes blindfold never sees it set.”

Then, with a complacent look upon them all, he slowly left the room by the door out of which David and Kaïd had first passed.

Outside the room his face did not change. His manner had not been bravado—it was as natural to him as David’s manner was to himself. Each had trained himself in his own way to the mastery of his will, and the will in each was stronger than any passion or emotion in them. So far at least it had been so. In David it was the outcome of his faith, in Nahoum it was the outcome of his philosophy—a simple, fearless fatalism.

David had been left by Kaïd in a small room, little more than an alcove, next to a larger room richly furnished. Both rooms belonged to a spacious suite which lay between the harem and the major portion of the Palace. It had its own entrance and exits from the Palace, at the front opening on the square, at the back opening on its own garden, which also had its own exits to the public road. The quarters of the Chief Eunuch separated the suite from the harem, and Mizraim, the present Chief Eunuch, was a man of power in the Palace, knew more secrets, was more courted, and was richer than some of the princes. Nahoum was Minister of the Interior; but he had an office in the Palace, also, which gave him freedom of the place and brought him often into touch with the Chief Eunuch. He had made Mizraim a fast friend ever since the day he had by an able device saved the Chief Eunuch from determined robbery by the former Prince Pasha, with whom he had suddenly come out of favor.

When Nahoum left the great salon, he directed his steps towards the quarters of the Chief Eunuch. The way did not necessarily lead him past the rooms where David had been taken, but he directed his steps through them, as though by an instinct, for he felt that David and David’s relations with Kaïd were responsible for the present situation and his present danger, and a vague desire for pursuit and conflict possessed him. He was too much a philosopher to seek to do David physical injury—a futile act; for it could do him no good in the end, could not mend his own fortunes; and, merciless as he could be on occasion, he had no love of bloodshed. Besides, the game afoot was not of his making, and

he was ready to await the finish, the more so because he was sure that to-morrow would bring forth momentous things. There was a crisis in the Soudan, there was trouble in the army, there was dark conspiracy of which he knew the heart, and anything might happen to-morrow! He had yet some cards to play, and Achmet and Higli—and another very high and great—might be delivered over to Kaïd's deadly purposes rather than himself to-morrow. What he knew Kaïd did not know. He had not meant to act yet; but new facts faced him, and he must make one struggle for his life. But as he went towards Mizraim's quarters he saw no sure escape from the stage of those untoward events save by the exit which is for all in some appointed hour.

He was not, however, more perplexed and troubled than David, who, in the little room where he had been brought and left alone with coffee and cigarettes, served by a slave from some distant portion of the Palace, sat facing his future.

He looked round the little room. Upon the walls hung weapons of every kind—from a polished dagger of Toledo to a Damascus blade, suits of chain armor, long-handled, two-edged Arab swords, pistols which had done service in the Syrian wars of Ibrahim, lances which had been taken from the Druses at Palmyra, rude battle-axes from the tribes of the Soudan, and ne-boots of dom-wood which had done service against Napoleon at Damietta. The cushions among which he sat had come from Constantinople, the rug at his feet from Tiflis, the prayer-rug on the wall from Mecca.

All that he saw was as unlike what he had known in past years, and since his childhood, as though he had come to Mars or Jupiter. All that he heard recalled to him his first readings in the Old Testament—the story of Nebuchadnezzar, of Belshazzar, of Ahasuerus—of Ahasuerus! He suddenly remembered the face he had seen looking down at the Prince's table from the panel of mooshrabieh. That English face—where was it? Why was it there? Who was the man with her? Whose the dark face peering scornfully over her shoulder? The face of an English girl in

that place dedicated to sombre intrigue, to the dark effacement of women, to the darker effacement of life, as he well knew, all too often! In looking at this prospect for good work in the cause of God and civilization, he was not deceived, he was not allured. He knew into what subterranean ways he must walk, through what mazes of treachery and falsehood he must find his way; and though he did not know to the full the corruption which it was the duty of Kaïd to turn to incorruption, he knew enough to give his spirit pause. What would be—what could be—the end? Would he not prove to be as much out of place as was the face of that English girl! The English girl! England rushed back upon him—the love of those at home; of his father, the only father he had ever known; of Faith, the only mother or sister he had ever known; of old Friend Fairley; the love of the woods and the hills where he had wandered came upon him. There was work to do in England, work too little done—the memory of the great meeting at Heddington flashed upon him. The power he had shown there,—God's gift—was it not England's? Could it not be used there? Ah, the green fields, the soft gray skies, the quiet vale, the brave, self-respecting, toiling millions, the beautiful sense of law and order and goodness, to which disorder and evil stood off so flagrantly that the pious labor to remove it was honored even by those who served Mammon! Could his labor not be used there in England, where his heart was, where all healing was done in the Name of the One Physician of Galilee? Could his gifts and labors not be used there? Could not—

He was suddenly startled by a smothered cry, then a call of distress. It was the voice of a woman!

He started up. The voice seemed to come from a room at his right; not that from which he had entered, but one still beyond this where he was. He sprang towards the wall and examined it swiftly. Finding a division in the tapestry, he ran his fingers quickly and heavily down the crack between. It came upon the button of a spring. He pressed it, the door yielded, and, throwing it back, he stepped into the room—



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

FOORGAT BEY, THE BROTHER OF NAHOUM PASHA, WAS DEAD

to see a woman struggling to resist the embraces and kisses of a man. The face was that of the girl who had looked out of the panel in the mooshrabieh screen. Then it was beautiful in its mirth and animation, now it was pale and terror-stricken, as with one free hand she fiercely beat the face pressed to hers.

The girl only had seen David enter. The man was not conscious of his presence till he was seized and flung against the wall. The violence of the impact brought down at his feet two weapons from the wall above him. He seized one—a dagger—and sprang to his feet. Before he could move forward or raise his arm, however, David struck him a blow in the neck which flung him upon a square marble pedestal intended for a statue. In falling his head struck violently a sharp corner of the pedestal. He lurched, rolled over on the floor, and lay still.

The girl gave a choking cry. David quickly stooped and turned the body over. There was a cut where the hair met the temple. He opened the waistcoat and thrust his hand inside the shirt. Then he felt the pulse of the limp wrist.

For a moment he looked at the face steadily, almost contemplatively it might have seemed, and then drew both arms close to the body.

Foorgat Bey, the brother of Nahoum Pasha, was dead.

Rising, David turned, as if in a dream, towards the girl. He made a motion of the hand towards the body. She understood. Dismay was in her face, but the look of horror and desperation was gone. She seemed not to realize, as did David, the awful position in which they were placed, the deed which David had done, the significance of the thing that lay at their feet.

"Where are thy people?" said David. "Come, I will take thee to them."

"I have no people here," she said in a whisper.

"Who brought thee here?"

She made a motion behind her towards the body. David glanced down. The eyes of the dead man were open. He stooped and closed them gently. The collar and tie were disarranged; he straightened them, then turned again to her.

"I must take thee away," he said, calmly. "But secretly." He looked around, perplexed.

"We came secretly. My maid is outside the garden—in a carriage. Oh, come, let us go, let us escape. They will kill you—" Terror came into her face again.

"Thee, not me, is in danger—thy name, thy goodness, thy future—all. . . . Which way did thee come?"

"Here—through many rooms—" She made a gesture to curtains beyond. "But we first entered through doors with sphinxes on either side, with a room where was a statue of Mahomet Ali."

It was the room through which David had come with Kaïd. He took her hand. "Come quickly. I know the way. It is there," he said, pointing to the panel-door by which he had entered.

Holding her hand still, as though she were a child, he led her quickly from the room, and shut the panel behind them. As they passed through, a hand drew aside slightly the curtains on the other side of the room they were leaving.

Presently the face of Nahoum Pasha followed the hand. A swift glance to the floor, then he ran forward, stooped down, and laid a hand on his brother's breast. The slight wound on the forehead answered his rapid scrutiny. He realized the situation as plainly as if it had been written down for him—he knew his brother well!

Noiselessly he moved forward and touched the spring of the door through which the two had gone. It yielded, and he passed through, closed the door again and stealthily listened, then stole a look into the other room. It was empty. He heard the outer doors close. For a moment he listened, then went forward and passed through into the hall. Softly turning the handle of the big wooden doors which faced him, he opened them an inch or so and listened. He could hear swiftly retreating footsteps. Presently he heard the faint noise of a gate shutting. He nodded his head, and was about to close the doors and turn away, when his quick ear detected footsteps again in the garden. Some one—the man, of course, was returning.

"May the fire burn his eyes forever! He would talk with Kaïd, then go again

among them all, and so pass out unsuspected and safe. For who but I—who but I could say he did it? And I—what is my proof? Only the words which I speak.”

A scornful, fateful smile passed over his face. “‘Hast thou never killed a man?’ said Kaïd. ‘Never,’ said he, ‘by the goodness of God, never!’ The voice of Him of Galilee, the hand of Cain, the craft of Jael. But God is with the patient.”

He went hastily and noiselessly—his footfall was light for so heavy a man—through the large room to the farther side from that by which David and Kaïd had first entered. He drew behind a clump of palms beside a door opening to a passage leading to Mizraim’s quarters. He saw David enter quietly, yet without any air of secrecy, and pass into the little room where Kaïd had left him.

For a long time there was silence.

The reasons were clear in Nahoum’s mind why he should not act yet—a new factor had changed the equation which had presented itself a short half-hour ago.

A new factor had also entered into the equation which had been presented to David with so flattering an insistence by Kaïd. He sat in the place where Kaïd had left him, his face drawn and white, his eyes burning, but with no other sign of agitation. He was frozen and still. His look was fastened now upon the door by which the Prince Pasha would enter, now upon the door through which he had passed to the rescue of the English girl, whom he had seen drive off safely with her maid. In their swift passage from the Palace to the carriage, a thing had been done of even greater moment than the killing of the sensualist in the next room—the poor, debased Oriental, whose trap set to an adventurous but innocent girl’s indiscretion, had been sprung upon himself. He lay there in that other room unmoving, forsaken by the turbid life which had swelled in ugly passion in him. In the swift journey to the gateway the girl David served had begged him to escape with her. This he had almost sharply declined—it would be no escape, he had said. She had urged that no one knew. He had replied that Kaïd would come again for him, and suspicion would be roused if he were gone.

“Friend, thee has safety,” he had said. “I will go back. I will say that I killed him. I have taken a life, I will pay for it as is the law of God.”

Excited as she was, she had seen the inflexibility of his purpose. She had seen the issue also clearly. He would give himself up, and the whole story would be the scandal of Europe.

“You have no right to save my life only to kill me again,” she had said desperately. “You would give your life, but you would destroy that which is more than life to me. You did not intend to kill him. It was no murder—it was punishment.” Her voice had got harder. “He would have killed my life because he was evil. Will you kill it because you are good? Will you be brave, Quixotic, but not pitiful. . . . No, no, no,” she had said, as his hand was upon the gate, “I will not go unless you promise—you will hide the truth, if you can.” She had laid her hand upon his shoulder with an agonized impulse. “You will hide it for a girl who will bless your memory her whole life long . . . ah! Ah—God bless you!”

She had felt that she had conquered before he spoke—as, indeed, he did not speak, but nodded his head and murmured something which she did not hear. But that did not matter, for she had won; she had a feeling that all would be well. Then he had placed her in her carriage, and she was driven swiftly away, saying to herself half hysterically: “I am safe, I am safe. He will keep his word!”

Her safety and his promise were the new factor which changed the equation for which Kaïd would presently ask the satisfaction. David’s life had suddenly come upon problems for which his whole past was no preparation. Conscience, which had been his guide in every situation, was now disarmed, disabled, and routed. It had come to terms.

In going quickly through the room, they had disarranged a table. Her jacket—*her* jacket had swept over it, and a piece of bric-à-brac had been thrown upon the floor. He got up and replaced it with an attentive air. He rearranged the other pieces on the table mechanically, seeing, feeling, another scene, another inanimate thing which must be forever and forever a picture burning in his memory.

Yet he appeared to be casually doing a trivial and necessary act. He did not definitely realize his actions; but long afterwards he could have drawn an accurate plan of the table, could have reproduced upon it each article in its exact place as correctly as if it had been photographed. There were one or two spots of dust or dirt on the floor, brought in by his boots from the garden. He flicked them aside with his handkerchief.

How still it was! Or was it his life which had become so still? It seemed as if the world must be noiseless, for not a sound of the life in other parts of the Palace came to him, not an echo or vibration of the city which stirred beyond the great gateway. Was it the chilly hand of death passing over everything and smothering all the activities? His pulses, the blood of his heart, which, but a few minutes past, were throbbing and pounding like drums in his ears, seemed now to flow and beat in very quiet. Was this, then, the way that murderers felt, that men felt who took human life—so frozen, so little a part of their surroundings? Did they move as dead men among the living, devitalized, vacuous, calm?

His life had been suddenly twisted out of recognition. All that his habit, his code, his morals, his religion had, above all other men in the world, imposed upon him as that duty which distinguished his religion from that of all others, he had overturned in one moment. To take a human life even in battle was against the code by which he had ever been governed, yet he had taken life secretly—and was hiding it from the world. Untruthfulness and deceit were held in abhorrence by all his people, and had been his own detestation; yet he was now committed to as dark a deceit as ever lay hid in the bosom of man.

Accident? But had it been necessary to strike at all? His presence alone would have been enough to save the girl from further molestation; but he had thrown himself upon the man like a tiger! Yet somehow he felt no sorrow for that—the justification of his manhood for a righteous anger asserted itself. He knew that if again and yet again he were placed in the same position he would do even as he had done:

even as he had done with the man Kimber by the tavern beyond Hamley. He knew that the blow he had given then was inevitable, and he had never felt real repentance. Thinking of the blow he had given then, he saw its sequel in the blow he had given now. Thus was that day linked with the present, thus had a blow struck in punishment of the wrong done the woman at the cross-roads been repeated in the wrong done the girl who had just left him.

His life had swept in a circle since that day at Hamley, when he had defied the custom of a lifetime, since he had shocked and scandalized the people among whom he had been born.

A sound now broke the stillness. It was a door shutting not far off. Kaïd was coming. David turned his face towards the room where Foorgat Bey was lying dead. He lifted his arms with a sudden passionate gesture. The blood came rushing through his veins again. His life, which had seemed suspended, was set free; and an exaltation of sorrow, of pain, of action, possessed him.

"I have taken a life, oh my God!" he murmured. "Accept mine in service for this land. What I have done in secret, let me atone for in secret! For this land—for this poor land, for Christ His sake!"

Footsteps were approaching quickly. With a great effort of the will he ruled himself to quietness again. Kaïd entered, and stood before him in silence. David rose. He looked Kaïd steadily in the eyes. "Well?" said Kaïd placidly.

"I will serve thee, friend, for Egypt's sake, God helping me," was the reply.

He held out his hand. Kaïd took it, then said, in smiling compliment on the action, "As the Viceroy's servant there is another way!"

"I will salaam to-morrow," answered David.

"It is the only custom of the place I will require of thee, effendi. Come."

A few moments later they were standing among the consuls and officials in the salon.

"Where is Nahoum?" asked Kaïd, looking round on the agitated throng.

No one answered. Smiling, he whispered in David's ear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Brand of the Wild

BY G. B. LANCASTER

THERE were thirty-nine pipes in the rack in the hall, and the top row was the one thing in the world that Douglas Brandon was afraid of. For it carried the pipes given by Lil on many birthdays and Christmas-tides, and there was not one of them all that would draw. But Lil had chosen them; and when she sat—as now—on the table below the rack, with her deep-lashed eyes watching, there was never a chance for the burnt old mates with their amber partly bitten through.

Douglas ceased his soft whistling; dragged out a patent double-headed thing with a loose screw, and looked down at his sister for approval. Then his harsh dark face softened and changed, and he slid his hand under her chin, upturning it.

"I sha'n't let you go down to Sydney any more, Lil. You've grown up. What did you do it for? You've been up to some mischief, I'll swear. What is it, then, girlie?"

The eyes did not meet his, and this was new. Lil's eyes were the clear direct blue of the sky.

"No-o; not mischief. I—just want to tell you. . . I—I—"

Douglas was guiltily filling an old cutty one-handed in his side pocket, and the tobacco smell was sweet in his nostrils. He had been on the run all day where drought had crisped the tussock and the prairie-grass, and where the lighting of a match is an inexpressible sin.

"If there's no particular hurry, little girl—I'm hungry for a smoke . . . and I am always in a better temper after it, y' know."

"But you're always in a good temper with me, Douglas. And—promise that you will be to-night."

It was such a little child-figure, and such a soft-tinted child-face. Always Douglas gave to her the reverence that rough clumsy manhood gives to innocent

girlhood. He stooped, kissing her fondly. "I reckon I can promise that, girlie. Now, go an' tune up, while I have my smoke."

The wind was dead in the air that held the heat of an Australian summer and all the strange scents of an Australian night. The sassafras-scrub, and the knotted blue-gums, and the tangle of mimosas by the dam gave out their sweetness to the dry scented warmth breathed by the plains and the sand-hills; and past the balsam odor of the fir plantation drifted the faint smell of sheep to the man who had spent the forty years of his life in serving them.

Lil was touching the piano keys uncertainly and without heart. The splash of a wombat sounded sharply from the dam, and down at the men's huts a dog's bark was shut off with a yelp as of pain. Then a light step, and the faint scent of violets; and Lil knelt by the long chair, with her rosy palms laid on Douglas's breast.

"Douglas, you remember what you said just now?"

Douglas had said it as he hid his old pipe on the far chair-arm. But he had not thought Lil could hear.

"What, girlie?"

"That—that you'd never be angry with me. Dear old brother, you've never been angry with me yet—"

He caught both her wrists in one great hand, grinning at her with his eyes puckered up.

"Faith! I can't say but you've deserved it, though, you monkey. 'Member the time you shot that boomer when he was after the puppies? An' the day you rode the black colt, an' I nearly sacked Harry Lapont for letting you up?"

Lil's forehead burnt suddenly, and her voice was choked and low.

"That wasn't his fault. Douglas . . . anything . . . it's my fault only."

"Begad! you're wanting to make your-

self responsible for a good deal, my lady! What's your fault only? Anything you do, or—"

"Or Harry," said Lil, in a whisper.

There was a strange silence without any breathing in it. Then Douglas said,

"Will you kindly explain yourself?"

"Douglas! Don't! You—you said you wouldn't be angry. Douglas . . ."

Douglas held her away from him; and there was iron in his voice and in the grip of his hand.

"Look at me, and answer me when I speak to you! What has Harry Lapont to do with you?"

"He—I—" Lil flung it out in a sudden burst of tears: "I am his wife!"

Again the strange silence and the grip of his hand hot on her arm.

"Will you please say that again?"

"Douglas . . ."

"Is this true? . . . When, then?"

"Ten days ago. When he went for his holiday. I—I didn't stay in Sydney. I went with him. Oh . . . Douglas . . ."

It was the compelling of his eyes that had drawn the full sting at once. Now he loosed her and stood up; slowly, blindly, as a man who has received a stunning blow on the head.

Harry Lapont was rough-rider and roustabout on the station. There was never a horse that he could not break, nor a man that he would not fight, nor a woman in the little bush-townships that he did not make love to. But in his own recognition of the barrier between server and served Douglas's pride had held him unafraid.

A she-oak by the veranda tossed its long-jointed fingers and sighed as a breeze touched it; the earth was dumb-asleep and uncaring; down at the huts a dog barked again, and a sharp whistle cut the distant air.

Douglas wheeled at the sound, and terror brought Lil's arms round his neck. For the lamplight struck through the window on a face that was wicked in its coldness.

"Douglas—oh, Douglas . . . you won't hurt him—"

The fall of the word was raw on Douglas's brain. But he had not guarded his tongue and his mind all his years without result.

"Let me go, Lil. I shall not ask you

questions. They are for him to answer. Let me go."

"You—don't go to him now, dear. Not like that. Wait—"

Douglas laughed a little.

"Do you think that to-morrow will do? Or next week? Or in five minutes? You don't know much of me yet. Nor do I know much of you apparently."

"Dear . . . it was just . . . oh, remember that I love him. Douglas . . . Douglas . . . remember that I love him!"

"There have been more than you said that—and will be yet. Let me go."

He went down the little track that his feet had trodden out since boyhood. Taken in the raw, his life was bare and hard as the track; but he did not know it. Lil meant to him all that a man may need this side of heaven. Round the huts the men were sprawled on the rough grass, with rough talk and rougher jokes. Harry Lapont was astride a kerosene-box by a door; Micky Sheehan had the chopping-block and thumbed cards spread between them. Five more were conducting a union quarrel against the wood-pile, and Din, with his back to the iron tanks, chanted "My old Dutch," helped out by Angus Macrae's rumbled Scotch. Harry glanced up, a card in his teeth, and his handsome face grinning.

"Won't somebody choke Din?" he asked. "Or give him another song. We're all full up of that. D'you know 'My Mother's Mangle,' Din? Not? Like to hear how it goes, then?"

"Yes," said Din, dubiously.

"Round and round, of course. Yes . . . my trick, Micky. Don't you try to gammon me, my innocent!"

Then he put down his card, with the smile still on his lips. But there was gathering concentration in the eyes that looked across to the opening yard gate.

Douglas stood in the gateway, bare-headed, and in evening slippers. His usual slouch was gone, and Harry whistled softly under breath.

"Ten to one Lil mucked it," he murmured. "Well—"

"Is Lapont here?" demanded Douglas, unmoving.

"That's me," said Harry, cheerfully.

"Come this way a minute. I want to speak to you."

"That's six bob you owe me, Micky," said Harry, getting off the kerosene-box. "And if you fellows let him vamoose, I'll take it out of you all, an' don't you forget it."

Then he followed through the gates, and into the shadow of the pines, where the brown needles slipped under his quick light tread.

Nature had made Harry Lapont a gentleman. He had made himself more things still. And the result was difficult and dangerous to handle, as men well knew. He faced Douglas with the gay impudence yet on his well-cut mouth; and every muscle of him gave the suggestion of a man who has the whip-hand.

"I . . . believe you have something to say to me," said Douglas, his words slipping from him.

"Judging by the look of you it's all said, isn't it? What more do you want? Do you think it will pay to kick up a shine, Brandon?"

"You'll tell me particulars before we go into that. You have married her? Where? . . . What day? . . . And witnesses?"

Harry gave answers, light and straight.

"You can't undo it," he said. "I fixed it all right, you see. She's mine now. Don't you want to ask why I did it?"

Douglas had kept his lips clean as his life. But the loathing of this man as against Lil's delicate girl-innocence maddened him. He sprang with his heavy whip swung up and black words in his mouth. Harry moved back one step.

"I'd advise you to think what you're doing," he said, quietly. "Lil obeys me now—not you. Do you mean to lose her out of your life entirely?"

The words hammered on Douglas's naked heart. He dropped his arm with a choked groan and stood still. Harry smelt of the huts and of the sheep-yards and the stable. The lines on his handsome face were scored by fast living, and there was mercilessness in the very set of his head.

"What made her do it?" said Douglas. "Oh, God . . . what made her do it?"

Harry's laugh was irreverent.

"Best ask me if you want to know. I made her do it. She loves me—most women do—and—" He did not add the

one word that could have given Douglas comfort, and Douglas would not ask it.

There was a blank silence. Douglas's mind was feeling for some weapon. But the grip was gone. Harry spoke first.

"You've always been a devil to your men," he said. "Perhaps I did this to teach you a lesson. Perhaps I did it for other reasons. You don't know, and you're not going to know. Now . . . what do you mean to do?"

Douglas wheeled from him, and the riding-whip was broken in his hands.

"I will see you in the morning," he said. "You can go."

Harry went back to his cards with a light in his eye that gave the men suspicion; and Douglas picked Lil out of his veranda chair, where she had fallen asleep, and carried her to her room. She slid her arms round his neck drowsily, murmuring a name that was not his, and so sending him blind and weak for the moment with pain and fury. Then he left her, with the rosiness of sleep on her child-face, and went out to meet that which a man does not speak of. For it is a silent place and a lonely that is set apart for each soul that must enter in for the firing.

In the morning he said just the one thing to Harry:

"I can't let her go to the life you would give her. She must stay here—though it means you too."

Harry looked at him and nodded.

"I thought so," he said. "Mind you, I think you're a good lump of a fool. But I don't care. I can always take her away if you make it too nasty."

And with this thought to guide his feet Douglas stumbled on to the new track that would be so strange to tread.

To Douglas, Lil was a child, with a child's white unmarked heart and mind. So carefully had he shielded her from all that could smirch and weaken her that this thing was almost unbelievable in its horror. But he did not understand that the passion of Harry's wooing had struck Lil into sudden womanhood, with all the deep, patient, unbreakable love that some women can give.

There was summer on the earth, and summer on Lil's gay eyes and mouth. Without doubt Harry could play the lover, and Douglas bit the tongue that would

have told Lil why. He smoked by himself in the evenings, shaking Lil's pleading hands from his arm, and leaving untouched the top row of pipes in the hall.

"I'm tired," he told her. "Go with Harry—unless you want him to go down to the huts and play 'two-up.'"

Once before Harry had done this, when Douglas made a third. Lil went into the garden of roses and moonlight, remembering. Harry knocked out his pipe and slid an arm round her.

"Come down to the dam," he said. "You can see a thousand miles from there—an' that's the next-best thing to riding over 'em."

There was the wild unresting Australian blood in Harry's veins, and all the hot passionate love and desire. He held the slim child-figure close.

"Lil," he said—"Lil! What makes you like a little bit of white snow that has come down straight from heaven? What does it make you feel like when I kiss you, Lil? Tell me!"

"It—makes me remember where I came from," said Lil; and her shy laugh broke with happiness.

"That's the sweetest little speech ever made! Who did you learn that talk from? Not Douglas! Lil, he's the solemnest old sinner ever I saw. Well . . . we won't talk of him, dear. Now, sit up here on the concrete and I'll tell you about all the life away behind those ranges."

He dropped on the step at her foot, with keen eyes looking over the dun distance of plain into the wild lives beyond. His breath shortened, and the squeal of a horse in the next paddock made him quiver. For already the unrest was on him, and the curbed ways and speech of these six weeks galled his love and swept the joy from it. Lil leaned over the concrete and scraped the green moss on it into the hollow of her hand.

"This was here when I was quite a little girl, Harry," she said. "Before I knew you. Doesn't it seem strange that anything could have been before I knew you!"

Harry was holding the hem of her frock against his cheek.

"You don't know me now," he said, very low.

"I know that you love me."

"Yes!" He sat up, catching her hands in his. "Lil, whatever you hear of me, whatever I do to you, wherever I go, believe that! Believe it always! I made my life before I took you into it, and I can't alter it. I can't. I . . . try. Lil . . . promise me . . . no matter what comes, you will believe in my love for you! You will believe it?"

"While I believe in my own," she said.

Harry laughed and lay down again.

"There may be reservation in that! No . . . I know you don't mean it, sweetheart. Now we'll talk nonsense for a little while, and then we'll go in, or brother Douglas will be locking us out."

"If you two could only be friends!" She touched the close-cropped dark head with wistful fingers. "Harry . . . if you could only be friends!"

"Dear, we can't. You must let that go. I took something of his . . . stole it, if we want to be quite correct. And do you think he will ever forgive me for that? He who has never stolen anything—not even a kiss."

"You don't know that!"

"I do! His very face blazons it. Lil, do you see that big red star swinging low on the horizon? That's the way to Thursday Island, where they breed the biggest pearls and the biggest thieves in all the world. . . ."

Then he told her tales that brought the laughter, so that Douglas heard it through the still air when he lit the candle in his room. He shut it out with the window, for all the heat of the night. And there was a new sting in his heart. He had never made Lil laugh like that.

In the next month the young colts were brought down from the hills to be broken. Lil saw Harry with his lunging gear and the keen set face of the man who means to be master, and she fled to Douglas.

"Douglas, you won't let him do it! Not now! For my sake . . . Douglas..."

Douglas was getting into his riding-boots. He was going out to the end of the run.

"He has got to earn his living, Lil, like the rest of us. That's the way he has chosen."

"He mustn't do it!" The agony on Lil's white face stung Douglas. "Stop

him! Douglas, you must stop him! He was nearly killed last time, and—and—"

"One of those colts is worth three hundred, well broken. And there isn't another breaker like Harry in Queensland. You mustn't be so silly, Lil."

She had her arms round him where he stooped to his boots.

"Douglas—you used to love me once—"

"Ah-h! Don't, Lil! It isn't I who have ceased loving."

"Then you'll tell him, dear? You'll tell him?"

"Kiss me, Lil." He held her very close for a moment. "Yes, dear. I'll tell him."

"And—he won't want to give up. But you'll make him?"

"Yes. . . . I'll make him."

He went down to the stock-yards with the very devil of temptation alive in him, and hate was raw in his heart.

Ten men were about and over the yards: sweating in the blazing heat, foiling the attempts of the maddened youngsters to jump the rails, lending their weight to a lunging-rope when Harry Lapont gave the word. Harry was bareheaded and loose-shirted in the yard; the whole of him was strung up to that intentness which is nothing short of mesmerism, and every slow movement was planned and unyielding. He carried a bridle, and the chestnut colt in the corner watched it with a blood-shot eye. For Harry's hands had been on him at daybreak, and he understood in some way that they made him shiver. Douglas saw the play of muscles on the trembling chestnut quarters; he saw Harry's forehead white with sweat in the sunlight; he saw the steady hand that wrenched the bridle on with merciless swiftness. Then, in the sudden flurry of striking forefeet and swinging shirt-sleeved arms, he sent his command.

"Come away out of that, Lapont."

Harry was struggling to buckle the cheek-strap. He flung a word, with the rein gathered up in his hand.

"Shut up, you there! I'm busy."

Douglas leant over the wall, and there was no mistaking his meaning.

"Let that colt go, and come out here."

"You be damned!" said Harry, in white wrath. "You nearly messed me up just now with your shouting. Clear out, till I've done with him."

The men were staring at each other and at the pulse that was throbbing in Douglas's neck.

"Thought as the boss 'd like ter see him killed," growled Blaurin, and Din giggled:

"Didn't yer hear 'im tryin' jes now?"

"I order you to leave my horse alone," said Douglas. "I am going to get Perrin to break this lot—not you. Come out, and leave them alone!"

Harry's gentling hand dropped away from the colt's crest.

"You're drunk," he said, sweetly; "so I won't come out and tell you what I think. Stand clear when I mount him. He means to kick."

It was a quick, lithe twist that brought him athwart the glossy barrel. The colt reared, wild-eyed and screaming; took the length of the yard with open-mouthed head up, and cleared the seven-foot rails with never so much as a rap. There was no move out of Harry at the landing, and a mutter from the men ran along the fence-line. Then the unshod hoofs came over their native tussock again, and the colt headed for the ranges with a single-reined light bridle and a reckless man to curb him.

Douglas drew a long breath.

"May he never come back," he said in his heart, and turned to the stables.

Perrin brought the colt in that afternoon; and brought, too, a letter for Lil. Lil read it, flung on her knees by the bedroom window:

"Little bit of white snow . . . Remember that you promised to believe always that I love you. I will come back when I've forgotten that I want to kill Douglas. You must forgive and wait. I'm going out West—droving, breaking, anything. But, my own little girl, I'll come back—when I can. There's the brand of the wild on me, and you didn't know it."

Lil carried that letter in the bosom of her dress through days that came after; and Douglas drew near her again, giving her his unshaken love; rejoicing in the long, long evenings that were for them two alone, and never comprehending the waiting in Lil's eyes, and the patience and the strange wisdom. Neither spoke

Drawn by L. W. Hitchcock



HE CAUGHT BOTH HER WRISTS IN ONE GREAT HAND

of Harry, though wild stories came down to the south, and Douglas did not know how much Lil knew of them.

The Queensland winter gave swiftly to spring, to the red heat of summer, and yet no word from Harry came out of the west where the wild hearts make their playground. Douglas spoke to Lil once in the twilight of the veranda, with his hands holding hers very close.

"Shall I go and look for him, darling? I'll make him come back if you want him, Lil."

Lil shook her head.

"Not now, dear. Not yet. He will come—some day."

"You believe that still?" said Douglas, bitterly.

"Always," said Lil; and leaned back, looking at a great red star that swung low to the north.

Again Douglas spoke to Lil, and his fingers were touching a bundle of fleecy white that lay in the hollow of her arm.

"You will forget him now, dearest. He doesn't deserve it. And now you have—this, you will forget."

"Stoop down," said Lil, and with her lips to his ear she whispered:

"I want him now, Douglas. Oh, I want him. He would come if he knew. Douglas . . . have you heard . . . anything . . .?"

Douglas had news from the Chillagoe Mines, from the cattle-camps up in the Gulf, from the sweat-and-sin-sodden townships strung along the coast. It was not such news as he could tell to Lil.

"My darling, he would have come already if he had cared. I think he has forgotten, Lil. And you must forget, too."

"He has not forgotten. Douglas . . . will you find him and bring him back to me?"

Douglas walked over to the window. He dared not let Lil see his face. The whole stern, honorable soul of him was sick with hatred and disgust and dread.

"May God give him his deservings," he said in his throat. "May God pay him double for all that he has done. And she will love him to the end—him only."

In the next week the doctor from the township said to Douglas:

"Can you get her husband back?"

"Is it—necessary?" asked Douglas, with cold fear gripping him.

"It would be wise," said the doctor, guardedly; and Douglas took horses and rode north to beg from the man whom he could have killed with his bare hands.

At Kiarabilli Douglas received the first authentic news of Harry. He had been there with a mate a week back, driving cattle to the north.

"An' I give ye my word they made the town hum, the pair on 'em," said the barman. "Devilment, that's what it is—an' pluck what don't belong to no sane man. They was goin' over the Warrebee Range, an' they orter be along ter Buroggy be now—if they ain't stuck up a bush-pub somewheres, an' tuk it ter pieces."

Douglas picked up the track and followed over the salt-bush plains, where the wombat-burrows were broken in by the passing of many cloven hoofs, and where the half-dried water-holes held the prints yet in yellow clay. There were two bushmen with Douglas, and they read the story of the track aloud to him:

"A hundred head, all told. And steers in light condition be the pace on 'em. . . . There wuz a stampede along 'ere in the night-watch—dingos, like 'nuff. Gosh! They wuz headed on this 'ere bluff." Binnie got off and grubbed in the moss. "Harry Lapont did that," he said, rising. "His mare were shod wi' leather. He's got the devil's own pluck, hez Harry—"

"And the devil's own character," said Douglas, dryly.

Binnie looked at him, rubbing up his grizzled beard.

"I dun't know," he said, soberly. "He's wild clean through, an' there ain't trouble nur nuthin' else as 'll tame him—yer'll see plenty o' them kidney in Horstrayler. But he ain't done no real sin, Harry ain't. Jes wild."

They came to Buroggy through miles of gray open gum-bush, and the dust and heat of the day were heavy on them. The town was one lean street among the rung gums, and there were five hotels in it. But it was the lowing of pent cattle in the camping-paddock by the road that brought Douglas's heart to his mouth before Binnie said:

"They're here, sure's death. An' in at Carmen's, I reckon. He's the flash place."

"C-can we have a feed and a wash somewhere else?" said Douglas, gripping for the self-possession that was failing him.

"Sure," said Binnie; and it was in the fly-filled, breathless dining-room at Butt's that Douglas heard the very latest news of Harry:

"They come in last night wi' every drop o' go sweated outer their horses. An' they raised Cain fur a few hours—jes ter git the fellers waked proper—and then they had bets goin'; an' the end o' it wuz they wuz ridin' races up the street till sunup. All the hosses they cud git hold on—an' then if that limb Harry didn't fetch up a old bull from somewheres an' bucket him round. They bin spellin' the hosses ter-day—but there ain't no spells fur no one else when as Harry an' Jake's around."

"Where are they now?" asked Douglas, leaning across the table.

The man who had given the news chased a potato round his plate with his knife, swallowed it, and said:

"Takin' the roof off Carmen's. Can't yer 'ear them? They're going ter pull out at daybreak—an' they won't git no more fun fur a week."

"I want to see Lapont to-night," said Douglas, getting up.

The man grinned, rubbing the crumbs from his beard.

"Ye'll jes remember that Harry's a hair-trigger when as yer rile him. An' yer don't look like yer was goin' funnin' yerself."

"No," said Douglas; and went down the street, past the tin-roofed shanties that exuded heat yet, and into Carmen's bar.

Here some one had just put the lights out. More than one voice swore high that it was Harry, and a rush of men swirled Douglas into a corner, where his wisdom kept him. Then Harry's voice rode clear on the blast of sound:

"On the bar. Put 'em on the bar! If they won't fight by lamplight, they shall do it in the dark. Go on, Jerry; I'm backing you. Bring Shud up to it, Brackett! My man 'll get a chirp out of him . . . hit out, you young beggar, or I'll show you."

"You've got some hanky-panky on, Harry. . . . Make a light there, boys. . . . Hang it! he's smashed the lamp. Here's kerosene all over the place!"

"Put a light to Tommy if you want a torch," suggested Harry. "He'll burn blue flames. Hallo, Jerry! got one in that time! Shud's backing down already, Brackett. Told you he hadn't any spunk."

"It's a shame ter git them two little kids fightin' . . ."

"That's all you know about it! I'd teach my own kid to use his fists if I had a kid. It's a cleaner game than lots you play, Moses. Hey . . . that was worth coming out for to hear, Jerry!"

The close-smelling heat, and the dark, and the crowding presence of unseen; unknown men, and the power of Harry's gay voice above all, made his message unreal to Douglas. The distant wide verandas and scented garden with the little white mother and child had no part in this hot, virile, lawless life of men.

Some one struck a match, that was blown out on the instant. Then another flame spurted from a far corner, and a yell of laughter went up. Across the bar Harry and Brackett were sparring, while the boys lay flat, with heads tucked under their arms. Harry pulled himself on the bar, rocking with laughter, and candle-light brought by some one flickered over him. Douglas looked across the heads of the men, and anxiety warred with the hate in his eyes. Harry was thinner than of old; browner, and the lines of his handsome face were deepened. But there was nothing of the sot or the sinner. Nor was there anything of the lover whom Lil's heart remembered.

"I'll lam you, Brackett," Harry was saying. "Got me on my own game that time. Did you think—"

"'Tain't the fust time yer hit a feller what can't see yer, Lapont!"

"Who said that?"

Harry was off the bar, with a face that was not known to Douglas. It was a true word that his temper was set to a hair-trigger. His eyes ran along the front, finding that which he sought.

"You, was it, Campbell?"

"An' meant it," said Campbell, with an oath.

Harry wheeled, snatched a glass from

the bar, slung it straight at Campbell, and leaped after. Ten men parted them, and in the struggle Harry's glance crossed Douglas's. His hands dropped.

"Let me go," he said, quietly. "I'll come back and settle him afterwards. Jake, come along out here a minute! Hands off, you fellows, 'fore I make you."

He was gone before Douglas understood. When he did he found Jake standing in the street scratching his shock head and muttering stray oaths without meaning.

"Where is Lapont?" demanded Douglas.

"'Git Brackett ter help yer' . . . that's what 'e said. 'I'm goin' 'ome' . . . that's what 'e said. 'Yer'll hev ter lump along as yer can' . . . that's what 'e said, too. What the this an' that an' the other—"

"Where is he?" cried Douglas again.

"Gone! Didn't I tell yer? There ain't no grass don't grow under Harry's feet. Goin' 'ome, that's what he said. If I ain't blest . . ."

And there, in the dirty little street, with the noisy bar behind and the great dim distances whither Harry had gone before him, Douglas gained some faint understanding of the breed that carries the brand of the wild. Harry had not forgotten; and since it could be but a message from Lil had brought Douglas out-back, Harry had gone to find it out for himself. Gone alone, unasking one word from the man who had given him hate only from the beginning.

Douglas routed out Binnie, took fresh horses, and turned his face again to the plains and the red sand-hills. It was not his way to explain matters to his inferiors, and—so that there was money in it—Binnie had no care whither their track might lead. The summer lightning was writing careless words across the sky, and each star shone, round, hard, and polished as a jewel. The twisted gums gave place to clogging sand, to rough scoria, to close-set she-oaks that moan and whisper among themselves though all the wind of the world be dead. By the water-hole beyond Wudyong, Binnie climbed from his horse and made search in the long grasses that were faded under the coming dawn.

"I don't see—see no tracks—" Then

he swore with a fervency that startled Douglas.

"What is it? What is it, Binnie?"

"Hit's a loonatick," said Binnie, with his withered face puckered. "Hit's what yer'd expec' o' Harry, an' o' no other man livin' . . . ef he are livin' now."

The breath caught in Douglas's throat.

"If? Why . . .?"

"He's taken a short cut . . . where we ain't goin' ter foller him. He's gone over the Never-tire, which is precipusses an' river an' rotten footholdin' an' 'ell. He's gone ter cut twenty mile off the track an' ter break 'is bloomin' neck. Come up, Jenny."

He kicked the mare into a quick amble down the naked road, and Douglas followed, his chin sunk on his breast, and Lil's yearning face alive in his heart. Binnie chewed his plug in silence, while the sun came up raw and scarlet over the wastes, and a brood of emu scuttled through the dried grass. Then he said:

"If we don't pick hup 'is tracks at Kiarabilli, 'e's dead. That's Harry. Never no 'alf-an'-'alf wi' him. You knows best why 'e's bin foolin' round 'ere this six months, an' now 'e's bustin' 'is mare an' 'isself ter git 'ome—"

"I don't," said Douglas, curtly.

Binnie shrugged his shoulders and grunted.

"You wasn't born on the aidge o' airth an' sky where the winds are," he said, and spoke no more until they off-saddled at a bush-cutters' camp for feed.

It was golden afternoon, with the magpies singing in the gum-scrub, when they passed Kiarabilli and came to the little side-track that ran down from the Never-tire. Binnie drew rein at the lip of it, tumbled off, and went up it two chain, with keen, searching eyes on the ground. Douglas sat and waited, watching the great black backbone of the Never-tire where the white teeth of a torrent shone on its distant flank. And Lil's face was a vivid pain in his heart.

Binnie came back, with his withered old face suddenly gray.

"Never no hoss 'as bin down 'ere ter-day," he said, "let alone Harry's bay mare. Well . . . it wuz gin cocktails an' whiskey straight wi' Harry allers. He lived swift, an' he'd die swift. Him an' the Never-tire'd see ter that!"



Drawn by L. W. Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THEN HE STUMBLER TO HIS KNEES

"He—he might come yet," said Douglas.

"It ain't Harry'd take a short cut 'nless it were goin' ter be a short cut. He'd past two hours ago—ef 'e were livin'."

They took the unending level road at a walk, and silence was very heavy between them. The knowledge that he was glad at the sudden snapping of this gay, reckless life was thundering in Douglas's brain. He had prayed to his God daily since he learned at his mother's knee . . . and in these later months he had prayed for Harry's death. Memory of the deserted child-wife and her baby that carried Harry's dark head was swept from him. He saw for just one instant into the hereafter, whither his prayer had sent a soul so vivid with life's loves and passions that the red blood must surely beat there yet and the gay voice be calling.

"He deserved it," said Douglas, over and yet many times over. "God! he deserved it."

Then later, his eyes blinded in the heat-wrung distance, "Oh, God . . . forgive."

Two miles of the slow gray road; three; and then a sudden chuckle from Binnie. Douglas raised his head. He had been mapping out the words that he would say to Lil.

"What is it?" he said.

"See them tracks? I bin follerin' them this quarter-mile. A sundowner dun't run light-weight on 'is toes, an' he dun't gen'ally wear ridin'-boots. Harry wears narrer eights in ridin'-boots, an' he picks hup 'is feet clean. Now, what d'yer think?"

Douglas stared down at the red blown dust, and the blood was whirling in his head.

"I don't see anything," he said.

"Where *was* yer born at all? Well—ef yer wanter know . . . Harry's lost up his mare someways an' he's doin' it out on foot. He tuk down the dried crik 'stead o' makin' in fur Kiarabilli 'cos o' the river, an' he'll git in ter Palliser's all right ef 'e kin stand it out fur eight mile arter all the days an' nights as 'e's got behint him." He turned to Douglas earnestly. "What's 'e doin' it fur?" he asked.

"He married my sister and left her,"

said Douglas, curtly. "Now he is going back—to take her away before I come, I think. He stole her once before."

Binnie spat out his plug and cut another.

"She'll forgive him," he said at length. "The woman as Harry loved 'd forgive 'im anythin' . . . an' she'd be wuth the seein', that same gel."

Douglas said nothing; and still the track wound on, through brush, over sand-hills, along sidelings; and ever into the gathering night. To Douglas the man they followed was before them in the shadows. He heard the labored breathing and the drop of the sweat on the shrivelled gum-leaves or the hard red dust. And slowly a reverence for this man's unbroken pluck woke beside the old hate. At Palliser's Binnie asked questions, and the answers were few.

Harry had taken a horse from there at sunset. His coat was ripped, and there was blood on his shirt. But he had paused for no more than one nip, had buckled the girths almost before the saddle was on. . . . "An' that was the larst we seed o' him," said Palliser. "Cops arter him, eh? He looked like he was ridin' fur his life."

In so far as Harry understood what he was doing he did ride for his life through that night. Exhaustion dizzied his brain and showed pictures of Lil laid dead in the room that had been theirs. Of Lil's grave in the fir plantation among the brown needles that she loved to play with. Of Lil crying for him in the night . . . crying where he could not come . . . where he would never come, because of the punishment that was on him for eternity. The mad life among the men out-back that he had exulted in dropped from him, and instead there were Lil's soft lips and Lil's blue child-eyes wide with love.

Red dawn brought him to the edge of the tussock plain; and in the cool beauty of early morning he reined up by the dam, tripped among the long grass, and lay there. It was later when some power came back and he crawled to the house, tired almost beyond fear, and treading the familiar ways reverently. There was a great stillness over the sunny garden and the magnolia-bushes and the loops of purple clematis along

the veranda. A woman passed the trellis beyond the summer-house and went up the steps into the house. A white cap caught the sun on her head, and white bands showed at her wrists and throat. Harry was afraid then, because a hospital nurse generally means illness and death. He went away from her, along the trellis, touching the wood uncertainly with his fingers. And at the end of the trellis was a big cane chair and Lil. She moved at his step, and the covering fell away from a round, sleeping head on her breast. Harry held his breath, looking on the two.

"Harry . . . Harry . . . Harry . . ." Lil was struggling to get up; but Harry did not move.

"You will never forgive me," he said. "You will never forgive me!"

"Harry! Oh . . . dearest . . ."

Then he stumbled to his knees, with his head against her shoulder.

"What am I made of that I could go away from you!" he said. "Lil—my little white bird! Lil!"

It was there that Douglas found them, and Harry stood up, gripping such strength as was left him.

"It's you to throw this time," he said, with a quiver of his old defiance. "For you've first right here now, Douglas."

Douglas was grimed with dust, and his eyes were reddened from sun-glare and want of sleep. He turned from the gladness of Lil's face to Harry, swaying on his feet with utter weariness.

"I am glad you admit so much," he said.

"I never knew—" cried Harry, and caught himself in. "Double sixes, is it? For, or against? They've reason to be loaded now, haven't they?"

Lil was rolling the shawl round the little black head.

"Douglas," she said, "take him . . ." And as Douglas handled the bundle she added, "Will you take him to nurse, or—will you give him to Harry yourself, dear old boy?"

Harry stood very still, and his tired face was livid under the tan. For so much power lay in Douglas's hands now. Under all the wide sky, through all the wild ranges, there was nothing he could give Lil instead of all that she would forsake if she followed him when Douglas should cast him out.

The baby body was warm against Douglas's own, and the soft hand beat once on his cheek. Douglas looked at Harry. He himself stood between the other man's wife and child, now and to the end of life. And he knew it. For the wild, careless blood that was Harry's unasked-for birthright would wrest nothing stable from all the earth's gifts.

Into the silence that was strung upon the tension of hearts came suddenly to Douglas the memory of his last prayer . . . "Oh, God, forgive." He took three steps and held the bundle forward.

"I think you'd better take him to nurse, Harry," he said. "You haven't come to let me do all the work, have you?"

"B-but which end up d'you hold the thing?" demanded Harry, and fumbled for Douglas's hand instead.

Dawn

BY AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS

THESE are no sounds of feet
Or wagons in the street—
So still, so beautiful
With air so fresh and cool—
I love the dawn to come;
And yet I know that some
Are not so glad as I—
For they must wake to cry,

Legends of the City of Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

The Legend of the Mulata de Córdoba

IT is well known, Señor, that this Mulata of Córdoba, being a very beautiful woman, was in close touch with the devil. She dwelt in Córdoba—the town not far from Vera Cruz, where coffee and very good mangos are grown—and she was born so long ago that the very oldest man now living was not then alive. No one knew who was her father, or who was her mother, or where she came from. So she was called La Mulata de Córdoba—and that was all. One of the wonders of her was that the years passed her without marking her, and she never grew old.

She led a very good life, helping every one who was in trouble, and giving food to the hungry ones; and she dressed in modest clothes simply, and always was most neat and clean. She was a very wicked witch—and beyond that nobody really knew anything about her at all. On the same day, and at the same hour, she would be seen by different people in different places widely apart—as here in the City, and in Córdoba, and elsewhere variously—all in precisely the same moment of time. She also was seen flying through the air, high above the roofs of the houses, with sparks flashing from her black eyes. Moreover, every night the devil visited her: as was known generally, because at night her neighbors observed that through the chinks in the tight-shut doors and windows of her house there shone a bright light—as though all the inside of the house were filled with flames. She went to mass regularly, and at the proper seasons partook of the Sacrament. She disdained everybody; and because of her disdainings it was believed that the master of her beauty was the Lord of Darkness; and that seemed reasonable. Every single one of the young men was mad about her, and she had a train of lovers from which she could pick and choose. All wonders were

told of her. She was so powerful, and could work such prodigies, that she was spoken about—just as though she had been the blessed Santa Rita de Casia—as the Advocate of Impossible Things! Old maids went to her who sought for husbands; poor ladies who longed for jewels and fine dresses that they might go to the court of the Viceroy; miners that they might find silver; old soldiers, set aside for rustiness, to get new commands—so that the saying, “*I am not the Mulata of Córdoba!*” is the answer when any one asks an impossible favor even now.

How it came about, Señor, no one ever knew. What every one did know was that, on a day, the Mulata was brought from Córdoba here to the City and was cast into the prison of the Holy Office. That was a piece of news that made a stir! Some said that a disdained lover had denounced her to the Inquisition. Others said that the Holy Office had laid hands on her less because she was a witch than because of her great riches—and it was told that when she had been seized ten barrels filled with gold-dust had been seized with her. So talk about the matter was on every tongue.

Many years went by, Señor, and all of that talk was almost forgotten. Then, one morning, the city was astonished by hearing—no one knew from where—that at the next auto de fe the witch of Córdoba would walk with the unredeemed ones, wearing the green cloak and the high bonnet, and would be burned at the burning-place of the Holy Office—it was in front of the church of San Diego, Señor, at the western end of what now is the Alameda—and so would have burned out of her her sins. And before that astonishment was ended, there came another and a greater: when it was told that the witch, before the very eyes of her jailers, had escaped from the prison of the Inquisition and was gone free!

All sorts of stories flew about the city. One said, crossing himself, that her friend the devil had helped her to her freedom; another said that Inquisitors also were of flesh and blood, and that she had been freed by her own beauty. Men talked at random—because neither then nor later did anybody know what really had happened. But what really did happen, Señor, was this:

On a day, the chief Inquisitor went into the prison of the Mulata that he might reason her to repentance. And, being come into her prison—it was a long and lofty chamber that they had put her into, Señor, not one of the bad small cells—he stopped short in amazement: beholding before him, drawn with charcoal on the wall of the chamber, a great ship that lacked not a single rope nor a single sail nor anything whatever that a ship requires! While he stood gazing at that ship, wondering, the Mulata turned to him and looked strangely at him out of her wicked black eyes, and said in a tone of railing: “Holy father, what does this ship need to make it perfect?” And to that he answered: “Unhappy woman! It is thou who needest much to make thee perfect, that thou mayest be cleansed of thy sins! As for this ship, it is in all other ways so wholly perfect that it needs only to sail.” Then said the Mulata: “That it shall do—and very far!” and there was on her face as she spoke to him a most wicked smile. With astonishment he looked at her, and at the ship. “How can that be possible?” he asked. “In this manner!” she answered—and, as she spoke, she leaped lightly from the floor of the prison to the deck of the ship, up there on the wall, and stood with her hand upon the tiller at the ship’s stern.

Then happened, Señor, a very wonderful marvel! Suddenly the sails of the ship filled and bellied out as though a strong wind were blowing; and then, before the eyes of the Inquisitor, the ship went sailing away along the wall of the chamber—the Mulata laughing wickedly as she swung the tiller and steered it upon its course! Slowly it went at first, and then more and more rapidly; until, being come to the wall at the end of the chamber, it sailed right out into and through the solid stone and mortar—the Mulata still laughing wickedly as she

stood there steering at the ship’s stern! And then the wall closed whole and solid again behind the ship, and only a little echoing sound of that wicked laughter was heard in the chamber—and the ship had vanished, and the Mulata was out of her prison and gone!

The Inquisitor, Señor, who had seen this devil’s miracle, immediately lost all his senses and became a madman and was put into a madhouse: where, till death gave peace to him, he raved always of a beautiful woman in a great ship that sailed through stone walls and across the solid land. As for the Mulata, nothing more ever was heard of her. But it was generally known that her master the devil had claimed her for his own.

This story is entirely true, Señor—as is proved by the fact that the Inquisition building, in which all these wonders happened, still is standing. It is the Escuela de Medicina, now.

The Legend of the Calle de la Joya

What this street was called, in very old times, Señor, no one knows: because the dreadful thing that gave to it the name of the Street of the Jewel happened a long, long while ago. It was before the Independence. It was while the Viceroy was here who were sent by the King of Spain.

In those days there lived in this fine house at the corner of the Calle de Mesones and what since then has been called the Calle de la Joya—it is at the northwest corner, Señor, and a biscuit-bakery is on the lower floor—a very rich Spanish merchant: who was named Don Alonso Fernández de Bobadilla, and who was a tall and handsome man, and gentlemanly, and at times given to fits of rage. He was married to a very rich and a very beautiful lady, who was named Doña Ysabel de la Garcide y Tovar; and she was the daughter of the Conde de Torrealea. This lady was of an ardent and a wilful nature, but Don Alonso loved her with a sincerity and humored her in all her whims and wants. When they went abroad together—always in a grand coach, with servants like flies around them—the whole city stood still and stared!

Doña Ysabel was not worthy of her

husband's love: and so he was told one day, by whom there was no knowing, in a letter that was thrown from the street into the room where he was sitting on the ground floor. It was his office of affairs, Señor. It is one of the rooms where the biscuits are baked now. In that letter he was bidden to watch with care his wife's doings with the Licenciado Don José Raul de Lara, the Fiscal of the Inquisition—who was a forlorn little man [hombrecillo] not at all deserving of any lady's love—and Don Alonso did watch, and what came of his watching was a very terrible thing.

He pretended, Señor, that he had an important affair with the Viceroy that would keep him at the Palace until far into the night; and so went his way from his home in the early evening—but went no farther than a dozen paces from his own door. There, in the dark street, huddled close into a doorway, his cloak around him—it was a night in winter—he waited in the creeping cold. After a time along came some one—he did not know who, but it was the Licenciado—and as he drew near to the house Doña Ysabel came out upon her balcony, and between them there passed a sign. Then, in a little while, the door of Don Alonso's house was opened softly and the Licenciado went in; and then, softly, the door was shut again.

Presently, Don Alonso also went in, holding in his hand his dagger. What he found—and it made him so angry that he fell into one of his accustomed fits of rage over it—was the Licenciado putting on the wrist of his wife a rich golden bracelet. When they saw him, Señor, their faces at once went white—and their faces remained white always: because Don Alonso, before the blood could come back again, had killed the two of them with his dagger—and they were white in death! Then Don Alonso did what gave to this street the name of the Street of the Jewel. From Doña Ysabel's wrist he wrenched loose the bracelet, and as he left the house he pinned it fast with his bloody dagger to the door.

In that way things were found the next morning by the watch; and the watch, suspecting that something wrong had happened—because to see a bracelet and a bloody dagger in such a place was

unusual—called the Alcalde to come and look into the matter; and the Alcalde, coming, found Doña Ysabel and the Licenciado lying very dead upon the floor. So the street was called the Calle de la Joya, and that is its name.

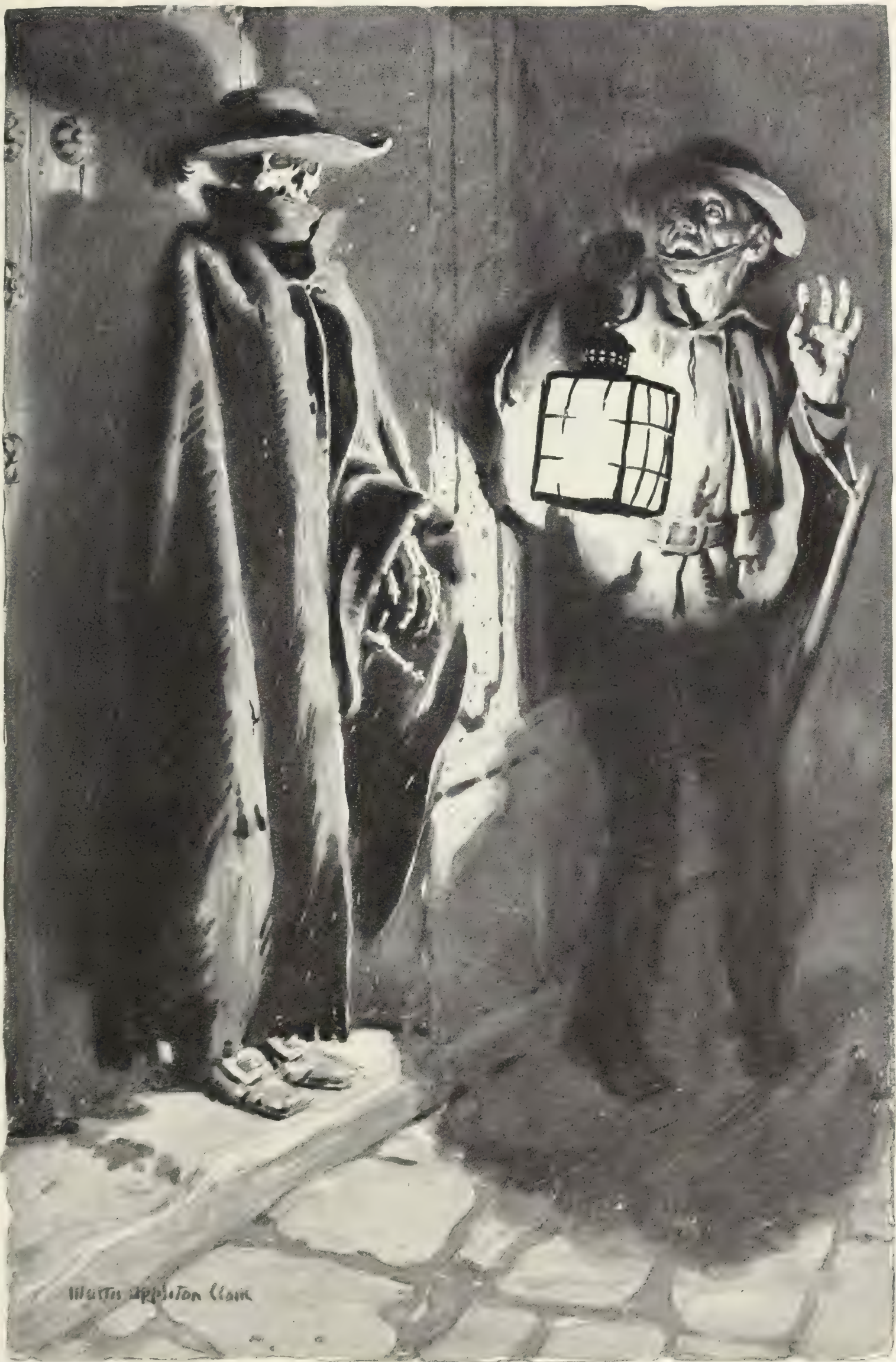
Don Alonso, Señor, was worried by what he had done, and became a Dieguino—it is the strict order of the Franciscans. They go barefoot—and it was in the convent of the Dieguinos, over there at the western end of the Alameda, that he ended his days.

The Legend of the Calle de Los Parados

Two dead lovers, Señor, stand always in the Calle de los Parados, one at each end of it; and that is why—because they remain steadfastly on parade there, though it is not everybody who happens to see their yellow skeletons on those corners—the street of the Parados is so named.

As you may suppose, Señor, the lovers now being dry skeletons, what brought them there happened some time ago. Just when it happened, I do not know precisely; but it was when an excellent gentleman, who was an officer in the Royal Mint, lived in the fine house that is in the middle of the street on the south side of it, and had living with him a very beautiful daughter whose hair was like spun gold. This gentleman was named Don José de Vallejo y Hermosillo; and his daughter was named (because her mother was of the noble family of Vezca) Doña María Ysabel de Vallejo y Vezca; and she was of great virtue and sweetness and was twenty-two years old.

All the young men of the city sought her in marriage; but there were two who were more than any of the others in earnest about it. One of these was Don Francisco Puerto y Solis, a lieutenant of dragoons: who had to offer her only his good looks—he was a very handsome gentleman—and the hope of what he might get for himself with his sword. The other one was the Señor Don Antonio Miguel del Cardonal, Conde de Valdecebro—who also was a handsome gentleman, and who owned mills in Puebla of the Angels, and a very great hacienda, and was so rich that it was the whole business of two old notaries to count his gold.



Walter Appleton Clark

LA CALLE DE LOS PARADOS

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

And these two posted themselves every day in the street in which was Doña María's home—one at the corner of the Calle del Reloj, the other at the corner of the Calle de Santa Catarina—that they might look at her when she came forth from her house; and that she might see them waiting to get sight of her, and so know that they loved her. It was the same custom then, Señor, as it is to-day. In that way all of our polite young men make love.

And just as our young ladies nowadays wait and wait and think and think before they make their hearts up, so Doña María waited and thought then—and the time slipped on and on, and neither the Lieutenant nor the Conde knew what was in her mind. Then there happened, Señor, a very dismal thing. A pestilence fell upon the city, and of that pestilence Doña María sickened and died. But it chanced that neither of her lovers was on his corner when they took her out from her house to bury her—you see, Señor, even lovers must eat and sleep sometimes, and they could not be always on their watch for her—and in that way it happened that neither of them knew that she was dead and gone. Therefore they kept on standing on their parade quite as usual—coming steadfastly to their corners day after day, and month after month, and year after year. And although, after a while, they died too, they still stood at their posts—just as though they and Doña María still were alive. And there, on their corners, they have remained until this very day.

It is told, Señor, that once in broad daylight half the city saw those honest waiting skeletons. It was on a day when there was a great festival for the incoming of a new Viceroy, and they were seen by the crowd that waited in the atrium of the church of Santa Catarina to see the procession pass. But that was several years ago, Señor. Now, for the most part, it is at night and by moonlight that they are seen. I have not happened to see them myself—but then I do not often go that way.

The Legend of the Mujer Herrada

I do not know when this matter happened, Señor; but my grandfather, who

told me about it, spoke as though all three of them—the priest, and the blacksmith, and the woman—had lived a long while before his time. However, my grandfather said that the priest and the woman, who was his housekeeper, pretty certainly lived in a house—it is gone now, Señor—that was in the street that is called the Puerta Falsa de Santo Domingo. And he said that the blacksmith certainly did live in a house in the Calle de las Rejas de la Balvanera—because he himself had seen the house, and had seen the farrier's knife and the pincers cut on the stone arching above the door. Therefore you perceive, Señor, that my grandfather was well acquainted with these people, and that this story is true.

The priest was a secular, Señor, not belonging to any Order; and he and the blacksmith were compadres together—that is to say, they were close friends. It was because the blacksmith had a great liking for his compadre, and a great respect for him, that from time to time he urged him to send away the housekeeper; but his compadre always had some pleasant excuse to make about the matter, and so the blacksmith would be put off. And things went on that way for a number of years.

Now it happened, on a night, that the blacksmith was wakened out of his sleep by a great pounding at the door of his house; and when he got up and went to his door he found standing there two blacks—they were men whom he never had laid eyes on—and with them was a she mule that they had brought to be shod. The blacks made their excuses to him politely for waking him at that bad hour: telling him that the mule belonged to his compadre, and had been sent to him to be shod in the night and in a hurry because his compadre of a sudden had occasion to go upon a journey, and that he must start upon his journey very early on the morning of the following day. Then the blacksmith, looking closely at the mule, saw that she really was the mule of his compadre; and so, for friendship's sake, he shod her without more words. The blacks led the mule away when the shoeing was finished; and, as they went off into the night with her, they fell to beating her so cruelly with heavy sticks that the blacksmith talked to them



LA MUJER HERRADA

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

with great severity. But the blacks kept on beating the mule, and even after they were lost in the darkness the blacksmith continued to hear the sound of their blows.

In some ways this whole matter seemed so strange to the blacksmith that he wanted to know more about it. Therefore he got up very early in the morning and went to his compadre's house: meaning to ask him what was the occasion of this journey that had to be taken in such a hurry, and who those strange blacks were who so cruelly had beaten his meritorious mule. But when he was come to the house he had to wait a while before the door was opened; and when at last it did open, there was his compadre half asleep—and his compadre said that he was not going on any journey, and that most certainly he had not sent his mule to be shod. And then, as he got wider awake, he began to laugh at the blacksmith because of the trick that had been put upon him; and that the woman might share in the joke of it—they all were great friends together—he knocked at the door of her room and called to her. But the woman did not answer back to him; and when he knocked louder and louder she still gave no sign.

Then he, and the blacksmith too, became anxious about the woman; and together they opened the door and went into the room. And what they saw when they were come into the room, Señor, was the most terrible sight that ever was seen in this world! For there, lying upon her bed, was that unhappy woman looking all distraught and agonized; and nailed fast to the feet and to the hands of her were the very same iron shoes that the blacksmith—who well knew his own forge-work—had nailed fast to the hoofs of the mule! Moreover, upon her body were the welts and the bruises left there when the blacks had beaten the mule with their cruel blows. And the woman, Señor, was as dead as she possibly could be. So they knew that what had happened was a divine punishment, and that the blacks were two devils who had changed the woman into a mule and so had taken her to be shod.

Perceiving, because of such a sign being given him, Señor, that he had committed an error, the master of that house

of horror immediately went out from it—and at once disappeared completely and never was heard of again. As for the blacksmith, he was so pained by his share in the matter that always afterward, until the death of him, he was a very unhappy man. And that is the story of the Iron-shod Woman, Señor, from first to last.

The Legend of the Calle de la Cruz Verde

This story is not a sad one, Señor, like the others. It is a joyful story of a gentleman and a lady who loved each other, and were married, and lived in happiness together until they died. And it was because of his happiness that the gentleman caused to be carved on the corner of his house, below the balcony on which he saw that day the sign which gave hope to him, this great green cross of stone that is there still.

The house with the green cross on it, Señor, stands at the corner of the Calle de la Cruz Verde—the street, you see, was named for it—and the Calle de Migueles. It was a fine house in the days when Doña María's father built it. Now it is old and shabby, and the saint that once stood in the niche above the cross is gone. But there is an excellent pulquería there, Señor—it is called La Heroína—where pulque of the best and the freshest is to be had every morning of every day the whole year round.

I do not know, Señor, when this matter happened; but I have heard it told that this gentleman, who was named Don Alvaro de Villadiego y Manrique, came to Mexico in the train of the Viceroy Don Gaston de Peralta—so it must have happened a very long while ago.

This Don Alvaro was a very handsome gentleman—tall, and slender, and fair; and he wore clothes of white velvet worked with gold, and a blue cap with a white feather; and he rode always a very beautiful Arabian horse. His hair and his little pointed beard were a golden brown, Señor; and he was a sight to behold!

It happened, on a day, that he was taking the air on his Arabian; and he was wearing—because a festival of some sort was in progress—all of his fine clothes.

So he came prancing down the Calle de Migueles, and in the balcony of that corner house—the house on which the green cross now is—he saw a very beautiful young lady, who was most genteel in her appearance and as white as snow. He fell in love with her on that very instant; and she—although because of her virtue and good training she did not show it—on that very instant fell in love with him. Then he made inquiry and found that her name was Doña María de Aldarafuente y Segura. Therefore he resolved to marry her. And so, every day he rode past her balcony and looked up at her with eyes full of love. As for Doña María, she was so well brought up, and her parents watched her so narrowly, that it was a long while before she made any answering sign. And for that reason, Señor, she loved him all the more tenderly in her heart.

Then it happened, at the end of a long while, that Doña María's mother fell ill; and so, the watch upon her being less close, Don Alvaro was able to get to her hands a letter in which he begged that she would give to him her love. And he told her in his letter that—if she could not answer it with another letter—she should give him one of two signs by which he would know her will. If she did not love him, she was to hang upon the railing of her balcony a cross of dry palm-leaves—and when he saw that dry cross he would most certainly, he told her, that day die. But if she did love him, she was to hang a cross of green palm-leaves upon the railing of her balcony—and when he saw that green cross he would know, he told her, that she had given him her true promise of heaven-perfect happiness for all his life long.

Being a lady, Señor, Doña María let some days go by before she hung on the railing of her balcony any cross at all—and during those days Don Alvaro was within no more than a hair's breadth of going mad. And then—when madness was so close to him that with one single moment more of waiting his wits would have left him—on a day of days, when the spring-time sun was shining and all the birds were singing love-songs together, Don Alvaro saw hanging on the railing of Doña María's balcony a beautiful bright green cross!

Of course, after that, Señor, things went fast and well. By the respectable intervention of a cleric—who was the friend of Don Alvaro, and who also was the friend of Doña María's parents—all the difficulties were cleared away in a hurry; and only a fortnight after the green cross was hung on the railing of Doña María's balcony—that fortnight seemed an endless time to Don Alvaro, but for such a matter it really was the least that a lady could get ready in—they went together before the altar, and at the foot of it they vowed to each other their love. And what is best of all, Señor, is that they kept faithfully their vow.

Then it was, being gladly married, that Don Alvaro caused the green cross of stone—so big that it rises to the first floor from the pavement—to be carved on the corner of the house that thenceforward they lived in; and it was carved beneath the very balcony where had hung the green cross of palm-leaves that had given to him Doña María's promise of heaven-perfect happiness for all his life long.

And there the green cross still is, Señor; and the name of the street, as I have told you, is the Calle de la Cruz Verde—which of course proves that this story is true.

The Legend of La Llorona

As is generally known, Señor, many bad things are met with at night in the streets of the city; but this Wailing Woman, La Llorona, is the very worst of them all. She is worse by far than the Vaca de lumbre—that at midnight comes forth from the potrero of San Sebastian and goes galloping through the streets like a blazing whirlwind, breathing forth from her nostrils smoke and flames: because the Fiery Cow, Señor, while a dangerous animal to look at, really does nobody any harm. And La Llorona is as harmful as she can be.

Seeing her walking along quietly—at the times when she is not running, and shrieking for her lost children—she seems a respectable person, only odd-looking because of her white skirt and the white reboso with which her head is covered, and anybody might speak to her. But whoever does speak to her, in that very same moment dies!

No one who has stopped her to talk with her ever has lived to tell what happens at that terrible encounter; but it is generally known that what does happen is this: Slowly she turns toward the one who has spoken, and slowly she opens the folds of her white reboso—and then is seen a bare grinning skull set fast to a bare skeleton; and from her fleshless jaws comes one single icy-cold breath that freezes into instant death whoever feels it. After that—shrieking again for her lost children—she rushes onward, the white gleam of her gashing the darkness; and, in the morning, the one who spoke to her is found lying dead there, with a look of despairing horror frozen fast in his dead eyes!

What is most wonderful is that she is seen in the same hour by different people in places widely apart: one seeing her hurrying across the atrium of the Cathedral; another beside the Arcos de San Cosme; and a third near the Salto del Agua, over by the prison of Belen—and all in the very same moment of time.

She is so generally known, Señor, and so greatly feared, that nowadays few people stop her to speak with her—therefore few die because of her, and that is fortunate. But her loud keen wailings, and the sound of her running feet, are heard often; and especially in nights of storm. I myself have heard them, Señor; but I never have seen her. God forbid that I ever shall!

Dreamers

BY FALLOW NORTON

THEY had great wealth of golden dreams.
 We prayed them of their store—
 The singing gods—for coin of dreams
 Is golden words outpour.

To one they flung of their largesse:
 O fair he spread his board!
 And there I've supped, his cup to bless,
 With many a laughing lord.

Sure, one lies buried 'neath his gift;
 From one they did withhold;
 And one sits doubting if to lift
 His single coin of gold.

To me was sparely, sparely given
 And I spend freely O!
 To buy me little clouds of heaven
 To curtain my window.

To fit a caravan so fleet
 'Twill cross the desert skies,
 That I may dip my dancing feet
 In yestermorn's sunrise!

The Bedquilt

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

OF all the Elwell family Aunt Mehetabel was certainly the most unimportant member. It was in the New England days, when an unmarried woman was an old maid at twenty, at forty was every one's servant, and at sixty had gone through so much discipline that she could need no more in the next world. Aunt Mehetabel was sixty-eight.

She had never for a moment known the pleasure of being important to any one. Not that she was useless in her brother's family; she was expected, as a matter of course, to take upon herself the most tedious and uninteresting part of the household labors. On Mondays she accepted as her share the washing of the men's shirts, heavy with sweat and stiff with dirt from the fields and from their own hard-working bodies. Tuesdays she never dreamed of being allowed to iron anything pretty or even interesting, like the baby's white dresses, or the fancy aprons of her young lady nieces. She stood all day pressing out a tiresome, monotonous succession of dish-cloths and towels and sheets.

In preserving-time she was allowed to have none of the pleasant responsibility of deciding when the fruit had cooked long enough, nor did she share in the little excitement of pouring the sweet-smelling stuff into the stone jars. She sat in a corner with the children and stoned cherries incessantly, or hulled strawberries until her fingers were dyed red to the bone.

The Elwells were not consciously unkind to their aunt, they were even in a vague way fond of her; but she was so utterly insignificant a figure in their lives that they bestowed no thought whatever on her. Aunt Mehetabel did not resent this treatment; she took it quite as unconsciously as they gave it. It was to be expected when one was an old-maid dependent in a busy family. She gathered what crumbs of comfort she could from

their occasional careless kindnesses and tried to hide the hurt which even yet pierced her at her brother's rough joking. In the winter when they all sat before the big hearth, roasted apples, drank mulled cider, and teased the girls about their beaux and the boys about their sweethearts, she shrank into a dusky corner with her knitting, happy if the evening passed without her brother saying, with a crude sarcasm, "Ask your aunt Mehetabel about the beaux that used to come a-sparkin' her!" or, "Mehetabel, how was't when you was in love with Abel Cummings." As a matter of fact she had been the same at twenty as at sixty, a quiet, mouselike little creature, too timid and shy for any one to notice, or to raise her eyes for a moment and wish for a life of her own.

Her sister-in-law, a big hearty housewife, who ruled indoors with as autocratic a sway as did her husband on the farm, was rather kind in an absent, off-hand way to the shrunken little old woman, and it was through her that Mehetabel was able to enjoy the one pleasure of her life. Even as a girl she had been clever with her needle in the way of patching bedquilts. More than that she could never learn to do. The garments which she made for herself were the most lamentable affairs, and she was humbly grateful for any help in the bewildering business of putting them together. But in patchwork she enjoyed a mild, tepid importance. She could really do that as well as any one else. During years of devotion to this one art she had accumulated a considerable store of quilting patterns. Sometimes the neighbors would send over and ask "Miss Mehetabel" for such and such a design. It was with an agreeable flutter at being able to help some one that she went to the dresser, in her bare little room under the eaves, and extracted from her crowded portfolio the pattern desired.

She never knew how her great idea came to her. Sometimes she thought she must have dreamed it, sometimes she even wondered reverently, in the phraseology of the weekly prayer-meeting, if it had not been "sent" to her. She never admitted to herself that she could have thought of it without other help; it was too great, too ambitious, too lofty a project for her humble mind to have conceived. Even when she finished drawing the design with her own fingers, she gazed at it incredulously, not daring to believe that it could indeed be her handiwork. At first it seemed to her only like a lovely but quite unreal dream. She did not think of putting it into execution—so elaborate, so complicated, so beautifully difficult a pattern could be only for the angels in heaven to quilt. But so curiously does familiarity accustom us even to very wonderful things, that as she lived with this astonishing creation of her mind, the longing grew stronger and stronger to give it material life with her nimble old fingers.

She gasped at her daring when this idea first swept over her and put it away as one does a sinfully selfish notion, but she kept coming back to it again and again. Finally she said compromisingly to herself that she would make one "square," just one part of her design, to see how it would look. Accustomed to the most complete dependence on her brother and his wife, she dared not do even this without asking Sophia's permission. With a heart full of hope and fear thumping furiously against her old ribs, she approached the mistress of the house on churning-day, knowing with the innocent guile of a child that the country woman was apt to be in a good temper while working over the fragrant butter in the cool cellar.

Sophia listened absently to her sister-in-law's halting, hesitating petition. "Why yes, Mehetabel," she said, leaning far down into the huge churn for the last golden morsels—"why yes, start another quilt if you want to. I've got a lot of pieces from the spring sewing that will work in real good." Mehetabel tried honestly to make her see that this would be no common quilt, but her limited vocabulary and her emotion stood between her and expression. At last

Sophia said, with a kindly impatience: "Oh, there! Don't bother me. I never could keep track of your quiltin' patterns anyhow. I don't care what pattern you go by."

With this overwhelmingly, although unconsciously, generous permission Mehetabel rushed back up the steep attic stairs to her room, and in a joyful agitation began preparations for the work of her life. It was even better than she hoped. By some heaven-sent inspiration she had invented a pattern beyond which no patchwork quilt could go.

She had but little time from her incessant round of household drudgery for this new and absorbing occupation, and she did not dare sit up late at night lest she burn too much candle. It was weeks before the little square began to take on a finished look, to show the pattern. Then Mehetabel was in a fever of impatience to bring it to completion. She was too conscientious to shirk even the smallest part of her share of the work of the house, but she rushed through it with a speed which left her panting as she climbed to the little room. This seemed like a radiant spot to her as she bent over the innumerable scraps of cloth which already in her imagination ranged themselves in the infinitely diverse pattern of her masterpiece. Finally she could wait no longer, and one evening ventured to bring her work down beside the fire where the family sat, hoping that some good fortune would give her a place near the tallow candles on the mantelpiece. She was on the last corner of the square, and her needle flew in and out with inconceivable rapidity. No one noticed her, a fact which filled her with relief, and by bedtime she had but a few more stitches to add.

As she stood up with the others, the square fluttered out of her trembling old hands and fell on the table. Sophia glanced at it carelessly. "Is that the new quilt you're beginning on?" she asked with a yawn. "It looks like a real pretty pattern. Let's see it." Up to that moment Mehetabel had labored in the purest spirit of disinterested devotion to an ideal, but as Sophia held her work towards the candle to examine it, and exclaimed in amazement and admiration, she felt an astonished joy to know



SHE HAD BUT LITTLE TIME FOR HER PATCHWORK

that her creation would stand the test of publicity.

"Land sakes!" ejaculated her sister-in-law, looking at the many-colored square. "Why, Meheta-
bel Elwell, where'd you git that pattern?"

"I made it up," said Meheta-
bel, quietly, but with unutterable pride.

"No!" exclaimed Sophia, incredulously. "*Did* you! Why, I never see such a pattern in my life. Girls, come here and see what your aunt Meheta-
bel is doing."

The three tall daughters turned back reluctantly from the stairs. "I don't seem to take much interest in patch-
work," said one, listlessly.

"No, nor I neither!" answered Sophia; "but a stone image would take an interest in this pattern. Honest, Meheta-
bel, did you think of it yourself? And how under the sun and stars did you ever git your courage up to start in a-making it? Land! Look at all those tiny squinchy little seams! Why, the wrong side ain't a thing *but* seams!"

The girls echoed their mother's exclamations, and Mr. Elwell himself came over to see what they were discussing. "Well, I declare!" he said, looking at his sister with eyes more approving than she could ever remember. "That beats old Mis' Wightman's quilt that got the blue ribbon so many times at the county fair."

Mehetabel's heart swelled within her, and tears of joy moistened her old eyes as she lay that night in her narrow, hard bed, too proud and excited to sleep. The next day her sister-in-law amazed her by taking the huge pan of potatoes out of her lap and setting one of the younger children to peeling them. "Don't you want to go on with that quiltin' pattern?" she said; "I'd kind o' like to see how you're goin' to make the grape-vine design come out on the corner."

At the end of the summer the family interest had risen so high that Mehetabel was given a little stand in the sitting-room where she could keep her pieces, and work in odd minutes. She almost wept over such kindness, and resolved firmly not to take advantage of it by neglecting her work, which she performed with a fierce thoroughness. But the whole atmosphere of her world was changed. Things had a meaning now. Through the longest task of washing milk-pans there rose the rainbow of promise of her variegated work. She took her place by the little table and put the thimble on her knotted, hard finger with the solemnity of a priestess performing a sacred rite.

She was even able to bear with some degree of dignity the extreme honor of having the minister and the minister's wife comment admiringly on her great project. The family felt quite proud of Aunt Mehetabel as Minister Bowman had said it was work as fine as any he had ever seen, "and he didn't know but finer!" The remark was repeated verbatim to the neighbors in the following weeks when they dropped in and examined in a perverse silence some astonishingly difficult *tour de force* which Mehetabel had just finished.

The family especially plumed themselves on the slow progress of the quilt. "Mehetabel has been to work on that corner for six weeks, come Tuesday, and she ain't half done yet," they explained to visitors. They fell out of the way of always expecting her to be the one to run on errands, even for the children. "Don't bother your aunt Mehetabel," Sophia would call. "Can't you see she's got to a ticklish place on the quilt?"

The old woman sat up straighter and looked the world in the face. She was

a part of it at last. She joined in the conversation and her remarks were listened to. The children were even told to mind her when she asked them to do some service for her, although this she did but seldom, the habit of self-effacement being too strong.

One day some strangers from the next town drove up and asked if they could inspect the wonderful quilt which they had heard of, even down in their end of the valley. After that such visitations were not uncommon, making the Elwells' house a notable object. Mehetabel's quilt came to be one of the town sights, and no one was allowed to leave the town without having paid tribute to its worth. The Elwells saw to it that their aunt was better dressed than she had ever been before, and one of the girls made her a pretty little cap to wear on her thin white hair.

A year went by and a quarter of the quilt was finished; a second year passed and half was done. The third year Mehetabel had pneumonia and lay ill for weeks and weeks, overcome with terror lest she die before her work was completed. A fourth year and one could really see the grandeur of the whole design; and in September of the fifth year, the entire family watching her with eager and admiring eyes, Mehetabel quilted the last stitches in her creation. The girls held it up by the four corners, and they all looked at it in a solemn silence. Then Mr. Elwell smote one horny hand within the other and exclaimed: "By ginger! That's goin' to the county fair!"

Mehetabel blushed a deep red at this. It was a thought which had occurred to her in a bold moment, but she had not dared to entertain it. The family acclaimed the idea, and one of the boys was forthwith despatched to the house of the neighbor who was chairman of the committee for their village. He returned with radiant face. "Of course he'll take it. Like's not it may git a prize, so he says; but he's got to have it right off, because all the things are goin' to-morrow morning."

Even in her swelling pride Mehetabel felt a pang of separation as the bulky package was carried out of the house. As the days went on she felt absolutely lost without her work. For years it had



Drawn by W. S. Potts

"WELL, I DECLARE!" HE SAID



SHE SAT STARING INTO THE FIRE

been her one preoccupation, and she could not bear even to look at the little stand, now quite bare of the litter of scraps which had lain on it so long. One of the neighbors, who took the long journey to the fair, reported that the quilt was hung in a place of honor in a glass case in "Agricultural Hall." But that meant little to Mehetabel's utter ignorance of all that lay outside of her brother's home. The family noticed the old woman's depression, and one day Sophia said kindly, "You feel sort o' lost without the quilt, don't you, Mehetabel?"

"They took it away so quick!" she said, wistfully; "I hadn't hardly had one real good look at it myself."

Mr. Elwell made no comment, but a day or two later he asked his sister how early she could get up in the morning.

"I dun'no'. Why?" she asked.

"Well, Thomas Ralston has got to drive clear to West Oldton to see a lawyer there, and that is four miles beyond the fair. He says if you can git up so's to leave here at four in the morning he'll

drive you over to the fair, leave you there for the day, and bring you back again at night."

Mehetabel looked at him with incredulity. It was as though some one had offered her a ride in a golden chariot up to the gates of Heaven. "Why, you can't *mean* it!" she cried, paling with the intensity of her emotion. Her brother laughed a little uneasily. Even to his careless indifference this joy was a revelation of the narrowness of her life in his home. "Oh, 'tain't so much to go to the fair. Yes, I mean it. Go git your things ready, for he wants to start tomorrow morning."

All that night a trembling, excited old woman lay and stared at the rafters. She, who had never been more than six miles from home in her life, was going to drive thirty miles away—it was like going to another world. She who had never seen anything more exciting than a church supper was to see the county fair. To Mehetabel it was like making the tour of the world. She had never

dreamed of doing it. She could not at all imagine what it would be like.

Nor did the exhortations of the family, as they bade good-by to her, throw any light on her confusion. They had all been at least once to the scene of gayety she was to visit, and as she tried to eat her breakfast they called out conflicting advice to her till her head whirled. Sophia told her to be sure and see the display of preserves. Her brother said not to miss inspecting the stock, her nieces said the fancy work was the only thing worth looking at, and her nephews said she must bring them home an account of the races. The buggy drove up to the door, she was helped in, and her wraps tucked about her. They all stood together and waved good-by to her as she drove out of the yard. She waved back, but she scarcely saw them. On her return home that evening she was very pale, and so tired and stiff that her brother had to lift her out bodily, but her lips were set in a blissful smile. They crowded around her with thronging questions, until Sophia pushed them all aside, telling them Aunt Mehetabel was too tired to speak until she had had her supper. This was eaten in an enforced silence on the part of the children, and then the old woman was helped into an easy chair before the fire. They gathered about her, eager for news of the great world, and Sophia said, "Now come, Mehetabel, tell us all about it!"

Mehetabel drew a long breath. "It was just perfect!" she said, "finer even than I thought. They've got it hanging up in the very middle of a sort o' closet made of glass, and one of the lower corners is ripped and turned back so's to show the seams on the wrong side."

"What?" asked Sophia, a little blankly.

"Why, the quilt!" said Mehetabel in surprise. "There are a whole lot of other ones in that room, but not one that can hold a candle to it, if I do say it who shouldn't. I heard lots of people say the same thing. You ought to have heard what the women said about that corner, Sophia. They said—well, I'd be ashamed to *tell* you what they said. I declare if I wouldn't!"

Mr. Elwell asked, "What did you think of that big ox we've heard so much about?"

"I didn't look at the stock," returned his sister, indifferently. "That set of pieces you give me, Maria, from your red waist, come out just lovely!" she assured one of her nieces. "I heard one woman say you could 'most smell the red silk roses."

"Did any of the horses in our town race?" asked young Thomas.

"I didn't see the races."

"How about the preserves?" asked Sophia.

"I didn't see the preserves," said Mehetabel, calmly. "You see, I went right to the room where the quilt was, and then I didn't want to leave it. It had been so long since I'd seen it, I had to look at it first real good myself, and then I looked at the others to see if there was any that could come up to it. And then the people begun comin' in and I got so interested in hearin' what they had to say I couldn't think of goin' anywheres else. I ate my lunch right there too, and I'm as glad as can be I did, too; for what do you think?"—she gazed about her with kindling eyes—"while I stood there with a sandwich in one hand didn't the head of the hull concern come in and open the glass door and pin 'First Prize' right in the middle of the quilt!"

There was a stir of congratulation and proud exclamation. Then Sophia returned again to the attack. "Didn't you go to see anything else?" she queried.

"Why, no," said Mehetabel. "Only the quilt. Why should I?"

She fell into a reverie where she saw again the glorious creation of her hand and brain hanging before all the world with the mark of highest approval on it. She longed to make her listeners see the splendid vision with her. She struggled for words; she reached blindly after unknown superlatives. "I tell you it looked like—" she said, and paused, hesitating. Vague recollections of hymn-book phraseology came into her mind, the only form of literary expression she knew; but they were dismissed as being sacrilegious, and also not sufficiently forcible. Finally, "I tell you it looked real *well*!" she assured them, and sat staring into the fire, on her tired old face the supreme content of an artist who has realized his ideal.

By Way of Southampton to London

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

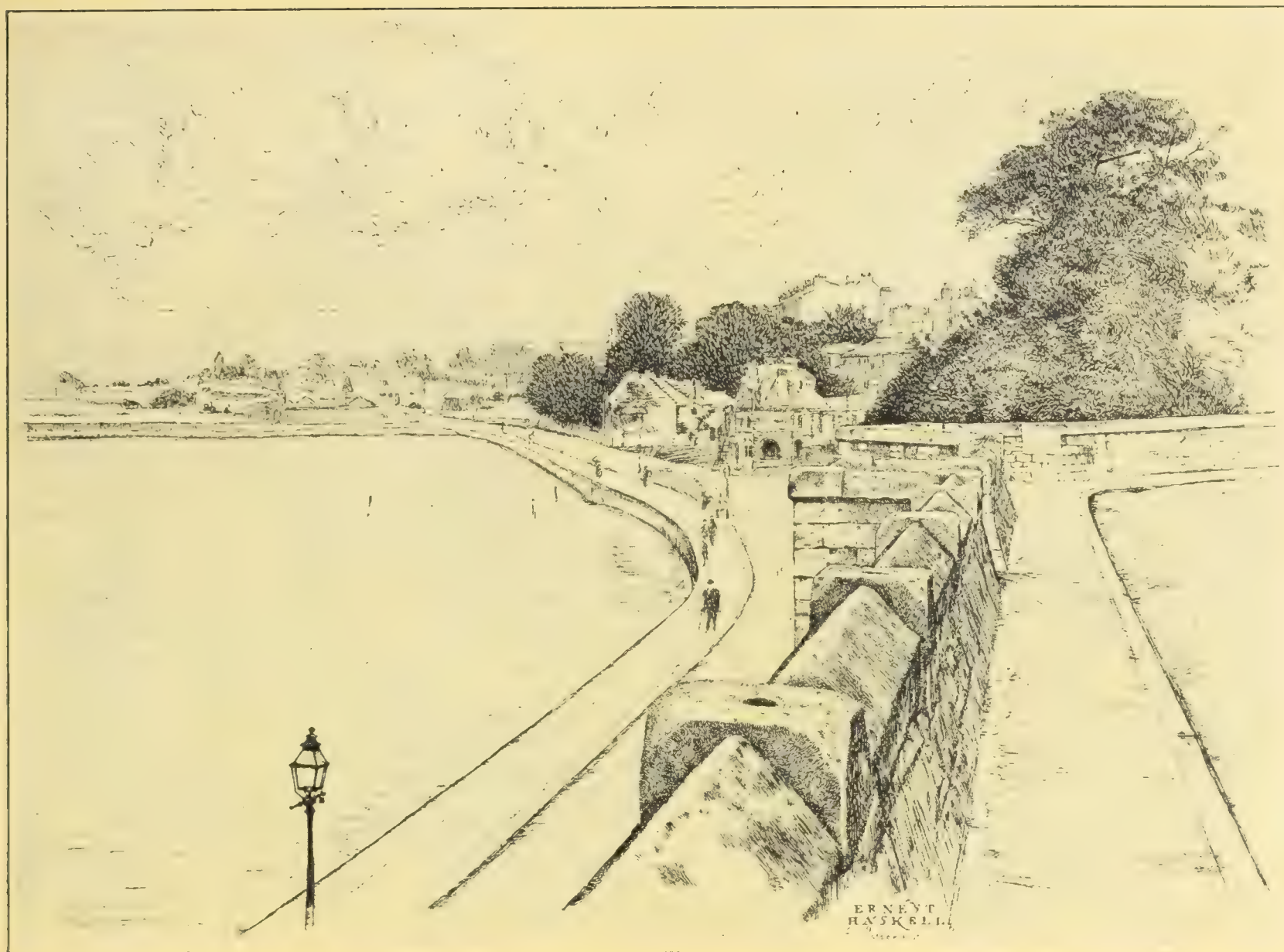
WE left Bath on the afternoon of a day which remained behind us in doubt whether it was sunny or rainy; but probably the night solved the doubt in favor of rain. It was the next to the last day of March, and thoughtful friends had warned us to be very careful not to travel during the impending Bank holidays, which would be worse than usual (all Bank holidays being bad for polite travellers), because they would also be Easter holidays. We were very willing to heed this counsel, but for one reason or another we were travelling pretty well all through those Easter Bank holidays, and except for a little difficulty in finding places in the train up from Southampton to London, we travelled without the slightest molestation from the holiday-makers. The truth is that the leisure classes in England are so coddled by the constitution and the by-laws that they love to lament over the slightest menace of discomfort or displeasure, and they go about with bated breath warning one another of troubles that never come.

Special trains are run on all lines at Bank holiday times, and very particularly special trains were advertised for those Easter Bank holidays in the station at Bath, but as we were taking a train for Southampton on the Saturday before the dread Monday which was to begin them, we seemed to have it pretty much to ourselves. The Midland road does not run second-class cars, and so you must go first or third, and we being as yet too proud to go third, sought a first-class non-smoking compartment. The most eligible car we could find was distinctly lettered "Smoking," but the porter said he could paste that out, and by this simple device he changed it to non-smoking, and we took possession.

We were soon running through that English country which is always pretty, and seems prettiest wherever you happen

to be, and though we did not and never can forget Bath, we could not help tricking our beams a little, in response to the fields smiling through the sunny rain, or the rainy sun. It was mostly meadowland, with the brown leafless hedges dividing pasture from pasture, but by and by there began to be ploughed fields, with more signs of habitation. Yet it was as lonely as it was lovely, like all the English country, to which the cheerfulness of our smaller holdings is wanting. What made it homelike, in spite of the solitude, was the occurrence in greater and greater number of wooden buildings. We conjectured stone villages somewhere out of sight, huddled about their hoary churches, but largely the gray masonry of the west of England had yielded to the gray weatherboarding of the more southeasterly region, where at first only the barns and outbuildings were of wood; but soon the dwellings themselves were frame-built.

Was it at otherwise immemorable Shapton we got tea, running into the cleanly, friendly station from the slopes of the shallow valleys? It must have been, for after that the sky cleared, and nature in a cooler air was gayer, as only tea can make nature. They trundled a little cart up to the side of the train, and gave us our cups and sandwiches, bidding us leave the cups in the train, as they do all over England, to be collected at some or any other station. After that we were in plain sight of the towers and spires of Salisbury, the nearest we ever came, in spite of much expectation and resolution, to the famous cathedral; and then we were in the dear, open country again, with white birches, like those of New England, growing on the railroad banks; and presently again we were in sight of houses building, and houses of pink brick already built, and then, almost without realizing it, we were in the suburbs of Southampton, and driving in a



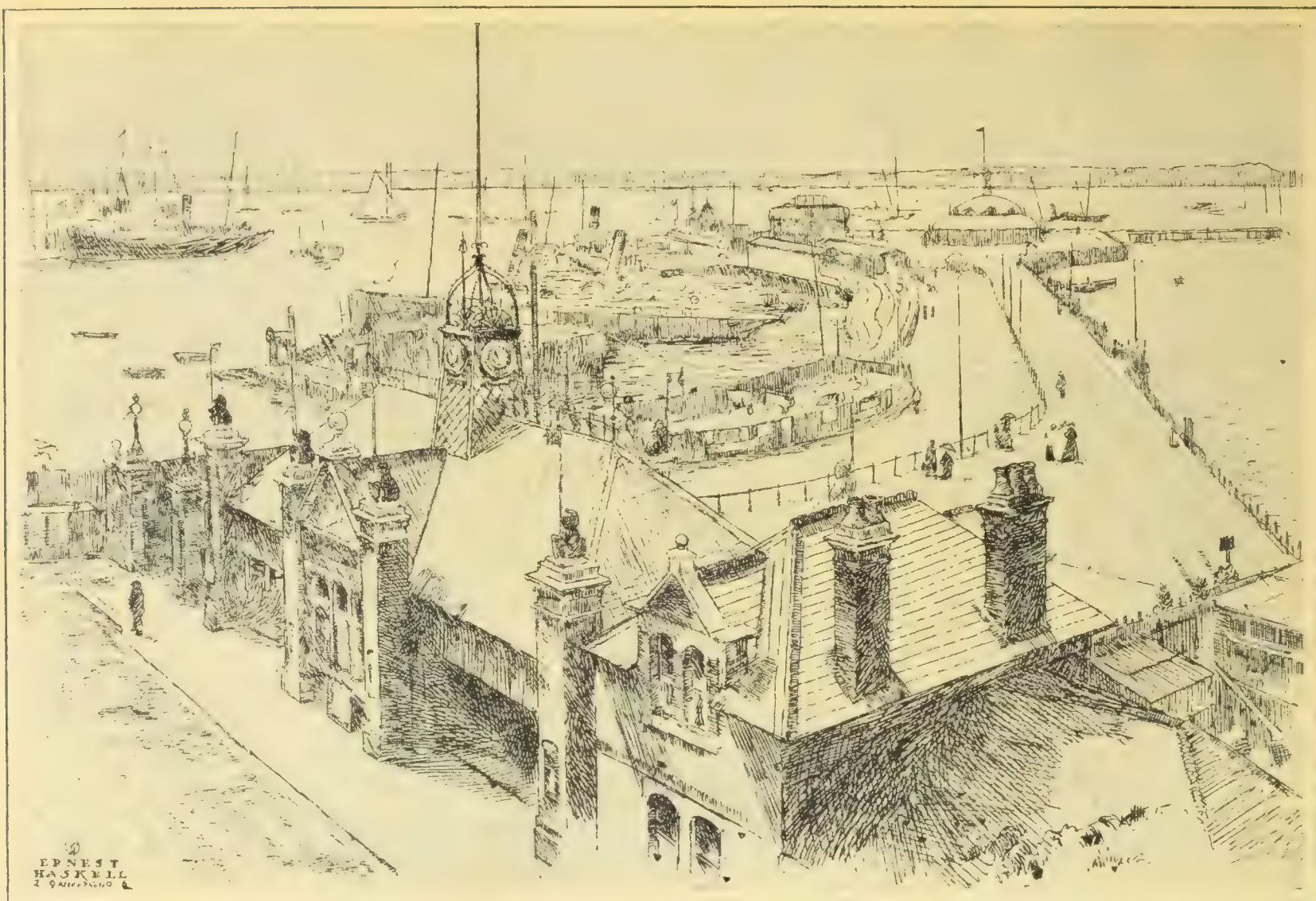
THE SOUTH SHORE, SOUTHAMPTON

four-wheeler up through the almost American ugliness of the main business street, and out into a residence quarter to the residential hotel commended to us.

It was really very much a private house, for it was mainly formed of a stately old mansion, which with many modern additions, actual and prospective, had been turned to the uses of genteel boarding. But it had a mixed character, and was at moments everything you could ask a hotel to be; if it failed of wine or spirits, which could not be sold on the premises, these could be brought in from some neighboring bar. The transients, as our summer hotels call them, were few, and nearly all the inmates except ourselves were permanent boarders, in the scriptural and New England proportion of seven women to one man. It was a heterogeneous company of insular and colonial English, but always English, whether from the immediate neighborhood, or Canada, or South Africa, or

Australia. At separate small tables in an older dining-room, cooled by the ancestral grate, or in a newer one, warmed by steam-radiators just put in, we were served abundant breakfasts of bacon and eggs and tea and toast, and table d'hôte luncheons and dinners, with afternoon tea and after-dinner coffee in the drawing-room. For all this, with rooms and lights and service, we paid ten shillings a day, and I dare say the permanents paid less. Bedroom fires were of course extra, but as they gave out no perceptible heat, they ought not to be counted, though they had a certain illuminating force, say a five candle-power, and rendered the breath distinctly visible.

We had come down to Southampton in a superstition that, being to the southward, it would be milder than Bath, where the spring was from time to time so inclement, but finding it rather colder and bleaker, we experimented a little farther to the southward, a day or two after our



THE PIER IS A PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

arrival, and went to the Isle of Wight. The sail across the Solent, or whatever water it was we crossed, was beautiful, but it was not balmy, and when we reached Cowes, after that dinner aboard which you always get so much better in England than in like conditions with us, we found it looking not so tropical as we could have liked, but doubtless as tropical as it really was. The pretty town curved round its famous yacht harborage in ranks of summer hotel-like houses, with green lattices and a convention of outdoor life in their architecture, such as befitted a mild climate, but we were keeping on to the station where you take train for Ventnor, on the southern shore of the island, which has to support the reputation of being the English Riviera. We did not know then how bad the Italian Riviera could be, and doubtless we blamed the English one more than we ought. We ought, indeed, to have been warmed for it by the sort of horseback exercise we had on the roughest stretch of railway I can remember, in

cars whose springs had been broken in earlier service on some mainland line of the monopoly now employing them on the Isle of Wight, and defying the public to do anything about it, as successfully as any railroad of our own republic. We had a hope and an intention of seeing flowers, which we fulfilled as we could with the unprofitable gayety of the blossomed furze by the waysides; and more and more we fancied a forwardness in the spring which was doubtless mainly of our invention. From our steamer we had a glimpse of Osborne Castle, the favorite seat of the good queen who is gone, and we wafted our thoughts afar to Carisbrooke, where the hapless Charles I. was for a time captive, playing fast and loose, in feeble bad faith, with the victorious Parliament, when it would have been willing to treat with him. But you cannot go everywhere in England, especially in one day, though home-keeping Americans think it is so small, and we had to leave Newport and its Carisbrooke castle aside in

our going and coming between Ryde and Ventnor.

It was well into the afternoon, when we reached Ventnor, and took a fly for the time left us, which was largely tea-time, by the reckoning of the girl in the nice pastry-shop where we stopped for the refreshment. She said that the season in Ventnor was July and August, but the bathing was good into October, and we could believe the pleasant Irishman in our return train who told us that it was terribly hot in the summer at Ventnor. The lovely little town, which is like an English water-color, for the rich, soft blur of its grays, and blues and greens, has a sea at its feet of an almost Bermudian variety of rainbow tints, and a milky horizon all its own, with the sails of fishing-boats, drowning in it, like moths that had got into the milk. The streets rise in amphitheatrical terraces from the shore, and where they cease to have the liveliness of watering-place shops, they have the domesticity of residential hotels and summer boarding-houses, and private villas set in depths of myrtle and holly and oleander and laurel; some of the better-looking houses were thatched, perhaps to satisfy a sentiment for rusticity in the summer boarder or tenant. The intelligent hunchback who drove our fly, and instructed us in things of local interest far beyond our capacity, named prices at these houses which might, if I repeated them, tempt an invasion from our own resorts, if people did not mind suffering in July and August for the sake of the fine weather in November. Doubtless there are some who would not mind being shut southward by the steep and lofty downs which prevent the movement of air as much in summer as in winter at Ventnor. The acclivities are covered with a short, wiry grass, and on the day of our visit the boys of Ventnor were coasting down them on a kind of toboggans. Besides this peculiar advantage, Ventnor has the attraction, common to so many English towns and villages, of a Norman church, and of those seats and parks of the nobility and gentry which one cannot long miss in whatever direction one goes, in a land where the nobility and gentry are so much cherished.

The day had been hesitating between

rain and sun as usual, but it had decided for rain when we left Ventnor, where we had already found it very cold indoors, over the tea and bread and butter, which they gave us so good. By the time we had got back to Ryde, the frigidity of the railway waiting-room, all the colder for the fire that had died earlier in the day, was such that it seemed better to go out and walk up and down the platform, in the drive of the rain, as hard and fast as one could, than to stay within. In these conditions the boat appeared to be longer in coming than it really was, and when it came it was almost too well laden with the Bank-holiday folk whom we had been instructed to dread. At Cowes, more young men and young girls of a like sort came on board, but beyond favoring us with their loud confidences they did us no harm, and it was quite practicable to get supper. They were of the chorus-girl level of life, apparently, and there was much that suggested the stage in their looks and behavior, but they could not all have been of the theatre, and they were better company than the two German governesses who had travelled toward Ventnor with us, and filled the compartment with the harsh clashing of their native consonants. The worst that you could say of the trippers was that they were always leaving the saloon door open, and letting in the damp wind, which had now become very bitter, but English people of every degree are always leaving the door open, and these poor trippers were only like the rest of their nation in that. One young lady lay with her feet conspicuously up on the lounge which she occupied to the exclusion of four or five other persons, but by and by she took her feet down, and the most critical traveller could not have affirmed that it was characteristic of Easter Bank holiday ladies to stretch themselves out with their feet permanently up on the cushions. When we landed at Southampton, and drove away in a cab, we had an experience which was then novel, but came to be less and less so. It seemed that the pier was a private enterprise, and you must pay toll for its use, or else not arrive or depart on that boat.

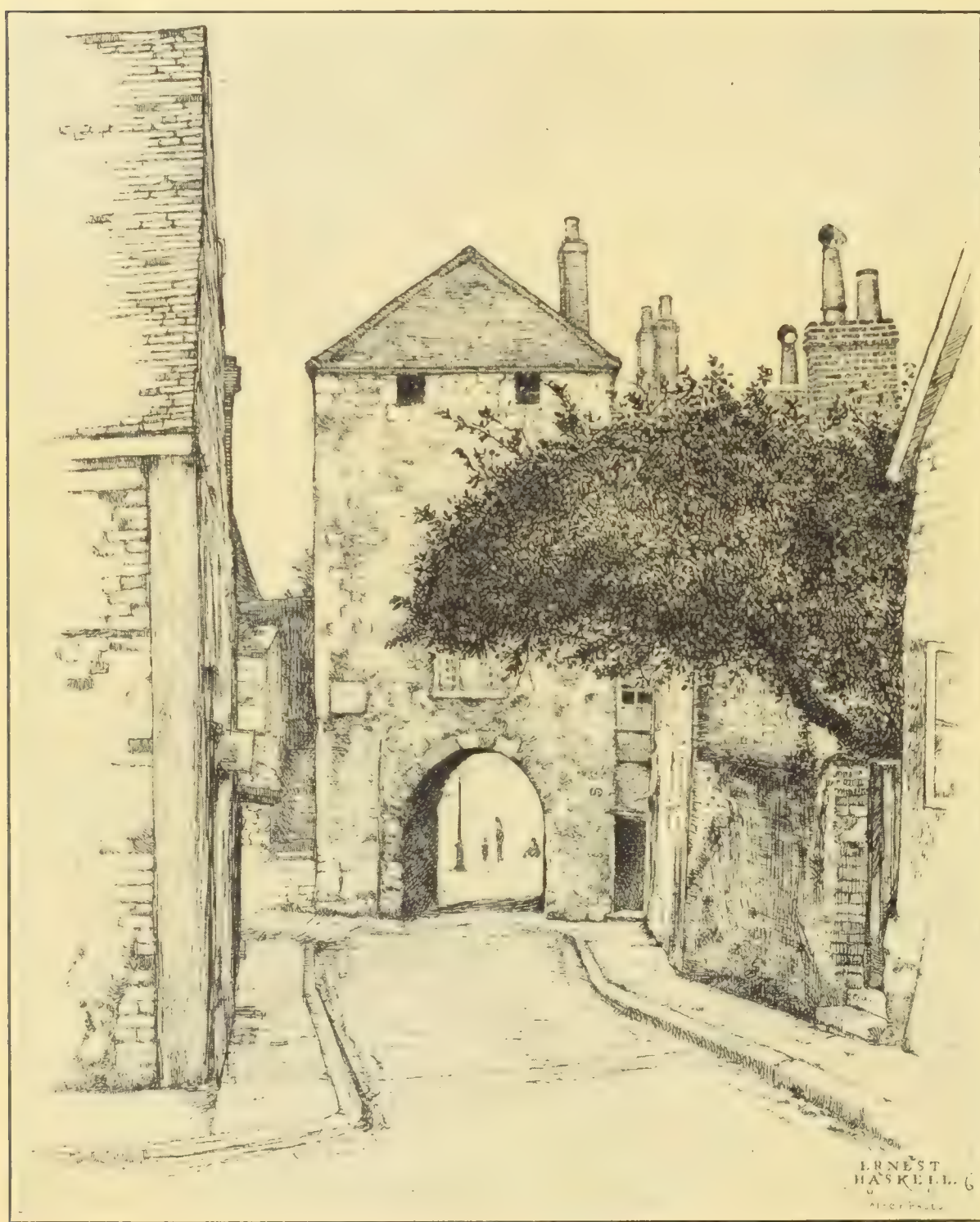
So many of our fellow countrymen

come ashore from their Atlantic liners at Southampton, and rush up to London in two hours by their steamer trains, without any other sense of the place than as a port of entry, that I feel as if I were making an undue claim upon their credulity in proposing it as a city having a varied literary and historical interest. Yet Southampton is a city of no mean memories, with a history going back into the dark of the first invasions, and culminating early in the fable of King Canute's failure to browbeat the Atlantic. The men who won Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt set sail from it, and fifty ships and more made ready there for the Armada. In turn it was much harried by the French, but the Dutch, whom Alva drove into exile, settled in the town and helped prosper it

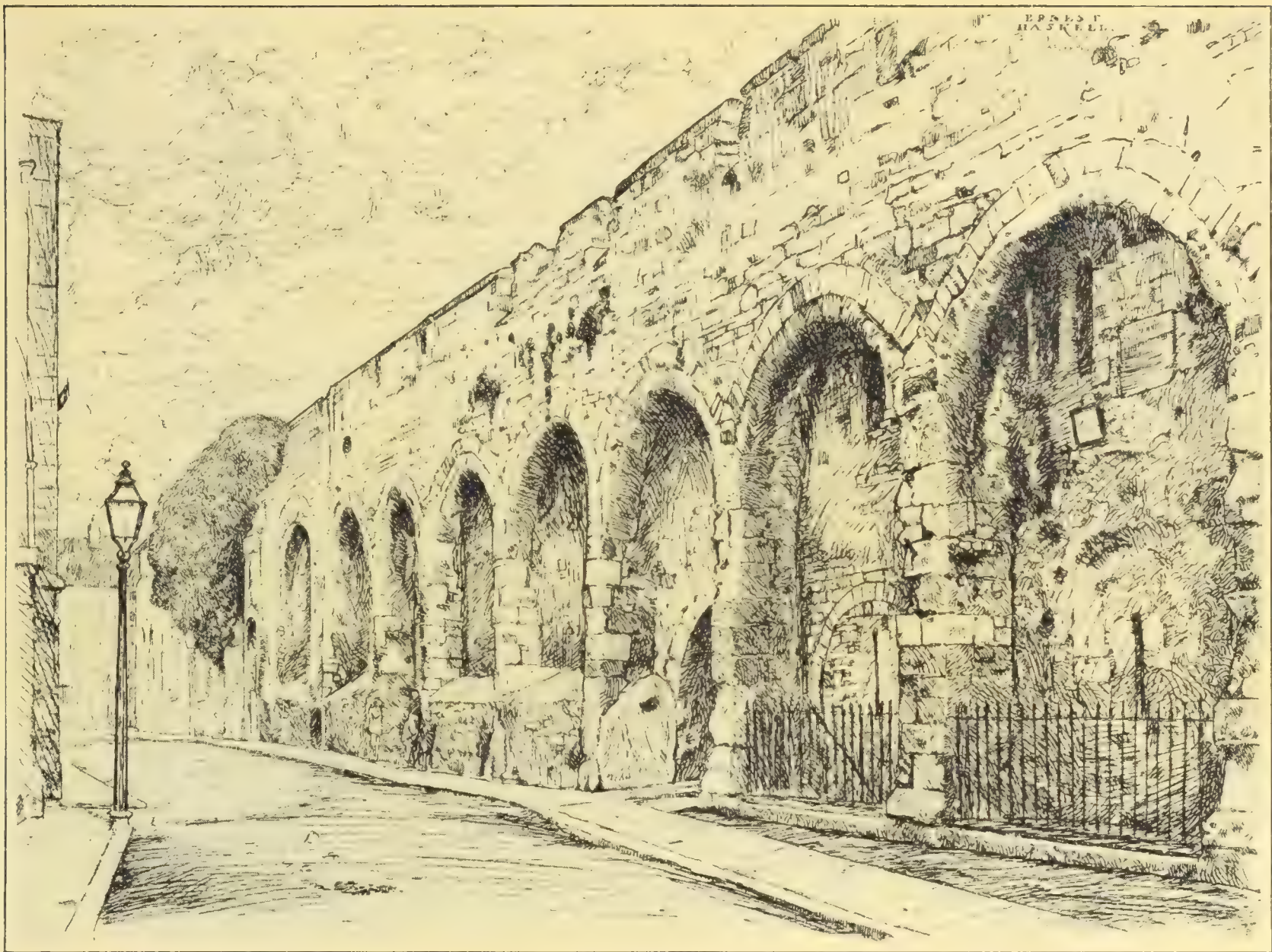
with their industries, till the Great Plague brought it such adversity that the grass, which has served the turn of so much desolation, grew in its streets. With the continuous wars of England and France it rose again, and now it is what every American traveller fails to see as he hurries through it. I have not thought it needful to mention that in the ages when giants abounded in Britain, Southampton had one of the worst of that caitiff race, who was baptized against his will, but afterwards eloping with his liege lady, was finally slain.

The place was so attractive socially, a hundred-odd years ago, that Jane Austen's family, when they came away from Bath, could think of no pleasanter sojourn. She wrote some of her most delightful letters from Southampton,

and of course we went and looked up the neighborhood where she had lived. No trace of that distinguished occupancy is now left beside the stretch of the ancient city wall from which the Austens' garden overlooked a beautiful expanse of the Solent, but we made out the place, and for the rest we gave ourselves to the pleasure of following the course of the old city wall, which, with its ivied arches, its towers and battlements all agreeably mouldering and ruinous, is better, as far as it goes, than the walls of either Chester or York, conscious of their entirety,



WEST GATE, SOUTHAMPTON



THE OLD TOWER WALL

and of their claim upon the interest of travel. Southampton is so very modern in the prosperity which has made it the rival of Liverpool as the chief port of entry from our country, that we ought rather to have devoted ourselves to its docks than its walls, and we did honestly try for them. But there is always something very disappointing about docks, and though I went more than once for a due impression of them at Southampton, I constantly failed of it. I tried coming upon them casually at first; at last I drove expressly to them, and when I dismounted from my cab, and cast about me for the sensation they should have imparted, and demanded of my cabman, "Where are the docks?" and he said, "Here they are, sir," I could not make them out, and was forced to decide that either they had been taken in for the time or else that I was somehow disabled from seeing them.

I had no such difficulty with the prison into which Dr. Isaac Watts's father was put for some of those opinions which in former times were always costing people their personal liberty. In my mind's eye I could almost see his poor wife bringing their babe and suckling the infant hymnologist under the father's prison window; and I was in such rich doubt of Dr. Watts's birthplace in French Street, that with two houses to choose from, I ended by uncovering to both. I think it was not too much honor to that kind, brave soul, who got no little poetry into his piety, and was neither very severe about theology on earth, nor exigent of psalm-singing in heaven, where he imagined a pleasing conformity in the conditions to the tastes and habits of the several saints in this life. If the reader thinks that I overdid my reverence in the case of this poet, let him set against it my total failure to visit either the birthplace or the bap-

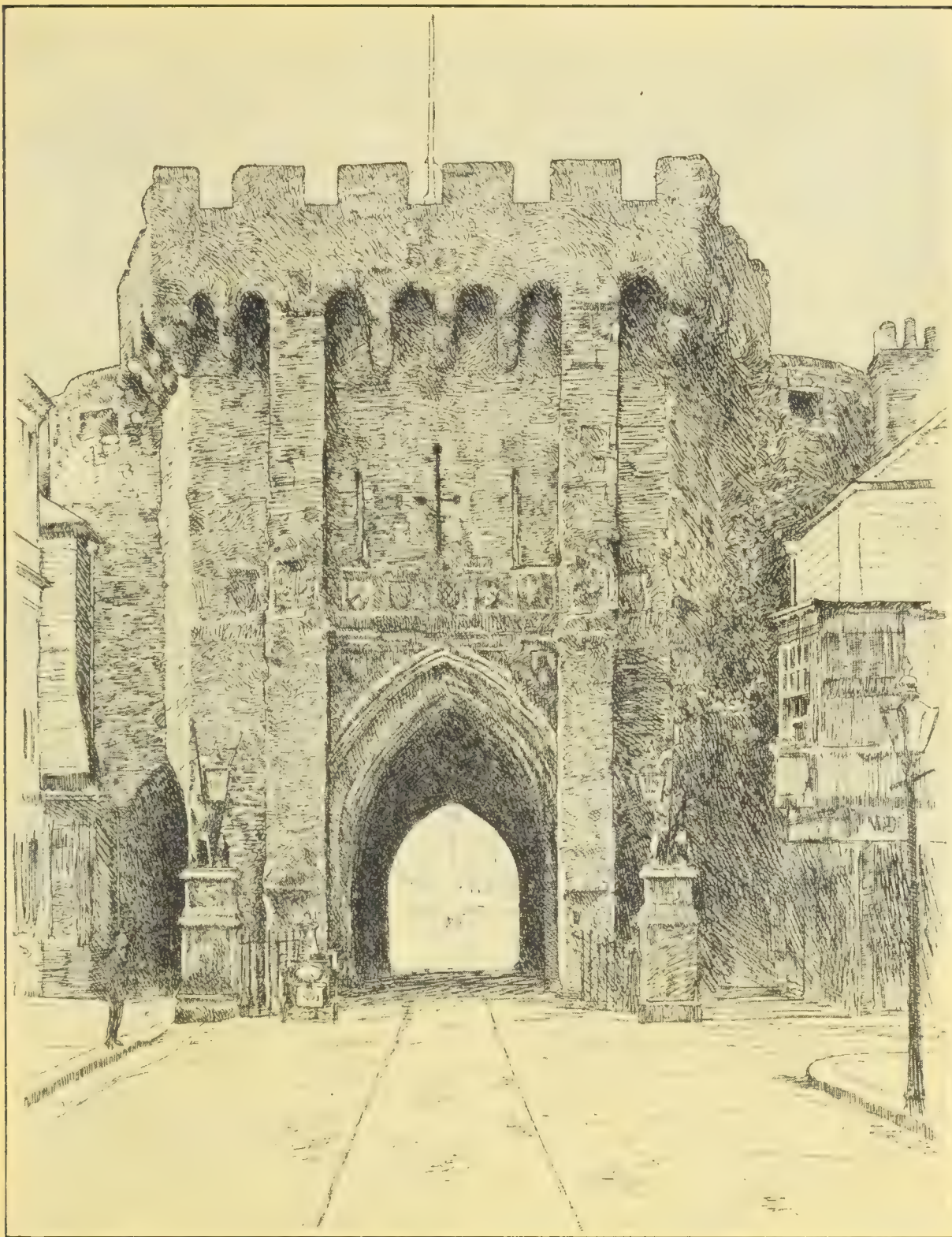
tismal church of another Southampton poet, that Charles Dibdin, namely, whose songs were much on British tongues when Britain was making herself mistress of the seas, and which possibly breathe still from the lips of—

The sweet little cherub who sits up aloft,
Keeping watch o'er the life of poor Jack.

Early in my English travels I found it well to leave something to the curiosity of after-visitors, and there is so much to see in every English city, town, village, country neighborhood, road, and lane that I could always leave unseen far more than I saw. I suppose it was largely accidental that I gave so much of my time to the traces of the Watts family, but perhaps it was also because both the prison and the house (whichever it was, in which the mother kept boarders while she nurtured her nine children, and the good doctor began his Greek and Latin at five years of age) were in the region of the old church of St. Michael's which will form another compensation at Southampton for the American who misses the docks. Its architecture was amongst my earliest Norman, and was of the earliest Norman of any, for the church was built in 1100 by monks who came over from Normandy. It was duly burnt by the French two centuries later in one of their pretty constant incursions; they burnt only the nave of the church, but they left the baptismal font rather badly cracked, and with only the staple of the lock which used to fasten the lid to keep the water from being stolen. I do not know why the baptismal water should have been stolen, but perhaps in those ages of faith it was a specific against some popular malady, leprosy or the black death, or the like. The sacristan who showed me the font, showed me also the tomb of a bad baronet of the past, a very great miscreant, whose name he could not remember, but who had done something awful to his wives; and no doubt he could easily have told me why people stole the water. He was himself an excellent family man, or at least highly domesticated, if one might judge from his manner with his own wife, who came in demanding a certain key of him. Husbandlike, he denied having it; then

he remembered, and said, "Oh, I left it in the pocket of my black coat." He was not at all vexed at being interrupted in telling me about the bad baronet, whose tomb, he made me observe, had not a leaf or blossom on it, though it was Easter Sunday, and the old church, which was beautifully rough and simple within, was decked with flowers for the festival.

Outside the prevalence of Easter was so great that we had failed of a street cab, and had been obliged to send to the mews (so much better than a livery-stable, though probably not provided now with falcons) for a fly, and we felt by no means sure that we should be admitted to the beautiful old Tudor house, facing the church of St. Michael's, which goes by the name of King Henry VIII.'s Palace. They are much stricter in England concerning the holy days of the church than the non-conforming American imagines. On Good Friday there were neither cabs nor trams at Southampton in the morning, and only Sunday trains were run on the Great Southwestern to London; though on the other hand the shops were open, and mechanics were working; perhaps they closed and stopped in the afternoon. But we summoned an unchurchly courage for the Tudor house, and when we rang at the postern-gate—it ought to have been a postern-gate, and at any rate I will call it so—it was opened to us by a very sprightly little old lady, with one tooth standing boldly up in the centre of her lower jaw, unafraid amid the surrounding desolation. She smiled at us so kindly that we apologized for our coming, and said that we did not suppose we could see the palace, and then she looked grave, and answered, "Yes, but you'll have to pay a fee, sir." I undertook that the fee should be paid, and then she smiled again, and led the way from her nook in it, through one of the most livable houses I was in anywhere in England. I will use the privilege of the superficial and cursory observation of the hurried tourist, to which we are so well accustomed in English travellers among ourselves, and say that the English did not know what domestic comfort was till the times of the Tudors, and were apparently forget-



BARGATE, SOUTHAMPTON

ful of it afterwards. This palace of Henry VIII., which is rather simple for a palace, but may very well have been the sojourn of Anne Boleyn and her daughter Queen Elizabeth in their visits to Southampton, was divided above and below into large rooms, wainscotted in oak, of a noble shapeliness, and from cellar to attic was full of good air, without the drafts which the earlier and later English have found advantageous in perpetuating the racial catarrh and rheumatism. The apartments were of varying dignity from the ground floor up, but the basement was so wholesome, that before the time of the present owner, who had restored it to its former

state, a family with eleven children lived there in the greatest health as long as they were allowed to stay. Even in the attic, the rooms, though rough, were pleasant, and there were so many that one of them had got lost and could never be found, though the window of it still shows plainly from the outside. This and much more the friendly dame recounted to us in our passage through a mansion, which we found so attractive, that we of course tacitly proposed to buy it and live in it always. Then she led us out into her kitchen-garden, running to the top of the ancient city wall, and undermined, as she told us, by submarine passages.



A STRETCH OF THE AVENUE

But we could only find a flight of stone steps descending to the street level below, where, if the reader is of a mind to follow, he will find the wall falling wholly away at times, and at times merging itself in the modern or modern-er buildings, and then reappearing in arches, topped with quaint roofs and chimneys, and here and there turned to practical uses in little workshops, much as old walls are in the dear Italian towns which we Americans know rather better than the English, though the English ruins are befriended by a softer summer, prolonging itself with its mosses and its ivy never sere deep into winters almost as mild as Italy's. In an avenue reluctantly leaving the ancient wall and winding deviously into the High Street, are the traces, in humbler masonry, of the jambs and spandrels of far older arches in the façade of an edifice presently a cow-stable, but famed to have been the palace of that King Canute who was mortified

to find his power inferior to the sea's, and sharply rebuked his courtiers when they had induced him to set his chair in reach of the tides which would not cbb at his bidding. The tides have now permanently ebbed from the scene of the king's discomfiture, and as this royal Dane was otherwise so able and shrewd a prince as to have made himself master of England if not of her seas, we may believe as little as we like of the story. For my part, I choose to believe it every word, as I always have believed it, and I think it should still be a lesson to loyalty, which is altogether too credulous of its relative importance to the rest of the universe.

In the most conspicuous niche of the beautiful old Bargate, which remains sole of the seven portals of the city, and still spans with its archway the High Street hard by where Porter's Lane creeps into it from Canute's cow-stable, is the statue of another British prince

who was to take a seat even farther back than Canute's, under an overruling providence. In this effigy George III. naturally wears the uniform of a Roman warrior, but perhaps the artificial stone of which it is composed more aptly symbolizes the extremely friable nature of human empire. One never can look at any presentment of the poor, good, mistaken man without the softness of regret for his long sufferings, or without gratitude for what he involuntarily did for us as a people; yet with our national tradition, it is always a surprise for the American to find him taken seriously in England. On the Bargate he seems to stand between us and the remoter English antiquity to which we willingly yield an unbroken allegiance. When I looked on the medieval work of the Bargate, I easily felt myself, in a common romantic interest, the faithful subject of Edward III. or Richard III., but when I came down to George III., I had to draw the line; and yet he was a better and not unwiser man than either of the others. You can say of Edward III. that he was luckier in war than George III., but then he had not the Americans, as well as the French, to fight against; and it is to be remembered in the third George's favor that when he took New York he did not massacre every man, woman, and child in the city, as the third Edward's son did when he took Limoges. To be sure the Black Prince was at the time out of health, and his excess has been palliated by the *Encyclopædia Britannica* because he was in a very irritable, sad nervous condition.

We were so well advised not to fail of seeing the ruins of Netley Abbey, which is such a little way off from Southampton across the river Itchen, that I should strongly counsel, in my turn, all fellow countrymen, arriving on whatever line, to keep half a day from London, and give it to that most beautiful and pathetic place. It was our first ruin in England, but though we saw others afterwards of great merit, none ever surpassed it in charm, and none remains so sweet and pensive a memory. From the strenuous modern city you reach this dim, medieval shadow by way of what they poetically call at Southampton the Floating Bridge, and which, be-

fore we came to it, we fancied some form of stately pontoon, but found simply the sort of ferry-boat common in earlier times on American rivers East and West, forced by the tide on supporting chains from one shore to the other. At our landing on the farther side we agreed with the driver of a fly, who justly refused to abate his reasonable charge, to carry us along the borders of the Itchen in a rapture which might have been greater if the wind had not been so bitter. But it was great enough, and when we dismounted at the gate of the abbey, and made our way to its venerable presence over turf that yielded perhaps too damply to the foot, we had our content so absolute, that not the sunniest day known to the English climate could have added sensibly to it. I do not believe that we could have been happier in it even if we had known all the little why and how together with the great when of its suppression by Henry VIII.

Even now I cannot supplement the conjecture of the moment by anything especially dramatic from history. Netley Abbey, like the rest of the religious houses which Henry hammered down, was suppressed in the general hope of pillage, defeated by the fact that its income was rather less than a hundred and fifty pounds a year, which even in the money of the time was no great booty. The king had as little to envy those Cistercian monks in their life as their income, except perhaps their virtues, which he would not have wished to share. For, as our faithful guide-book told us, they slept hard on the plank of wooden boxes, and unless food were given them in alms they ate neither fish, flesh, fowl, eggs, butter nor cheese, but only a spare porridge—twice a day, and in Lent once. They never spoke except sometimes in their parlor, on religious topics, and on a journey they could only ask questions, which they must ask if possible by signs. They that transgressed the rules were whipped, or stretched upon the stone floor during mass; for their greater humiliation the heads of the order were entirely shaven, which if the wind blew from the sea in their day, as piercingly as it blew in ours, was not so comfortable as it was picturesque for the monks going about bareheaded in their white

robes. Yet their hospitality was great and constant, and their guest-hall was so often full that Horace Walpole, in his much-quoted letter about their ruined house, could speak with insinuation of their "purpled abbots," as if these perhaps led a life of luxury not shared by the humbler brethren. His picture of the abbey is so charming and so true that one may copy it once again, as still the best thing that could be said of it:

"How shall I describe Netley to you? I can only tell you that it is the spot in the world which I and Mr. Chute wish. The ruins are vast and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs, pendant in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows topped round and round with ivy. Many trees have sprouted up among the walls, and only want to be increased by cypresses. A hill rises above the Abbey, enriched with wood. The fort in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the Abbey, in the very centre of a wood, on the edge of a wood hill. On each side breaks in the view of the Southampton Sea, deep, blue, glittering with silver and vessels. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. Oh, the purpled abbots! What a spot they had chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively that they seem only to have retired into the world."

What can one have to say of Netley after this, even to the romantic touch of the absent cypresses? We came suddenly upon the ruin, and with little parley at the porter's lodge where they charge admittance and sell photographs, we stood within its densely ivied walls, the broken arches beetling overhead, and the tall trees repairing their defect with a leafless tracery showing fine against a gray sky hesitating blue, and the pale sun filtering a wet silver through the clouds. In places the architecture still kept its gracious lines of Gothic or Norman design; there were whole breadths of wall to testify of the beauty and majesty that had been, and where walls were marred or shattered, the ivy had bound up their wounds, or tufts of soft foliage distracted the eye from their wrongs. Underfoot the damp grass was starred

with the earliest flowers of spring, violets, celandine, primrose; and among the flocks of pigeons that made their homes in the holes of the masonry left by the rotting joists, the golden-billed English blackbirds fluttered and sang. You could trace the whole shape of the edifice, and see it almost as it once stood, but the ivy which holds it up is also pulling it down. The decay seems mostly from the winds and rains, and the insidious malice of vegetation, but men have aided from time to time in the destruction, though not without the censure of their fellow men. It is told, indeed, that a purchaser of the ruin, two hundred years ago, was so wrought upon by the blame of his friends when he wished to use its hallowed stone for other building, that he began to dream of his own death by a keystone falling from one of the arches he was destroying, and so it actually happened, though it was a heavy timber, and not a stone that crushed him. Everything in the neighborhood of the ruin was in keeping with it: a baronial mansion among the woods of an adjoining hill, villas within their shrubbery, and when we came to drive back to the ferry, many pleasant farms and pretty cottages behind their hedges of holly and whitethorn. An unusual number of these were thatched, in the tradition of rustic roofs which is slowly, though very slowly, dying out. The machine-threshed straw is so broken that it does not make a good thatch, and the art of the thatcher is passing with the quality of his material. Still we saw some new thatches, with occasionally an old one so rotten that it must have been so full of the vermin which such shelters collect, that they could have walked away with it. Now and then we met country people on our way, looking rather sallow and lean, but our driver, perhaps from his contact with town-bred luxury, had a face of the right purple, and here and there was a rustic visage of the rich, south-of-England color showing warm in the pale sunset light.

When we had seen Netley Abbey, all the rest of the Southampton region was left rather impoverished of the conventional touristic interest, but any friend of man could still find abundant pleasure in it by mounting a tram-top and riding far out

toward the Itchen, along winding streets of low brick houses, each with its little garden at the front or side, and with its hedge of evergreen. Often these kindly-looking homes were overhung by almond-trees, palely pink, in bloom, and sometimes when they were more pretentious, though they were never arrogant, they stood apart, all planted round with shrubs and trees, as the dwellings in Hartford. The tram's course was largely through umbrageous avenues, or park-like spaces such as seem to abound at Southampton, with now and then a stretch of gleaming water, and here and there an open field with people playing cricket in it. Swarms of holiday-makers strolled up and down, though it might be a Sunday, with no signs of a bad conscience in their harmless recreations. There was much evidence of church-going in the morning, but little or nothing in the afternoon. The aspect of the crowd was that of comfortable wage-earners or shopkeepers for the most part, with none of the squalor which seems so inseparable from prosperity in Liverpool. The crowd affirms the modern advance of Southampton in its rivalry with the commercial metropolis of the north, but we were well content in one of our walks to lose ourselves from it, and come upon a neighborhood of fine old houses, standing in wide grounds, now run wild with neglected groves, but speaking with the voices of their secular rooks of the social glory which has long departed. These mansions meant that once there was a local life of ease and splendor which could hold its own against London, as perhaps the life of no other place in England now does. If you took them at twilight, their weed-grown walks simply swarmed with ghosts of quality, in a setting transferred bodily from the pages of old novels.

We had not the strength, social or moral, which their faded gentility represented, to resist the pull of the capital, and in a few days, shrivelled each to less than its twenty-four hours by the chill spring air, we yielded, and started for London on the maddest, merriest afternoon of all the glad Bank holidays of that Easter time. They have apparently not so much leisure for good manners at Southampton as at Bath, or even at

Plymouth; the booking-clerk at the station met inquiries about trains as snubbingly as any ticket-seller of our own could have done, and so we chanced it with one of the many expresses, on first-class tickets that at any other time would have insured us a whole compartment. As it was they got us two seats more luxurious than money could buy in an American train, and we were fain to be content. We were the more content, because, presently, we were running through a forest greater than I can remember as in these latter days bordering any American railroad. Miles and miles of country were thickly wooded on either side, with only such cart-tracks and signs of woodcraft as make the page of Thomas Hardy so wild and primitive after twenty centuries of Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, in that often mastered but never wholly tamed England. We came now and then to a wooden farmhouse with its wooden barns and outhouses, in an image of home which we would not have had more like if we could: we had not come to England to be back in America. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, that I who here am always idealizing a stone house as the fittest habitation of man, and longing to live in one, exulted in these frame cottages, and would have preferred one for my English dwelling; even the wood-built stations we whisked by had a charm because they were like the clapboarded depots, freight and passenger, at our rustic junctions. Everywhere in England one sees building of wood to an amazing extent, though the lumber for it is not cut from English woods, but comes rather from Norway and elsewhere in the densely timbered north. Of course it did not characterize the landscape even in the region of the New Forest, which but for its name we should think so old, but the gray stone of the west-of-England farmsteads and cottages had more and more given way to the warm red brick of the easterly south. This, as we drew near London, paled to the Milwaukee yellow, here and there, and when this color prevailed it was smirched and smutted with the smoke holding the metropolis hidden from us till we could, little by little, bear its immensity.

Unemployed

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

"SIR, I wish a position."

He who spoke was a man of middle age, yet under sixty. An old man would have called him still young. He was tall, and stooped a little, not, it seemed, with years, but perhaps in consequence of some one of the occupations which have a tendency to round the shoulders. His hair was grizzled rather than gray; he was clean-shaven; his lips were full and emotional, but not coarse; he had a hopeless blue eye and a well-formed nose—hardly large enough to indicate that force of character which expresses itself distinctly in this feature. He was tall and thin; his flesh, although shrunken, was soft; a physician would have called it flabby; it gave the impression of being neither nourished nor exercised. His coat was short at the sleeves, and he had no visible linen. All his clothing was brushed and sponged, but shiny and shapeless. It was a cold day, but he had no overcoat. Lacking rubbers, his feet were wet. He held his hat, a battered derby, in his hand.

He had stood in the rear of a group of thirty or forty men, all in search of work, which none of them had found; and he came up last to the desk of the manager, who held his pen suspended like a sword about to fall, before he said, with the lifeless voice of a man whose occupation it is to see his fellows suffer disappointment that he is chartered, but not empowered, to relieve:

"Well? Your name?"

"Racer, John Racer."

"Residence?"

"21 Gulf Street, city. Fourth bell on the right."

"What do you want?"

"I wish a position," repeated John Racer.

The manager's pen stabbed the cup of shot that dried it.

"What will you do?"

"Anything honest."

"What *can* you do?"

"Anything that I know how. I am a professional man."

The manager sighed patiently. His lips moved. Racer thought that they muttered the two words, "Oh Lord!"

Aloud and articulately others followed:

"If you could dig, or build a stone wall, there might be some hope for you. My branch of this concern is the worst in the building. What do you teach?"

John Racer replied, "My calling is that of a music-master."

The dejection (apparently chronic) on the manager's face settled into acute gloom.

"I am no strolling musician, you understand," suggested the applicant. "I am not a Bohemian. I don't play in bands and small orchestras. I was a responsible man. I held a position for fifteen years in a well-known institution. It was a young lady's academy. It was a position of trust. I can give you all the references you want."

His thin hands groped in a ragged wallet for letters that were yellow with time. He held them out with a deprecating bow. The manager glanced at them, took the addresses that they offered, and pushed them back.

"All these are pretty old. Haven't you anything newer? What have you been doing all this while? Why did you leave?"

"I was taken sick," pleaded Racer. "I had a fever. I was abed two months. I got up before I was strong enough, and I fell down-stairs and broke my arm. They didn't set it right, so I was laid up a year. You can see for yourself—by that time my place was filled. . . . I supposed it would be easy to get another. I kept a few of my pupils, but they have all gone. I did not realize the pressure of modern life."

He held out his fine musical hands, palms upward, as if they were an illus-

tration of an argument. A pale spark stirred in the manager's eyes.

"The pressure of modern life is damnation," he said, unexpectedly.

"Thank you," replied the applicant, without smiling.

He stood patiently and silently by the desk. The manager shut his books. Something in the expression and attitude of the elderly applicant made him uncomfortable. It was plain to his experienced eye that the man was well on the way to a proud and respectable starvation.

"I will look up your references," he said, with some gentleness, "as our custom is. If anything turns up I will notify you. What do you play besides the piano? Anything?"

"The flute, somewhat. But I am only an amateur there. I was trained—I was thoroughly trained to teach the art of playing upon the piano."

"I wish you had been thoroughly trained in the art of running a street-car!" exclaimed the manager, recklessly. "Or if you could build a cellar. Or shingle a roof."

"I could try," quavered Racer—"I mean, to run a car. Don't misunderstand me. I am perfectly willing to do *anything*. A gentleman is, you know."

"What do you call a gentleman?" demanded the manager. He rose to put an end to the conference. The early dark of a cloudy winter day was settling into the close room, which seemed (the fancy had occurred to Racer) to gasp with the emotion of its occupants and to writhe with the tragedy that packed those four walls day upon day. One might call our employment offices the laboratories in which human lives are vivisected; those of the employed, or of the employer, as the case may be.

"Our office hours are over," added the manager. "I can do nothing more for you to-day. We have two thousand three hundred and fifty-six men on our books. You see, you may have to wait."

"I see," replied John Racer.

He turned away and stumbled to the door. He had eaten nothing since morning, and when the air from the street dashed into his face he found himself suddenly faint. With the instinct of a man to avoid the repetition of an old ac-

cident, he gripped the rail of the stairs and sat down hard. A door opened behind him and the manager of the agency came out. He looked disturbed.

"Don't feel well, do you?" he asked, not unkindly. "I will get you some water."

He brought a tumbler and put it to the lips of the collapsing man. "There is a sandwich left over from the luncheon my wife put up for me." The young man fumbled in his leather bag. "It's a little crushed, but it is clean. If you don't mind, sir?"

The impulse of long experience had added that last word, and the music-master instinctively yielded to it. He had begun to fling out his hands in acute protest. He expressed himself more freely with his hands than most American men; he talked with his supple fingers as some fine dogs do with their paws.

"I thank you," he said, weakly. "I did not expect any special kindness—here."

The manager was a young man who wore middle-aged glasses. One straight look escaped through them and struck the elderly applicant.

"We are a hard lot," he admitted. "We have to be. We should go to pieces if we weren't. We have got *our* living to earn. See?"

John Racer did not answer. He was devouring the sandwich. He ate it like a famished animal. He collected the crumbs and swallowed those ravenously. He looked about for a napkin, with the unconsciousness of a man who has always been accustomed to use one.

When there was nothing more to be eaten, he went slowly down the long flight of stairs and out into the street. It was growing cold, and the slush was freezing under his wet feet. He buttoned his old coat over his chest and bowed his head to the northwest wind. Something in his feeble motions and timid gait impressed the manager, who stood in the doorway for a moment and watched him. "Racer? Racer? What a name for that old cove! Plodder, now—Plodder—John Plodder. John Jogger. John Leftbehind. John Anything! But Racer! Lord!"

At 21 Gulf Street, the fourth bell on the right, the evening had set in early.

The tenement—one called it a flat by courtesy—was on the rear of the building, badly lighted, ill ventilated, and up four flights. There was no gas, but the kerosene-lamps had been lighted an hour ago. Both the occupants of the rooms were wage-earners, and their eyesight was their capital.

Mrs. Racer sat at a hoarse sewing-machine, which had fits of desperation, like a dyspeptic with a bronchial complication. She could not afford to have it repaired; it broke a good many needles, and when this happened it cried or snarled. Mrs. Racer was pretty and a *matinée* girl when she fell in love with her music-teacher, and left for him the home of a prosperous father, who disapproved the marriage and died a bankrupt without changing his mind. Her hands were distorted with hard work, but her profile was refined by gentle thought and feeling.

Mrs. Racer made shirt-waists for a living. She was paid seventy-two cents a dozen—six cents apiece. Her work was quick and thorough, and commanded a price rather above than below the average. The sitting-room was littered, but clean. It was warmed by a small cylinder stove, on the top of which a teapot boiled eternally. When she could stop long enough, Mrs. Racer drank a cup of tea. It was as strong as her force of will, and as bitter as her lot. She had given up counting how many cups she drank in a day.

"I must be kept up, somehow," she said. Her skin was yellow with the tannin on which she fed. Her machine was pushed near the table whereon the lamp was. She had removed the shade from the light, which revealed without remorse the ravages on her face.

On the other side of the table was an invalid-chair. The occupant was a large cripple—a woman, and still young. Her crutches hung upon the top of the chair. Her hands, not strong, were deft and delicate. Like her mother, she worked industriously. She had a cheerful expression. For six weeks she had earned a dollar and a half a week. In this circumstance she took an exquisite pride.

Her business was daintier than her mother's and quieter. She worked in tissue-paper. She dressed dolls. Incidentally she made lamp-shades and Christ-

mas bells, doilies, decorations, but by profession she was a dressmaker for paper dolls.

She would have been attractive or possibly handsome if she had been well. She sat in a billow of bright colors; her lap, like the table and the floor, blazed with brilliant flimsiness. She was snipping a silver sash for a doll with a bronze skirt and a Nile-green shirt-waist. It was to be noted that she did not trick her toys discordantly. She had a sense of color, it came out in tissue-paper, nor did she scorn (no artist does) the available material. As her father had loved and mastered musical sound, the spirit of the daughter yearned for beautiful tints. To an extent not guessed by the uninitiated, *crêpe* paper offered these. In them she rejoiced, and of them she wrought cheerfully.

Everything about the young woman was cheerful, except her name; this was a twice-told corruption. Sarah, her mother, had called the child Sadie; but the baby elected to name herself Little Sad, and Little Sad she had remained—a big, happy cripple, patient from the beginning of her denied life. She sat smiling in a wave of pearl grays, shading to dove and steel, and foaming into pale rose. She handled the delicate paper as freely as if it had been lace; she never tore it.

"There!" cried Mrs. Racer. The old sewing-machine snarled and snapped. Sad laid down her paper doll.

"Another needle, mummy?"

"Two to-day," sighed Mrs. Racer. "I believe I'll stop and breathe on this one. Whom are you dressing now, Little Sad?"

"A lady," replied the paper-dress maker. She held up the painted cardboard body of a middle-aged doll with gray hair. "Princess, and a dinner dress," said Sad; "three shades of gray let in somewhere, and rose on the corsage. She will be quiet; quiet like a moonlight from top to toe."

"Who was that you dressed yesterday?" asked the mother, indulgently. While she talked she reset her needle and replaced the sleeve of a shirt-waist with a yellow stripe. "Who was the one with the red feather on the picture-hat?"

"Oh, she was an actress," replied Sad. "She sings in ballet. But the lady, mummy—the lady stays at home. She

has a lovely home!" added Sad, joyously. "She entertains educated people. In fact, I'm not perfectly sure she isn't Cousin Guy's wife."

"What do you know about Cousin Guy, Sad? We haven't any of us seen him this dozen years."

"Oh, I hear father talk," said Sad. She was crimping a tiny ruffle of rose tissue for the bodice of the lady in silver gray. The ruffle was so small that only exquisite fingers could have handled it.

"I know," replied the mother, patiently. "He has those times. He thinks of everything we can't have, and of everybody who has forgotten us. Your father is a dreamer, Sad. He always was."

"That's the music in him," answered Sad. She spoke in a low, cooing voice. Her father used to say that she sounded like a pigeon on a roof.

"It's time he got home," said Mrs. Racer, anxiously. "You don't hear him, do you? I couldn't hear the last trumpet, working. Sometimes I do wish we could afford one of those new machines. They don't make half the racket."

"Oh, I shall hear him," returned Sad, in her comfortable way. "I always hear him six steps down from the top of the last flight. Don't slander your machine, mummy. It's all you've got. Sewing-machines can't have cultivated voices; they're not born ladies."

"Nor born poultry-yards, either, Sad. When this one doesn't crow it cackles."

"Or quacks," suggested Sad, laughing. "When it has made up its mind to chew off a needle it barks. Mummy dear, he is coming."

The sewing-machine was now screaming down the seam. The woman, with her foot on the treadle, could hear nothing. The cripple laid down her tissue-paper daintily, slipped her crutches under her arms, and got to the door.

John Racer entered silently. He stooped more than usual, and his lips were shut together hard. His hopeless eyes included everything in the room at a glance. This ran from the mother to the daughter, and back again with an expression that was less tender than defiant. He regarded the two wage-earners with a fathomless envy. It was as if a transparent sliding-door rolled between himself and them. He experienced the bitter

exclusion of a man who is supported by the women of his household. If he had shirked or dawdled he would not have been capable of feeling this. He had tried, like a man, to do a man's work. The merciless modern world had none to offer him. No woman can understand the workings of a man's mind and heart in such a maladjustment of life; and his women did not.

They thought they did, of course. They were conscious of "keeping up" for his sake. They never nagged; they asked few questions; they were conscientiously kind. Racer dimly suspected that it was by no means a circumstance to count upon that a man should be cherished by two feminine creatures who never lost their tempers. Sometimes he wished they would. If they snapped at him occasionally, or even reproached, he had a curious feeling that it would reduce his sense of obligation. In fact, his was the uncertain temper; his wife and daughter expected a given amount of irritability from him, and assumed towards it the half-indulgent, half-superior patience that women at their best offer to the weaknesses of men.

On the evening of which we tell, John Racer came home in beaten reticence. Every day that winter he had set forth upon his solitary share in the mortal struggle for existence, and every night he had returned defeated. At first his wife used to ask him kind, foolish questions, as, "John, what luck to-day?" or, "Dear, is there any news?" She had long ceased to make any inquiries; his daughter never had. When he chose he spoke, and to-night he did not choose. Sad, leaning on her crutches, put both her delicate hands upon his arm. She was so tall that her smiling face came almost upon a level with his own.

"Tired, father?" When she spoke she patted his arm. This was all she said. He looked at her and dropped heavily into a chair before the stove.

The sewing-machine screamed on to the end of the seam, and stopped crossly. It seemed to Racer that it cawed like a crow and jeered at him. Even the senseless piece of machinery was his superior, for it could earn money. His wife stepped out of a thicket of shirt-waists, scrutinized without seeming to see him, and

hurried to his side. There she began to brood over him. She insisted upon the first rights of a wife, and seldom relinquished them, even to her daughter. Sad might divert and amuse and cheer her father, but his wife should comfort him.

"You are cold," she said. "It was such a mistake to sell that overcoat. You are chilled through. Why, John, John! Your feet are wet. They are sopping. You must change them right away."

She knelt and pulled off his old drenched shoes. She dragged away his stockings, and rubbed his feet with her small, roughened hands. Although he protested he let her do it; he knew that it made her happy.

She brought him dry stockings, and apologized because they had holes in them. "I haven't had time to mend them yet. I'll get around to it pretty soon. Here's a cup of tea, John. It's hot and strong. It may just save you a cold. I will get supper right away. We have got baked potatoes. I saved you a little piece of bacon. Did you have any luncheon to-day?"

"Yes, yes," said Racer, eagerly; "an excellent luncheon." He quivered with delight at being able to say so without lying. For two months he had gone without luncheons, for which he could not pay, and for which he was determined that Sarah should not. This she did not know; he meant that she never should. But Sarah was a wife and loved; therefore she suspected. She perceived in her husband the growing morbidness of idleness and penury. It had even occurred to her that he was depriving himself with deliberate purpose of such food as she could offer him at their scanty meals. He claimed to have lost his appetite; she had begun by believing him; of late she did not know what to believe. But she had never said so. She spared him all she could.

Sad cleared away her litter of colored papers from the table, and knocked about softly on her crutches to help her mother serve their supply of potatoes and salt—and tea. It was a cheap green tea. Mrs. Racer drank it like a drunkard. She gave her husband the slice of bacon which she had jealously kept for him. The three sat at their crude meal with the table manners of a class as foreign as

their grammar was to their squalid conditions. Sad talked lightly—she always did—making merry of their lot. Sometimes her father tired of the unremitting cheerfulness, for lack of which he would have sunk into abject melancholy. Once he had said to her:

"Sad! This has ceased to be ridiculous. It is dreadful."

But Sad laughed.

The music-master had no piano; he had sold his two years ago; his flute alone was left him; it lay on the mantel (which Sad had draped in soft moss-green paper), and regarded him with the patience of the helpless and neglected. After supper, which he had eaten without speaking, Sad did a bold thing. She thudded over on her crutches and brought the flute to him.

"Give us a little music, father, won't you? Give us 'Adelaide.'"

But John Racer pushed the flute away. He got to his feet and flung his arms above his head.

"Damn music!" he said.

Such a shocked silence answered him that it startled the man. He stood and stared at his wife and daughter for a moment; at Sarah's yellow cheeks and Sad's big pale face; then his uplifted arms fell slowly and his head sank upon his breast. As if he had cursed his Creator, the musician stood trembling and repentant.

It may have been penitence for this sin that moved him several weeks thereafter to do the thing he did with his flute. But the incident needs a prefatory word.

The winter was a cold one and fuel was high. The kitchen stove and the cylinder in the working-room gaped greedily for unprecedented fodder. The rent was due. After the holidays there was a decline in the paper-doll market, and the cripple's income visibly decreased. Sarah Racer was disabled by one of the influenzas obstinately cherished by the American populace under the pseudonym of grippe. Orders for shirt-waists fell off, and long silences punctuated the cross chatter of the sewing-machine.

When every other form of economy is exhausted, one is left. The human body can refuse the food that nourishes it, and scorn the consequences. How many suicides have eluded life by this unsuspected



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

LEANING ON HER CRUTCHES, SHE PUT HER HANDS UPON HIS ARM

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road no medical examiner has reported to us or ever will. The Racers began to go hungry, and then cold. The women exchanged grave glances; they had ceased to discuss their plight with each other; they had long ago ceased to discuss it with the music-master; it had, somehow, abruptly (as such troubles do) struck down below the reach of words. For the first time in her life, Sad's temperamental cheerfulness deserted her. She did not tell funny stories to her father when he came home with his beaten—it had become a hunted—look. The untimely is the unseemly optimism, like a laugh at a grave. Not all optimists perceive this, but Sad did. She made lamp-shades in silence.

For the first time in their history, the family clung together and dragged each other into the pit that is called despair; Sad had planted her cripple feet on the edge of the precipice, and withstood this disaster as long as she could. In all households there is the lifter, and there are the leaners; so, in most there is the light-bearer, and there are gloom-bringers. When the humorous and the luminous qualities in Sad gave way, everything tumbled and crumbled with her.

With this rapid descent of their already fallen fortunes, certain curious changes might have been noticed in the home of John Racer. He himself grew rougher of speech and manner; sometimes he talked the patois of the street; his grammar halted now and then. The ladies became careless of their dress; the rooms were not as clean as they used to be; the habits of tenement life subtly encroached upon the household of the starving gentleman. It was as if privation, having worked its will upon their bodies, had turned upon their delicate instincts. Below the deeps of hunger and cold and rags there is a deeper depth, and into this the music-master's family had begun to slide. The inherited and acquired refinement of their natures was in danger; but the subtlest of their perils was that they did not know it.

One sharp morning the musician slyly slid his flute under his coat when he set forth on his daily, and denied, demand for the right to exist. With shuffling steps, with hanging head, he crawled to the business section of the town, sought

the densest crowd he saw, and, standing with his back against a big plate-glass window, suddenly dragged out his flute and put it to his blue lips. The day was very cold, and his fingers shook. His heart beat with long, thumping strokes. He had eaten little breakfast. The flute fell from his hands, and he picked it up from the snow, and, with a gasp, began to play "Adelaide."

After a moment, the acute misery of his position subsided a little, and he was able to see that people were listening to him. Many stopped, some smiled, some held out hands. Suddenly he felt money in his palm—a dime, another, two, a quarter, some nickels. The hot color raced across his face. From sheer shame he lifted the flute again to his lips and played on wildly; thus occupying both his hands, that they need not betray his soul. With a scorching humiliation he perceived the nature of the thing that he had done.

"Adelaide! Adelaide!" sang the flute.

"I am a beggar! I am a beggar!" said the gentleman.

John Racer, as we have said, was a dreamer. He knew much music, but little law. It had never occurred to him that he could be breaking any by his humiliating act. When a policeman's hand gripped him by the wasted shoulder he looked up like a child.

"Where is your license?" thundered the officer.

"Why," said the music-master, trembling with terror, "I did not know that I had to obtain any."

"Oh, come off!" cried the guardian of public morals; "that's too thin."

His big hand slipped from the old man's shoulder to his wrist.

"Why, Professor Racer!" cried a voice from the crowd. Some one stepped up and whispered a few words to the officer, who reluctantly released his hold on the musician.

"Oh, well," he said, "if you'll be answerable for him. But he's old enough to know better. Don't let it happen again."

Pale and panting, the bewildered music-teacher felt a kindly hand drawn through his arm, and found himself led quickly and quietly out of the now fast-thickening crowd. His rescuer was a



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

HE BEGAN TO PLAY "ADELAIDE"

middle-aged person, with the head and features of an educated man and the dress of a prosperous clerk or upper employee.

"What! Don't remember me? I taught history at the academy. We went to faculty meeting together for two years."

The speaker did not offer his name, and it had gone clean out of Racer's memory; but he remembered the voice; by means of this he identified the face, and his heart yearned towards his old colleague as one yearns to a neighbor, never sought at home, whom one meets at a distance from it upon a journey.

Under a few warm-hearted questions, the shield of Racer's reserve lowered, and he yielded the personal history of five bleak years.

"Oh, I know!" cried the other. "*Don't* I know? I have been through it myself. Every man's hand is at the other man's throat now. You earn a living at the bayonet's point. Get pushed a foot out of the ranks, and they rush right over you like Waterloo. I gave up trying to live the intellectual life two years ago. Somehow, I got left and I couldn't catch up. There are too many of us, Racer, and New England is the very devil. Any bricklayer has a better chance. . . . What? Yes; took the first thing I could get—the first honest thing, I mean. I'm not a gentleman and a scholar, Professor Racer, any more. I am a florist's assistant. I decorate rich people's houses. My children have enough to eat, and my wife is warmly dressed."

The two derelicts of professional life looked at each other with the deep instincts of class allegiance.

"The trouble with you is," suggested the teacher of history, "you have struck too high. Been bothering the teachers' agencies, haven't you?"

The music-master nodded bitterly.

"Come down!" said the teacher.

"Come down! Try the employment offices—something manual. I will give you some addresses. There's one I got my situation from. You aren't very young, that's a fact," he added, ruefully. "Can you lift?"

"I can try," said John Racer.

"We are short a hand to-day," suggested the florist's decorator, "and I have

got a reception on at the West End. Jump into my team and I will take you over. It will be worth seventy-five cents. You haven't got an overcoat. Whew! That's too bad."

"I am quite warm," protested the music-master, joyfully. He hugged his shivering shoulders as they rode.

Now, when he went with his friend into the rich man's house he saw upon the door-plate the name of his wife's relative, he who was known in the family as Cousin Guy—Guy Northrup. Racer was so disturbed by this that he would have turned and fled, but the sturdier will of his old colleague pushed him on.

The master of the house was not within it, but the mistress was. She came in personally to superintend the decorations of her drawing-room, and John Racer looked at her furtively while he carried potted plants and tubs of palms. The lady was dressed in shades of gray, like that paper doll of Sad's. She was "quiet as moonlight," as Sad had said, from head to foot. She had a warm smile, and her voice was like the prelude to "Adelaide." A fine piano stood open at the end of the long drawing-room. A wild impulse to reveal himself seized upon the old musician. He could hardly keep his hands from the keys. The ease of the beautiful house crept upon his nerves; its familiar luxury stung the tears to his hollow eyes—he was physically so weak. In such homes he had taught half his life; in such he had been entertained—the artist honored with his art.

He asked to be allowed to decorate the piano, and he laid a low basket of violets upon it reverently. The familiar Beethoven hung above the piano—Mozart and the others beyond; there was a bust of Chopin in the corner. The old musician lifted his eyes to the masters.

"Madam," he observed, holding out a spray of ivy, "shall I crown Chopin?"

"Be a little careful," said the decorator, in the tone with which he used to reprimand his history class. "You will give yourself away."

Racer did not speak again. At noon he hurried home like a boy with his seventy-five cents. But the money that the flute had brought him had dropped from a hole in his vest pocket between the lining and the cloth. He let it stay

there. He felt ashamed to touch it; he did not tell his wife that he had dishonored "Adelaide" by begging in the street.

"Sir," said John Racer, "I want a situation."

At the desk of an employment office of the lower grades the music-master stood patiently. He was pushed from behind by two farm-hands; a groom elbowed him; a motorman and a coachman had forged ahead of him. In that mass of brawn and bluster he looked feeble, inadequate, and older than he was. His voice had a strange, thin note, like that of a being speaking through an electric wire from a star.

"What can *you* do?" demanded the man at the desk. He made, to do him justice, a good-humored effort to subdue the contempt that he felt. "Can you dig? Plough? Mow?"

"I never have," replied Racer, humbly; "but I could learn, I think."

"Can you milk a dozen cows night and morning?"

The music-master was silent.

"Can you drive a span?"

"Oh, yes. I have often done that."

"Whose were they? Your own?"

"No," replied John Racer, with his childlike manner; "I owned but one horse."

"Have you a coachman's reference?"

The musician did not reply.

"Or a butler's? You might do as a butler now. You have a pretty respectable look."

"I have no reference—as a butler—no."

"Could you drive a furniture-van? Have to handle heavy furniture. We have an order for an expressman's helper. Can you lift trunks? I see there's one or two ice companies want hands. That's up at 3 A.M. and coolin' off pretty quick in ice-houses hot weather. Could you carry fifty pounds to the pick, think? Hey! What? Look here! Boys, what ails the old fellar? Here. Let *me* come. Great Scott! The poor devil! . . . Starved, by Moses!"

The coachman and the farm-hands stepped up; the motorman shook his head and said, "Gee!"

A teamster lifted the musician.

"Look at them fingers!" he whispered

to a stone-mason; "I could snap 'em like macaroni!"

When John Racer tried to get himself up from the floor by his despised and rejected artistic hands, a good-natured furnaceman was spilling water over him out of a tin cup.

"Here," said the furnaceman, "lemme boost yer!"

John Racer thanked the furnaceman with elaborate courtesy, but said that he was quite able to walk alone. This he did, staggering pathetically away. He never entered an employment office again.

"It must be something in the air," he said to his wife.

A philosopher was the poet who sang,

"These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend."

The florists' decorator had held out a hurried hand to the music-master, and gone his ways with a pleasant sense of having done an easy kindness, and with a comfortable purpose to follow it up by others when he saw the chance. The cost of his inconsequent good humor was definite and heavy to his old colleague; but this the teacher of history never knew, nor would he understand if he were told the subtle relation of that morning's tragedy of John Racer's life. The links were too fine for him.

It is never easy to distinguish the precise origin of a great temptation. One may recall the point back of which one can be sure that it did not exist; but the moment when it began to be is as hard to define as the moment when a fog forms upon a clear coast. Of no human besetment is this so true as of the temptation to cease from the trouble of living. Racer could not have said whether he had or had not dallied with this ghastly siren before the day when he crowned the bust of Chopin with ivy in the home of the relative of Sarah, his wife. But he could not have denied that since that hour his brooding, melancholy soul had been obsessed by invisible forces, most of them sinister, all of them strong. Although an imaginative man, he could not have conceived of their power until he had come beneath it. When he had yielded by the width of

a tolerant thought, he seemed suddenly to have yielded half his fighting quality. This thought, nebulous at first, then clear, and soon distinct, formed about the gray-clad figure of the lady who had lifted beautiful startled eyes to her decorator's assistant when he said, "Shall I crown the Chopin?" They were kind. Oh yes, her eyes were kind. They had the woman in them; they were capable of pity; they might weep if she were touched; they would recognize gentle nature when they met it. Sarah, too, was a lady. She would be sorry for Sarah. When he was gone—if he were out of Sarah's life for once and for always—she would compassionate Sarah. And Sad . . . a cripple! That would appeal to the gray lady. She could not stand off in her beautiful gown and see Sad suffer. In a word, Racer had brought himself to the point of believing that the relative of his wife would provide for the family if its unfortunate head were removed. Once he would have set aside this delusion healthily and intelligently. Ten years ago it could not have got the better of him. He had been so long exiled from his own world; he had been so long a poor man, forgotten, neglected, cold, ragged, starved, that he had lost the natural focus of his class, and acquired that of the poor towards the rich. He had undergone the color-blindness of penury. He saw yellow as a murderer sees red. He came to exaggerate the distant claim of kin upon those luxurious people. He dwelt upon it until it assumed preposterous proportions. He saw his wife in a soft gown, all shades of gray like the paper dolls. He saw Sad, smiling and idle, in an easy chair beside the bust of Chopin. He had come to the pass of assuming that his family would be adopted bodily into that home of ease and gentle feeling.

Now this peril of the soul he could not share with his wife. Most of the temptations of his life he had. Years ago, when he had come to depend too much on his Madeira at dinner, she had persuaded it off the table. Once, when he was a little *épris* with a pretty pupil, he had told his wife about it, as a matter of course. They talked it over together, and Sarah's good sense and good nature had kept him from making a fool of himself. But *this*—no, from this he

must shield Sarah as he had shielded her from a draught or a too bright light in their bridal days. He could fling himself off the spinning world into the mysteries of space and leave her. But he would shelter her from the agony of knowing that he meant to do it. As he toyed with this idea it grew like some creature of mythology that assumes unnatural metamorphoses.

At first it had been a little thing with which he played—like a kitten or some domestic pet. Now it was a monster and played with him. Whichever way he looked he saw the temptress—death.

That he should ultimately yield to her he had no longer any doubt. But the method and the time of his surrender still remained undecided in his mind. As long as this was so he was still comparatively safe, although he did not know it. But the serious aspect of his situation was that he did not tell. Intelligent persons talk suicide sometimes, but seldom commit it.

When a man locks his purpose in his heart, and barricades the door, and stations patrols of watchful, cheerful words or sombre reticence to keep off human approach and human suspicion—then save him if you can. Whether the mind of a suicide is always an alienated mind is not a question for this chronicle to decide or discuss. As for John Racer, he was not insane. His melancholy had not yet broken the hinge of his intellect. He knew perfectly what he was about, and why. It was not at all clear to him that he had not the right to take the life imposed upon him by a fate which now forbade him the power to sustain it. If he reasoned fallaciously, remember that he was not a philosopher, but a musician. He was accustomed to put his emotions to the front. Beethoven, Mozart, and Chopin had not taught him logic. Nor had he been what is called a religious man; he had only loved his wife. What he purposed to do he should do for Sarah's sake. Love was his syllogism, but there was a false term in it, and his conclusion betrayed him.

He began to stroll into drug-stores and put questions about poisons. He began to haunt the bridges spanning the river that curved around the city. One day his fingers went down into the hole in

his vest pocket and fumbled for the change that his flute had begged for him when it sang "Adelaide." He thought of the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas had betrayed his Lord. He took it out and counted it slowly. There were eighty-five cents. He took this money to a pawn-shop and bought a second-hand pistol, old and rusty. This he carried home and hid in his shaving-stand, which had a drawer that locked. It was almost the only piece of furniture that he had saved from his comfortable past. He laid the pistol beside the razor and a bottle of laudanum that had been there for some weeks, put the key in his pocket, fled the house, and went back to the river.

It came on to be early spring, when, if ever, the starving are fed. Masses of men with bitter eyes and powerful muscles thronged out into the country to wrench a living from their mother earth. It occurred to John Racer to do the same. He dug holes to plant trees upon a gentleman's lawn for half a day. He was kindly dismissed at noon upon the ground that they needed a stronger man, and he did not try again.

All this while (having abandoned the employment offices) he ravaged the advertisements; mechanically, dutifully, not because he had hope, even what a great misanthrope called "desperate," as distinct from "common hoping hope," but because of a crude, peremptory thing within him that he neither understood nor respected—the instinct to live. Now that he had determined to die, he scorned this savage impulse, while yet he parried with it, God knew why.

From a flaring red and yellow Sunday paper he cut out a couple of lines which set forth the demand of a family for a gentleman to go to the seashore and tutor two boys, very little boys, and to teach them the rudiments of music. It would not be easy to say why John Racer staked his life, or even what one might call his soul, upon this venture; but he did. Beyond it, he was determined not to make another. If he got the place he would live, at least till fall; perhaps even he would take the chance as a sign (he did not know of what) and go on living. If he failed to get it, his mind was made. He would tolerate the injustice of ex-

istence no more. He would rebel and riot against it. Yes, and he would take the consequences, be they what they might. Once he muttered, "I will not be supported by women any longer."

He was so fortunate as to secure a reply from the advertiser upon whose whim he had flung this awful toss, and the evening before the day when he should keep his appointment he locked himself into his little, hot bedroom and wrote for a while. He heard the cackle of the sewing-machine in the working-room, and in the pauses his wife's voice—not so modulated as it was once. Then Sad spoke, not merrily, as she used to do; she had caught phrases that she heard from their neighbors, the women in the tenements above and below them. By a curious freak of his excited mind he thought of some of the unpleasant details in their sordid lot: how they had parted with the last piece of Sarah's wedding silver, and ate anyhow, with anything; and that it was some time since their napkins gave out, darned to the last thread. Once he had just saved himself from putting the edge of the table-cloth to his lips at supper. It was oilcloth, and veined to imitate marble.

"It is for their sakes," he said. "We are sinking into the bottomless pit. We have become part of the great submerged. It is for their sakes."

He wrote two letters, read and reread them, but changed nothing in them; sealed, addressed, and put them in his shaving-stand, which he did not lock. Thus they ran:

"MR. GUY NORTHRUP:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—My poor wife will tell you the history which has driven me to that which I have decided to do. Please tell Mrs. Northrup that I put the ivy on the Chopin when I came with the florist's decorator that day. Do me the credit, if you can, to remember that I have never made myself known to annoy you, or to appeal to your sympathy. I believe poor relatives sometimes do. Sir, I have tried in every way I can think of to earn a living. I cannot do it. The ladies of my family—my poor wife, my crippled daughter—have supported me as long as I can bear it. When I am out of their way, for the love of God and pity

on a desperate man, will you look to it, somehow, that they do not starve or freeze? We have been pretty near it. If there is any knowledge in the place to which I am going (I don't know whether there is) I shall thank you, sir.

I am, yours truly,
JOHN RACER."

The other letter was no longer, and was blurred from beginning to end with splashing tears:

"SARAH,—We've been happy together in spite of all. We have loved each other a good while and a good deal. What I mind most is the way you'll look when they bring me home. But it is the only thing to be done. I have tried everything else. Your cousin Guy will look after you and Sad—his wife will, if he doesn't. I hope you won't take it very hard, Sarah. I wish I could make you see it as I do. Sometimes I am afraid you won't.

"Bury my flute with me, and if there were anybody that could sing 'Adelaide' I should like that. But I don't suppose there will be. How long was it I called you Adelaide? It seemed I never could get used to Sarah. You were such a delicate, poetic creature—half music, half fire. All our lives together you have been all love. I wish I could make you believe that it is love that makes me do this deed.

"Tell Sad—"

But what he would have told Sad was blotted past deciphering.

He went in and spent the rest of the evening with his wife and daughter. They were not working, and the family sat in the dark to save kerosene. They chatted quietly, and Sarah Racer remembered afterwards that John had talked more than usual, and more cheerfully.

In the night she waked once or twice, and thought that he was not asleep, and once she found him holding her hand as he lay straight and still at her side.

In the morning he ate no breakfast, but this was not unusual, and he did not tell them where he was going, but that often happened. He did say:

"I may be late to-night. Don't worry if I am."

He kissed them both good-by, and then he came back and kissed his wife a second time. She went to the top of the stairs and watched him going down the upper flight; he clung to the banister and measured his steps carefully. She thought him paler than usual, or feebler. She said to Sad,

"Your father is getting to be an old man."

It was four o'clock that afternoon when John Racer came to the river. Why to the river, he could not have told, because he had no intention, remote or near, of drowning. Perhaps he wished to feel that he could if the other failed. The rusty pistol was in his breast pocket, and he felt of it as if it had been a love-letter or money, or even a Bible, such as religious persons carried. It occurred to him once that he had never been religious, and to wonder if it would have made any difference if he had been with this which he purposed to do. His determination was quite fixed. He had passed all the doubtful stages. He had gone by the border-land. He had come to the country of no retreat. His mind was perfectly clear and calm. He had risked his last throw. He could not even teach the rudiments of music to very little boys. Whatever dying was, he was convinced that it would be easier than living; and this is a dangerous conviction for any man to reach.

The bridge was not crowded—it was an hour too early for that—and he had chosen a place at its farther end, as far as possible (he would have said) from Sarah. He found it difficult to forget—he wished he could—that Sarah might take this hard.

He was leaning over the rail of the bridge; it appeared that he was watching the water, but in fact he was accustoming himself to the feel of the trigger on the pistol, which he had covered from observation by his coat. While he was standing so, at halt between life and death, and craving death with the passion of failure and age, he was disturbed by the sobbing of a child, and looking up he saw a little crippled girl. He thrust the pistol into his breast pocket.

"There's plenty of time," he thought. "It will stay there."



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

HE WAS LEANING OVER THE RAIL OF THE BRIDGE

VOL. CXIII.—No. 678.—114

With the manner and tone which could have belonged only to the father of a crippled child, he put his arm about the little thing and besought her to tell him the nature of her trouble. It seemed she had lost one crutch; it had fallen into the river, she thought. She stood crying and pointed down with a dirty little finger.

"Why, no," he said, cheerfully. "It is right on the rocks, not very far down. I can get it for you easily."

This he did, clambering down like a young, strong man, and brought back the crutch to the child, who gave him a small, twisted smile and hobbled away. He stood and watched her, smiling too.

"I must tell Sad that," he thought. Then he remembered that he should never tell Sad anything again.

He went back upon the bridge, walking slowly. Four men were coming from the city, straggling one after the other.

"I must wait till they have gone," he thought. Two passed, and a third; the fourth was well behind. John Racer resumed his station at the spot which he had left to help the crippled child. His hand crept stealthily to his breast pocket; he pulled his hat violently over his eyes. The fourth and last man came up, passed, turned, and stopped. A hand touched the musician's shoulder.

"Hello, John Jogger!" cried the fourth man.

In the tenement that one called a flat by courtesy it was very hot. Work went heavily, and the sewing-machine, which seemed to mind the weather like other people, turned shrewish, snarled, and bit off a needle.

"There!" said Mrs. Racer; "the third to-day. And I believe I haven't got another to my name."

"Then you can rest and enjoy yourself, mummy," suggested Sad.

"Oh, yes; I can rest—and enjoy—myself," repeated Sarah Racer, bitterly.

She pushed her chair away from the machine and began to fold and pile up the shirt-waists that billowed about her. Sad put back the straggling wet hair from her own damp face and leaned back in her cushioned chair; her large eyes brooded as if she had been the mother and Sarah Racer had been the child.

"Don't begin yet," she said abruptly.

"It really isn't time. He is often later than this, you know—much later, mummy."

"It's the look he had," replied Mrs. Racer. "But it is early to worry, I'll own to that. What are you dressing to-day, Sad?"

Sad hesitated, and held up her paper doll in silence. The cripple sat in a mass of mournful colors, black and white; and the doll in her hands was a paper widow in a long black veil. Sad tied a little white tissue bow beneath the widow's chin, and laid her away in a pasteboard box.

"I hate it! I hate it!" she cried, suddenly. "To-morrow I'll have a bride and six bridesmaids."

"Sad," said Mrs. Racer, "there's no use pretending any longer. Your father ought to have been here half an hour ago."

She got up and drained a cup of bitter tea, cold and poisoned by the tin pot in which it had stood all day. Then she began to pace the hot, small room, passing in and out of the bedroom as she flung herself to and fro, pulling on her nerves as a dog pulls on a leash.

"I didn't like his looks to-day," she repeated.

Now Sad had liked them even less, but she had not said so. She sat with her large head on one side, listening acutely. She took her crutches from the top of the chair and held them ready for she knew not what. She tried to say something, but only succeeded in making that cooing, comforting noise which her father said was like pigeons on a roof. The two women endured the inquisition of anxiety which men inflict because they are men, and never, for the same reason, understand.

Then Sad heard a cry—low at first, but rising till it cleft her heart. From out of the bedroom Mrs. Racer dashed; her face, shrivelled beneath its yellow skin, was of a piteous color; in her small, rough hands she held out two shaking letters.

All dishevelled as she was, in her cotton wrapper, open at the throat, Sarah Racer would have plunged into the street. But the cripple held her back.

"Not without me, mummy! Not with-

out me!" Sad, who had not been down the stairs since she had been lifted up them more than a year ago, put her crutches under her arms and thudded to the top flight, sat herself down and pushed from step to step, as persons on crutches can. As she did so she held her mother's skirt and clung to it, for she was afraid that the woman would fling herself headlong. So the little procession of two came down four flights of stairs and panted into the street. There they stood, bewildered, knowing no more than the pigeons on the roofs above them what to do. But Sad kept her head, and held her mother by the cotton wrapper.

"Keep a *little* quiet, mummy! Don't let *everybody* know."

They stumbled along the sidewalk, staring everywhere, as if that would find or help him, afraid to tell their dreadful story, afraid not to tell it, and clinging

together as women do in the emergencies that have gone beyond their wits.

Then, running rapidly towards them they saw a radiant man. He was an aging man, but his years had fallen from him like melted snow. He was gaunt and bent and ragged; but he held his head like a boy. He was feeble and bald, and in his excitement he had lost his hat and ran bareheaded; but the fire of youth flared in his eyes, and his voice was as the voice of those who have drunk the wine of joy. Gesticulating with his voluble fingers, he held out his arms, and his wife lurched into them. The cripple, tottering, supported only by her crutches, laughed. Proud, ecstatic, with the triumph of one who, being compelled by the laws of God and man to exist, has found the way to do so, John Racer cried aloud:

"*I've got a job!*"

To the Pure in Heart

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

GOD stood upon the altar-stair,
Unseen of all the throng.
Across the wreathing incensed air
They watched the myriad candles flare,
They heard the holy song:
And low they knelt, and fast they prayed,
Calling on Christ and Mary Maid,—
"Oh, keep us from all ill," they said,—
"Thy servants' love make strong."
But all this time God waited there,
Unseen upon the altar-stair.

God stood beside the altar-rail,
Unseen of all but one,—
And she was a mere thing of sale:
Her cheeks were stained with tears and pale;
She knew what she had done.
The gentle folk paused in their prayer
To eye the creature weeping there:
"Preserve us, Christ and Mary Fair!"
—Thus did their swift words run.
But she—so may pure hearts prevail—
Had seen God standing by the rail.



WILLIAM IVES MORGAN
From a daguerreotype made in California in the summer of 1852

The Log of a Forty-Niner

BY FLORENCE E. D. MUZZY

Extracts from the Journal of William Ives Morgan, of Bristol, Connecticut, who on May 26, 1849, sailed in the barque *J. Walls, Jr.*, with "The Brothers Mining and Trading Company," for California, *viâ* Cape Horn. He arrived in San Francisco Bay, January 1, 1850. These extracts are published by permission of Mr. Morgan's family, and through the courtesy of his son, William C. Morgan.

OFF Florida, June, 1849—a month after sailing—Morgan writes:
"The Barque does not move. Four of us went on board the first American vessel we have seen; a hard pull of 20 miles. Got papers up to June 5. Going back was compelled to steer by the stars: did not get off our course. Bells, guns, drums, horns, were sounded, and lights set in different parts of the riggen. Caught a turtle that weighed about 100 pounds; will make a meal of flesh."

July 4.—"The Boys began to feel independent quite early," with flags, sa-

lutes, and "three things called Oration." The "Company's" doings caused "a regular growl" aboard, and Morgan "moved into the forecabin out of cabin" society.

"Spoke an English Man-o'-War; 5 women aboard; looked some good; gave her three cheers. Sailor went overboard after Mr. Clemmen's cap. Received 1.00 reward. The word of God was preached to-day."

July 13.—"Put upon water allowance—one quart a day. Heavy shower. All hands stripped and had a fine wash.

"Crowded sail, with drums, fifes, and guns, after a French brigantine, which mistook us for pirates, or anything but peaceable Yankees."

Off St. Roque their first death occurred. "We committed his body to the deep with services from the Church Book. He was sewn up in canvass, bricks to his feet, and slid from a plank into the sea. The weather makes some of the Boys feel homesick."

August 1.—Out of sight of land fifty-six days. Made Rio de Janeiro. He describes adobe huts on mountainsides, tropic fruits, gardens, theatres, native festas, and sailor sprees in squalid streets. He admits his share with frank amusement: "The 30th being my birthday, *I got drunk!*"

September 18 they sailed. Two days out, "a slave that we stole and stowed away unbeknown to the Captain came on deck, also a white chap that ran away from an English ship.

"Making tall tracks for Cape Horn. Our female is dead—the only one on board. Death felt all over the ship—*it was the cat*. Put on sugar allowance. Who would not sell a farm and go to sea! Saw penguins and four right whales. Man lowered boat to lance one, but only got laughed at. Doctor says I have scurvy, but I *don't*."

October 6.—Sighted snow-capped Terra del Fuego. Next day "the long-looked-for and dreaded Cape Horn is in sight. I am putting it down on paper—a very good picture.

"The Barque is taking water over both rails; everything on deck breaking loose; man hurt from beef-barrel rolling on him. Vessel heaved to, under close-reefed mainsail, and riggen covered with ice. Only one sail for company on this tempest of waters."

The ship made Valparaiso in forty-two days, "quickest passage but two on record." They remained two weeks, hunting, fishing, playing ball, horse-racing. "Had a little time with a thing that calls himself a man, for calling me a liar; have cured him of such bad habits."

Nearing California, he records: "The Boys smell gold. Independence Day, My Birthday, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and a good chance of New-Years" on

board. A heavy gale. "Cruising down the coast, looking for the Golden Gate. All hands in good spirits. Ship like bedlam."

January 1, 1850.—"Came to anchor in harbor about 4 bells this afternoon. Shore green and beautiful. San Francisco not so extensive as I expected; is about half tents. Mud two to four feet deep. Many murders reported. Fully 400 vessels here, and every day swells the list."

January 29.—Still in harbor. Sailors deserted, taking their best boat and provisions. Morgan turned cook. "Waldo, Tom, Tuttle, Wallace, and Nettleton" started after a boat to go up the Sacramento, Morgan being detained by illness.

Long search failed to find "*those that went out*. Rather solemn on board. We fear they are drifted out to sea. To die by this climate is bad enough, but they were all healthy and in good spirits." They never returned.

Soon after they started up the Sacramento in the same bark with which they had rounded the Horn—afterward sold for \$4000 to pay "Company's depts. We go just far enough to change the scenery daily. Collided with the *Senator*—no damage."

There was much sickness. They took "slow ways of going to the Diggins,"—"warping," "kegging," or towing the bark, shifting cargo, waiting on wind or tide—thirty-three men working the boat, while others scanned the shore for elk, antelope, deer, ducks, or other "fresh," so welcome after "raw pork and hard bread. One does not know luxury unless he takes a trip round the Horn.

"Can see New York (a mining town), 5 small huts, 3 tents, five vessels, and some stakes to tie up cattle."

Nearing Sacramento.—"Altogether I do not think it is a bad country after one gets into it. Splendid view. A few buildings that look very well; a mile of vessels along the bank. Went ashore. Paid \$1.00 for a piece of pie and cake."

Many stopped at Sacramento; more "rushed to Yuba River." Morgan remained aboard, hoping to "get something from the Company" which refused to settle.

"Captain demands security for our

passage . . . darned fool! Plenty of room now; after being penned together for months in 100 feet by 17. Lonesome as the Devel. A man can appreciate friends after a trip round the Horn. Have been on board 9 months this day noon. A year since I have earned a cent." Going ashore, farther up the river, he paid seventy-five cents per pound for shot, and brought down three ducks.

"I do think I can beat half the girls in old Bristol cooking. Feel as I do at home after Thanksgiving Dinner!

"Burned my fingers—am through cooking. Gave a bit for a segar and thought about home."

After two lonely weeks, with sudden resolve he rowed back to "the Boys' camp," Sacramento. "Slept sound, 5 in a bed."

Next day he found his first scale of gold, with a "butcher-knife," and earned \$5 working. "Risked at monté and made ten; bet again and lost all but \$1.10, which I intend to lose soon. Reckon if I was home, would never leave it for this tarnal hole.

"Barque of 500 tons sold for \$37.00. Five of us earned \$50.00 to-day. Langdon earned \$6.00 setting up 6 clocks. Walter is sick—gave him lobelia to bring the kinks out. Many are sick in other Companys; fever very common. Costs \$10.00 per day for medical attendance—a hard country! Saw New York paper's account of San Francisco's fire; which is not true."

March 27.—"Start for Mines *Manyaner*,* and shall sleep sound thinking of the goodly tramp. Burned extra clothing.

"Started for Diggins through flowers plenty as grass and timber oak; passed a deserted Spanish doby house. Walked in stockings—feet very sore. Slept on ground."

They pitched tent at Beal's Bar, a beautiful hill between ravines, the Rio de los Americanos dashing below. "Caught about 300 fish in 2 hours. To-day makes me think of home—the New England Spring. Air light and sweet."

April 1.—"Folly to have any of us April-fooled. That bump is very promi-

* *Mañana*, Spanish, "to-morrow."

nent in us all! Found a small quantity of the root of evil—not enough to hurt, with poor molasses \$5.00 per gallon! Hope to do better when river lowers. *It is no use* being discouraged.

"No gold here; all hands blue; boys gone prospecting. Provisions nearly gone; nothing but good looks to get more with. Am poisoned again, down sick, no medicine, no bed but the ground. I wish I could have some chicken broth, or some such thing that I could get at home. Bought some sugar at \$1.00 per lb., butter at \$2.50, and the best wine I could buy for \$3.50. Can hardly stand; can lift tent-flaps and get fresh air—also mosquitoes, flies, bugs, and ants. I am used up; would die if I were home.

"Another fire in San Francisco, city half destroyed. Bread is thirty-five cents a small loaf; milk seventy-five cents per quart. Saw Downs to-day; tough and hearty. That pays me for a good deal."

They talked matters over with Downs, and went out again to the mines, tramping thirty-six miles in two days, over dusty plains, hills, woodland. "My hammock fell from the branch, near broke my tarnel neck. Was very tired, slept where I fell. We are in the Southern Diggins (Amadore). Some Indians near; made about \$50.00 in an hour."

When he found his first large specimen: "It set the rest crazy; they started out with knives to try their luck."

Soon they were taking out considerable gold, which they weighed and reduced to dollars. This was short-lived, and they went prospecting. Then Downs gave up a claim to them—going in for merchandise himself.

May 26.—"Just one year since we left Connecticut. Many have gone a longer journey than they thought. All the gold I have is \$75.00—but *it is gold*."

Sundays he washed, mended ("enlarged my *trowsers* to-day"), greased his boots, cooked "for the week," wrote letters to mother, sister, and others.

Their luck varied:—"five dollars, forty, ten, half an ounce; fifty cents, not a spec, poor luck! No tarnal fortune here." When they had \$461, and had paid hospital bills, they "declared dividend, leaving \$61.00 in treasury, with *one ounce missing*. Think I shall not

W. Ives Morgan's Journal (Continued)
 June 27th 1849. Lat 29° 48" Long 32° 25"
 The weather this day is calm
 and the consequence is the Barque does
 not move. Walter, Colson, Castle & myself
 left the Barque and went on Board
 of a Ship bound for Canton from
 New York it being the first American
 vessel we have seen since leaving
 home. the distance was about 28 miles
 and we had a long pull of nearly
 3 hours. Eat-I-a and started for our
 own vessel; and after working hard
 and being out of sight of both ships
 some time in which we thought that
 we was lost we arrived home about
 9 o'clock. we was compelled to steer by
 the stars; did not get off our course.
 Bells were rung Guns fired Drums beat
 Horns blowed lights set in different parts
 of the rigging, we got papers up to June
 5th & was well treated on board of the Tubber
 our men caught a Turtle that weighed
 about one hundred pounds which will
 make a meal of fresh.
 Lat 28° 30" Long 31° 20"
 Sunday

MANUSCRIPT PAGE OF WILLIAM IVES MORGAN'S JOURNAL—1849

work in company with a thief but little longer.

"H—— picks up all the large pieces and puts them in his pocket as the proceeds of private enterprise. Walter is playing monté with the Indians; not a very good plan, I think."

Finally their company of four dissolved, Langdon and Morgan working "under our own management."—"Made \$361.00 this week, living costs \$20.00. Took out \$55.00 in ten minutes—doing well. Our pan of dust stood near. I threw a stone, and the loss was about \$15.00. Broke the best shovel ever was in Amadore. Washed 150 buckets of dirt—made \$30.00. Little Oro this day, —claim sort o' caved in—signed over! Start prospecting Manyaner.

"Tried digging—a rod from cabin; took out \$25.00. So it goes! Passed

balance of day shooting mice, got four with four successive shots. Read home letters for the last time untill I get fresh ones."

August 29.—"I shall be 23 years Old Manyaner, if I live—and come near it if I don't. Should work contented at 5 dollars per day.

"An Indian pounded on my door last night. I fired my revolver and told him to vamoise, but he only laughed. So I knocked him down, and then assisted him to leave by taking my foot away from the seat of his pants as fast as I could."

October.—Morgan "took the job of putting up a House at Rancheria for Hanford and Downs—for 50 Dollars." In five days he "hired a man to finish it, for four Dollars."

He greatly appreciated the "ten

American women in Amadore with little white responsibility squalling. A man with a perfect tiger of a wife claims our cabin; she will have hard work to make me leave my *Home*."

They constantly tried new claims. Some dirt yielded only a "bit" a pan. Once they hired a man to dig, paying "3.00 per day and we board him."

"Picked up \$3.75—enough to pay our help! He is a schoolmaster and Son of Temperance. Has lived among the Mormons; he has been telling of their spiritual wives. Not a bad place, barring the wives."

The "Diggens were darned poor," even with hose for washing, cradle, and "other fixens." "Hope to find *oro poco tiempo* soon."

December.—"As runs calculations in this country, to-day is Christmas." To celebrate properly, Morgan went horseback ten miles to see a bull and bear fight. "Grizzly, surrounded by horsemen, declined to play. . . . Not a very Merry Christmas for Wm I Morgan."

January, 1851.—He began storekeeping for Hanford and Downs in Volcano, "throwing dirt" between trades.

"Fitted up counters in log store. Sold \$100.00 first day. Got pay for an ounce's worth of oysters, in cakes from city. Man asked *whar* I should keep my whiskey, and was perfectly astonished when I said I should not keep any. Slept on upper side of a pine plank—my counter. No cooking utensils yet. Crackers are good enough if one can't do better. Picked up \$2.00 going to store.

"A white man, his squaw wife, white pappoose, 9 dogs and 7 hens are my neighbors. Big row below. Thought of Jackson and Battle of Orleans. Man with Bowie and revolver, a good deal excited, insisted on paying me \$2.00. His revolver being Allen's, I did not care; but did not like the way he handled his knife, swearing he would cut my damned head off. Took his warlike instruments and sent him home."

Gold being struck near store, immediately fifty men were staking claims "anxious as office-seekers." One claim dispute was "settled by a game of ucre."

"Could not get rid of 16 five-cent pieces by fair means, so put them on

monté card. Played a chap to see if he should give me \$1.00 for one pound onions, or whether I should give them to him. He paid. Played poker for English walnuts—made 5 lbs. Came within \$2.00 of breaking a monté bank—dealer's hand shook bad, but he got all back. Rained like the Devel. One end of my store fell down; good light now.

"Twelve inches of snow and all hands snowballing. Most fun since I left the States."

May.—"Some chaps going home gave 15 of us an oyster supper. One is going to Vermont—another to New York. Would send letters, but have not had one for six months. Have wrote a dozen.

"Sent \$1000.00 home by two New York friends. Sent some letters by Mr. Dudley: he goes by my home on the cars. Fixed up 54 ounces of gold dust to send home by Jones McGregor of Maine. A man left about \$3000.00 here to-day for me to keep for him. Was invited to a Party, had peaches and strawberries. There was one woman and 8 fellows. Nobody drunk. Danced with a white girl. It seemed kinder natural, *it did!*"

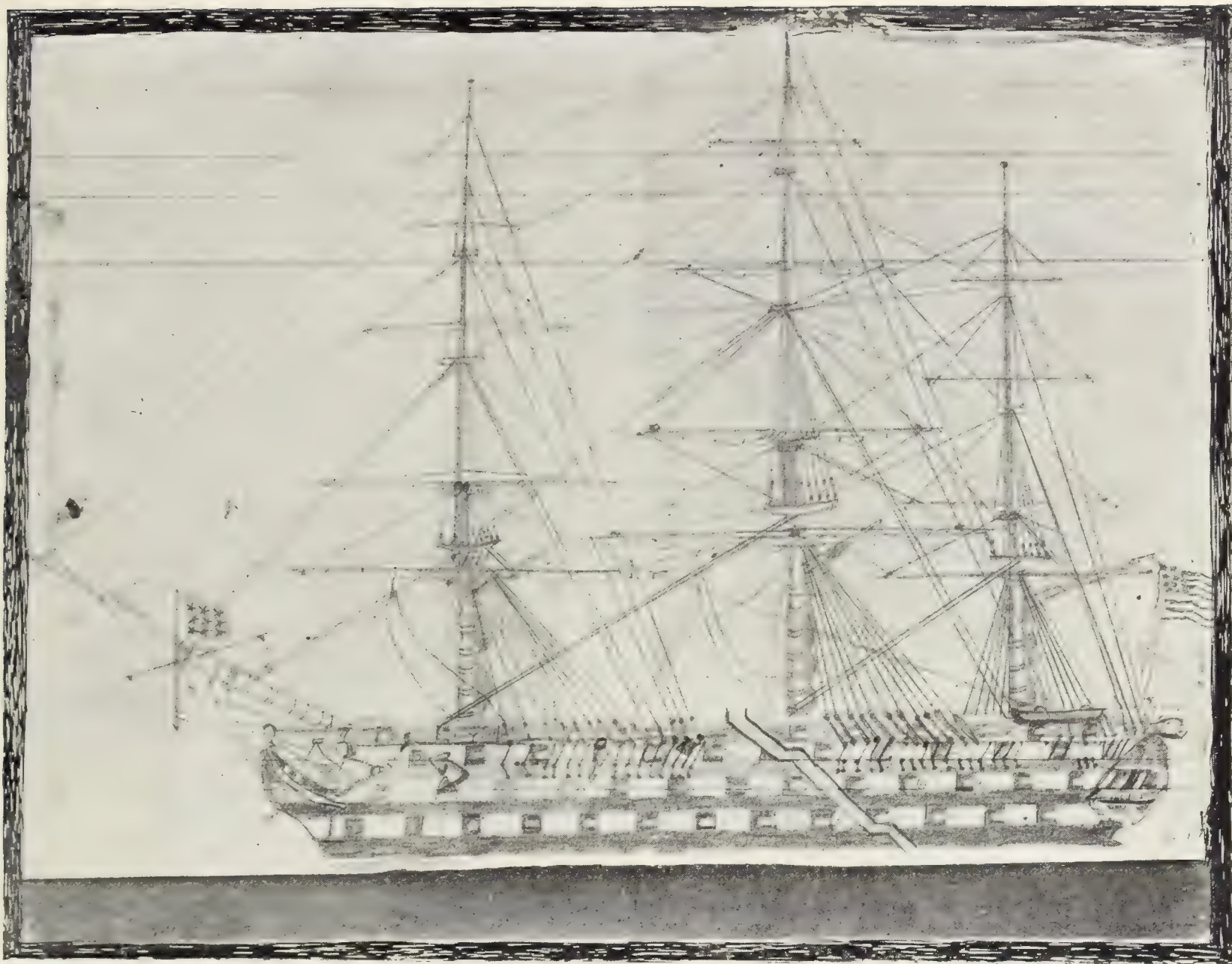
June.—"San Francisco burned again, loss 15 Millions. Stockton burned. Auburn in ashes. Weather cool, hot, calm, windy, clear, and foggy. Saw a Spaniard whipped for stealing—he received 3 dozen. Saw nigger whipped for fighting his Master. Saw man yesterday worth \$5000.00; to-day not five cts. Bought a horse for \$30.00. Am doctoring him to sell.

"A fellow said Langdon took something from his cabin. I told him he was a liar, and slapped his face, which cooled him off some."

He became deeply interested in politics. "I am some pumpkins on election in California and have started a Candidate for Justice. Done my best and got beat by five majority—the grog-hole did it."

He is Democratic delegate to Yuba convention—jeers at a speech and balloon ascension in the interests of "smart Whiggery," and is proud to meet the miner who was Democratic nominee.

"The Fourth" they had dinner, wine, and cigars, and "told stories about home." "A rather independent chap"



AN OLD SEVENTY-FOUR-GUN FRIGATE
(From a sketch made by William Ives Morgan on a page of his book)

fell off a store box; "two fellows put him on my back, and I carried him home."

Mining was never neglected. "The Quartz Mountain excitement is raging." He caught the fever and joined a prospecting company. He later valued his stock at \$5000.

August 30.—"Am 24 years old to-day. Got \$6.00 out of one dipperfull of dirt. Somebody stole our rocker, dipper, and scoop."

September.—"Have a new store—20×24 feet—built since yesterday."

On account of lameness he decided in October to go to the Sandwich Islands "on a speculation trip after hogs."

He reached San Francisco in three days. "Went to the theatre. Bought coat, pants, boots, socks, and cravat for \$2.50. Saw Girls dressed Bloomer style—Sorter *odd*. Loafed around 24 hours looking for my vessel," and October 16 began his unprofitable seven months' Pacific voyage.

His "rather unlucky" trip ended May 25, 1852, the ship "laying where

I was the 1 day of January, 1849. Expect to hear a lot of news soon. Owe \$224.00 for my passage from Sandwich Islands." Fare to Sacramento, \$10 by steamer, twenty-six hours. Here Hanford loaned him \$100.

"Hanford's wife has come—a first-rate woman. I think a good deal of her—the second White Lady I have spoken to in 3 years. They have a nice little girl."

Back in Volcano. "Thought *the Boys* would shake me to pieces."

July and August.—"Have got 7 chaps to go home with me, if Hanford will let me off."

Hanford objecting, he loyally stood by, but packed a lot of relics to send—walrus-tusks, shells, Chinese curiosities.

"I had my Dagueratype taken, and sat up all night writing letters for the Boys to take home. Found my name on a keepsake a girl gave me; first time I had seen it; done me good! Can get an ounce for one of my kittens any time; but 25 dollars would not buy one. Second white boy on record here just

born. There is one little Connecticut Yankee girl—a truly great country!

"Emigrants from Connecticut arrived. Let them have provisions. The new chaps would not buy anything Sunday. Gave \$5.50 for the New Emigrant Road from the Plains, and had the honor to be the first man to treat the first 4 men who came over it. They christened it The Pennsylvania Cut-off.

"Hot enough to roast eggs. Think some of taking matters in hand myself to get houses for destitute familys."

He again represented Volcano Democracy at the convention, and worked hard; but "too much wire-pulling and log-rolling" disgusted him. Defeated, he "went to bed at 3 a little excited. Shall go the Independent Ticket if it suits me. Cost me \$50.00." Later, his favorite speaker gave "the Great, Noble, and Self-denying Whig party, including Gen. Scott, a good, sound, intelligent drubbing. The Whigs tried to organize, but dissolved in a Dog fight. Later he was appointed "Judge of Election" in Volcano.

"Very large Eastern Mails—2 bushel flimsy 'Lives of Gen. Scott' franked at Uncle Samuel's expense; trying to run Scott in on the strength of an un-Holy and God-abhorred War. Forelorn hope! Have bet 20 dollars on election. Paid \$1.75 for two pie-plant pies."

Pending election, his ball came off: "Town full of people, buying shirts and shoes." Thirty ladies and forty gentlemen were present—big success. Morgan escorted Mrs. Hanford, "the most of a Lady I have seen in California."

August 31, 1852.—"Am now in my 26th year, getting old fast. Large train came in, with 15 wagons, 10 women, and lots of children."

September.—"Went out of the store a few minutes. Came back and found about 10 ounces of gold gone from my box. Shut the door and searched everybody; did not find it, but strongly suspect a man."

This must have been some trusted friend, for Morgan dwells upon "peculiar circumstances" which worked upon his feeling till "I was nearly crazy and could have killed him." He lay awake long, brooding; then, declining a search-warrant, took his knife, went to the man's

room, wakened him, and demanded his gold. It was finally produced. "I told him he better leave town as soon as possible. I never experienced such feelings in my life before."

Sacramento was burned, and Morgan hustled about to corner flour "before it is found out." In three weeks: "Sacramento City is about built up again."

Wherever he lived, he had a pathetic way of naming the place "home." Coming back from his old store, with shelf and counter tools, he was glad to be "safely home."

December 7.—He went to Volcano afoot to buy potatoes, pork, and barley; and valiantly refrained from "getting drunk on news of Peirce's election."

"Am manager of a Christmas Ball in Volcano, without my consent. Sha'n't go.

"Could make a thousand dollars trading if weather was good. Flour is 75 cts a pound. Mined one afternoon to buy a loaf of bread. Just made it—\$2.25."

Christmas eve, reduced to "a few potatoes," the boys started out to steal a pig, but failed. "Think some of going Home. Intend to go next Spring anyhow; can't do anything here this weather."

December 30.—"Potatoes nearly gone. Washed a *sirrappa* to wear Home."

January 1—5, 1853.—He sold his \$400 worth of goods at cost. "Started for Sacramento, with poisen or smallpox breaking out on my face. Mud to my knees in city."

January 15.—Left San Francisco for the States, in sailing-steamer *Independence*. He slept, from choice, on deck, without cover.

February 1.—"Landed at San Juan, Central America." He crossed Central America to Greytown, where he finally took ship for New York.

February 13.—"Arrived at Quarantine, New York, 1 O Clock Sunday morning. On shore about 9. Took coach to Franklin House—29 days from San Francisco." Here ends the Journal.

He married the following June. In 1859 he returned to California for a time, holding a political office near Volcano. After his second home-coming he was Selectman and Representative. He died at Bristol, 1869, bravely, as he had always lived.

The Adopted

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE Enemy's chin just reached comfortably to the top fence-rail, and there it rested, while above it peered a pair of round blue eyes. It is not usual for an enemy's eyes to be so round and blue, or an enemy's chin to reach so short a distance from the ground.

"She's watching me," Margaret thought; "she wants to see if I've got far as she has. 'Fore I'd lean my chin on folks's gates and watch 'em!"

"She knows I'm here," reflected the Enemy, "just as well as anything. 'Fore I'd peek at people out o' the ends o' my eyes!"

Between the two, a little higher than their heads, tilted a motherly bird on a syringa twig.

"Ter-wit, ter-wee,—pit-ee, pit-ee!" she twittered under her breath. And it did seem a pity to be quarrellers on a day in May, with the apple buds turning as pink as pink!

"I sha'n't ever tell her any more secrets," Margaret mused, rather sadly, for there was that beautiful new one aching to be told.

"I sha'n't ever skip with her again," the Enemy's musings ran drearily, and the arm she had always put round Margaret when they skipped felt lonesome and—and empty. And there was that lovely new level place to skip in!

"Pit-ee! Pit-ee!" sang softly the motherly bird.

It had only been going on a week of seven days. It was exactly a week ago to-day it began, while they were making the birthday presents together, Margaret sitting in this very chair, and Nell—and the Enemy sitting on the toppest doorstep. Who would have thought it was coming? There was nothing to warn—no thunder in the sky, no little mother-bird on the syringa-bush. It just *came*—oh, hum!

"I'm ahead!" the Enemy had sudden-

ly announced, waving her book-mark. She had got to the "h" in her Mother, and Margaret was only finishing *her* capital "M." They were both working "Honor thy Mother that thy days may be long," on strips of cardboard for their mothers' birthdays, which, oddly enough, came very close together. Of course that wasn't exactly the way it was in the Bible, but they had agreed it was better to leave "thy Father" out because it wasn't his birthday, and they had left out "the land which the Lord thy God giveth" because there wasn't room for it on the cardboard.

"I'm ahead!"

"That's because I'm doing mine the carefulest," Margaret had retorted, promptly. "There aren't near so many hunchy places in mine."

"Well, I don't care; my *mother's* the best-looking, if her book-mark isn't!" in triumph. "Her hair curls, and she doesn't have to wear glasses."

Margaret's wrath had flamed up hotly. Mother's eyes were so shiny and tender behind the glasses, and her smooth brown hair was so soft! The love in Margaret's soul arose and took up arms for Mother.

"I love mine the best, so there!—so there!—*so there!*" she cried. But side by side with the love in her soul was the secret consciousness of how very much the Enemy loved *her* mother, too. Now, sitting sewing all alone, with the Enemy on the other side of the fence, Margaret knew she had not spoken truly then, but the rankling taunt of the curls that Mother hadn't and the glasses that she had, justified her to herself. She would never, never take it back, so there!—so there!—*so there!*

"She's only got to the end o' her 'days,'—I can see clear from here," soliloquized the Enemy, with awakening exultation. For the Enemy's "days" were "long,"—she had finished her book-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"'FORE I'D LEAN MY CHIN ON FOLKS'S GATES AND WATCH 'EM!"

mark. The longing to shout it out—"I've got mine done!"—was so intense within her that her chin lost its balance on the fence-rail and she jarred down heavily on her heels. So close related are mind and matter.

Margaret resorted to philosophic contemplation to shut out the memory of the silent onlooker at the fence. She had swung about discourteously "back to" her. "I guess," contemplated Margaret, "my days 'll be long enough in the land! I guess so, for I honor my mother enough to live forever! That makes me think—I guess I better go in and kiss her good night for to-night when she won't be at home."

It was mid-May and school was nearly over. The long summer vacation stretched endlessly, lonesomely, ahead of Margaret. Last summer it had been so different. A summer vacation with a friend right close to you all the time, skipping with you and keeping house with you and telling all her secrets to you, is about as far away as—as China is from an *Enemy* 'cross the fence! Oh, hum! some vacations are so splendid and some are so un-splendid!

It did not seem possible that anything drearier than this could happen. Margaret would not have dreamed it possible. But a little way farther down Lonesome Road waited something a great deal worse. It was waiting for Margaret behind the schoolhouse stone wall. The very next day it jumped out upon her.

Usually at recess Nell—the *Enemy*—and Margaret had gone wandering away together with their arms around each other's waist, as happy as anything. But for a week of recesses now they had gone wandering in opposite directions—the *Enemy* marching due east, Margaret due west. The stone wall stretched away to the west. She had found a nice lonesome little place to huddle in, behind the wall, out of sight. It was just the place to be miserable in.

"I know something!" from one of a little group of gossipers on the outside of the wall. "She needn't stick her chin out an' not come an' play with us. She's *nothing but an adopted!*"

"Oh!—a what?" in awestruck chorus from the listeners. "Say it again, Rhody Sharp."

"An adopted—that's all she is. I guess nobody but an adopted need to go trampin' past when we invite her to play with us! I guess we're good as she is an' better, too, so there!"

Margaret in her hidden nook heard with a cold terror creeping over her and settling around her heart. It was so close now that she breathed with difficulty. If—supposing they meant—

"Rhody Sharp, you're fibbing! I don't believe a single word you say!" sprang forth a champion valiantly. "She's dreadfully fond of her mother—just *dreadfully!*"

"She doesn't know it," promptly returned Rhody Sharp, her voice stabbing poor Margaret's ear like a sharp little sword. "They're keeping it from her. My gran'mother doesn't believe they'd ought to. She says—"

But nobody cared what Rhody Sharp's gran'mother said. A clatter of shocked little voices burst forth into excited, pitying discussion of the unfortunate who was nothing but an adopted. One of their own number! One they spelled with and multiplied with and said the capitals with every day! That they had invited to come and play with them—an' she'd stuck her chin out!

"Why! Why, then she's a—*orphan!*" one voice exclaimed. "Really an' honest she is—an' she doesn't know it!"

"Oh my, isn't it awful!" another voice. "Shouldn't you think she'd hide her head—I mean, if she knew?"

It was already hidden. Deep down in the sweet, moist grass—a little heavy, uncrowned, terror-smitten head. The cruel voices kept on.

"It's just like a disgrace, isn't it? Shouldn't you s'pose it would feel that way if 'twas you?"

"Think o' kissin' your mother good night an' it's not bein' your mother?"

"Say, Rhody Sharp—all o' you—look here! Do you suppose that's why her mother—I mean she that *isn't*—dresses her in checked aperns? That's what orphans—"

The shorn head dug deeper. A soft groan escaped Margaret's lips. This very minute, now while she crouched in the grass,—oh, if she put out her hands and felt she would feel the checks! She had been to an orph—to a place once

with Moth—with *Her* and seen the aprons herself. They were all—all checked.

At home, folded in a beautiful pile, there were all the others. There was the pink-checked one and the brown-checked one and the prettiest one of all, the one with little white checks marked off with buff. The one she should feel if she put out her hand was a blue-checked.

Margaret drove her hands deep into the matted grass; she would not put them out. It was—it was terrible! Now she understood it all. She remembered—things. They crowded—with capital T's, Things—up to her and pointed their fingers at her, and smiled dreadful smiles at her, and whispered to each other about her. They sat down on her and jounced up and down, till she gasped for breath.

The teacher's bell rang crisply and the voices changed to scampering feet. But Margaret crouched on in the sweet, moist grass behind the wall. She stayed there a week—a month—a year,—or was it only till the night chill stole into her bones and she crept away home?

She and Nell—she and the Enemy—had been so proud to have aprons just alike and cut by the same dainty pattern. But now if she knew—if the Enemy knew! How ashamed it would make her to have on one like—like an adopted's! How she'd wish hers were stripes! Perhaps—oh, perhaps she would think it was fortunate that she *was* an enemy now.

But the worst Things that crowded up and scoffed and gibed were not Things that had to do with enemies. The worst-of-all Things had to do with a little tender woman with glasses on—whose hair didn't curl. Those Things broke Margaret's heart.

"Now you know why She makes you make the bed over again when it's wrinkly," gibed one Thing.

"And why she makes you mend the holes in your stockings," another Thing.

"She doesn't make me do the biggest ones!" flashed Margaret, hotly, but she could not stem the tide of Things. It swirled in.

"Perhaps now you see why She makes you hem towels and wipe dishes—"

"And won't let you eat two pieces of pie—"

"Or one piece o' fruit-cake—"

"Maybe you remember now the times she's said, 'This is no little daughter of mine'?"

Margaret turned sharply. "That was only because I was naughty," she pleaded, strickenly, but she knew in her soul it wasn't "only because." She knew it was *because*. The terror within her was growing more terrible every moment.

Then came shame. Like the evillest of the evil Things it had been lurking in the background waiting its turn,—it was its turn now. Margaret sat up in the grass, *ashamed*. She could not name the strange feeling, for she had never been ashamed before, but she sat there a piteous little figure in the grip of it. It was awful to be only nine and feel like that! To shrink from going home past Mrs. Streeter's and the minister's and the Enemy's—oh, most of all past the Enemy's!—for fear they'd look out of the window and say, "There goes an adopted!" Perhaps they'd point their fingers—Margaret closed her eyes dizzily and saw Mrs. Streeter's plump one and the minister's lean one and the Enemy's short brown one, all pointing. She could feel something burning her on her forehead,—it was "Adopted," branded there.

The Enemy was worst. Margaret crept under the fence just before she got to the Enemy's house and went a weary, roundabout way home. She could not bear to have this dearest Enemy see her in her disgrace.

Moth—She That Had Been—would be wondering why Margaret was late. If she looked sober out of her eyes and said, "This can't be my little girl, can it?" then Margaret would *know for certain*. That would be the final proof.

The chimney was in sight now,—now the roof,—now the kitchen door, and She That Had Been was in it! She was shading her eyes and looking for the little girl that wasn't hers. A sob rose in the little girl's throat, but she tramped steadily on. It did not occur to her to snatch off her hat and wave it, as little girls that belonged did. She had done it herself.

The kitchen door was very near indeed now. It did not seem to be Margaret that was moving, but the kitchen door. It seemed to be coming to meet



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MARGARET HEARD, WITH A COLD TERROR CREEPING OVER HER

her and bringing with it a dear slender figure. She looked up and saw the soberness in its dear eyes.

"This can't be my little girl, can—" but Margaret heard no more. With a muffled wail she fled past the slender figure, up-stairs, that she did not see at all, to her own little room. On the bed she lay and felt her heart break under her awful little checked apron. For now she knew for certain.

Two darknesses shut down about her, and in the heart-break of one she forgot to be afraid of the other. She had always before been afraid of the night-dark and imagined creepy steps coming along the hall and into the door. The things she imagined now were dread-fuler than that. This new dark was so much darker!

They thought she was asleep and let her lie there on her little bed alone. By and by would be time enough to probe gently for the childish trouble. Perhaps she would leave it behind her in her sleep.

Out-of-doors suddenly a new sound rose shrill above the crickets and the frogs. It was the Enemy singing "Glory, glory, hallelujah." That was the last straw. Margaret writhed deeper into the pillows. She knew what the rest of it was—"Glory, glory, hallelujah, 't isn't me! *My* soul goes marching on!" She was out there singing that a-purpose!

In her desperate need for some one to lay her trouble to, Margaret "laid it to" the Enemy. A sudden, bitter, un-reasoning resentment took possession of her. If there hadn't been an Enemy, there wouldn't have been a trouble. Everything would have been beautiful and—and respectable, just as it was before. *She* would have been out there singing "Glory, hallelujah," too.

"She's to blame—I hate her!" came muffledly from the pillows. "Oh, I do! —I can't help it, I do! I'm always going to hate her forevermore! She needn't have—"

Needn't have what? What had the little scapegoat out there in the twilight done? But Margaret was beyond reasoning now. "Mine enemy hath done it," was enough for her. If she lived a thousand years—if she lived *two* thousand—she would never speak to the

Enemy again,—never forgive her,—never put her into her prayer again among the God blesses.

A plan formulated itself after a while in the dark little room. It was born of the travail of the child's soul. Something must be done—there was something she would do. She began it at once, huddled up against the window to catch the failing light. She would pin it to her pincushion where they would find it after—after she was gone. Did folks ever mourn for an Adopted? In her sore heart Margaret yearned to have them mourn.

"I have found it out," she wrote with her trembling little fingers. "I don't suppose its wicked becaus I couldnt help being one but it is orful. It breaks your hart to find youre one all of a suddin. If I had known before, I would have darned the big holes too. Ime going away becaus I canot bare living with folks I havent any right to. The stik pin this is pined on with is for Her That Wasent Ever my Mother for I love her still. When this you see remember me the rose is red the violet blue sugger is sweet and so are you. MARGARET."

She pinned it on tremblingly and then crept back to bed. Perhaps she went to sleep,—at any rate, quite suddenly there were voices at her door—*Her* voice and—His. She did not stir, but lay and listened to them.

"Dear child! Wouldn't you wake her up, Henry? What do you suppose could have happened?" That was the voice that used to be Mother's. It made Margaret feel thrilly and homesick.

"Something at school probably, dear,—you mustn't worry. All sorts of little troubles happen at school." The voice that used to be her Father's.

"I know, but this must have been a big one. If you had seen her little face, Henry! If she were Nelly, I should think somebody had been telling her—about her origin, you know—"

Margaret held her breath. Nelly was the Enemy, but what was an origin? This thing that they were saying—hark!

"I've always expected Nelly to find out that way—it would be so much kinder to tell her at home. You know it

would, Henry, instead of letting her hear it from strangers and get her poor little heart broken. Henry, if God hadn't given us a precious little child of our own and we had ever adopted—"

Margaret dashed off the quilts and leaped to the floor with a cry of ecstasy. The anguish—the shame—the cruel gibing Things—were left behind her; they had slid from her burdened little heart at the first glorious rush of understanding; they would never come back,—never come back,—never come back to Margaret! Glory, glory, hallelujah, 'twasn't her! *Her* soul went marching on!

The two at the door suffered an unexpected, an amazing onslaught from a flying little figure. Its arms were out, were gathering them both in,—were strangling them in wild, exultant hugs.

"Oh! Oh, you're mine! I'm yours! We're each other's! I'm not an Adopted any more! I thought I was, and I wasn't! I was going away and die—oh, oh, oh!"

Then Margaret remembered the Enemy, and in the throes of her pity the enmity was swallowed up forever. The instant yearning that welled up in her to put her arms around the poor real Adopted almost stifled her. She slid out of the two pairs of big tender arms and scurried away like a hare. She was

going to find Nelly and love her—oh, love her enough to make up! She would give her the coral beads she had always admired; she would let her be mistress and *she'd* be maid when they kept house,—she'd let her have the frosting half of all their cake and *all* the raisins.

"I'll let her wear the spangly veil when we dress up—oh, poor, poor Nelly!" Margaret cried, softly, as she ran. "And the longest trail. She may be the richest and have the most children—I'd *rather*."

There did not seem anything possible and beloved that she would not let Nelly do. She took agitated little leaps through the soft darkness, sending on ahead her yearning love in a tender little call: "Nelly! Nelly!"

She could never be too tender—too generous—to Nelly, to try to make up. And all her life she would take care of her and keep her from finding out. She shouldn't find out! When they were both, oh, very old, she would still be taking care of Nelly like that.

"Nelly! Nelly!"

If she could only think of some Great Thing she could do, that would—would *hurt* to do! And then she thought. She stopped quite suddenly in her impetuous rush, stilled by the Greatness of it.

"I'll let her love her mother the best," whispered Margaret to the stars,—"so there!"

Citizen of the Universe

BY HARRIET N. WELLMAN FAIRBANKS

THIS is not evening twilight, 'tis the dawning.
Fairer and plainer grow the hills afar.
I am not folding up my hands from labor;—
Freshly I lift them, while the paling star
Melts into light.

O, vaster, grander, grows the world before me;
The shadows vanish in the rising ray.
I am not agèd; I am just beginning
Through God's great Universe to make my way,
With soul alert, on pressing toward a day
Unhemmed by night.



GATHERING VIOLETS AT GRASSE

Harvesting Floral Perfumes

CHEMISTRY OF COMMERCE—VI.

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas

AN inquiry into the objective cause of the sensations that have to do with perfume reveals one of the anomalies of science. There is a transmitting rose and a receiving nose; but concerning the manner of their intercommunication virtually nothing is known. Present-day physics has but a stammering answer to the question: What flies between? The cause of odor, merely whether it is due to wave motions or to particles, is unexplained. Presumably it is, fundamentally, due to particles; but as to the mass of these

particles, their velocity, the peculiar motions by which, for example, the emanation of a rose conveys a certain particular idea and the effluvium of garlic one vastly remote, obscurity prevails. Science proceeds by measurement. Light and sound can be accurately measured by photographic and phonographic devices respectively, and there exists in consequence a well-ordered, tenderly trimmed body of knowledge relating to them; but odor can be measured only by the nose, an instrument eminently practical, to be sure, as a detector—so

sensitive that it can perceive one-two-thousandth of a milligram of mint in a quart of air—but of small utility as a quantitative measurer of one smell as against another. Some day some fortunate student will devise a mechanism for measuring odors, and with it will open the chapter on the physics of scent.

Concerning perfumes, it seems that they cannot be arranged rhythmically, in spectra, like colors, nor in octaves, like sounds, but that they are unrelated phenomena. Still, one of the curious facts in Odorographia is the masking effect which one odor has over another. It must have been the overweighted consideration of this fact that gave rise to the saying that “the civilization of a country varies directly with the amount of soap it consumes and inversely with the quantity of its perfumes,” a dictum that cannot possibly be sustained. For perfumes are not used merely in lieu of soap and water. Scent is peculiarly a

fundamental sense; and about every odor that is distinctively a perfume there are certain phenomena that have to do with the basic feelings of our nature. First, there is the actual agreeableness of a perfume. This is a fact of sensation. A perfumed atmosphere, or object, is likable if (and the *if* is emphatic) the perfume exists as a trace, only as a suggestion; for the appreciation of perfume is most highly developed in refined sensations. Next, permeating a perfumed atmosphere there is another “atmosphere” that the presence of a perfume inspires. “The sweet south upon a bed of violets” induces not merely pleasant sensations, but softness of feeling—there is an aroma of gentleness; a perfume is an incense. Finally, a perfume has the power, a surpassing power, of lifting up to the surface of consciousness bits of the buried past. This resurrecting power, a sudden perfume and a following memory, is within the experience of everybody.



CUTTING THE ROSES AT GRASSE



SEPARATING THE PETALS FROM THE PISTILS OF ROSES

All these phenomena, physiological, psychological, and æsthetic, are represented concretely as very precious substances that are beautifully vialled and sold: for women love to supplement the color of the petals with these attractive and attracting qualities. In addition, this graciousness that there is about the floweriness of delicately scented objects, and about scented cleanliness, has brought about the use of perfumes in soaps, eau de cologne, aromatic vinegars, toilet-waters, dentifrices, cosmetics, and confectionery to an extent that is as wide-spread as prosperity admits. There is a commerce in them, and it is the nature and extent of this commerce, and something of its relation to American industry, that constitutes the subject-matter of this paper.

Three industries, with functions wholly distinct, are concerned with odorous materials. The function of the first is to extract from the plant its odoriferous

principles in an exceedingly pure and concentrated form. The function of the second has to do with the artificial synthesis of these natural principles or their successful simulation. The third industry, perfumery proper, accepts the products of the other two, and works upon them with its art. The industry for the extraction of the pure natural essences of flowers has its central seat at Grasse, which, as they used to say long ago, "is the little village near Cannes." It is a quaint little medieval town that lies above the Mediterranean in a vale as sheltered as that of Avalon. Here in days of stainless blue, and gold, and below the white of distant Alps, Flora sits enthroned. As in this place she governs the procession of her flowers, so, in accordance with her ruling, act all the merchants of the world that deal in odorous things. Grasse dominates the world in the extracted principles of the perfume flowers.

All the year long the Grassois are a

busy people. In March and April come the flowers of the violet and the jonquil—700,000 to 900,000 pounds of violets and about 35,000 pounds of jonquils. In May and June the people are busy with the roses—3,300,000 pounds of them; which, after they have picked, they must overpick, for the petals must all be carefully separated from the injurious pistils. In May and June, too, they are confronted with the task of gathering 4,500,000 pounds of orange-flowers. This is trying work, for the scent from this mass of flowers produces an exasperated and exasperating form of hay-fever; indeed, there is even a peculiar syncope to which orange-flower pickers are subject. In June and July they must gather 45,000 pounds of thyme and 42,000 pounds of rosemary. In July also comes the myrtle. In August and September there are 175,000 pounds of tuberose, 1,320,000 pounds of jasmine, 65,000 pounds of aspic, and 176,000 pounds of lavender, for which the Grassois send their people into the higher Alps, where they gather it and distil it on the spot. In September and October

there is the red geranium, and in October and November the floral year ends with the gathering in of 60,000 pounds of cassie-flowers. December, January, and February are, naturally, fully occupied with the preparatory and anticipatory work of the coming season.

The total weight of the flowers gathered annually in the neighborhood of Grasse must approximate ten to twelve billion pounds. The number of flowers this weight represents is almost incredible. Consider one kind of flower only: The average weight of a jasmine-flower is about 120 milligrams, and consequently the season's gathering of jasmine alone represents the formidable figure of five billion jasmine flowers picked by hand. It may be remarked that two-thirds of the people of Grasse live to the age of seventy.

The people of the distilleries are as busy as the flower-pickers, and when the flowers are resting they extract the essential oils of exotic plants—the ylang-ylang of the Philippines, the female rose-wood of Guiana, the oils of cinnamon, of cloves, of sandalwood, of patchouli, and many others.



THE ORANGE-FLOWERS AT GRASSE



DISTILLATION OF LAVENDER ON THE SPOT OF PICKING. IN THE ALPS ABOVE GRASSE

The methods by which the Grassois extract from the flowers their subtle and delicate perfumes show them to be well aware of the rivalrous times in which they live; they are unresting in their efforts to realize the highest ideals of their art.

Rosemary, thyme, lavender, geranium, roses, and orange-flowers they distil with steam in alembics that range in containing-power from 300 to 60,000 quarts. The steam and extracted oil subsequently reassume the liquid form in suitable condensers, whence the oil is readily drawn off. The water-distillate from the flowers is conserved in huge receivers, for it is of course saturated with the valuable essence; it is either used over and over again in the alembics, or, in the extraction of certain flowers, it is sold as "distilled waters." There is rose-water, there is jasmine-water, and there is orange-flower water literally sufficient to float a frigate. All told, about 4,000,000 quarts of "distilled waters" are salable at Grasse at the rate of five cents a pound.

For the extraction of delicate and fugitive flowers, such as the jasmine, the tuberose, and the jonquil, the method *par excellence* is that of cold *enfleurage*,

by which the flowers are placed upon the purest of pure cold lard held upon glass plates in wooden frames. Every day fresh flowers are laid upon the lard, until it becomes a saturated "pomade" of essence. This solution of perfume in lard is then extracted with cold alcohol continuously paddled into agitation; the alcohol is then evaporated and the concentrated extract is obtained as the "quintessence" of the flower. A somewhat similar method is that of *hot maceration*, in accordance with which the flowers are immersed in, and continually paddled in, lard that is melted and hot. The perfumed lard is afterwards separated from the exhausted flowers by filtration and pressure. In this way is obtained the "quintessence" of roses, orange-flowers, cassie, and violets. Finally, there is the process, entirely modern, employing volatile solvents, by which, in a closed extraction apparatus, light petroleum spirit dissolves the essences, and after evaporation in a vacuum leaves them in a solid form as the *parfums solides*—a process good for all flowers alike.

The essence extracted from any one flower depends, in its quality and in its quantity, upon the method employed. Thus, a pound of oil extracted from

orange - flowers through distillation by steam is worth \$36, through petroleum-ether \$72, and through melted lard \$136. Essence of violets extracted by petroleum is worth \$163 a pound, while extracted through lard the price of a pound rises to \$1363. With most flowers, though, the quantity of perfume extractable is greater through lard than through any other process. This has given rise to the theory that the flower, even after decapitation and immersion in the lard, is a veritable little factory that lives and continues to produce its perfume. It is a pretty theory, but it cannot be held in the light of recent knowledge. Just as soon as the blossom is separated from the twig that nourished it, it is dead. Of the perfume which the blossom holds, only a small part of it exists in a free state, the remainder being held in inodorous combination with the glucosides. The explanation of the fact observed lies in this, that under the catalytic action of certain enzymes existing in the flower this bound perfume is gradually set free even after the death of the flower. This explanation

has a learned sound, but the Grassois are an earnest people, and such things interest them. They are not resting content with the purity and volume of their products, even though these command the respect and admiration of the world, nor with the \$6,000,000 which are the yearly fruits of their toil. They strive in every way to make their process *rational*. Thus, to-day, they are inquiring into the parts of the plant in which exist the essences, and the propitious epoch for cutting the flowers; they are investigating the influence of external causes on the growth of their flowers, such as the temperature, the degree of humidity, the electric tension, the light, the nature of the soil, and the catalytic action of enzymes.

Outside the progressive character of the race, the reason for this absorbed care is not far to seek. There is a foe in the field, impersonal but deadly, and they are sane enough to arm themselves. They have to meet the onset of chemistry and the second industry concerned with odorous materials. To illustrate this fact: The chemist has investigated



ALEMBICS FOR THE DISTILLATION OF FLOWERS

the essence of jasmine, and he has discovered that it possesses the following percentage composition:

JASMINE	
Benzyl alcohol	6.0
Linalol	15.5
Jasmone	3.0
Benzyl acetate	65.0
Lenalyle acetate	7.5
Methyl anthranilate.....	0.5
Indol	2.5
	100.0

He has discovered, apparently, every constituent in oil of jasmine, and as a consequence he has only to make and mix these constituents in his laboratory to provide the pure essence. And so this extract from the trade-circular of a great firm of manufacturing chemists tells its own story:

JASMIN SPÉCIALITÉ

Essence de jasmin artificielle	
en flac. de 10, 20, 50 et 100 gr.....	420
250, 500 gr. et 1 k°.....	380

It behooves us now to discover whether this struggle between the land and the laboratory, between the natural and the artificial, must inevitably be a battle *l'outrance*, desperate and merciless; or whether, with science the ally of each, there may ultimately result a friendly co-operation to the help and profit of both. Will what happened to the alizarin and indigo dyes happen to the essential oils? Let us see what the laboratory has accomplished. The laboratory rival of any natural substance may be a chemical, artificial product which is absolutely identical with it both physically and chemically. Twenty years ago the triumphs of the present day were anticipated in the discovery that the essential constituent of oil of bitter almonds was the substance *benzaldehyde*, capable of laboratory production from coal-tar. To-day it is being manufactured on an extensive scale for the requirements of the dye-stuff industry. Its price is but one-tenth that of the natural product. Until recently it was impossible of use in perfumery because it contained traces of impurities that ruined its aroma. Now, however, under the legend "benzaldehyde free from chlorine" it is pure, and available to the perfume industry.

Another essence which has yielded up

its secret to the chemist is oil of winter-green, which turns out to be essentially *methyl salicylate*, and this methyl salicylate prepared by processes with which the plant has nothing to do is a product of large sale, and is as "official" in the United States Pharmacopœia as the natural oil. In the leaves of the "deer-tongue"—an herb that grows in abundance in Virginia, Florida, and Carolina—there exists an essence called *coumarin*, of delicate and tenacious odor—the basis of the perfume known as "new-mown hay." This coumarin has been successfully synthesized, and its German manufacture competes in a healthy way with the American plant. The most important of the absolute syntheses of the natural oils is *vanillin*, which is the predominant odorous principle of the vanilla-pod—the fruit of a species of orchid growing wild in Mexico and thereabouts. The extracted essence of this "pod" is *vanilla*, the subject of a wide usage and a large commerce. Now, the basic principle of this essence is methyl-proto-catechuic aldehyde, called, for short, *vanillin*. This vanillin occurs not only in the vanilla-pod, but in benzoin, assafœtida, beet-sugar, asparagus, pine resin, Peru balsam, and to some extent also in the husk of oats, in cork, in the bark of the lime-tree, in potato-peel, and a dozen other places. This illustrates how wide-spread may be the occurrence of a natural oil. It was first prepared artificially by Tie-mann from *coniferin*, which occurs in the cambium layer of various woods. Later came its production by the oxidation of eugenol, the chief constituent of oil of cloves, and this is to-day the starting-point of dozens of patents governing its manufacture. There are still other starting-points which, while they were interesting when vanillin was worth fifty-five dollars a pound, are at this time only academically so when the price is but one-seventh as great. The total production of artificial vanillin fluctuates about 25,000 pounds a year.

An interesting process is that of a company of American manufacturers. Out of cloves from Zanzibar they obtain oil of cloves; out of the oil of cloves they extract eugenol; this eugenol they transform into iso-eugenol, which, through the action of ozone (almost the



PRESSING THE LARD FROM THE EXHAUSTED FLOWERS

only successful application of ozone in industrial chemistry), passes directly into vanillin and acetic acid.

One of the great recent triumphs of organic chemistry is the synthesis of veritable camphor, though it is of no commercial moment; and still another is the artificial production of natural *nicotine*.

But manufacturing chemistry is not limited in its competing power to the production of the actual natural substance; it may throw into the market a body wholly different in chemical composition but possessed of similar specific properties. The laboratory may successfully simulate the product of the land. Thus there is *artificial musk* which has no known chemical relation to the secretion of the musk-deer. It is made most successfully and on a large scale by several methods; the commercial product is generally tri-nitro-butyl-xylene mixed with nine times its weight of acetanilide.

Other imitation products are mono-nitro-benzene and mono-nitro-toluene,

which, under the name of "oil of mirbane," substitute the natural oil of bitter almonds for the purpose of scenting soap. Still others are amyl acetate as essence of jargonelle pear, amyl valerate as essence of apple, cinnamic aldehyde as oil of cinnamon; and, of course, there are others.

Still again, manufacturing chemistry will sometimes produce a substance that is neither a natural product nor the imitation of one, but, instead, has properties that are wholly new and very valuable to the industry concerned. Thus, *heliotropin* is a synthetic product that gives to the perfumer a new note in the scale of available odors. It has a peculiarly sweet, persistent odor, and mixed with vanillin it constitutes the perfume known as "white heliotrope." Made originally from piperine extracted from pepper, it is now prepared commercially by the oxidation of safrol, which occurs in the essential oil of sassafras and in oil of camphor. When first introduced

it sold for \$336 a pound; now, under improved methods and through competition, the price is less than \$3 a pound.

Another chemical product that has proved acceptable to the perfumer is manufactured from oil of turpentine, which, when the chemist has run it through a course of reactions, ends as *terpineol*, with the pleasant, sweet odor of lilac. It serves for the preparation of the scents known as "white lilac," and is peculiarly useful to the soap-manufacturer, for it is resistant to the action of alkalies. The eagerly desired perfume of the violet finds its synthetic rival in *ionone*, which, after years of patient labor, has been successfully manufactured from oil of lemon and from lemon-grass. It, or rather they (for there are two ionones closely related), are now the subject of a considerable manufacture, many patents, and an embarrassing lawsuit. Having in a state of extreme dilution the characteristic odor of "fresh" violets, they have been received with vast enthusiasm. In addition to all the artificial essences mentioned above, there are also iso-eugenol, used in the preparation of artificial "carnations"; benzyl alcohol, with the odor of hyacinth; anisic aldehyde, or liquid "hawthorn," and the ethers of beta-naphthol, with their odors of acacia and orange-flowers; finally there are indol, methyl anthranilate and phenyl-ethyl-alcohol, which enter into the synthetical rose, jasmine, ylang-ylang, and neroli scents that are offered on various sides.

It must be obvious, on the basis of this fair catalogue of the achievements of synthetic chemistry, that their effect could not be inconsiderable; but it is a matter almost of astonishment to find the nature of it. For example, neither the consumption nor the price of natural musk has decreased since the inflow of the artificial musk of Baur. Since the coming of commercial synthetic vanillin, the vanilla has always been cultivated, its importation has not diminished, and its prices have consistently been maintained. The only effect of the advent of ionone has been an enormous extension in the cultivation of the violet.

In no one case has the coming of a synthetic perfume injured the market of the natural product. The reasons for

this are plain and significant. The manufacturers of the natural oils have earnestly enlisted the aid of science. The parent substances for the preparation of the synthetic oils are for the most part plant substances—not coal-tar; the business of synthetic oils is tributary to the vegetable kingdom. It is impossible to manufacture perfumery of the highest grade out of synthetic preparations alone, for the natural essence generally contains minute traces of other substances that have their value. Thanks to the chemical products, the perfumer, the confectioner, and the soap-manufacturer have been enabled to produce articles at a low price that have found a new clientele—the poor. Thanks to chemistry, there has been a rapid progress of the lower classes towards a comfort and a luxury hitherto reserved for the privileged rich.

These two industries, the natural and the artificial, afford the raw material for the third—perfumery proper. This industry is not a science, but an art, in which success depends upon the exercise of a creative imagination carefully tempered with good taste—qualities which Frenchmen have always been admitted to possess, and which explain Paris as the centre of perfume confections. The great perfumer is a musician in odors. With some eight notes in his scale, such as the orange-blossom, rose, violet, jonquil, mignonette, jasmine, tuberose, and cassia, and with a multitude of grace-notes from scented woods, herbs, and flowers, he strikes a harmonious chord of scent. A "scent" never consists solely of the essence of one flower. It must have persistency or staying power; it must have intensity, and it must be superlatively agreeable. These qualities are obtained only by the most artful combination; every "scent" that is exquisite is a "creation." The perfume of the violet has in one instance the following composition: essence of violet, natural vanilla, tincture of orris-root, a touch of vetiver, essence of the leaves of the violet, and artificial ionone. The "lily-of-the-valley" scent consists of the essences of the jonquil, the tuberose, and Oriental oil of rosewood.

For the perfumer to make his successes, his essential notes must be *pure*.

Anosmic people, or even laymen with the sense untrained, can hardly appreciate the enormous difference that lies between a pure and an impure odorant body. There is all the difference, and the offence, that there is to the musician with one note slightly, even very slightly, out of tune. But to the perfumer the impurity has not only the offence of the jarring note; it actually suppresses or alters the others. A pure essence is like a plate of transparent glass—the faintest smudge ruins its quality. Thus, indol—a substance with an odor absolutely loathsome—appears, when carefully purified, with a powerful, agreeable aroma; and not only so, but it turns out to be an integral part of the delicate perfumes of the jasmine and the orange-blossom. Scatol, as abominable in its odor as in its name, is also most agreeable when pure, and it exists as a constituent element in the perfume of civet. Raw vanillin smells but little; it is only when purified that it exhales its powerful familiar odor. The absolute necessity of purity, therefore, makes it all the more regrettable that Science is employed to degrade her own products with adulterations. The amount of adulteration of essential oils intended for consumption in America constitutes a scandal; most of it is perpetrated abroad and with the most careful application of science. Fortunately, Science knows her own methods, and by determining the physical constants of the oil, its congealing-point, its specific weight, its rotary power, its viscosity, and its solubility in alcohol, the user may have what he is entitled to—what he *thinks* he buys.

Finally, as the result of all this careful, even loving, work from petal to perfume, there arises a delicate, sweet, intense, and very precious composition casketed, with all the embellishments and refinements of modern art, in bottle, label, box, and wrapper; and so it proceeds to the uttermost countries of the world, bearing with it something of the grace of Paris.

This little study in perfumes shows that the Grassois, like the ants, “are

a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer,” and that this they do despite the world of lands and people that lie about them, and despite, too, the aggressive science of the present day. In doing this they afford a lesson not only to all Provence, but to the whole world, that the summerland is not of necessity a land of languorous ineptitude.

Compare the products of these ten billion pounds of flowers grown along this little countryside with the products of American extraction. The diversity of climate in the United States, the emulative character of its citizens, and its aggressive tariff should all conduce to the manufacture of plant essences in a fashion to command the respect of the world. And yet the only plant essence of any real importance extracted in the United States is oil of peppermint, about 150,000 pounds of it, hardly half that of Japan. Possibly we ought to mention small quantities of oil of wormwood, oil of wintergreen, spruce oil, and witch-hazel, but they can hardly be considered seriously in the trade of essential oils.

Everybody knows that there exist in this country, both East and West, nooks as privileged in climate as the Riviera, as benignant to the growth of flowers, and consequently one looks with curious interest for the production of the queen extracts of rose, violet, orange-flower, jonquil, lavender, etc.,—in other words, for a rivalry with the products of the people of Grasse. One looks naturally in the admirable Census Report of the United States, and one finds—*nothing*. Whatever the cause, this much is so, that the total production of essential oils in America does not exceed \$500,000—about one-twelfth that of a little town in France.

For much scientific information concerning the essential oils of perfume I am indebted to M. Paul Jeancard, of Cannes; and for an introduction into the practical working of the manufacture, to the *Parfumerie de Notre Dame des Fleurs* of M. Bruno-Court at Grasse.

Nevertheless

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

THERE is a love that is independent of age, caste, or sex, that does not wait for knowledge nor require common interests. It seems a matter of atmosphere. They encounter, the two of whatever condition, with a word, a look, a touch, and each has a friend.

Margery knew he had been watching her that evening. At last Jimmy Drew brought him up. "Miss Clendenning, another lamb led to the slaughter." Jimmy assumed a lamblike and slaughtered look himself—an attitude with him habitual and universal toward woman-kind. "His name is supposed to be Mr. James Howard Van Dusen Wilmoth, but his real name is Van."

Margery looked at the new lamb and found him reassuringly disguised in wolf's clothing. She gave him her hand in the friendly Southern fashion, and was aware at once of the warmth and security of his clasp. She looked up into kind, steady, cheery eyes, and liked him.

"I met the nicest man I ever saw," she told her mother going home. "A *sweet* man, literally!" And to her own utter amazement she choked.

It was so from first to last, so rapid and unforeshadowed she hardly knew what was happening to her. Realization could not keep pace with experience. It was additionally disarming that she might have had the same feeling for a grandfather, a girl, a child, a woman her mother's age,—that going out of the heart. Sex and youth merely determined the form of their love.

But as he was a man, that shortly became her chief boast; and all the nebulous man-and-girl ideals that filled her mind with diffused star-dust, swiftly, at the Word, condensed into a new world spinning through the heavens.

And, indeed, Wilmoth was the appropriate image of a girl's dream. With

his leonine head, his steady eye and hand, his deep voice, he gave an impression contralto, brown, massive.

"Certainly they seem to find inexhaustible pleasure in each other's society," Mrs. Clendenning said to Mrs. Wilmoth, who was calling immediately on the early culmination of the affair. "On Sunday, for instance, Van is here to take her to church; he stays to dinner, spends the afternoon, has tea. When he leaves that night, they have been about twelve hours together without any discoverable diminution of enthusiasm or conversation."

"Why, Van's the *best* company I ever saw!" Margery exclaimed.

It was the tone that made the two older women laugh, the girl's own amazement at her experience.

Indeed, it had for both young people all the values of firstness—surprise, unfrittered vigor, absolute importance without comparison.

"So you are sure he's the Right Man?" Mrs. Wilmoth was looking at her. There was intensity in the girl's small darkness; her manner was as italicized as her speech; and the face was so bright and attractive it was pretty. "You think you are thoroughly congenial." It was not as one who really asks.

"Why, of *course*!" Margery was surprised. "Van's congenial with everybody." She had taken that for granted, or rather no sense of lack had made her consider it at all. But now that it was suggested, it caught her attention; she stopped to examine it. "It isn't so much that we want or like the same things, or that we really have so much to talk about. But—being with Van is like—like being out on a perfect day,—one is just alive—and glad." Tears flashed to her eyes. The lids dropped hurriedly.

This openness was another result of the swiftness and surprise.

The two women smiled at each other.

Mrs. Clendenning's eyebrows lifted confidentially; Mrs. Wilmoth's broadened understandingly.

Alone the girl brooded, faintly smiling, and even in company she was alone. Between question and reply her thoughts slipped away. When no one was noticing her, she grew self-conscious, blushed shyly, smiled, confessing her secret, inviting sympathy, but shrinking from confidence. She was so happy her heart ached, and it made the others' ache to see her. Now under Mrs. Wilmoth's eyes she came back, flushing and withdrawing.

And though Mrs. Wilmoth smiled, it was very gently. "He is a nice boy, my dear," she said, quickly.

Margery's own amusement was apology. "Then I'm not wholly to blame for being so foolish, am I? Oh"—and inevitably her vehemence was greater than necessary again,—“it does mean a great deal to me that so many other people admire Van too. I couldn't love a man who didn't deserve it and who wasn't *a man!*”

"Yes, he'll make you a good husband, Margery. He'll give you the most generous allowance possible. You'll never need ask him for a pair of gloves, nor remind him it's the servants' pay-day, nor reproach him for forgetting to mail a letter. He'll never get over calling you 'dear,' nor helping you over a crossing, nor doing an errand. He'll never know any other woman exists. In an emergency he could and would mend the electric bell or run the furnace. And always nice-tempered about things. The best kind of chap to have around. Oh, he'll make an ideal husband! He has been a good son,—although"—she laughed as she rose—"at present he's unbearable. He takes no interest in anything but you. He can't bring his attention to a civil question or a simple matter of business. He lives only when with you; between times he alternates ferment and coma. Oh, I'm glad for all concerned it is to be settled so soon."

"I don't know," Mrs. Clendenning objected, seriously; "I would like to see them beat out such golden hours and draw them out as long as possible." She looked wistfully at this softly radiant little girl of hers. "Besides, I don't see how I am to be ready. Margery is no help at all. She is so useless and absent-

minded these days,—and," she added, "so sweet."

"Now, mother," Margery expostulated, "this isn't the wedding yet. You don't have to begin weeping already.—Mother always mourns at a wedding," she explained. "I suppose she thinks it elegant. And now she's additionally determined no one shall think she arranged mine. So Jimmy Drew has supplied the ushers with big glaring bandannas: he says Van's friends shall be just as sorry as mine.—I believe you're jealous, both of you."

"You know I wouldn't be so selfish," Mrs. Clendenning protested. "But I am greedy for you."

"Not I," Mrs. Wilmoth assured her. "Nothing could come between Van and me."

"Oh, well, now," Margery put in, with the quick independence of the life still self-centred and unallied, "there are several things could come between Van and me—only they won't. Van and I just naturally are kin; it isn't a matter of a ceremony. Oh"—she deprecated her declamation,—“he's the Only Man in the world for me, and Love is the best thing in life."

It was not in character for Margery to be indifferent to clothes or processions. At other girls' weddings she was in her element. But she went through her own with her feet just above the ground. She saw the whole world in the bloom of dawn—dew and slant sunbeam; the distance in a soft haze; and her lover, like a star, only as a light.

The Junior Mrs. Wilmoth (who discovered, the very night of her wedding reception, that her name was Mrs. Van) came back from her trip to a new world—a phenomenon all the more marked because its exact opposite was also startlingly true,—after all, everything was the same, even herself.

The difference which impressed her was not so great in anything else as it was in her new idea of their association, hers and Van's, and the new standpoint from which she regarded him. She had never before considered how much leisure his clerkship of the United States Court left him. His freedom, that had so added to the attractions of courtship, became

a matrimonial embarrassment. She not only had her new duties, but, returning to the normal, began to be ready to take up her own friends and affairs again.

"It's almost as bad as being a doctor's wife," she told him, "having a man around any time of day."

"Still, the doctor is worse," he comforted her. "He's not only there when he isn't wanted, but he's not there when he is."

"Yes, I know you are," she remembered, and forgot everything but the sunny warmth of his smile.

Wilmoth did have hours at his office and did oversee it. But apart from that he was not idle exactly, nor lazy at all. A man with his taste for living and his popularity could never lack things to do. He was always calling her to put on her hat and go with him.

One afternoon Margery stood distracted between her ideal of comradeship for him in everything and the pile of papers on her desk to be attended to before the next meeting of the City Beautification Board of the Middlesboro Auxiliary of the Civic Advancement League, of which she was secretary.

"But, Van, I can't play with *you* all the time. I can't *play* all the time, anyway."

"All right, if you're too busy." He withdrew the invitation obligingly, but obviously disappointed.

"Oh, I'll go," she called, desperately, after him. And she hurried so getting ready that she was a bit irritable when he helped her into the cart; and her hair was not right, so that her hat flopped in the wind and nearly drove her "*wild*"; and she could not shake off the memory of her desk.

"I wouldn't think *you'd* want to play all the time, either;" she went back to the thought. "I didn't realize how little you had to do, Van. Why don't you get into some business in connection with the office?"

"Why should I? We have money enough, haven't we? But not enough to throw away."

"I'd hate to think *that* of you!"

"Why? The ability to make money is as much a gift as the ability to paint pictures. I never did anything in competitions, in school or sports. Never voluntarily entered but one race in my life." He smiled at her.

"But, Van"—she was not to be diverted,—“the good old bourgeois idea that the man should support his family is the wholesome one. He ought to be able to, even if he doesn't have to. Suppose the necessity came to us? Things like that happen all the time.”

"Well, really, it's a painful shock to me to learn that I'm not supporting my family."

"Oh, you know what I mean," she half smiled, half pouted.

"What you mean can't very well happen to us," he explained. "My insurance is planned to provide for every emergency. And the position is for life. Unless"—he teased her—"I get up some scandal spectacular enough to shock even our sophisticated government and lose out on the 'good-behavior' clause."

"Oh, Van! I'm serious."

"Of course. You always are."

He smiled down—quite a distance—into her eyes, his own indulgent and tender. The girl's hot eagerness steamed more sharply for a moment against his tempering calm, then love flowed over the tempestuous little spirit.

"Oh, Van, you argue like a woman!" she reproached him, yielding still half unwilling to the persuasion of his arm. "You're a regular siren. You make me love you so I can't think of anything else, reason or duty. There now, *do* be good. Out on the open road like this!"

"Oh, there's no one in sight but Jimmy Drew on that gallant steed of his," he reassured her, and chuckled as she sat up vigorously and jabbed a hatpin into a fresh place.

"Van," she said at last, "I *wish* you'd go into business."

He paused, fork in plate, and looked at her. "That seems to be on your mind," he said. "Well," he gleamed, "I admit it is an interesting idea—getting a man a job, not to provide occupation for him, but leisure for his wife."

"Oh, Van, can't you be in earnest for once!" she flamed at him.

He did not even exclaim at her, but sat petrified, staring.

She had a little struggle with herself. "I don't understand how you can be so indifferent," came her muffled voice.

"And I don't understand why you

should be worrying about that, or why a man should make his life a grind unless he has to. The only value of money is as a means to live. A man only tries to get it to have it to spend."

"Some care for the getting, Van."

"And you think that a fine ambition, Margery? Money—"

"Oh, money!" she broke in, with the scorn for just money that they only have who have never lacked what money alone can give. "You don't understand what I mean. I said business, because it seems the most obvious thing in this country for a man to do. But I'm always preaching that women who can afford it ought to *give* their time and talents to work that can't get done any other way. For *every* woman *ought* to do something. How much more a man! You see, it wasn't money I meant, but that you ought to do something for your own sake and other people's. Have you no interest in politics?"

"Dirty work."

"You know the answer to that. But never mind. There are plenty of other things, plenty that need doing right here in the city, that have nothing to do with politics."

"Oh, I see," he smiled. "Canvassing for the City Beautification Board of the Middlesboro Auxiliary of the Civic Advancement League?"

Margery's hands clutched the chair-arm. "I should think you'd *hate* to be of no account!"

He looked at her, puzzled; but, faithfully counter-irritating, reproached, "Do you say I am of no account?"

She shook it off. Her shoulders and arms fairly twitched with nervousness. This was just how she felt at the club when the ladies all talked at once and *wouldn't* keep to the point. "But, Van, it isn't enough for you to be a good husband." It was patience held on to at the snapping-point. "I want you to be worth something as a man, too. I want you to be important, among men who are important. What is this social popularity worth? And what does this clerkship prove?—that you got it because you were your father's son and hold it because you have a good deputy. I should think you would *want* to *feel* that you had accomplished something,

succeeded. Oh, don't you see? I need to be proud of you, to admire you. It isn't the *getting* I care about."

She pushed back her chair, got up sharply, and turned. . . . *She was crying.*

"Why, Margery!"

She clung to him. "Oh, it isn't possible we're as far apart as this," she sobbed, and held him closer, which was naturally a bit confusing and contradictory.

"Why, sweetheart! I'll do anything rather than have you worry like this. There, there! I didn't know I was being a bad boy. I thought it was enough for us, and for us to do for the world, to make a good home. But I'll start another breakfast food, if you say so. Or . . . I tell you what! they're going to enlarge the Golf Club into a Country Club. I gave them a wad, of course, but I'll get them to put me on some active committees, if you like."

Her hands dropped from his shoulders. She looked at him, and began to laugh. "How aspiring!" she choked, and was crying again.

H-m! She wanted him to do something and then objected to what he could do. Well, stop to think of it, that was logical—to continue to want him to do *what she* wanted him to do.

Margery saw his look cloud, and her own changed electrically. "Now, Van, I do appreciate your trying, for me, dear." Pleasure, affection, touched the vivid little face with a piercing sweetness, that was sweet in proportion as her sharpness had just been extreme. "But you know in the end I won't care half so much for your doing things for my sake as for your own. You see, it is the *being* I care about, not just the *doing*.—Go ahead with your Country Club committees, if you choose. It won't interfere. It's a step in the right direction. But keep my suggestion in mind and look around you, and see if, in the next few weeks, you don't find something worth while. The world is full of work. It's the workers who are lacking.—Oh, it will all come right." Her spirits went up. She was always soaring with the eagle or glooming with the mole. "You'll see what a taste of it will do for you.—You mustn't mind my being so frank, dear; what is love for but to help?"



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HE CAUGHT THE HANDS, IN SPITE OF HER, AND HELD THEM

It was like a renewal of the honeymoon. Margery's bursts of sweetness were as thrillingly grateful as those first rare days of sunny stillness between the gusts of March.

But the weeks passed, while she waited and inquired, and Van answered:

"Yes, yes, I'm looking," or, "It's not so easy as talking, Margery. What anybody can do there are plenty to do: and a man can only do what he can," and, "It's especially hard to find something that will go in connection with the job I have."

"Perhaps," she urged, "if you gave this up altogether, you could find something else with more future to it."

He looked at her. Then patience like an actual veil fell before his eyes. But then the familiar lines of humor restored the old Van. "Well," he said, "suppose we wait until we're sure of at least bread and butter on another bush before we give up the bread, butter, and molasses in hand."

As they dragged on so, Margery's small dark face grew peaked, and circles deepened under her eyes. She went at her own committees, her home duties, her social affairs, with a steadily rising crescendo of vim.

There is turmoil in any stream suddenly deflected at a sharp angle into a new direction. And if the current has the impetuosity of Margery's nature to begin with, a whirlpool results. Physically, mentally, emotionally, her marriage had stirred the girl. But at first she thought the problems and adjustments merely matters of circumstance, external; this clash of temperaments and ideals was personal, vital.

Mrs. Clendenning watched her anxiously.

But Mrs. Wilmoth spoke:

"Don't you think you are wearing yourself out unnecessarily, Margery, trying to run the universe and Van? Can't you see that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, and that each has a right to go his own way?"

"But if Van and I are married we ought to go the same way."

"Then why not his?"

"But *I'm* right! Oh, how can people be so blind and stubborn?"

Mrs. Wilmoth laughed and gathered

her close. "Oh, Margery, Margery!" She pressed the girl's head against her deep, firm bosom. Her touch had something of the steadying, soothing effect of Van's. "Child, what will it all matter a hundred years from now?"

"Oh, but we *mustn't* think of that." The girl turned toward her, and looked up eagerly, appealingly. "It *may* matter. *Anything* may, tremendously. It would be *dreadful* to think it didn't. And we can't tell *what* will." She was all italics. "We just have to go ahead and do our *utmost*, *every* time, or *nothing* would ever get done."

"Not even the building of rest-cures?" Mrs. Wilmoth suggested.

One noon Margery followed Van, going into the hall, to the front door, lingering.

"What is it, dear? You seem to have something on your mind."

"And I want to put it on yours."

"Well?" He stood smiling at her, waiting. "Well?"

"Van, I think I've found something for you.—Now you won't laugh, will you?"

He looked down at her, flushed, pleading, and suddenly he picked her up bodily. "Certainly I won't," he promised, laughing as he spoke. "What is it?"

She squirmed free and faced him. "Well, it's old Uncle Jerry," she began, in a lucid torrent. "You know he has a delivery-wagon, and I use him for messages and carrying and call him in to move things around and all that. The other day he had to make two trips to bring those few pieces of furniture over from mother's; said his mule couldn't pull it all at once. You ought to see that mule, Van—an automatic skeleton covered with hard, tight hide. I asked Uncle Jerry if the creature couldn't do more, properly fed; and he said, 'Yas'm; so could Jerry.' 'Why,' I said, 'what's the matter with you? Can't you get work enough?' Oh yes, he said, more work than he was able to take with the outfit he had.—Works in a circle, you see. I dare say craps has something to do with it, too. But at any rate that's the situation and your chance. I asked him how much he could make a day with a good team, and how many days in the year he could make it. And— But I want you to talk with him. He's waiting now.

We could use our stable, and get two or three others like Uncle Jerry, and run it on a commission basis. . . . *Don't* you see? It's a start and a prospect!—We seem to come back to business inevitably. There are more openings there. And, after all, money is power. And in these days it is the proof of success; everything worth doing is eventually paid for. And any man who builds up an industry is helping the community. And you ought to be at something if only for the exercise of the moral muscles. And, as you say, a man can only do what he can."

"Whoa! Whoa!—How about the Elm-Twiney Hauling and Storage Company?"

"They won't interfere. There are a lot of these free-lance darkies in the city, each with his own clientele, loyal as I am to Uncle Jerry. People know them, and can call on them for all kinds of odd jobs. And, anyway, people prefer them. The Elm-Twiney Company is only a branch here, from Portsmouth, you know, and it's badly managed. The white teamsters are not controlled, and they're independent and careless. They do damage and are not even polite about it. Oh, I thought of that."

"You seem to have thought of everything."

"I tried to.—Oh, Van, I've been so anxious and hopeful." There was stress in her hands on his arm and in her look as she waited for him to decide. It was like pushing a great stone to set it rolling.

"So you want me to take a bone-yard mule, a wagon all four of whose wheels make separate tracks, and a stiff-legged old woolly-head into peonage, and call it a financial investment?" (How aspiring! he thought, with a flash of reminiscent inner laughter.)

"Even if nothing comes of it to you, you'll be helping them," she urged.

"Oh! or call it a philanthropy; I understand." But he saw the sensitive little face quivering on the hair-balance, to rise or fall at his word. "All right," he agreed, indulgently. "A Deliverer to the Sons of Ham is doubtless as noble a mission as an Apostle to the Gentiles or a Leader for the Lost Tribes of the House of Israel. Lead on, Macduff."

Uncle Jerry brought two of his friends with their private liveries. But after a

couple of days Wilmoth could not stand their dilapidated exits and entrances while he waited for them to feel their new oats. At Margery's instance he countermanded an order for the carriage they had decided on keeping, and the stable was stocked with a different class of vehicles and horses. This arrangement proved so attractive that applicants overran the rear premises, and an investigating and sorting process resulted, in which Margery's experience was more valuable than Van's.

In a few months there was no doubt that the half-dozen wagons were paying. There were accounts to keep and matters to be attended to that could not always wait on even such elastic office hours as Van's. And Margery's desk and Margery herself were at hand—Margery who needed, oh! less than a pinhole of opportunity to pour the whole volume of her energy into any channel. She enjoyed the doing itself, and she was happy in the thought of what they were doing. But Margery went at even her play too hard.

Before the year was out, in consideration of the growing city and the insufficiency of the Elm-Twiney Company, the opening for them in heavier hauling was apparent. That meant larger stables down-town, and a big room where at least temporary storing could be done. The name of the management must be known. Advertising was necessary. Details multiplied. Wilmoth, with a great deal to do himself, did not realize how much Margery was doing. They talked everything over together, so that even Margery, being satisfied, was not struck with the fact that the conclusion was always according to her ideas.

One afternoon Van, coming into his office of the Middlesboro Delivery Company from his office at the Custom-house, found Margery regnant, arbitrating a difference between two of the drivers and Jimmy Drew. She glanced up as he entered, but, ignoring him in her concentration, started on with the affair.

But Jimmy interrupted. "I say, Van, this is great. You're a lucky fellow. We always knew that." He sighed and shook his head at Margery. "But no one gave you credit for the business head you showed—in choosing your partner."

Jimmy couldn't resist saying a clever thing whether or not it was either true or kind; or rather, without reflecting whether it was true or kind.

He did not observe now that Margery flamed, and Van slowly grew taller and broader-shouldered. She seemed to melt into the background and Wilmoth took charge.

When Jimmy was gone, Van opened the door to the street for her.

"Are you going home?" she asked.

"I'll take you to the car."

"You might as well go, too, mightn't you? There's nothing more to-day."

"The pay-roll."

"I paid them," she said, faintly, "and—and signed the letters to go out."

The pause was tangible.

Then Van, with a word or two to the one general-utility office-man they had, went with her in silence.

His silence and her own thoughts were too much for Margery. They walked from the car to the house in silence again.

As he unlocked the door for them, she turned impulsively. "Van, don't you care. It's just an old-fashioned superstition. I'm *proud* to help you."

"Yes, yes, dear," he answered, and went on up-stairs.

That he never argued with her any more she did not notice. Nor was it, probably, definite intention with him.

When she had wandered around the parlors for half an hour, she could be passive no longer, and went to him, her face, her arms, all sweetness.

But he stopped her hands at a level with his own. "Margery, if you will promise never again to go to the stables, I'll hand in my clerkship resignation to Judge Bond and do the best I can with the delivery business alone."

Eureka!

But Margery's exultation, her outrush of affection, were subdued by a something dimly felt not so much to be new as to have been gradually emergent in him; and not only in him, but in his attitude toward her.

"Now," he said, "we won't say anything more about it," and he kissed—her hands only; and was it absently or reservedly?

That, indeed, became the situation—to say nothing about things.

Van had never been sweeter to her. His eyes, his voice, his hands, were so good and devoted and indulgent—oh, too indulgent! What was it that nettled her in his manner? when he should have been lost in admiration of her practical ability and foresight!

He didn't tease so much as he used to. And he was busy and away from her a great deal, and tired and anxious at home.

She knew nothing of the business except the net assets, and the fact that the Elm-Twiney people had bought some new padded moving-vans and were advertising vigorously.

"Aren't they waking up?" she laughed over the paper one night. "Rip Van Winkle; twenty years late. Still, they may give you a run for your money yet, Van. What fun! Don't you think it's time you used your own name in the business? And, Van, why don't you paint all your wagons alike, yellow or something, and put the men—in khaki, say. Now that's an idea! Van, you'll have to—"

"Who was it was going into business, Margery?" he reminded her.

"But, Van, those are good suggestions. You *know* they are."

"Yes, I know."

"But what's the good of knowing unless you act?"

He got up, crossed to the stand for a match, and, pausing by her chair, laid a hand on her shoulder. "So that you can tell other people," he smiled.

It was the smile that always made her feel as if she would explode. She *couldn't* make the wheels go 'round! All the same, she was *not* a baby!

But his whole personality was like that hand on her shoulder—repressing but sheltering; keeping her off, yet hedging her in.

When the carriage which she had so cheerfully sacrificed to the business in its incipience came at last, Margery did a good deal of reflecting in it over the contrariety of castles in the air. When you reached them did you always find the foundations weak? or the plumbing defective? She was worried, too, over Van's seeming so overworked.

In her year of "business life" she had let her club-work slip. Now she did not want to go back to it. She did not know

what she did want to do. Her ferment found vent only in restlessness.

"Does it never seem to you," Van said one evening (it had been a long sweet evening alone together, with less conversation than sense of companionship)—"does it never seem to you that, for a woman of your energy and your 'wholesome bourgeois' and democratic creed that every individual should be a producer, there is one very nice and very valuable kind of work right at home? Even in a thorough partnership like ours the division of labor is indicated."

Her head was on his shoulder. She did not stir. After a long time she said gently: "Yes, I know, dear. I'll be ready to—go to work—soon now. But—I felt as if we *had* to wait—I don't know just why—to see how this venture turned out. And—there are some things one doesn't like to reduce to a formula."

For the way in which it did turn out she was as unprepared as for a cyclone.

He told her at the breakfast-table one morning. He had known it of course for some time, and definitely overnight. Yet he waited till the last moment to speak of it? Waited, indeed, until he was folding his napkin.

"Margery, the Elm-Twiney people of Portsmouth have offered to buy out the Middlesboro Delivery Company, and to make me manager here of their branch and my business combined."

"What! Ho, ho, you *have* stirred them up, haven't you? Bully for you, Van!" She ran to him, laughing and clapping her hands like a child.

"Yes," he said, "if you look at it from that standpoint it has been a good business venture. They're giving me a good price and a good salary."

"Are—giving . . . ? You don't mean me to understand . . . ? Why, Van, if you have a good thing, isn't that the thing to hold on to?"

He sat down again patiently to explain. "A peach that is ripe to-day won't be good next week. The E-T people are a big stock company determined to extend not only here in Middlesboro but all through the section. The way things were going here finally got the attention of headquarters. Now if they can buy me out—business, good-will, name, services—they're willing to pay well."

"Yes, they know if *you* go with them, people will consider it a guarantee of better treatment from *them*."

"Well, so it will be."

"And then, as soon as you cease to be dangerous, they'll drop you—the company."

"Not if I'm useful, and that I am sure I can be, with them."

"Oh, but so many things make a position like that precarious."

"Yes, this isn't for life," he admitted, "and it isn't the government salary." It was the limit of his reproach for her. "But if they can't settle amicably, they'll fight, and they have unlimited means and a variety of weapons to fight with."

"Well, we'll just show them! *You* are the one with friends here, the one who knew how to get the business. Besides, everybody nowadays has a feeling against these big concerns. Other things being equal, they will favor the little man, the home man. Why, it's just your chance, Van."

He got up now. "It's no chance for me, Margery. I'm not a fighter. I hate risks and responsibility, hurry and worry. I can't handle them. I can't work well, stretching, and on the ragged edge. It seems to me in this strenuous rush to get and do and be something people nowadays miss the point of life, which is to live. This arrangement will put by a nice, safe little sum for you, and will give us comparative security and comfort. I'm willing to work. Some work I can do well. I can take care of my wife if she will just be reasonable. It's my pleasure and right to do so. But if I went on with this, I would not only miss everything in the mean time, but I'd fail in the end." It was an oration for Van, the voicing of a long silence.

As he turned away, the torrent of Margery's speech, momentarily checked, found course again. She ran beside him, clinging to his arm, protesting, arguing, pleading. "Van—you won't—you mustn't—you sha'n't. Take more time at least to think it over—to talk it over with me—*Van!*"

He freed himself, picked her up gently, kissed her; and the door closed after him. Margery stood.

Then she dropped into a chair, exhaust-

ed as if from trying to lift a dead weight far beyond her strength. But back of the sense of her own impotence grew a puzzling perception of opposed power that stirred while it baffled her.

Wilmoth was late for luncheon. He started as usual, turned back, made for a restaurant, hesitated, then decisively took a home-bound car.

Margery, prowling from window to window, watched for him.

"Well, Van?" she met him on the steps, fearful, hopeful.

"Well," he said, not looking at her, "I got another thousand out of them for you." She fell back from him. He was reaching in his pocket for a wallet, and now drew out the check and held it toward her, smiling.

She looked through it for a moment as he held it so, then she snatched, crumpled, flung it. "*Money!*" she said.

"I'm sorry you're angry, Margery." He spoke quietly and with no movement toward her.

The word checked her. "It's not anger—not that kind; not hurt self. It isn't that *I'm* offended. It's"—her face convulsed; in dashing against the rock it was herself she had broken—"it's you—you! Oh, I'm so disappointed in you, I'm so disappointed in you." She was crying aloud, like a child, her face uncovered, beating her hands softly together, struggling for self-control.

He caught the hands, in spite of her, and held them in the strength and warmth and steadiness of his grasp.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Margery; but if I did try to do things just to please you, I wouldn't succeed, and it would be your fault as much as mine. And it wouldn't be *I*, it wouldn't be *being*. I can't work by your ideas. Well, what would I be worth if I did? and what would you think of me if I would?"

But at each time that this clash of temperament came, the effect of their love and his personality, to assuage the rising tide of hers, grew less.

Now she tried to wrench herself free.

A moment longer he compelled her. "Very well, Margery, but you must understand. I'll do my best to satisfy you, but you must try to be satisfied with what I can do. I'm only a man, but the same man you married, remember."

Then—did she pull loose, or did he let go?

Neither of them remembered luncheon.

A clash of temperaments she had been considering it. Now she recognized a clash of wills. He had set himself against her! He was as stubborn as Gibraltar! And he had no ambition, no spirit. *Coward!* He would never be anything but somebody's reliable agent and a pleasant chap.

Locked in her own room, the poor child burned through her test of fire.

That was what she had taken for a *man!* The tragedy was not that her love for him was gone: that would be only a corollary—if it was true. The point was that her idol was only a gilded calf; that even love, the best thing in the world, was imperfect; that even a love like hers could make a mistake, and a marriage like theirs, with every prospect—yes, every appearance—of success could, after all, be flawed. Her disappointment was not only personal; it struck at the very heart of life.

Once more Eve was driven from Paradise.

Well—if this was the outcome of love, the best of marriage, at least—at least, there should be no children of theirs, to stand before the world for a lie, and to grow up to disillusionment!

A maid had been to the door several times, unanswered, hardly noticed. Now, in the ebbing surge of the storm, the soft voice of the clock reached Margery's prostrate mind. Oh, the Dale-Couver wedding at five! Van would be home to dress . . .

She was up in a flash, flying around. . . . Outside her door was a box of roses.

Her face dropped into them, but these tears were soft. She felt bruised and lonely now. If Van would just come (*semper est femina*), and she could confide in him and let him comfort her!

He found her very gentle. They were shyly pleasant, avoiding each other's eyes and dangerous subjects. At the last he saw her hesitate over his flowers,—but she fastened some on. As he put her cloak around her, his arms went too. He thought she was stiffening,—but she yielded, without response. Their cheeks touched, the cool against the hot. The fragrance of her roses came up to them.

As she went up the aisle on the usher's arm, her face was like a star.

But at intervals for hours she felt herself smothering, and got her breath only long-drawn and tremulous.

After it was all over, as Van put her into the carriage (and spoke to the coachman), she dropped back. Her whole body was tired. Her eyes were dry from heat, and her skin parched. She felt Van sink listlessly beside her, and glancing at him, reflected how bad his color was lately. But it was only a mental aside. She clasped her hands over her eyes and drew a long breath.

She had determined not to say anything personal or bitter. But the very consciousness that she must not seemed to impel her to an automatic muscular disobedience without her will, as one strikes the wrong key on the piano.

"I used to wonder," she said, "why mother always cried at a wedding.—Poor Mamie Dale-Couver!—What a farce it all is!

'New generations for the new desires'

(only he should have said, *old* desires, and the same old faith and hope)

'Which have their end in the old Mockeries.'

Love only a transient lure, like the petals of a flower that drop off when Nature's real object is secured."

When she had said it she wondered at herself. That was the way she did horrid things,—she knew she oughtn't, she meant not to, and yet she went on, with one-half of her protesting, and then she wondered at herself.

Now she was afraid he would answer. Then, as the silence grew, she was afraid he would not.

At last she could stand it no longer. "Van"—she put a penitent hand on his arm,—“I don't mean to be hard on you.”

He sat with his elbows on his knees, his hands dropped between them, and did not move to her touch. "I know," he said at last, "it must be very hard for you not to be, almost impossible for your temperament to let things or people alone or to see any side but your own."

She sat up and back quickly. "Why, Van, when things fall on me . . ."

"No, Margery; you push under. Peo-

ple can be so anxious to do their duty that they create duties, *make* trouble."

"But you shut me out even from your confidence. You might have let me help and share."

"Do you really imagine you could stop at that? You're such a little fiend of work and management! I wish—I wish you could be different, for your own sake, too, Margery. Nervousness like yours must be the worst kind of pain. And you suffer so when you can't make things go your way." This was not the humorous tolerance that she always felt belittled her; he was serious enough now,—which was worse! "You're nearly ill now. I've been worrying about you lately. With the dry season and the low water there is so much typhoid around, and it's unusually malignant. It seems to me there are very few occasions or causes important enough to sacrifice health and disposition to them. Do you think you are a very winning argument for the strenuous life?"

"Why, Van!"—she found her voice—"why, Van, you're *scolding* me. *You* are scolding *me*!"

"No, Margery, no, no. But did it never occur to you that when you were finding other people difficult to deal with, part of it was probably because they found you difficult, too? Your ideals are right enough, but there are others." The carriage was slowing. "And did you never think that there are things more important than success for *both* of us?" He was opening the door.

She caught at him. "Why, Van, where are you going? Van, are you angry with me?"

"I have to leave you here. I've an engagement with Dr. Hall in his office hours. A little fever lately, and my quinine won't break it. Thought perhaps he might mix some faith-cure with his."

"But I'll drive you there. James—"

"No; it's so far. The cars are quicker. I'll be home soon. Ta-ta."

"*Van!*— Kiss me before you go." She clung to him.

"Hello!" he laughed. "What's the moral of all this?—Abuse your wife and she will make love to you? or,—Misery loves company?" Once again, as he held her, the sense of his bigness overpowered her. The little belligerent soul fluttered



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU ALL OVER IN A NEW WAY"

—for the last time; then, conquered, acknowledged it, rested on it. “Now I mustn’t miss this car.”

He ran.

And left her leaning forward in the seat, looking after—nothing.

James closing the carriage door broke her trance.

What did he mean?—that it was her fault? that he didn’t like her, either, so well any more? that he, too, was disappointed, sorry? “Such a little fiend of work and management.” How ugly it sounded! Was *she* ugly? And what he said about some things being “more important than success, for *both* of us.” As if he thought it was only that she was determined to have things *her* way, as if it *was* Self with her! Well, was his way, after all, on the whole, about as good as hers? And, anyway, who was she to cast the first stone? She had thought so much about his pleasing her, she had forgotten about pleasing him.

She dragged her chiffons up the steps in the confusion of one suddenly spun around and set going in the opposite direction.

Through the blur of her mind thoughts flashed without connection or invitation.—Suppose he didn’t love her any more! It was possible. *Oh!*—Just when she had really discovered him.—How hurt his eyes were! Poor Van! And didn’t she know how it felt? couldn’t she sympathize?—He looked fairly ill.—He *was* ill.—Then it was as if a still, small voice at her elbow said quietly, distinctly, “A little fever lately . . . won’t break . . . perhaps . . .” *Typhoid!*

Her knees weakened so that she dropped where she was to the stairs.

When it occurred to her, she jumped up and ran, tripping in her ruffles, tearing, trailing them, to the telephone. “Dr. Hall’s office? Is Mr. Wilmoth there? Just gone! This is Mrs. Wilmoth. Well, doctor?”

“Fever wrong,” he informed her, casually. “Some symptoms of typhoid. Pretty bad in town now. Can’t tell for several days. Meantime . . .”

She held herself suspended while her mind recorded his instructions.

When the receiver went up, she sat, while wave after wave of terror, revolt, helplessness swept over her. There had

been so many deaths from it lately. But, marvellously for Margery, she made neither sound nor movement, until she rose quietly and sent for the maid to get Van’s room ready.

Quietly, too, she met him, and they skimmed the surface of things, and were lightly amused at his going to bed with the chickens and letting her wait on him.

“But, doctor,” she said, “how could Van catch typhoid?”

“Oh,” he told her, “it isn’t the individual does the catching. The diseases of prey are always lying in wait for us, and it is when our resources are overtaxed and our forces weakened that they get a chance to take hold.”

She stood convicted.

She took a thousand unnecessary steps, did no end of unnecessary things.

“I don’t need anything more,” Wilmoth protested. “Stay with me. Rest yourself.”

But she could not keep still nor meet his eyes.

All through the night she watched the time for his medicine. If she drowsed, the sense of responsibility recalled her like a sharp summons. Toward morning, when she might have slept and did drop off, her dreams were so instant and noisy they woke her.

The third day the doctor grunted over her painfully detailed chart, and “um-ummed” over answers and questions alike. But as he rose he said: “What the patient needs now is nourishment. He’s weak. Give him a soft-boiled egg for supper.”

“*Doctor!*” Margery’s hand fell to Van’s breast and his two clutched it. “Then the danger . . .”

“Of typhoid is past, I think. I . . .”

But neither his instructions nor his exit was regarded, except that it was not until the door closed behind him that Margery slipped to her knees beside the bed: “Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear!”

Dr. Hall might not have thought the patient so weak then. What was the love of mere sweethearts or dreamers to this?

She sat on a stool beside him, blanket-ed, in a big chair, before the first fire of the season.

Its glow brooded over them.

Even in that glamour Margery’s face

looked dark and small, Van thought, and tired. Under his look she turned her head. And as he looked something crept into his eyes, touched his lips, spread gradually: and, as he looked, she smiled too, slowly,—“Well, why don't you say so, then?”

“And you?” he said. “How can you say so when I couldn't play your game, and you were so disappointed?”

She turned swiftly, wholly. “*Nevertheless*, Van, it's all so. Isn't it strange how things work in cycles? Even experience, opinion, is always coming back to the point it started from and discarded; only it comes back to it from another side. All the creeds and all the ideals anybody ever believed are true, if you see them from the right angle. After all, we *do* love each other; love, in spite of its limitations, *is* the best thing in life; marriage—and children—for all the risk of them, *do* offer the greatest chance for happiness; nothing *could* come between you and me, because under everything we have that sympathy which is the real

thing. We say love must be deserved, but what one likes and admires is a personal standard, so that love, after all, is temperamental. But the strangest part of all is that I reproached your manhood, dear; and, oh! if I could make it as plain now that that is the very quality in you I have come to admire most, all the more because it is *your* manhood, not *mine*. I've fallen in love with you all over in a new way, Van. And I'm going to borrow a new ideal from you: not give up my old ones, but add another,—to be generous and pleasant. You're conservative and I'm radical, and we're meant to balance and modify each other, not to drive each other any farther to extremes. You *are* the Right Man and the Only Man for me, dear,—sound and sweet to the core, and the best company I ever knew.” Tears leaped to her eyes.

“Well, well!” he smiled, the eager face between his palms. “I didn't hear the doctor prescribe flowers and incense.”

The laughter made a rainbow of her tears.

The Fallen

BY LILY A. LONG

AND were ye of the Seekers, ye fallen,
 Ye merged in the mire?
 When ye clutched so, and stumbled, and stifled,
 Were ye led by Desire;—
 God's angel of longing, whose task is
 To set souls afire?

Too feeble the flame of your burning!
 Was passion so pale
 Ye could drown it in draughts for the body?
 Could nothing avail
 To fire you to mightily conquer
 Or mightily fail?

Nay, truly, God's angel of longing
 Who sets souls afire
 Must chafe when the snatched spark of heaven
 Falls so in the mire
 To sputter in pitiful sinning
 And weakly expire.

Editor's Easy Chair

A SOJOURNER on an island of the sea has lately complained, within the knowing of the Easy Chair, of a grievance which we did not suppose had been felt since Cowper musically phrased the lament of Alexander Selkirk. Like the castaway whose history has been lost in the fiction of Robinson Crusoe, this provisional islander is suffering from the silence of his abode, where so few people keep hens that he is not even disturbed by the early village cock. There is a substitute for the shrill clarion of that bird in the note of a local donkey, but she is apt to bewail herself when the islander is wrapped in midnight slumber, and cannot enjoy her keen falsetto. Sometimes, but all too seldom, a steamer from miles away in the offing sends a muted hail to him, and there is a whistle on some salt-works, which blows night and morning when they are intermittently grinding the salt. But he is a thousand miles from a railroad, a trolley-line, a boiler-factory, an automobile or a dinner-gong. His island is in the tropics, but it is a very barren island, devoted entirely to the salt industry, and the song-birds are few or none. In the absence of birds to eat them, there are no musical insects; the lizards lift a thin pipe now and then, but the hum of the mosquito is the only sound that may be relied upon to break the evening silence. The land-crabs which come into his garden and undermine his tomatoes, so that the plants disappear with all their fruit in the dark, and leave only a yawning gulf to show where they flourished, are a taciturn tribe; the conch-shells which strew the silvery sand are full of the meat of the fish which inhabit them, and he cannot

Hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn, as he might if the shells had been emptied of the conchs and arranged at

either end of the parlor mantel for ornament.

Not unnaturally, and yet surprisingly, the islander complains of the silence in a world which elsewhere seems a bedlam of noises, mad and maddening. We ourselves, when his singular case came to our knowledge, were about to appeal to the public for some sort of general action toward the abatement of the noises which have increased and multiplied with every labor-saving and pleasure-giving invention. There was a time, within the memory of men still living, when those who had been tormented by the tinkling of the horse-car bells promised themselves relief in the coming of the cable-cars, the electric cars. But the cable groaned and growled incessantly when it replaced the horse, and when the trolley-wire, overhead or underground, replaced the cable, though at first it propelled a car which emulated the noiselessness of the mystical current it bore, soon began to drive through the streets a vehicle with flattened wheels which battered the sense with the effect of innumerable hammers. Some forecast the horselessness beginning to characterize our civilization as relief from the clatter of iron hoofs on the stone pave, as a silence which no other sound should break; for who could have imagined the percussion, the whiz, the whir, the honk of the automobile? We expected that the steel shoe of the horse would be hushed as effectually as the steel tire of the wheel was hushed by the beneficent rim of india-rubber which now attests the power of human invention when the will goes with it. But can we expect that the aerodrome, or the aeroplane, when it comes to stay, will skim silently through the gulfs of air? At the best they will pass with the racket of a noiseless sewing-machine, and probably they will have a shriek, a whoop, a blood-curdling cry all their own, which will make way with the lit-

tle nerve left us by the actual clangors of the street.

When steam came, as a motive in the grand orchestral composition of modern life, we all said, remembering the song of its ancestral teakettle, that we must of course take some harshness of sound for granted. Why, then, did not we receive electricity with like logicality? The lightning stroke was indeed silent, but the thunder came before and after it with an uproar of which all the noises of the trolley and the automobile are feebly emulous. The air is by no means the mutest of the elements. It can make itself deafeningly heard in moments of excitement, and why should its viewless couriers come and go without sound?

We are not reasonable in our demands upon the first inventors. It is their affair to release us at any cost from conditions that have become impossible. For thousands of years, from the beginning of the time when man became too busy or too lazy to go afoot, the horse, either under him or before him, served all his occasions of movement, and his mind did not soar above the saddle or the wheel for the journey, the chase, the transmigration. Even late in the nineteenth century the poet could bid him hitch his wagon to a star when he wished to mount into the ether of high resolve, and probably in the time before wagons were imagined the poet told him to throw his horse's halter over the horns of the moon for any like ascent. But at last the moment came when the horse would no longer do, at least for use, and the engine arrived to take his place. Then the trouble began. Of course, even before steam there had been gunpowder and its explosions, but that was in war, and peace was unvexed, except when cannon were ironically fired to celebrate it. Still, with steam the world ceased to sleep on both ears, as the French say. In solitudes, where the giant of the forest fell and made no sound, because man was not there to hear its fall, the steam-boat found its way up the lonely rivers and shouted to the immemorial hush; the steamer alarmed the calm of the tropic seas; the locomotive shrilled and panted over the grades of the startled mountains, and a plague of steam-whistles was loosed upon the cities and

the villages all over the foolish world that fancied itself civilized. Man could not wake to his work without being called by a cry that might have waked the dead; and the dreams of the little ones, wandering through the flowery fields of sleep, were burst as with the blasphemies of the cruel overseers waiting to chain them to the roaring machines in whose tendance their hapless lives were wasted. Nothing but the same cry could release them, and they were cursed away from the factory and the mill at night, with a threat for the morrow if they overslept.

It was as if the serpent, which tempted our wilful foremost-mother to the knowledge of good and evil, and through her our weak foremost-father, were filling the earth with its hissing. Its sibilations were multiplied, a millionfold, a billionfold, till no corner of the world that called itself civilized was exempt from them. Then the power which evoked these monstrous and multiple voices, beginning to be directly the motive-power of civilization, came not quite so noisily as steam, and heat afforded a little respite from the ravage of its creature. But it was a respite only. Heat failed to replace steam, and it was not till electricity was geared to the wheels of industry and travel that they moved with the swiftness which business and pleasure demanded. Then they moved stridently, obstreperously, and the night was everywhere filled with the whirring of dynamos. But after the shrieking and battering of electric cars, came last the many forms of percussion in which gasoline and naphtha exploded themselves in driving the motors which infested the land and rob the sea of its secular silence. The summer fugitives from the tumult of the city, who sought quiet by the shores or in the hills, were pursued by the vociferous escapement of the boats and cars, whose brute snortings and uncouth cachinations filled the day and broke the stillness of the night.

It is impossible to specify all the shapes which the evil has taken. Suffice it to say they are Protean, and more. The coasters which used to doze up and down the edges of the continent with nothing noisier than the clucking of the tackle in hoisting sail, are now equipped with engines for working the ship, and when

they come to anchor these let off their steam with a guttering and snuffling that you seem to die of before it stops. Where formerly the fisherman stole softly and slowly with the mute dip of oars to look his lines or draw his nets, at day-break, he now clatters forth into the dawn in a power-dory, equipped with a cheap gasoline-engine of a detonating force that leaves no slumber unbroken within miles. Those who have cottages by the sea are frantically familiar with this fact, but perhaps they do not know that those who dwell among the Thousand Islands, where the lakes used to empty themselves quietly into the mighty river, there is now a battering as of flattened wheels from the motor-boats of the tradesmen, who hurtle from isle to isle, and wake their hapless customers with the delivery of their orders. In the farms and villages which once heard only the clangorous, but not too clangorous, rush of the trolley, sleep is now murdered by the whistles which these have added to the clang of their bells and the screech of their wires; they are not so loud as the locomotive whistle, but they are of a sharper edge, and they enrage the victim with the sense of their needlessness.

In fact, it is the needlessness of most noises that renders them insufferable. You sleep very well through the roar of a wintry storm, but if some one has forgotten to fasten a blind, and it begins to bang, then you are lost; you might as well get up and locate that blind and fasten it first as last. The manifold noises of your steamer's plunge through the night, with the perpetual wash of the sea, unite in a lullaby to which the worst conscience sinks into repose; but a snorer breaking from the next stateroom recalls the memory of all one's sins. The rush and leap and incessant but varied grind and clang of the sleeping-car become soothing at last, but a radiator, beginning to fizz and click after the steam has been turned off, seems to leave the would-be sleeper no resource but suicide; if you could get at the second engineer, and leave him weltering in his gore, you could snatch a few cat-naps before morning; but you cannot get at the second engineer after midnight in most hotels. Continu-

ous noises and necessary noises are things you can adjust senses or your spirits to; but the noise without a reason, without an apparent right, like the gnawing of a rat in the wainscot, is what drives so many to perdition; and the clatter of the power-dory will probably ere long fill the asylums from the seaside cottages. It is not impossible, however, that many summer cottages are now being equipped with machine-guns that will sweep every power-dory from the sea. These guns will be worked on a pivot and will equally clear the roads of unmuffled automobiles, and blow to atoms any motor-man about to sound the whistle of a trolley-car.

It is impracticable to fly to such islands of the tropics as that where the sojourner whom we began with languishes for some sort, for any sort, of civilized noise. Probably if the sufferer from noise were there, he too would begin to clamor for screeching trolley-wires, superfluous trolley whistles, power-dories, flattened wheels, elevated trains and underground trains, clicking radiators, and all the other orchestral accompaniments of the psalm of life. But it seems to be a hard condition that the sufferer of this kind is usually an aged or aging person who cannot conveniently change his habitat, and who cannot go to test even temporarily the misery of which our islander complains. It is strange, but it seems to be true, that years which dull the senses to so many things do not bring that thickness of hearing which would save the sage from the sharpest tortures of modern sound. In fact, it seems to render him more alive to them, while they pass the ear of youth without so much as entering its outer porch. One of the afflictions incident to the case is that sometimes when age turns to youth, not for rescue, not for an abiding consolation, but for a word of pity, or a look of sympathy, it is met by a stony stare, and the profession that youth had not noticed any noise.

Very likely the profession is honest. We have sometimes fancied that the modern noises are the utterances of that rejuvenescence, another name for recrudescence, which has overtaken the race. It seems to be turning boy and girl again in that puerilization following

its devotion to manly sports, as they are called. Our civility is reverting to savagery, and of the modernest man that the poet has truly sung,

. . . . Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him—

or, we regret to say, her. It is inconceivable, but it is not impossible, that the most gilded and polished youth of our time find a sort of joy in its noises, such as the rude small boy alone used to find in the deafening delights of the Fourth of July. It therefore remains for the ingenuity which has multiplied the noises of the earth—

Steaming up a lamentation and an ancient
tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the
words are strong,—

it remains for this ingenuity, we say, to come to the rescue of those who can bear the noises no longer, and invent some sort of sound-brake, which can be applied to a room, to a house in the city, or to a cottage by the shore or in the hills. There can be no question, unless we are to renounce all faith in a moral government of the universe, but some such appliance is possible. On the plains and the prairies they establish a local climate anywhere by planting trees, dense as a hedge, round a farmstead, and growing a wind-brake, which is proof against the heaviest blizzard. There are all sorts of contrivances for shielding the eyes from the glare of light; why not, then, the ears from the blare of sound? We cannot expect the poor fisherman in his power-dory to muffle its detonations; the apparatus which is so cheap as to seem

within the reach of all he cannot afford. We cannot expect the poor monopolies which run the trolleys in city and country to still their flattened wheels, or choke off their superfluous whistles; they cannot afford it, and probably would not if they could. But a fortune awaits the inventor who will supply the tormented world with a sound-brake. We cannot hope that the noises which fill the earth will ever be stilled. Probably their multiplicity will be indefinitely manifolded; but we ought not to despair of some means of mitigating them. There ought to be a small sound-brake which could be carried in the pocket, and attached to the hat when the noise-sufferer (there is yet no scientific name for him, but there will be) leaves his house and the protection of the larger sound-brakes at every door, window, and chimney. These must be contrived beautifully, so as to add to that harmony of aspect which our cities now wear, and the pocket sound-brake must be a pretty toylike affair which a lady can carry like a fan, or a gentleman like a cigarette-case. It should be such an inconspicuous apparatus that it could be applied at a concert which has become too obstreperous, or at most operas, and that could be used without offence in church when the sermon has unexpectedly prolonged itself. It would also be useful at a reception where the conversation has become promiscuous and meaningless, and even at times when a dear friend has got to prosing. There are some things worse than power-dories or flattened wheels, and every exigency of civilization should be met by the beneficent invention which we have been imagining, and which could be almost indefinitely modified.





Editor's Study

ONE of our best story-tellers writes: "I acknowledge, humbly, my besetting sin of taking too much room to say a thing in; while I humbly also contend that the opposite defect does exist. I could name a leading writer for *Harper's* who seems to me to have spoiled an originally very good literary style by obvious efforts for concision, and whose paragraphs and sentences now all sound to me as if they had been bitten off short and jerked out, in the sole effort to say the thing and get done as soon as possible. That must hurt the writer in the end."

Creative imagination is apparently, first of all, expansive, but the reflex of this expansion is an invisible control, like gravitation in the physical universe, an inhibition but for which the manifestation of power would be an eccentric and limitless dissipation into the inane, without orbit or sphere, without concretion or infolding. In imagination, as in Nature, this control is positive, as primary as expansion itself, not merely inhibitive, but the indispensable condition of form and therefore of beauty. Thus it is that in all the exhaustless variety of imaginative creations there is economy. It is not a logical economy—a check upon spontaneity, upon abundance, or even upon excess. The inhibition rather accentuates the abounding life, is the registrar of its urgency.

We cannot then say to genius, Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. In its normal manifestation, it is a law unto itself, whether it will indulge in the luxury of summer or confine itself to the slenderness of winter. There are, in both life and literature, these oscillations of the human spirit—between pagan bounty and Puritanic restraint.

But Christianity is, like paganism, in favor of the abounding life. Unlike the Hebrew prototype of Puritanism, it does not expect its rose from the desert, its children from the barren. It takes its

discipline with anointed face and not in sackcloth and ashes. Exuberance is not transgression nor prodigality waste.

The imaginative projectile has free scope of expanse, with no precalculated measure of just so much urgency as is necessary for a definite effect, or for bare explicitness of meaning. The defect pointed out by our correspondent is one to be guarded against by every imaginative writer, not only in fiction, but in the essay. Our readers know how well the most accomplished of novelists graces the *Easy Chair*. It is not necessary to good history or interpretation that the writer should be a novelist, but he should have something of the novelist's bounty of expression and of that grace which is akin to bounty. It is life always that is represented and interpreted, whether in its actual or ideal aspects, not merely or mainly in its logical bearings, but as livingly real and spontaneously human, and we must feel the bounding pulse of it in the writer's expression.

We connote reserve with tension—the measure of abundance and pressure—not with mere terseness, showing in what few words or in how spare phrases the substantial meaning may be conveyed to the understanding. If the writer has deep feeling and deep thought we feel the tide of these; and he does not deny himself any of its strength or beauty, any of its light, shade, or rhythm. The accession by which all the elements naturally involved are brought into the effect is not an illegitimate excess.

The reader in proportion to the culture of his sensibility instinctively demands a certain fulness of expression—not merely of substance, but of accident, the heightening circumstance, the tone, color, and atmosphere—just as he instinctively shuns redundancy in any of its forms. Even repetition is not always redundancy. Life has vibration, its tides have recurrent waves, and the reader's sensibility often waits for the re-

currence, as for a refrain in poetry, and if its expectation is not met resents the vacancy. Children especially have this expectation, and while it is true that our later literature has grown away from this kind of repetition, relegating it quite altogether to measured verse and song, still in some of the best of our modern imaginative writing, though there is not the old-fashioned and somewhat runic repetition, authors avail of the reduplication of a dominant note to reinforce meaning and impression, but with such variation as justifies the recurrence.

In many ways the making the most of the theme is characteristic of the new literature, which is preeminently occupied with the things of the mind and of the heart, where the scope of impressions and of the subjective drama is infinite. In the older scheme of fiction some elemental passion—love, jealousy, malice, or ambition—was portrayed in its outward manifestation, and the scope of the objective drama was narrowed just in proportion to the intensity of the action. Here and there, in the very beginnings of English fiction, were masters, like Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith, who did not depend for their interest upon the crowding of their drama with thrilling incidents. These pursued their leisurely course and made the most of the comedy of life in their portrayal of it, as they understood it. But how different in their comprehension and in their portrayal were these from the Victorian masters—especially Hardy and Meredith; and these, in their turn, how different from the masters of our own day! Different, we mean, in the respect we are considering—in making the most of their theme, as Hichens does in *The Garden of Allah*, as Howells does in *The Son of Royal Langbrith*, as Joseph Conrad always does. It does not follow that by comparison with older masters in other respects these novelists are their superiors. The point we are making is that the themes which engage their powers afford them a larger scope of expansion and a greater variety of expression.

The measure of success in this new field seems to depend upon the novelist's ability to overcome certain difficulties

which beset the subjective drama—especially the temptation to such elaborate analysis as precludes thorough objective realization. It is not sufficient that in a general way there should be concrete realism, a quasi-synthetic method, and truth to life not only in interpretation, but in objective situation and environment. All this we find in Plato's Dialogues and in such novels as Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*.

Mrs. Deland in her latest novel—which is in its theme as subjective as any of the period—has met the main difficulty successfully and in the very best way. The incidents which would have in any former generation made the texture of a novel, are here relegated to the past. The most is made of the spiritual after-part. But it is the real and vitally human characterization which charms and holds us from the opening to the closing chapter, in no way disintegrated by those subtleties of analysis which hold a story overclose to its subjective ground.

If the novel of the future is to maintain any impressiveness, it must be through its creation of living individual human characters. We have had very few *Cranfords*, and we cannot expect in every novel a Colonel Newcome or a Doctor Lavendar, but we may reasonably insist on the reality and individuality of such characters as are presented.

This is not to say that a novel has no justification unless it has strong characterization. Among the varieties of fiction which we tolerate are many that lack this impressive feature, but yet give us the highest intellectual satisfaction as interpretations. One variety is represented by a novel we have already mentioned, *Marius the Epicurean*, which is full of humanity, though the humanity is not strongly individualized. In Henry James's later fiction, with the admirable analysis of human mood and motive, we have another variety, which is not without charm and which indeed generates a peculiar species of mental excitement, abundantly rewarding our patience and submission. All thoughtful readers enjoy his critical essays, even those readers who have little patience with his fiction, but it would hardly be fair in them to say

that he should have confined himself to criticism. Why should he not interpret life as well as literature? Another variety of fiction is represented by the novel or the short sketch which is a study rather than a story. We only demand of this kind that it shall be interesting as a new disclosure.

Some of the most entertaining fiction has no serious burden and does not even attempt the development of character. It may have quick dramatic moments and surprises of no profound significance, the bright issues of a brilliant tropical fancy, with that light touch of romance which distinguishes it from conversation and the essay. The modern novel grew out of such graceful improvisations as Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley." This variety depends for its interest upon the exquisite art of its creators—the versatility of their genius, their charm of expression.

In all these varieties of our fiction just mentioned we have the extreme of reaction from the tensely dramatic story of thrilling incident and situation. We have in them a sense of the comedy of life. Our modern prose owes to them much of its flexibility and graceful relaxation. We see the masters at play, and the entertainment is delightful. This is the polite world of literature, in its ease and reserve. In the hands of those who are not masters, the ease is more apparent than the reserve, and the result is chaotic or inane.

There is a greater diversification of the short story than of the novel. Here the slighter sketch, developing a single dramatic moment, an interesting trait of character, is permissible. The sketch may probe emotional depths in its brief course, or it may be light as air—its whole architecture aerial, fancy-haunted. Here more than in the novel the writer may spare detail and depend upon suggestion. Upon this point alone we should probably differ with the correspondent whose plea for plenty of room initiates this Study, though she has written probably the best short story, following the suggestive method, which we ever printed. We have, in our consideration of the freedom to be allowed a story-writer for ample expression, given full

indulgence to her plea for plenty of room, but we might part company with her when we come to insist upon an essential distinction in this respect between the short magazine story and the novel.

Expansiveness is an essential quality of imaginative expression, but in considering it quantitatively it is evident that its contemplated orbit must determine its curve. In every part of the architecture the scheme of the whole imposes a controlling limitation. In a small house the palatial vestibule is out of proportion, and so would any part of it be if unduly expanded. The writer therefore in a short story must resist at every step temptations to enlargement or elaboration which he might properly yield to in the larger scheme of the novel.

In the first place he must guard against attempting too much; he is not writing a condensed novel. If he creates a character, he cannot within the limits of a short story give more than a glimpse of it. Alice Brown has shown us in her short stories how much that glimpse may disclose. Often it seems a pity that there is no space for the diverse situations necessary to a full development. Mrs. Deland solved this difficulty by a succession of short stories—each sufficient to itself as a separate drama—giving Doctor Lavendar a chance of fuller disclosure, and still had enough of him left for a novel. Even where there is no depth of character, a progressive scheme in the portrayal of a subject may lead the writer to come to it again and again, as Mrs. Donnell has done in her "Rebecca Mary" stories and Miss Jordan in her treatment of girlhood. A writer may by this method win a good deal of leisure for his or her art; and it is a method which a magazine may countenance to its own advantage—that is, to such advantage as accrues to it from the serial in any form. As a writer's individual ways come to establish a feeling of familiarity between him and his readers, so he may emphasize the familiarity through the recurrence of a character which has won favor and which has resources not easily exhausted.

In either the novel or the short story the writer may attempt too much within a given scope, and thus forego simplicity and even unity of design. But in the

novel he may indulge himself in the creation of a world more freely than in the short story. In either scheme the unessential episode has no place.

Reserve, like simplicity, is comparative. It may coexist with opulence. Its vicious opposites are redundancy and dissipation.

Good characterization, not premeditated, but spontaneous, is the best guard against undue relaxation—also against taking too much room to say a thing in. In such characterization the writer's men and women are known to the reader not by his verbal description of their qualities, but in their inevitable traits by an impression as creatively produced in his mind as are the characters that emerge in dreams. The author himself gets acquainted with them through this idiomatic conduct of theirs, and must let them have their way. Thus he is compelled by a dramatic economy, which admits none too much and none too little.

This kind of creation is uncommon, but if it should cease entirely, whatever entertainment we may get from the æsthetic grace and charm of the most brilliant writers, we shall miss the greatest and most generally acceptable achievement of fiction. Seeing how far the tendencies of contemporary literature carry it away from character-creating, it seems likely that we must content ourselves with it as a rare achievement, the more vividly appreciated because of its rarity.

Is life itself losing individuality in the men and women it offers to our observation? In the incessant and multiplex activities of our day is there no chance of *being*—that is, of each one, at least here and there, being himself? Do our systems of education develop, or do they tend to suppress, individuality? It is not true that our lives flow into uniform moulds. Never was there greater apparent diversity. But is it the kind of diversity which produces marked individual character?

These are important questions as related to the expectations we may entertain as to the possibilities of characterization in fiction. If our writers are driven into the byways and still pools of life to find men and women whose individual traits impress us, then what

are they to do when these out-of-the-way tracts are exhausted, when there is no longer any distinction between town and country, no longer anything or anybody provincial?

But idiomatic traits that are simply accidental do not mean much to us. Lincoln as an ignorant backwoodsman would not be an impressive character. His native good sense, never corrupted by sophistication, came to have distinctive value in our impression because of the growth of his individuality through the culture of mind and heart which gave him his eminence among men. Because the culture was not that of the schools or in any way artificially stimulated, because it was simply that of the individual man, the man was plainly seen through it. The lesson to the novelist is, not that he should seek a backwoods hero, but that he should portray men and women whose individual character is not disguised by sophistication, and who have the kind of culture which Lincoln had. First of all the novelist must himself be free from sophistication.

All of our life is not going to ruin by way of conventional routine—indeed, less of it is on that descent than in former periods of civilization. The new tolerance of a spontaneous childhood should modify educational methods and help individual development. The illusions which are receding and fading, formerly, when they were most potent, tended to establish conformities. The new view of human life and of Nature is fresh and free, tolerant of spontaneous variation, and should vitalize and reinvigorate imaginative literature. There is no reason why we should prophesy the death of the novel or look forward to its dissipation in infertile analysis or to its transformation into the brilliant essay, faintly concrete and fancifully realistic. The imagination which creates life as well as literature can find in the present or in the near future no better field for its vital embodiments than that of fiction. The greatest masters in this field from the time of Cervantes have been engaged in pricking bubbles and making human vanities ridiculous. The fiction of the future should even more surely help our life to better sense and reason as well as to better feeling.

A Modern Revolutionist

BY PHILIP LORING ALLEN

"THE way that fellow puts back his arm," said my neighbor in the bleachers, "makes me think of old Dent Whirk."

"I don't seem to remember him," I said.

The little man proceeded to tell me about Dent Whirk, and made me sorry I had never seen him face a batter. This was what he told me:

"They picked up Dent Whirk originally some place out in Kansas. He was pitching and managing an outlaw team then and giving the profits to the Populist campaign fund.

"Well, when Dent got into fast company he sort of didn't fit in. What I mean is, he was good enough to sign, but not good enough to use so very much. One team had him after another.

"Now I knew Dent in Kansas, and when

I got a job in New York I was kind of anxious for the club he was with to come on here. When it did I hunted Dent up right away. He always got sore easy over his own troubles or anybody else's. I guess likely that was what had made him a Pop. 'I don't get no chance,' he says. 'So far as I can see, it don't do the world no good at all for me to keep a-sitting in one spot and wishin' for a regular pitcher to break his arm, which they don't ever do. Baseball don't do the world much good anyhow.'

"'It amuses it,' says I, referring to the world and the national. 'You stick to it.'

"Now the next night what would happen but I went to eat at a little Hungarian Dutch place as I sometimes did. There was an extra out that I bought as I come along, and the news was that some fellow had



"DEY SUFFER LIKE MEN, BUT DEY T'ROW LIKE WOMEN"

tried to fling a bomb at the king of some country. They were all talking about it.

"'Missed—missed again,' a big man with a beard was saying, very sad. 'It seems like dey always miss. Our marksmanship iss the veakest point of our cause.'

"'It iss right,' puts in a younger fellow with long tow hair. 'Our brotherhood dey suffer like men and dey die like men, but dey t'row like vomen.'

"I listened all I could while I ate my goulash, and all of a sudden, right in the middle of it, I thought of Dent. These fellers wanted somebody that could throw straight; Dent wanted wrongs to redress. Each of 'em had what the other wanted.

"I waited till they broke up, pretty late, and then I sneaked up mysterious behind Whiskers and touched him on the shoulder so he spun round. I told him I was a friend that had good news for him, and suggested he shake the others, and I told him about Dent.

"Whiskers just beamed. 'If he could vork for the Populists,' he cries, 'how he vill burn when he hears of our great cause!'

"The next night Dent and Whiskers had dinner together. Then I found out where the revolution was—in one of those small-sized countries down in the coat-tail pockets of Europe and mostly pink on the map. It don't matter now which one. Tow-hair was along too, and those two fellows made speeches to us till Dent was pretty near crying. 'It's worse than they done to us in Kansas,' he says.

"'You vill go,' says Tow-hair, very earnest after a while, 'and be our t'rower for us?'

"'About how long a season?' asks Dent, meditative.

"'No special time,' says Whiskers, very serious. 'De tyrant iss a tyrant winter or summer. Dere iss no season vit tyranny.'

"'But I tell you one thing,' says Dent again. 'I can't go alone. Skinny here's got to go as my manager.'

"'I can't afford to quit my job and go kill a king,' I was starting to say, when Whiskers broke in. 'It iss right. You should not go alone. Whatever you are paid now, that our Committee of Action will pay you henceafter and the expenses of both.'

"Well, we travelled like millionaires till we got near the country. Whiskers didn't go. The police of the country was on to him too much.

"The nearer we got, the more nervous the whole business seemed. The capital city seemed a nice kind of a town, too, with little beer-tables all over the sidewalks. We were due at one particular table at half past ten, and when we walked up to it, on the minute, there was Tow-hair dressed different from when we last seen him and smoking a long pipe.

"'Brothers,' he says, 'I have great news. Von of our brothers in hiding near here has just completed a new bomb. It is of the size of a small orange or a large lemon—'

"Dent and me looked at each other. 'Or a baseball,' we both says at once.

"And it will only go off,' he continues, very mysterious, 'when it hits something soft like a human being — or a king.'

"So if you miss,' says I, seeing the point before Dent did, 'nobody knows what you throwed and you don't get pinched.'

"'Patented?' asked Dent.

"'It iss not,' says Tow-hair. 'Vhen you patent soch a contrivance, the government may suspect your plans.'

"'How'll we know the king?' asks Dent.

"'I vill out-point him to you,' says Tow-



"HOW HE WILL BURN WHEN HE HEARS OF OUR GREAT CAUSE!"

hair. 'Then I leave him to you. I am myself suspect and should only hinder. You, the American gentleman, may take your shot secure.'

"The festival they have every ten years in that country was, on a small scale, like what they have to Coney Island every day all summer. But we wasn't there for the show. We wanted to see the king. Dent had a satchel with some brand-new bombs and felt proud. I don't believe he had fairly considered yet what was going to happen to the king when one of those landed, nor what was liable to happen to himself two minutes afterwards. Tow-hair kind of hovered around behind us, very nervous. I was a little nervous myself than I thought I'd be.

Pretty soon the people began to take their hats off and cheer, and five men came loafing along dressed like anybody else.

"That's the king,' says Tow-hair, pointing, and he was gone somewhere before you could turn around. We found afterwards he had went straight to the railroad station and got out of the country. That wasn't really no more of a run than going to Harlem.

"Dent watched him for a minute. Then, 'Pshaw!' he says, 'there's no use trying it on here. In the first place there's too many people in the way.'

"And in the second,' I says, 'we get pinched too easy. Let's wait,' I says, 'till he goes home.' 'A good scheme,' he says, and we starts down the road for the king's country house, thinking we'd wait there to receive him. Kings live very simple in those kind of countries.

"We'd better wait by the gate,' says Dent, after a while; 'we're sure to get him there, being as the back way is locked up.'

"So we went back to the gate and sat down under some bushes and waited.

"It wasn't half an hour when somebody on horseback came up the road. We couldn't see over the wall, but we could hear him, and pretty soon he turned right in our gate.



"HE LET GO THE FIRST BOMB"

He was all alone. Dent peeked out at him. Then he crawled over to me and made a trumpet of his hands and whispered, 'It's the king.' And sure enough it was the fellow Tow-hair pointed out.

"Now, then,' I says, taking the lead, me being Dent's manager. And we bounced out of the shrubbery and hollered the king to halt. He swung around, naturally, and Dent let go the first bomb. But he'd never done that thing before and his hand wasn't steady, for it went right past the king's ear and hit a tree and did nothing but scare the king. He turned around again and galloped off for the house. But when he tried the front door he found his faithful housekeeper or somebody had locked it, and after looking under the mat for the key he started at the windows.

"Don't fling, don't fling,' I kept saying to Dent: 'wait till he holds still a second.' Dent was all set on the lawn like it was three men on bases, but the king wouldn't hold still. But after he'd tried every window, what does he do but shin up one of the pillars of the porch, just as fast as a sailor would have done it, and start trying the windows on the upper porch. As the king stopped at one of them, Dent let go with the second bomb. Just that instant the king bent



"‘WHAT DO YOU WANT?’ HE SAYS”

down to try to raise the window, so it went right over his head, smashed the pane, and rolled in on the carpet. That was soft and the patent bomb went off with a kind of a roar. It broke all the windows, of course, and it blew a hole in the floor so we could see furniture falling through into the parlor underneath. The king was that scared he grabbed hold of the eaves, which was low in one place, and swung himself on to the roof and begun scrambling up. Now the roof was like this: at the top the ridge-pole went straight across, but about half-way down was red-brick chimneys, one on each side, and so big and tall that from where we was standing they seemed to stick up 'way above the ridge-pole. The king knew what was good for him all right, for he climbed up to the top and straddled the ridge-pole, and then moved along so the chimney was between us and him. Dent got mad and threw another bomb, but it only hit the chimney and rolled back into the gutter.

"Now there was only three bombs left. Dent opened up the satchel and put it on the ground beside him ready for business, just as if there'd been a dozen to spare in it. Then there was a kind of a hush.

"‘Dent,’ I says, all of a sudden. ‘Curves!’

"You never saw anybody's face light up like Dent's did. He wet his hands. ‘Which side is he nearest?’ he asks.

"‘That side,’ I says, pointing. ‘Then an outshoot's the thing,’ he says. That was Dent's terrible ball. I remembered it and

felt proud while he was winding himself up. Of course he had never pitched up-hill as much as that, but it didn't seem to make much difference. That ball whizzed up to the roof, went past the right-hand side of the chimney by just a millionth of an inch, and then broke sharp. Do you know, sir, Dent put such a curve on that ball that it passed by the king on the other side!

"The king hitched over a little, paler than ever. ‘What do you want?’ he says.

"‘Can't you see what we're trying to do?’ says Dent.

"‘Sure,’ says the king, looking bolder. ‘What is it you want?’

"Dent looked kind of blank. I could see he had forgot most of the details of Whiskers's grievances. ‘What do we want?’ he says, finally, to me.

"‘A constitution,’ I suggests, on general principles.

"‘Granted,’ says his Majesty. ‘Anything else?’

"‘A general amnesty,’ says I, not knowing just what it was, but judging it important. ‘Granted,’ says he. ‘Will that be all?’

"‘A free pardon and safe-conduct to the frontier,’ I says.

"‘Granted,’ says his Majesty. ‘Can I come down?’

"‘I'll get a ladder,’ says Dent. When he found one he puts it up against the house. ‘All this is straight, is it?’ he asks.

"‘A king's word,’ says the fellow on the top rung. ‘I beg your pardon,’ says Dent.

"Now it appeared that somebody had heard our explosions, for just this minute a whole troop of cavalry come up lickety-split. Our king got to the ground just as the troops arrived, but not a living soul of them even took off a hat to him. They was all looking with their mouths open.

"The fellow stepping off the ladder says something that made about eight soldiers come up and arrest Dent and me.

"‘Look here,’ I says, indignant. ‘What's that you said about a king's word?’

"‘I ain't the king!’ he says.

"‘Why didn't you say so?’ I shouts.

"‘If I had,’ he says, ‘you'd have left me and gone after the real king.’

"‘But you was pointed out to me as the king,’ says Dent, very enraged.

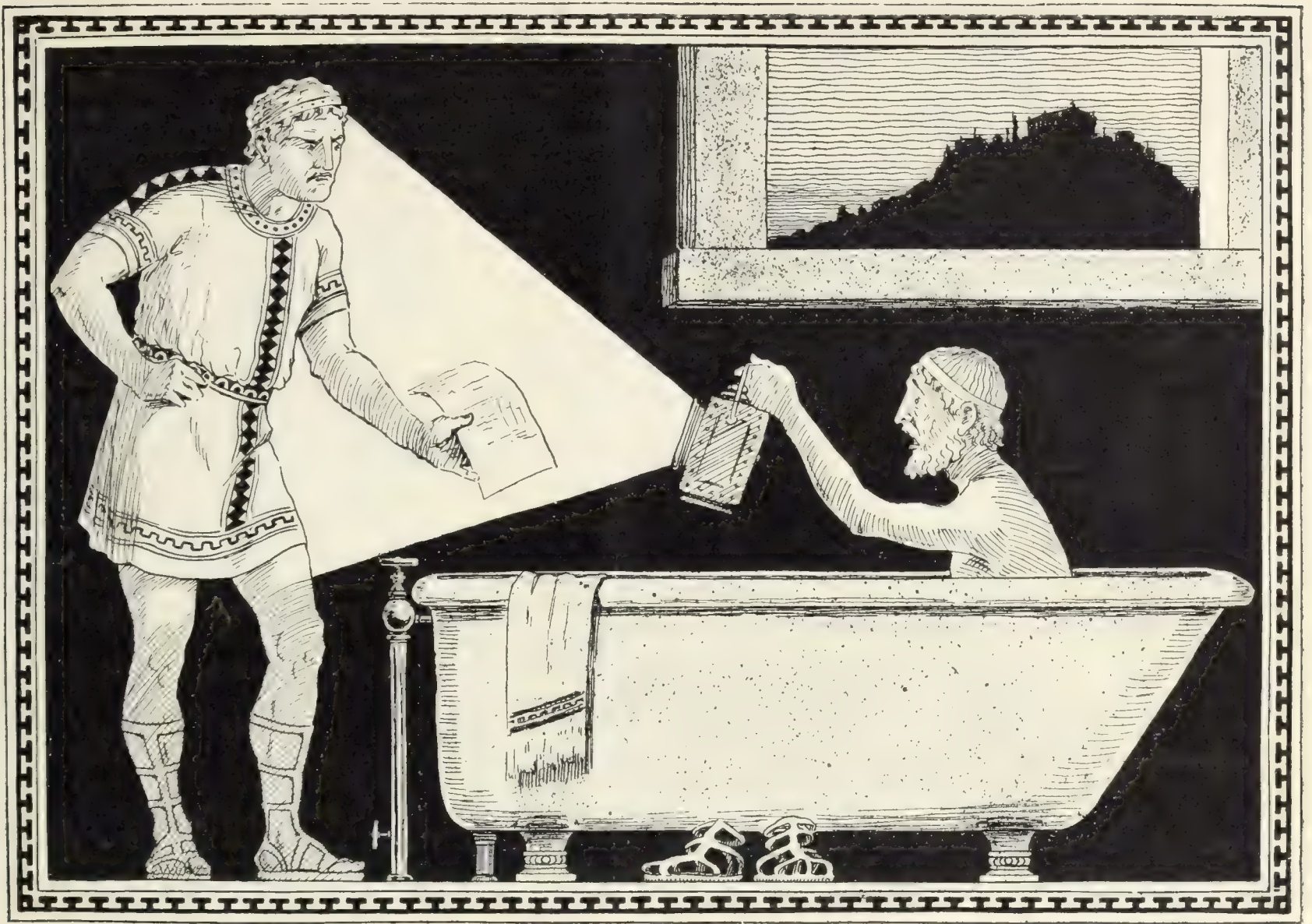
"‘I was *with* the king,’ says the feller, standing up very straight, ‘but I'm nothing, only one of his loyal subjects.’

"‘Well, that bats me out of the box,’ says Dent."

"What became of Dent Whirk?" I asked.

"In prison yet," said my neighbor, in a melancholy tone. "I got off easy. I got ninety days for destroying public property. But with Dent it was different. I'm taking up," he continued, eagerly, "a subscription for his ransom. I didn't know but you might—"

"I will," I said, as he fumbled about the greasy roll of paper he drew from his pocket. "Just about the price of another."



An Honest Man

*"I'm the plumber, Mr. Diogenes, and wish to collect this bill for repairing your tub."
"Plumber? Great Zeus, fooled again!"*

A Woodland Walk

AH, what a woodland walk! How gay
The poison-ivy decked the way!
And in the glade the fair nightshade
Its dainty bloom and fruit displayed.

The deadly sumac's gorgeous red
Raised waving banners overhead.
Like wine the air! All nature bright
To win the soul and charm the sight.

I live to tell the tale, and yet
That woodland walk I would forget!
It may not be! In bondage still
I work to earn my doctor's bill.

All ye who to the forest fare
To seek the glowing foliage there,
A word of warning take from me!
First study up on botany!

LOUISE BEECHER CHANCELLOR.

Geographic

CHARLES is interested in the study of geography. One day the little lad was stung by some unfamiliar insect. The creature was killed by an older brother, and when the pain had ceased, together they

examined the insect, which big brother pronounced a wasp.

"No, that ain't a wasp," Charles declared with confidence. "Because a wasp has got an isthmus connecting two larger bodies."

A Whistler Story

A FAMOUS American painter tells this story of Whistler.

"Mr. Whistler had been poor himself, and he saw nothing shameful or dishonorable in poverty. If you were poor he would mock without pity your destitution.

"He lived luxuriously. I lived in a garret. Though he liked me none the less for that, he did not permit any false delicacy to keep him from joking me about my poor-house ways.

"One day, in a very shabby suit, I was strolling on the Boulevard des Italiens, when some one halted me from the rear. I turned and saw Whistler hastening toward me in his tall hat and lemon-colored gloves, waving his long black cane.

"Ah!" said I, rather flattered, 'so you recognized me from behind, did you, master?'

"Yes," said Mr. Whistler, laughing maliciously; 'I spied you through a hole in your coat.'

Wore Out His Fingers

HE was a brakeman on a railroad in the far West, who years ago lost the index finger of his right hand. One day a lady passenger, who had been much interested in the wonderful works of nature the brakeman had pointed out to her along the road, noticed the stub finger. When the conductor came through the car she said to him:

"Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me how the brakeman lost his forefinger? He seems to be such an accommodating fellow."

"Yes, mum, that's just it. He is so accommodating that he wore that finger off pointing out the scenery along the line," said the conductor.

The Wrong Language

PRAYING in public in a foreign language is always difficult, and the Reverend Thomas Joyner and his friend, Dr. Samuel Sneed, two missionaries in China, found it especially hard. On one Thursday afternoon the two were attending a service conducted by the Chinese, when the leader requested "Pastor Joyner" to lead in prayer. The missionary, in a sudden burst of in-

spiration, leaped to his feet and began praying with a facility that quite astonished even himself, but that, as the sequel shows, no less surprised the Chinese. At last he began to suspect that something was wrong, faltered a moment, then burst out in disgust: "Gracious, Sneed! Am I saying this in English?"

Not Transferable

SIX-YEAR-OLD Tommy was sent by his sister to the grocery to buy a pound of lump-sugar. He played on his way to the store, and by the time he arrived there he had forgotten what kind of sugar he was sent for. So he took a pound of the granulated article, and was sent back to exchange it.

"Tommy," said the grocer, as he made the exchange, "I hear you have a new member in your family."

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that?"

"Don't like it at all," said Tommy; "rather had a little sister."

"Then why don't you change him?"

"Well, we would if we could; but I don't suppose we can. You see, we've used him four days."



BOY. "Boo-hoo! the old cow ate my fodder's fodder all up!"

MAN. "What! the cow ate your grandfather up!"

BOY. "Naw; she ate me fodder's corn fodder."



HIPPO. "This tooth-brush is no good; it's too small."
CLERK. "How would something like this do?"

The Wrong Kind

PAUL'S teacher was giving the class exercises containing words ending in *ing*, with the view of emphasizing the necessity of pronouncing final *g*.

Paul exhibited his slate timidly.

"The horse is runnin'," read the teacher. "Ah, Paul, you have forgotten your *g* again."

A moment later the slate was thrust triumphantly under teacher's surprised nose.

"Gee! the horse is runnin'," she read this time, smiling patiently.

A Good Weight

"MOST big fish," said the old fisherman, smiling cynically, "are weighed as a friend of mine once was. My friend was taking a walk one morning after a severe illness. As he trudged along he saw an acquaintance, a coal-dealer, standing beside his scales.

"Just give me my weight, will you?" said my friend, as he stepped on the scales. 'I want to see how much I've pulled down.'

"Weight, Jim!" called the dealer to the clerk inside.

"And the clerk, thinking that a wheelbarrow of coal had been put on the scales, called back,

"Six hundred, exactly.'"

Practical

THE social settlement worker had been telling the story of Moses to a class of small children in a mission school.

"Now, children," she said, "you shall tell me the story. Who found the baby lying in the river?"

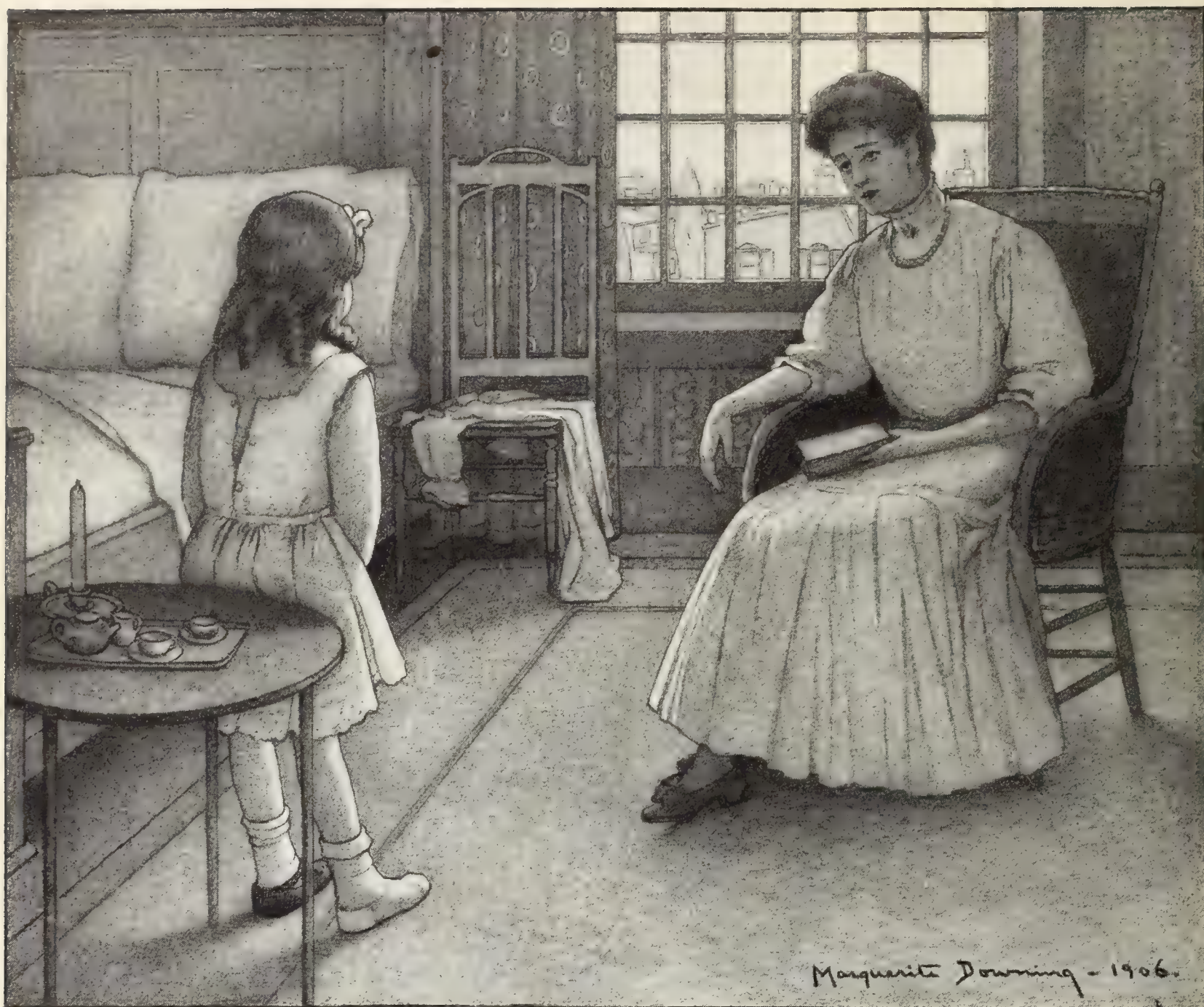
"A beautiful lady," came the prompt reply.

"To whom did the princess give little Moses to be taken care of?"

"His mother," shouted the delighted class. "What did Moses' mother do with him when he grew a little older?" asked the teacher.

For an instant there was silence. Then a small girl was seized with a sudden inspiration, and replied:

"I know. She put him into pants!"



An Experiment

"I'm not going to say my prayers to-night."

"Why, Peggy, what do you mean?"

"No, I'm not goin' to say 'em to-night or to-morrow night or the next night, an' then if nothing happens I'm never goin' to say 'em again."

Carrots and Beats

A MOTHER sought out the principal of the school attended by her daughter and demanded:

"What did the music-teacher mean by stopping the whole class the other day, and pointing to my Lucy before them all, ask her, 'How many carrots are there in a peck?' Of course the child could not answer such a question, and she came home to me in tears."

The principal couldn't understand it, and thought she must be mistaken.

"No, I'm not," said the mother. "Lucy told me as soon as she got home. It was dreadful to make her so conspicuous."

The puzzled but patient principal took the mother to the music-teacher for an explanation, but she could not remember any such question.

At last it dawned upon her that she *had* asked the child, "How many *beats* are there in a *measure*."

Self-Preservation

A MISSION worker in New York tells of a woman on the East Side who stood up to testify to her conversion to the principles of the Salvation Army. She said:

"I was very foolish and vain. Worldly pleasures, and especially the fashions, were my only thought. I was fond of silks, satins, jewelry, ribbons, and laces. But, my friends, when I found they were dragging me down to perdition, I gave them all to my sister."

A Question

AT a teachers' conference in Berlin one of the school principals rose to propose the toast, "Long live the teachers!"

"On what?" inquired a meagre, pallid, young assistant instructor in a hollow voice.



PICTURES FROM THACKERAY—BECKY SHARP AND LORD STEYNE

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Howard Pyle

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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A Woman in the Andes

MY ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MOUNT HUASCARAN

BY ANNIE S. PECK

THE Peruvian valley of Huailas and its immediate surroundings surpass in grandeur and magnificence any other portion of the world with which I am acquainted. While claiming no scientific merit for the discovery of unknown lands, nevertheless, in a small way, I feel something of the explorer's pride in having visited a tiny section of the earth's surface unfamiliar not only to Americans, but to the majority of Peruvians—a section, too, that will one day become famous the world over, presenting as it does an extraordinary combination of attractions, including a scenic splendor surpassing that of Chamonix.

This wonderful valley, one hundred miles long and from one to four miles in width, is situated in the Department of Ancachs, ten degrees south of the equator, ninety miles from the Pacific, and from four to twelve thousand feet above the sea. On the west, to a height of 15,000 to 18,000 feet, rises a steep and rocky ridge—the Black Cordillera; on the east the magnificent White Cordillera, to an altitude of from 20,000 to 22,000, possibly 24,000, feet. In this range, just back of the town of Yungay, looms up the pride of the valley, the majestic Huascaran. A saddle-mountain it is called, its two peaks rising several thousand feet above the seat between, the highest of a

serrated wall of magnificent peaks, with massive lower buttresses; and its summit is a rock wall, standing at an angle of 85°, surmounted by a thick layer of snow. This mountain was first brought to my attention by Señor Lucio R. Landerer, a Peruvian engineer, who, describing with enthusiasm the wonderful scenery of the Huailas Valley, declared that Huascaran had an altitude of 25,000 feet, and was therefore probably the highest mountain on this hemisphere. When it had become evident that Mount Sorata in Bolivia had no right to this distinction, it seemed desirable both to investigate the reputed magnificence of this Peruvian valley and to ascertain, if possible, whether the claims of Huascaran were better founded.

Accordingly, on my return from Bolivia to Lima in September, 1904, I began arranging for my first expedition, the story of which has already been told. I reached a height of 19,000 feet on the east side of the mountain, but was compelled for various reasons to abandon the attempt.

I sailed alone from New York for Peru, May 24, 1906, determined to make a second attempt and hoping to secure my old native helpers. My equipment, however, was considerable. Of scientific instruments I carried a mercurial barometer reading down to ten

inches; a hypsometer, designed to ascertain the temperature of boiling water, and so the height above sea-level—this to supplement the barometer, or to serve, if needful, in its place; a hygrometer to measure the humidity of the air; and a maximum and minimum thermometer.

Among other things were two tents—one very small for myself alone, which seemed an excellent thing, but proved not altogether an advantage; my old sleeping-bag, alcohol-stove, food-bags, pemmican, ten pounds of eating - chocolate, several bottles of malted milk (both tablets and powder), a whistle, ice-axes, rope, and climbing - irons; and for the cholos, five pairs of heavy shoes, ten pairs of woollen stockings, five pairs of mittens, five sets of undershirts and drawers, and five blue outer shirts in addition. Thus provided, I trusted that with their own ponchos and blankets they might be comfortable during the cold nights.

A very disagreeable rule compels every one visiting Peru to go first to Callao, as on account of the yellow fever, endemic in Guayaquil, no one may land in Peru within eight days from that port. In the next boat north I sailed for Chimbote, thence rode across the desert of San Jacinto, and arrived, June 27, at Colquipocro. Here I waited ten days for the luggage, which should have come in two, and finally departed without it, arriving the same day at Yungay, at the foot of the famous

Huascarán. However, the time spent was not wholly wasted. To accustom one's self to considerable elevations before attempting greater heights is most important. Also, my several walks—one to a height of 15,000 feet—supplied a little needed training.

While at Colquipocro I received word

that a gentleman, E., from a neighboring town, had telegraphed to Yungay that he desired to accompany me on my climb. "True," said my friends, "he is 'loco,'" which the dictionary interprets as mad or crack-brained, "but he is intelligent, gentlemanly, energetic, and courageous—the best companion you could possibly have." I did not relish the idea of undertaking such an expedition with a man who had once been insane, and by most persons considered so still. He might take some wild notion above and endanger all our lives. Still, the judgment of my friends influenced me to telegraph him to come and

talk over the matter, and when at the last moment he arrived he seemed so intelligent and enthusiastic that, yielding to my friends' advice, I concluded to take the risk.

No sooner was I installed in my old quarters at Yungay with my friends, the Vinatéas, than I made inquiries about my former companions. But, alas! the little Osorio, who so gallantly cut steps among the crevasses, and the stalwart Adrian, who carefully held the rope



MISS ANNIE PECK
In climbing costume



HUASCARAN FROM ABOVE YUNGAY

during such operations, had both gone to the islands to work; another good man was ill; but Señor Jaramillo, who had previously supplied the porters, assured me that he could doubtless find five others who would serve me equally well.

Meanwhile additional alpenstocks, ice-axes, and climbing-irons were ordered and other preparations made: strips of rawhide to fasten the climbing-irons, skins for the sixth man, who had no shoes, dynamite-cloth cut into strips for leggings. I purchased coca for myself as well as for my companions, since this is an invaluable stimulant at great altitudes. Señorita Vinatúa gave me a good supply of chaqui (pease-meal) and toasted maize. I had tea, sugar, and a cereal. Five stalwart Indians were secured to act as porters, one of whom, Pablo, more prepossessing and intelligent than the others, had declared that he would, if necessary, go with me even to death.

One X., at the mine of Señor Cisneros,

some distance above Yungay, expressed a desire to accompany me as substitute for one of the Indians; so he was engaged at double pay (twenty soles, or \$10), with the proviso that he was to carry as much as the others.

On Friday, July 20, we really began our climb up towards the snow, along the projecting ridge, then up a steep stony slope. In the afternoon the monotony was varied by the sight, far above, of some guanaco—a variety of deer. They watched us a few moments from a distance and then scampered away. About five we approached the snow—a little too far south. A deep and difficult gully separated us from the place where I had planned to enter upon the ice, but at this hour it seemed wiser to encamp here. Now began my trials. No one could or would do anything unless told, and hardly then. If one worked, the rest looked on. I sent some for water, others to collect fire-wood. There were no trees or bushes near, but dry dead brush

served the purpose. I had to show them about pitching the tents, how to place the irons and poles, get out the food, arrange my bedding, and see to their boiling water for the *chaqui* (pea soup) and for tea. After our meal I crept into my tent and put on additional clothing. It seemed not very cold and there was no wind, yet I was not warm and had no sleep. The alarm was set for five. Long before, E. called out that it was four, and with much conversation prevented what might have been a nap. At dawn I called to them to get up. In time they procured water, made coca tea and soup, and at last were ready to start.

We crossed the gully wherever seemed fitting. E. chose a place high up, and from below I saw him slide fifteen or twenty feet down a smooth, sloping rock. My alarm was more for the barometer than for him, but, later, it proved not to have suffered. At the edge of the snow the four pairs of climbing-irons were adjusted, also the cloth puttees. It was eleven when we entered upon the ice, taking a northeasterly direction, as planned from below, where the ice was comparatively smooth. E., at his own de-

sire, went ahead, X. second, I third, and Pablo fourth; the other three followed on a second rope. Progress would have been good were it not for the frequent halts for the men to rest their packs. We had a luncheon of canned beef, maize, and chocolate. Of course the men were continually chewing coca. I had explained to them the use of rope, ice-axe, and alpenstock, and continually exhorted them to "hold the rope tight." I did this myself so effectually that X. declared he would no longer go second. Pablo declined the honor, so I offered to go ahead. Having no climbing-irons, I was less secure, but went well for a while. In one place the better way seemed up a fairly steep slope where the snow was soft and we sank in about a foot. Before reaching the top of this hillock there was open rebellion. Pablo untied the rope and halted, as well as the entire section in the rear. E. now came nobly to the rescue, and talked to them in Quichua so severely that at length they were induced to proceed. No doubt it was hard work, but that is a necessary part of mountain-climbing. Now they wished to halt for the night. Soon after, in crossing a narrow gully



INDIAN PORTERS

of ice, my foot slipped and I began to slide. I immediately brought down my ice-axe, which held at the same time that the rope became taut. With the pull, E., who was second, had slipped too, though he was on the snow. It was X. who held the rope firm, though it cut his hands badly. Despite my protestations to the contrary, they now tried to haul me up, nearly cutting me in two, with no other perceptible result. I finally persuaded them to desist till I could explain what should be done. I was in no danger.

The gully gave into a nasty-looking hollow fifty feet below, but I was all right where I was. The difficulty was in getting up. There was no support here, but five feet below a little ridge across the ice would give a footing. I induced them to loosen the rope and let me slide down to this. Then I climbed out of the gully upon the snow and walked up to the others. Though I made as light of it as possible, this incident may have alarmed the Indians. Their protestations of fatigue and the impossibility of going farther were renewed, and I succeeded in getting them onward only by the assurance that we would halt at the first suitable camping-place. We halted, indeed, at a rather unsuitable one, where the snow sloped more than was agreeable. At this early hour, a little after four, I thought we might have rice in our soup. I contributed also some pemmican. We had the best alcohol-stove possible,

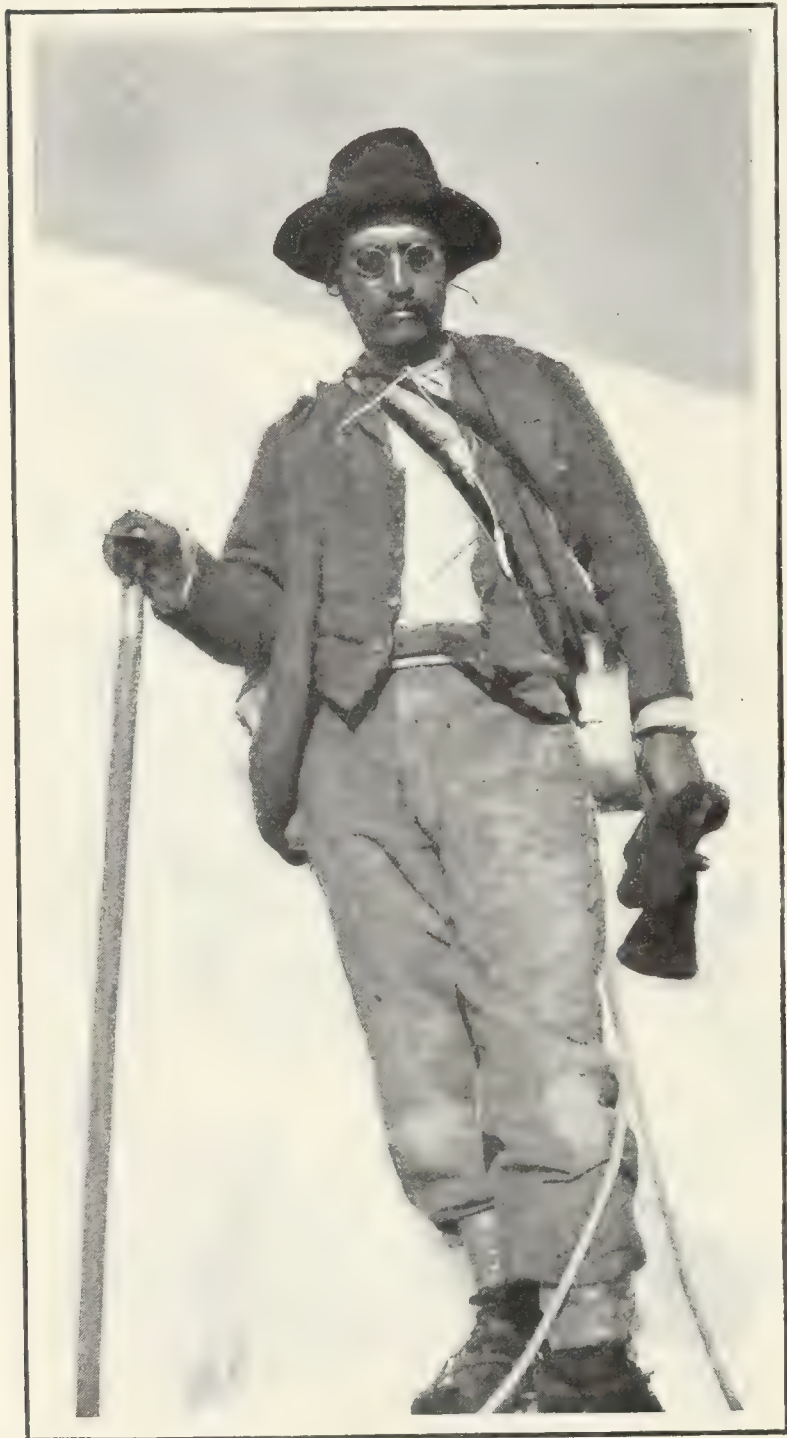


SOUTH PEAK, LOOKING FROM OUR HIGHEST CAMP

but that water would not boil. On another stove we made tea,—but the soup! After two hours the rice was raw, and a few spoonfuls sufficed.

It was colder here than below. I had thought excellent my plan of having a little tent all to myself, but it did not so prove. At the door it was barely five feet high, sloping to the other end. It was just wide enough for my sleeping-bag. To move about inside was impossible. I had to sit down and arrange my apparel as best I could. In the middle of the day it was very warm, but extremely cold at night. I already had on three suits of woollen underwear, two pairs of stockings, and vicuña fur socks; but the latter were damp, so I removed them for an extra pair of stockings. To sit in cramped quarters, take off high-laced boots, change stockings, put on Eskimo

trousers, get out my toilet articles, cold-cream, witch-hazel, Japanese stoves, when already half dead with fatigue and stiff with the cold—well, it was the hardest kind of labor. Every few minutes I was obliged to rest from exhaustion. I could not do half that I wished; when I tried to sleep it proved in vain. Cold



RAMOS

I was, too, especially my nose. A vicuña fur glove at length served as protection. I had more clothing, but to get out my bag and put it on seemed impossible.

With the dawn I blew my whistle for rising, but in vain. When I was dressed—which means getting out of my bag, putting on my boots, and combing my hair (no washing up here if you value your skin)—I went over to the other tent, where all was still. I exhorted them to rise and be off, but, lo! the In-

dians refused to go farther. Later I learned that it was not the cold alone that they feared, but during the night they had discussed the matter, and said, "What would money profit them if they were changed into stone?" as they believed would happen if they went higher.

It remained for the rest of us to advance as far as might be, if possible to the big rock, returning in time to go down to the snow-line before dark. E., however, was ill; he had eaten the half-cooked rice and had an attack of colic. Nevertheless, he said he could and would go; X. also. After a hasty meal, E. took his flags and the hypsometer, but X. refused to carry the camera or put on the rope. Then I told him he could not go at all, so he presently yielded. Our progress was slow, as the way was steeper and more difficult. Suddenly, in crossing a gully, our leader slipped and slid rapidly down as far as the rope allowed, dropping his ice-axe by the way instead of using it to stop himself; so it depended solely upon me. Luckily I now had on climbing-irons and was holding the rope tight. When the pull came, much to my delight it was not so strong as I expected, and I had no difficulty in retaining my position and stopping his downward career. E. readily regained his feet and his ice-axe, and we continued on our way. Again X. refused to proceed with the rope or to carry the camera. I called him a coward, and all I could in Spanish, to no avail. "He did not propose to be killed, if we were: he would hold the rope in his hand." Yes, and drop it if we both slipped. No, indeed, said I. It was all or none. I took the camera, coiled up the extra rope, and went on with E. alone. Presently I perceived X. following. He overtook us, half apologized for his conduct, said he would take the camera and put on the rope, but what would I give him? I considered the twenty soles promised far more than he deserved, but at length agreed to give thirty if we reached the big rock. It seemed near, but with the necessary windings and our delays, at half past one it might take another hour to arrive. Fearing that the Indians would depart, leaving the tents, etc., on the snow, if we did not return by three, I reluctantly gave the word to halt. I

boiled my thermometer—temperature 83.92 Centigrade—took some photographs, and a light luncheon, and then we retraced our steps. Going down at this altitude is very different from going up. An hour brought us to camp. The Indians were on the watch, and seeing us in the distance, in great haste began packing. This was the first and only time that I have seen people hurry in South America. Instead of the usual hour, fifteen minutes sufficed. Meanwhile X. and E., without burdens or rope, set off for the mine, E. asserting that he must return at once to Yungay for medicine. With all on the same rope, I led the others down, in an hour and a half reaching the rocks. My disgust at this outcome was great, but there seemed no help for it. On the following day we descended to the mine, whence I rode back to Yungay, ready to appreciate a good dinner and bed. E. had arrived at 1 A.M., a sick man, with practically no food for twenty-four hours.

Next day a letter came from E. offer-

ing to accompany me on another mountain expedition, to Cerro de Pasco, or even to the United States if I desired a companion. The superintendent of the mine, B., a gentleman of strength and intelligence, had expressed a wish to make the ascent of Huascarán. On Friday evening both arrived, and after some conversation we decided to make another attempt. I had no desire to repeat so much work for nothing. Sleepless nights and tiresome days had left me much the worse for wear, especially as, having neglected to wear a mask on the snow, my face was burned till I was hardly recognizable. Still, if there *was* a chance for the mountain, I wished to improve it. E. had done well, but I relied more upon B. The Indians were evidently useless, but E. declared that in Carhuaz he could find cholos, or half-breeds, without their superstitions, equally strong and more courageous. Moreover, these men would make a contract before a justice of the peace that they



CREVASSES SEEN FROM HIGHEST POINT REACHED JULY 22

should receive twenty-five soles each on condition only of arriving at the highest point between the two peaks. Failing to do this, each was to pay a fine of twenty soles.

Accordingly, having made preparations once more, I again set out for the mine, arriving about six. No E. Dinner was delayed, but finally eaten. Still no E. At nine I gave it up and retired, but about ten heard E.'s voice announcing their arrival. For some reason, this time not fleas, I was unable to sleep, and soon after five was up and out, hoping for an early start. After long waiting E. appeared, and I learned that he had brought only three of the men. The others would not come at night. E.'s assurance that they would arrive by eight and then we would set out was futile. I retorted that they could not arrive before twelve, possibly two, and we had lost a day, and my prognostication proved correct.

Friday morning, August 3, we again set out for the snow. It would be a long story to tell how after luncheon E. vanished, thus obliging me to carry a canteen of alcohol which I dared not leave behind; how, later, B. fell ill in consequence of drinking some cold water at luncheon, to which he was unaccustomed; how I went ahead to find a good place to camp and the men refused to follow; how at length they advanced to a most undesirable place near the snow and left me to whistle and wait for them in vain. When at last I approached them, I emphatically expressed my opinion of their conduct. After supper, having supplied B., for his colic, with a Japanese stove, which served as a hot-water bag for more than two hours, I crept into my sleeping-bag, thoroughly tired out from carrying an unwonted burden, and feeling that with men who paid no attention to my commands there was small chance for accomplishing anything. A sleepless night was to be expected.

The alarm at five aroused the others. By seven we were able to set out, and at eight to enter upon the snow. For the first time I began to feel hopeful. But E., having stipulated that he should be leading guide, soon left our former excellent route for a more direct line towards the great rock. In this direction the snow was more uneven, with larger

hillocks and hollows. After advising the old route I allowed him to take his own way, saying that if wrong on this occasion he must in future be guided by me. His way proved much more difficult; continually worse than before. The cholos did well, except one, Manuel, especially stupid and clumsy, who came next after me. True, he had no climbing-irons, but neither had several others. In one place we came up a short steep slope (I believe there was a small crevasse at the bottom), then made a traverse along a snow incline. I had made the ascent and was going on slowly, when I felt a strong pull from the rear. Without looking back I braced myself firmly. Luckily there was a narrow crevasse on my right, in which I placed my ice-axe. The pull increasing, I thrust it down farther. Shouting to the man to come on, I glanced around. It was funny, though uncomfortable. The man was on all fours on the steep slope, not making the slightest effort to recover himself. The leader of the second set, Ramos—a most efficient and intelligent man—was not only exhorting him to go on, but was giving him punches in the rear, which finally impelled him to get up and proceed. In a similar occurrence later the man not only went on all fours, but buried his head on his arms, too much frightened to look up and try to right himself.

At luncheon I gave B., who till now had not ventured to eat, the last of some raw eggs. Against my advice he ate cheese. It was not strange that soon after he declared that he was worse and he must return to the mine. What now? I could not allow him to go alone, though he professed his ability to do so. E. proposed to accompany him to the edge of the snow. I offered them a piece of the rope, but they would have none of it, and at once started off. I called to E. to bring back the climbing-irons B. was wearing, which had been made expressly to fit my shoes, but which I had let him wear, as he thought no others would answer. The men now wished to pitch the tents and advance no farther. This would never do, so I proposed to lead the way, with Ramos second. To this there were loud objections, as Ramos had led the rear so skilfully, but I could not



TOP CAMP, SECOND EXPEDITION, AUGUST 6

have the clumsy Manuel as my only safeguard. At length, all on one rope, we set out towards the big rock. In a few minutes they again wished to pitch the tents. With difficulty I urged them onwards. Now a dark cloud betokened storm, and soon it began to snow. After a few moments it seemed best to pitch the big tent as a shelter for all. We did not expect E. before six, as he had left with B. about two, but at four we heard a voice outside, and there he was. I said, "You could not have taken B. to the rocks?" "No," he replied, but B. declared that he could go on by himself, so he had returned. Naturally he did not bring my climbing-irons, which I regretted. Also I felt some fear for B., alone and ill. However, he arrived safely, though, as I learned later, both he and E. had slipped a considerable distance on the snow, without serious injury. When the snow ceased I proposed to proceed, but the men declared that the tent was wet and heavy, and it would be better to stay here and start early in the morning. After supper, as usual, I put on extra clothing, but hardly enough, and passed another sleepless night.

The alarm was set at five, and I urged the importance of an early start, but it was undeniably cold. The wind invariably sprang up before dawn and continued several hours. I had requested E. to have the kettle only half filled with water for *chaqui*, it took so long to melt the snow and boil the water. With the same amount of *chaqui* the soup would be equally nourishing. But he only replied that they were not accustomed to it that way. In my separate tent I was not on hand to regulate such matters. When ready to set out it was *ten o'clock*—a nice time truly for a mountain climb! Continuing our upward way, E. ahead, we soon disagreed about the route. As he had chosen so badly the day before, I insisted on my opinion, whereupon he said I might lead myself, and untied the rope and went off. I was well satisfied with this arrangement, and we proceeded, later overtaking E. at the top of the hill. He now seemed more amenable to reason, and we went on together, but at the next halt open rebellion arose. Declaring that the way was much more difficult than they expected, the men announced that they would go

no farther unless for more pay. Several times before I had been imposed upon in a similar manner, so I determined to try what firmness would do. I reminded them of their contract for twenty-five soles and of the fine they were to pay if the contract should be unfulfilled. But now I learned, contrary to E.'s letter, that only three had signed the contract. I said they could do as they liked, go up or down; it was immaterial to me. But if they returned I should pay them no more. Whereupon all but Ramos started off below, leaving their burdens behind on the snow. I called to them, "If you leave these things, leave also my boots, clothing, climbing-irons, and ice-axes." But here they had the advantage. These they said they would leave at the edge of the snow.

This was indeed a sad plight. E., Ramos, and I could not carry down half of the things. On the whole, it seemed wiser to temporize. I did not so much mind paying their demand of ten soles more each if they did reach the top of the saddle. If they did not, I should not have to pay the additional sum, and next time I would at least make sure that they brought down the things. So I told E. to call them back, that I yielded. (E. had not helped me in this crisis, and I was informed later that he had incited the men to make this demand.) Now we had an explicit un-

derstanding. They were to obey my orders. They were to go on that night till six o'clock. The next morning they were to be off by seven and reach the top of the saddle that day. There would be three more nights on the snow. They should not receive the money unless they reached the desired point. All was agreed to and solemnly promised, and we again set out, E. putting on the rope and heading once more for the great rock. Enormous hollows and hills and crevasses lay between, and soon the way appeared impracticable. I pointed out the difficulties, but E. urged the matter, so I suggested his going ahead to investigate. After some time, becoming alarmed lest he had fallen, we all followed, whistling and shouting in vain, till we paused on the edge of a perpendicular descent of fifty feet. A voice came up from below. "What!" I said. "Down there? Have you, then, fallen?" "No," he replied; he was merely cutting his way down, had about finished, and would go on. This seemed incredible. Undoubtedly, judging from the time that had elapsed, he had had a bad fall here. Now he went up the next snowy hill, very steep, but at its summit he declared as usual that the way beyond was practicable, even easy, and that the great rock was near. I did not like the looks of the descent, but with Ramos holding the rope I climbed down to investigate. It was extremely difficult, impossible for men with packs or for clumsy Manuel without any. To lower the packs with a rope would take considerable time. The next slope was too steep for men with heavy burdens. E.'s statement that it was easy beyond was hardly trustworthy. Accordingly I climbed up again and gave the word to retreat. E., however, declared that he should go on to the rock. Argument was useless.

We retraced our steps to the south as soon as possible, turning to the left towards the saddle. Though I followed an easier way, the men soon began to grumble. They were tired and wished to halt for the night. They were afraid of being overwhelmed by an avalanche, such as we had seen fall over the cliffs of the south peak. They insisted at least on a short rest, and I went on alone to see if the way were practica-



MANUEL, WHO SLIPPED



RAMOS FISHING IN CREVASSE FOR LOST PACK

ble. It was, and I was returning to urge them forward, when, lo! they had pitched the tent at no later than five o'clock. Nothing was left but to whistle, again and again, to inform E. where we were. Just before dark I saw and heard him far to the north, with many impassable hollows between. While supper was in progress I asked one of the men to go out and shout to inform him where we were. Later I went out, called and whistled, without any response. It was eight when again I heard a distant cry. Now I bethought me of my hitherto unused folding-lantern. Having put it in shape, I asked the men with rope and candle to go in search of E., who might have fallen, and if so would perish with the cold. Not a man would stir. I said everything to them that I knew in Spanish—that they were without shame or pity, that they were no men, and worse than women; but all in vain. One man had hung the lantern outside and shouted, but that was all. I could

not go alone, so I stood and waited, wondering if a tragedy was to conclude my efforts on Huascarán.

About nine I heard a shout, and once more espied E. on the next ridge, with a great hollow between. I called to him to wait, that we would come with rope and lantern, and soon he would have the light of the moon. Ramos now rushed out of the tent, grasping rope and lantern, and calling on the others to follow. I had previously been trying to get my climbing-irons, but now I did not wait for them. Ramos and I at once set off down the slope, E. having already started down the slope opposite. We met him in the hollow below and brought him back to camp safe and sound, but, alas! without my barometer, which he had been carrying. This, he said, he had been obliged to leave behind if he were to save his life. He knew where it was and would get it in the morning.

After this adventure I felt more than ever the folly of trying to go on. There

was no knowing what E. would do next. Evidently he could not in any way be depended upon, and if we reached the top of the saddle, it seemed dangerous to attempt the summit with such a companion. Then the men had again been insubordinate. With such people it seemed hopeless.

Another night with only a half-hour's sleep and a headache as well. But early in the morning a man brought some coca tea, and I began to feel hopeful. Presently I went over to see about breakfast. Again the kettle was full and nearly boiling. E. was asleep. Time passed slowly. More alcohol was needed. When we had eaten the chaqui and were ready to start, the clock stood at *eleven*. At this rate two days more to the top of the saddle! We might as well go down first as last. A thousand feet more or less hardly mattered if we could not approach the top. Yet if we could! I asked the men if they would go on, and all replied, "Yes." "Very well," I said. "Go up!" But now the alcohol! The second canteen was shaken. Not much left, though we had had more than six bottles: enough for one day only. Twice as much had disappeared as was necessary. At least four days more on the snow if we were to reach the top! In vain, then, a single day and night, with the possibility of a second desertion by the men and of any unforeseen calamity from E. It seemed the part of wisdom to retreat. I had boiled my thermometer the night before—temperature 83.22 C., a height of about 17,500 feet only: 2500 feet in two days, not half-way to the saddle! At the snow-line the boiling temperature was 85.6 C.

E. and his special man went off in quest of the barometer. I led the other party down. We at once took a different and, as it proved, an easier route. Seeing a long slope at the left, I thought I would survey the prospect in this direction. At the top I was astonished to find an immense crevasse, far larger than any seen before, twenty feet wide and one hundred or more deep, extending straight down the mountain. I thought I should like a picture of this fine sight, and having assented to Ramos's request to be in it, turned to get my camera from the man in the rear. While my

back was turned, Ramos, evidently believing that he would look better without his pack, took it off and deposited it on the sloping snow. Hearing an exclamation, I looked around, to see the pack, carefully done up in a poncho, rolling down towards the brink of another crevasse at right angles to the big one. Why Ramos did not run forward and stop it, unless because they never hurry, I cannot see. I had the impulse, but it was already half-way down the slope, and in a moment disappeared over the brink. Ramos now went around to the lower side, while I took my picture without him. Then we all proceeded below and looked over the edge. To my dismay I found that this crevasse, too, seemed a hundred feet deep; at all events we could not see the bottom. Far below appeared a slope of ice, but it was a bend. No pack was visible. At once I said only one thing could be done. If Ramos could be lowered into the crevasse, with four men holding the rope, he might regain the pack. If not, it was wholly lost. Ramos thought, however, that he might fish it up with an ice-axe tied to the rope. There wasn't one chance in a thousand, but I let him try—of course in vain. We halted for luncheon, and then went on to the rocks. The other two were still above, but joined us by five o'clock, without the barometer. E. said he could not find it. The next day I returned alone to Yungay.

While leaving the country with regret that this magnificent mountain is still unclimbed, I congratulate myself on getting back alive, and promise never to go climbing again with one who has been really mad. From my observations taken with the hypsometer and reasonable estimates from these it would seem that if the snow-line is 15,000 feet (it is very likely more), the top of the saddle should be fully 20,000. Estimating the height of the south peak above as three-fifths of the difference, the summit should have an altitude of over 23,000 feet—a little greater than Aconcagua. With three Swiss guides, native porters on the snow could be dispensed with, and in three days from the snow-line this interesting problem could be solved.



Little-Girl-Afraid-of-a-Dog

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

“THE chickens are beginning to lay again,” said Emmeline’s aunt Martha, “and Emmeline can begin carrying eggs over to the poor Ticknors to-morrow.” Martha, who was quite young and pretty, cast a glance of congratulation at Emmeline, as if she were proposing a great pleasure.

Emmeline’s mother echoed her sister. “Yes, that is so,” said she. “Sydney” (Sydney was the man) “said yesterday that the chickens were laying very well. To-morrow Emmeline shall begin.”

“Only think how nice it is going to be for those poor Ticknors, with all those children, to have half a dozen new-laid eggs every day,” said Martha, again with that congratulatory glance at her little

niece, who sat beside the west window, holding her best doll.

“We shall be able to send more than that some days, I dare say,” said Emmeline’s mother. “Maybe, when I go to the store, I will buy a pretty new basket for you to carry the eggs in, dear.”

“Yes’m,” said Emmeline in a low voice. She sat full in the glow of the setting wintry sun, and her whole little blond head and delicate face was gilded by it. It was impossible for her mother and her aunt to see that she had turned very pale. She kept her face turned toward the window, too, and when she said “Yes’m,” infused a hypocritical tone of joy into the word, although she was a most honest and conscientious little girl.

In fact, the joy was assumed because of a Jesuit-like issue of conscience in her inner dealings with herself.

The Ticknors, the poor Ticknors, with the large brood of children, lived about half a mile down the road, and Emmeline's mother and aunt esteemed it a great delight for her to carry eggs to them, when eggs were plentiful. Emmeline herself never denied the delight, but God alone knew how glad she was, how wickedly (she told herself that it was wickedly) glad she was, when about Thanksgiving-time, when people naturally wished to use more eggs, the chickens, after the perverse nature of their race, laid fewer eggs, and there were only enough for the family. Then Emmeline had a respite. She grew plumper, and there was more color on her little soft curving cheeks. "Emmeline always seems so much better this time of the year," her mother often said, and she never dreamed why it was, although Emmeline could have told her, had it not been for her conscience, which pricked her on in spite of her pains. The Ticknors had a dog—a very small dog, it is true, but with a voice enough for a whole pack, and Emmeline was in mortal terror of him. He always barked at her when she went to carry the eggs, and he always sniffed ominously around her ankles. Sometimes he made bounds of vicious yelping joy at her, almost reaching her face, although he was a little dog. Emmeline was a little girl, small for her age, which was barely ten. She was very much under the dominion, the very loving dominion, of her mother and aunt. Her father was dead. The Ames—Emmeline's last name was Ames—lived on a small farm, and Sydney managed it. They were regarded as quite rich people in the little village where they lived, and they looked at themselves in that light. Therefore they realized a sense of duty, of pleasurable duty, toward the less fortunate people around them. At that very moment both Aunt Martha and Mrs. Ames were sewing upon garments for poor people, some strong and durable flannelette petticoats, of soft pink and blue. Sometimes Emmeline herself was asked to sew a seam on these soft garments, and she always obeyed with the utmost docility, although she

did not like to sew very well. She was a sober, reflective little girl, not exactly indolent, but inclined to sit quite still, while her young mind indulged in prying into the future and conceptions of life and her own little niche in the universal scheme of things, which would have quite astounded her mother and her aunt Martha had they known of it. They saw in Emmeline only a darling, obedient, sweet little girl holding her doll-baby; not as she really was—lit into flame by her own imaginings and the sun. Neither dreamed that, as she sat there and said "Yes'm" so prettily, she was shuddering in her very soul from a most exaggerated fear, stimulated by an imagination entirely beyond theirs, of the Ticknors' little dog.

Soon the copper-gilt glow faded from Emmeline's head and face, and she sat a pale little shadow in the dusk, until her mother lighted the lamp, and Annie the maid came in to announce supper. Emmeline had not much appetite that night, although there were her favorite fried oysters and waffles. It seemed as if the subject of the eggs and the Ticknors, which caused her to project more plainly her vision of fear concerning the little dog, could not be let alone. They had hardly seated themselves at the table before Annie spoke of the large number of eggs which had been brought in that day. Annie had been with the Ames a long time, and was considered quite a member of the family. "I think you can carry a dozen eggs to-morrow morning, dear," Emmeline's mother said happily.

"Yes'm," replied Emmeline.

"Only think what it will mean to those poor Ticknors," said Aunt Martha.

"Yes'm," said Emmeline.

Then Emmeline's mother noticed that the child was not eating as usual. "Why, Emmeline," she said, "you have not half finished your oysters."

Emmeline looked helplessly at her plate, and said that she was not very hungry. She felt that she was wicked because she was not hungry, since she was so afraid of the Ticknors' little dog that she did not want to carry the eggs to them the next morning, when they were so poor and needed the eggs so much.

"If you don't eat your oysters, you must swallow two raw eggs," said Emme-

line's mother suddenly. "Annie, beat up two eggs with a little sugar and nutmeg and a little milk."

Emmeline felt just then more than a physical loathing, she felt a moral loathing for anything in the shape of an egg, but she swallowed the mixture which Annie presently brought to her, with her usual docility.

"That will be just as nourishing as the oysters," said Aunt Martha. Aunt Martha had on her pretty blue gown. She was expecting Mr. John Adams that evening. It was Wednesday, and Mr. John always came on Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Emmeline knew why. She knew with a shy and secret admiration, and a forecast of Wednesday and Sunday evenings yet to be when some young man should come to see her. She made up her mind that she would wear red on those interesting occasions, which filled her, young as she was, with a sweet sense of mystery and prescience. She gazed at pretty Aunt Martha, in her gown of soft blue, cut out in a tiny square at the neck, revealing her long white throat. She forgot for a second the Ticknors and the Ticknor dog, which represented the genuine bugbear of her childhood. Then the old fear overcame her again. Her mother regarded her, and Aunt Martha regarded her; then the two women exchanged glances. After supper, when they were all on their way back to the sitting-room, Emmeline's mother whispered anxiously in Martha's ear, "She doesn't look well."

Martha nodded assent. "I don't think she has had enough fresh air lately," she said in a low voice. "It will do her good to take that morning run to the Ticknors'."

"That is so," assented Emmeline's mother. "I'll have her go to bed early to-night; then right after breakfast to-morrow morning, when the air is fresh, she can take the eggs to the Ticknors."

Emmeline went to bed before Mr. John Adams arrived. Her mother tucked her in and kissed her, then blew out the lamp and went down-stairs. Emmeline had said her prayers, introducing, mentally, a little clause with regard to the Ticknor dog. It was a piteous little child codicil to the Lord's Prayer and "Now I lay me," which she always said.

After her mother had gone down-stairs Emmeline lay awake staring at the darkness. The darkness very soon seemed to flicker with wild-fire; grotesque faces grinned at her from the midst of this fire, which was and was not. A terrible horror, of which the little bugbear dog was the keystone, was over her. She wanted so to call her mother, to get up and run down-stairs into the lamp-lit sitting-room; but she lay still, stiff and rigid. She had too much self-control for her own good, young as she was. Presently she heard the distant tinkle of the front-door bell, and heard Aunt Martha open the door and greet Mr. John Adams. Again, for a second, her own spirit of joyous prophecy was over her; but after Mr. John Adams and Aunt Martha had gone into the parlor, and she could only hear the faint hum of their voices, she returned to her former state. However, it was not very long before her attention was again diverted. Mr. John Adams had a very deep bass voice. All of a sudden this great bass was raised. Emmeline could not distinguish one word, but it sounded like a roar to her. Then, also, she heard her aunt Martha's sweet shrill voice, almost loud enough for the words to be audible. Then she heard doors opening, and shutting with almost a slam; then she was certain she heard a sob from the front entry. Then she heard the sitting-room door opened with a fling, then a continuous agitated hum of conversation between her mother and aunt. Emmeline wondered why Mr. John Adams had gone so soon, and why he had almost slammed the door, and what her aunt and mother were talking about so excitedly. Then, as she had not much curiosity, her mind reverted to her own affairs, and again the wild-fire of the darkness flickered and the grotesque faces grinned at her, and all her pleasant gates of sleep and dreams were guarded against her by the Ticknors' little dog.

Emmeline slept very little that night. When she did sleep, she had horrible dreams. Once she woke crying out, and her mother was standing over her with a lighted lamp. "What is the matter? Are you ill?" asked her mother. Her mother was much older than Aunt Martha, but she looked very pretty in her long, trailing white robe, with the

lamplight shining upon her loving, anxious face.

"I had a dream," said Emmeline, faintly.

"I guess you were lying on your back," said her mother. "Turn over on your side, darling, and try to go to sleep again. Don't think about the dream. Remember how you are going to carry eggs to those poor Ticknor children to-morrow morning. Then, I know, you will go to sleep."

"Yes'm," said Emmeline, and she turned obediently on her side, and her mother went out.

Emmeline slept no more that night. It was about four o'clock in the morning. The Ameses had quite an early breakfast, at seven o'clock. Emmeline reflected that in three hours she should be up and dressed and at the breakfast-table; that breakfast would take about half an hour; that in about three hours and a half she would be on her way to the Ticknors'. She felt almost as a condemned criminal might have felt on the morning of his execution.

When she went laggingly down-stairs, as Annie played a discordant chime on the string of Japanese bells, she felt weak and was very pale. Her mother and Martha, who herself looked wretched, as if she had been weeping all night, glanced at her, then again at each other. "It will do her good to get out in the fresh air," said Martha, stifling a heavy sigh.

Emmeline's mother looked commiseratingly at her sister. "Why don't you slip on your brown gown and go with her, dear?" she said. "You look as if the air would do you good, too."

Annie, coming in with the eggs, cast a sharp glance of mingled indignation and sympathy at Miss Martha. She knew perfectly well what the matter was. She had abnormally good ears, and had been in the dining-room, the evening before, when Mr. John Adams was in the parlor with Miss Martha, and there was a door between, a badly hung door, with cracks in it, and she had heard. She had not meant to listen, although she felt that all the affairs of the Ames family were her own, and she had a perfect right to know about them. She knew that Mr. John Adams had been talking about

where he and Miss Martha should live after they were married, and had insisted upon her going to live in the old Adams homestead with his mother and elder brother and two sisters, instead of living right along with Emmeline and her mother and herself (Annie). She considered that Miss Martha had done exactly right to stand out as she had done. Everybody knew what old Mrs. Adams was, and one of the sisters was called quick-tempered, and the elder brother was unmarried, and there was therefore no possible reason why Mr. John Adams should feel obliged to remain at home after his marriage. On the other side, it would obviously be very hard for Emmeline's mother to part with her sister and live alone in her big house with Emmeline and Annie. It was a very large house, and there was plenty of room; whereas the Adams house was small. There could be no question, so Annie thought, and so Emmeline's mother thought, and so Martha herself thought, but she had done right. Martha reasoned it out in her own mind that John Adams could not care so very much for her or he would not insist upon subjecting her to such discomfort and annoyance as she would evidently experience if she were to live in the Adams house after her marriage.

John had always been frank about his mother's difficult temper and his sister's, although he was a devoted son and brother. He knew, too, that Martha could not have a sitting-room to herself in which to display her wedding treasures, and she could have that in the Ames house. She considered within herself that he could not possibly love her as much as she had supposed, because he had given no reason whatever for his insistence that she should comply with his wishes except that they were his wishes. Martha had a pretty spirit of her own, and she resented anything like tyranny, even in those whom she loved. So she held her head high, although her eyes were red, and said, in reply to her sister's suggestion, that she rather thought she would not. She thought she would take the ten-thirty train for Bolton and do a little shopping. She wanted to see about a spring suit, and the sooner she got the material at the dress-maker's the better. She said it exactly

as if she had not planned to have that same spring suit her going-away costume when she was married. Martha had expected to be married the first of June. It was now March. When she said that about going to Bolton her sister's face brightened, and she gave her a look of pride in her spirit. "So I would," said she. She did not notice at all how Emmeline's face fell. For a second the thought of her aunt's going with her to the Ticknors' and shooing away with her superior courage and strength that dreadful little dog had caused her heart to leap exultantly. But now that chance of respite was gone. She took a spoonful of her cereal, puckering her little mouth most pathetically after she had swallowed it. She did not care for cereal, and only ate it because her mother and aunt said that it was good for her. Emmeline had begun to wonder why so many things which she disliked, and so many things which she more than disliked, were so good for her. She acquiesced in the wisdom of her elders, but she wondered.

She ate her cereal, then her soft-boiled egg on toast. She hated eggs that morning, although usually she liked them. She felt as if she was fairly eating her terror and dread of what lay before her; eggs were so intimately associated with it. It seemed to her that the fear in her heart was enough, without being obliged to have it in her stomach also.

After breakfast, Emmeline put on her

red coat and hat—she was still wearing her winter garments—and her mother gave the basket of eggs to her and kissed her. "Don't walk too fast and get all tired out, dear," she said.

She and Martha stood at the window



"WHAT IS THE MATTER?" ASKED HER MOTHER

watching the gay little figure move slowly down the road. They need not have cautioned her against speed. She did not feel in the least inclined to hurry.

"The child does not look very well this morning," said Mrs. Ames. "She has that old anxious expression again, and she is pale, and she ate her breakfast as if she did not want it."

"Ate it just as if she was swallowing pills," said Annie.

"Yes, she did," Mrs. Ames agreed, anxiously.

"Well, the walk in the fresh morning air will do her good," said Martha. "I must make a start if I am going to catch that ten-thirty train. I must mend my gloves. I think I will wear my brown taffeta. I may call at the Robinses' while I am in Bolton."

"I would," said Mrs. Ames. It was tacitly understood between them that nothing more was to be said about Mr. John Adams, that the whole subject was to be left out of sight and hearing, and everything was to go on as before. However, as the last glimpse of red disappeared down the street, and Martha's step was heard overhead, her sister thought how glad she was that she had proposed going to Bolton. "It will take her mind up," she thought, but she would not have said it to Martha for the world.

Meantime, Emmeline continued slowly but none the less surely on her road to the Ticknors'. It was a perfectly straight road for a quarter of a mile, then it curved. It was not until one passed this curve that one could see the Ticknors' ragged, squalid residence. Then one saw it as a blur on the landscape. How Emmeline dreaded rounding that curve! She walked very slowly, toeing in a little, as was her wont when she was nervously intent. She prayed incessantly, and her poor little prayer ran in this wise: "Oh, Father in Heaven, please take care of me and don't let Spotty come near me nor hurt me nor bark at me." Emmeline repeated this prayer over and over in a sort of rhythmic cadence. She fairly kept step with it, and yet she had not the slightest faith in the prayer. She could not really see why she should have. She had always prayed in such wise while carrying eggs to the Ticknors, and Spotty had never failed to race barking out to meet her and sniff at her nervous, twitching little ankles and try little nips and tugs at her skirts. The prayer had never, so far as she could see, been answered, and why should she expect it to be now? Emmeline was a very honest little girl. She was reverent, and she believed God could keep Spotty from barking at her; but she did not believe that He would. Moreover, she was Christian enough to hope and trust, somehow, that these agonies of terror which she was called upon to undergo were in

the end for her spiritual good. She did not complain, but she knew that she suffered, and she knew that Spotty would not fail to bark.

Presently she turned that dreaded curve of the road, and she could see the wretched place where the Ticknors lived. The dwelling itself was an unpainted, out-of-drawing shanty, leaning so far to one side that it seemed it must topple over, but saving itself by a lurch in another direction. It was a very drunkard of a house, a habitation which had taken upon itself the character of its inmates. It was degenerate, miserable, and oblivious to its misery. Beside this main shanty was a stable, far out of the perpendicular, out of which looked a high-hipped cow. Sometimes Emmeline was afraid of the cow, which was often at large, but never as of the dog. There was also a pigsty and various other horrible little adjuncts of the main whole. Emmeline shuddered as she came in sight of it. The mere aspect of the place would have gotten on her sensitive nerves even if Spotty had not been there. But immediately, breaking upon her prayer, came the well-known vicious little yelp. Spotty was a mongrel, but he had wondrous ears. Emmeline espied the little animal coming for her so fast that he seemed a mere line of speed, but never ceasing that wild yelp. Emmeline prayed on, and walked on. It was strange that she never at such times thought of turning around and running. It never occurred to her to disobey her mother and not take the eggs to the Ticknors. She walked along, praying, her heart beating heavily, her limbs shaking. The little dog reached her. He was a little dog, and it was a sheer absurdity for her to feel such fear of him. He danced around in circles, a regular dog war-dance, as she advanced. His yelps became louder and louder. It seemed inconceivable that such a small animal could have such a terrific bark. Emmeline went steadily on, toeing in, holding her basket of eggs in a hand which did not feel as if it belonged to her. It did not seem that her whole body belonged to her in any other sense than as a machine which bore her conscience, her obedience, her fear, and the basket of eggs. When she reached the Ticknor house she was blue-



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

"MOTHER SENT THESE EGGS," SAID EMMELINE IN A SMALL, WEAK VOICE



FINALLY THE DOCTOR WAS CALLED IN

white, trembling with a curious rigid tremor. She knocked, and the little dog gave a furious, a frantic yelp, and tugged at her skirt. Then the second of her deliverance came. The door opened. An enormous slatternly woman, a mountain of inert flesh, appeared. She bade the dog be quiet. He did not obey, but Emmeline had a sense of protection. It had occurred to her more than once that perhaps Mrs. Ticknor, in consideration of the eggs, would, if Spotty actually attacked her, sit upon him; that she would not actually let her be bitten. Behind Mrs. Ticknor the close room swarmed with children—children with gaping, grinning faces, some of them with impudent faces, but most of them placidly inert like their mother. The Ticknors represented the very doldrums of humanity. None of them worked nor progressed, except the father, who occasionally could be induced to do a little work for the neighbors when the supplies ran too low and actual starvation became a

temporary goad. To-day he was ploughing for a farmer, plodding lazily along behind a heavy old horse. He could scarcely be said to be working. Emmeline was glad that he was not at home. Sometimes he had been drinking considerable hard cider, and although he never spoke to her, the hard red in his face disturbed her; also the glassy stare of his stupid eyes.

“Mother sent these eggs,” said Emmeline in a small, weak voice. Mrs. Ticknor took them with an inarticulate note of thanks, like a dumb beast. The children stared and grinned and gaped. All the dingy room seemed full of staring eyes, and gaping, grinning mouths. The little dog yelped viciously, louder and louder. It was incredible of what a crescendo that small dog was capable. Emmeline pinned her faith on Mrs. Ticknor’s coming to her rescue in case of an actual assault, but every minute she expected to feel the needlelike teeth in her ankle. All her flesh shrank and

quivered. It seemed as if Mrs. Ticknor would never find a dish in which to deposit the eggs. Finally she did, however, and Emmeline took her basket. The little dog followed, with his circling war-dance and his crescendo of yelps, to the curve of the road. Then, as was invariably the case, he turned suddenly and ran home, as if with a sudden conviction that the game was not worth the candle.

Then Emmeline toed out, and walked on briskly, her head up; her trial for that day was over.

When she reached home her mother looked at her and her face brightened. "You look so much better for your walk, darling," she said. Then she asked if the Ticknors seemed pleased with the eggs. Emmeline was in a little doubt as to the amount of actual pleasure which the Ticknors had displayed, but she said "Yes'm."

"It means a great deal to them, poor things," said her mother. "I am so glad we can help them a little, and so glad you can do your part."

"Yes'm," said Emmeline.

The next morning the torture was repeated. It was like a historical promenade betwixt two rows of Indians armed with cruel weapons. However, she survived it, and when she came home both her mother and aunt remarked upon her improved appearance. That was what so misled them. Every morning Emmeline returned from her charitable trip with such a sense of momentary relief, that her face was naturally brighter than when she started, but all the while she steadily lost ground under the strain. Finally the doctor was called in and a tonic prescribed, and when school began, after the spring vacation, it was decided that Emmeline should remain at home and try to go on with her class with Aunt Martha's assistance.

"I think nothing except that morning walk to the Ticknors', to carry eggs, keeps the poor child up, anyway," said Emmeline's mother, who had followed the doctor to the door.

"I dare say," he replied. "Keep her out in the fresh air all you can, and send her on errands that interest her."

"That does interest her," said Mrs. Ames. "She is so pleased to think she

is helping those poor Ticknors, dear little thing."

Emmeline overheard what was said; the door was slightly ajar. There was a curious little twitch about her sensitive mouth. Troubled as she was, she saw the humor in the situation. The very thing which was making her ill, her mother regarded as her chief medicine. It seemed strange that Emmeline did not tell her mother of her true state of mind. The expeditions would have been at once stopped. She did not tell her, however, and probably for reasons which she did not herself understand. There is in every complete personality a side which is dark except toward its own self and God, and Emmeline realized this dark side in herself, although vaguely. She knew perfectly well that nobody, not even her mother, who loved her, could understand rightly this dark side, which was sacred to herself. She knew that if she told her mother how afraid she was of that little Ticknor dog she would be petted and comforted, and would never have to face the terror again; and yet she knew that her mother would secretly laugh over her and not comprehend how she felt, and it seemed to her that she could not face that. She would rather face the dog.

So she continued carrying the eggs and praying, and the little dog continued barking at her and snapping at her heels and tugging at her dress, and she took the doctor's medicine, and yet she grew paler and thinner, and slept less, and ate less, and her mother and aunt thought that the daily walk in the open was all that kept the child up. Then, three weeks after she first began her charitable trips, something happened.

It was almost the first of April, but the spring was very late, and that Wednesday morning had seemed to suffer an actual relapse into winter. The northwest wind blew cold, as if from northern snow and ice fields; the ground was frozen hard, and the farmers had been obliged to quit their ploughing, which they had begun on mild days. The long furrows in a field which Emmeline had to pass before she reached the curve in the road lay stretched out stiff and rigid like dead men. In the midst of that field stood a little corn-house, the

door of which was open. Emmeline glanced casually across the field as she lagged along. She still wore her little red coat and hat, under which her soft fleece of blond hair flew before the wind like a flag. She glanced casually, then her heart gave a great leap and seemed to stand still. Over that rigid field she had seen a little live object scamper and make straight for that corn-house, which he entered, doubtless in pursuit of some smaller, swifter thing which she could not see, possibly a field-mouse or a mole. Emmeline knew the pursuer to be the Ticknor dog. A thought leapt into her brain; a thought so wild and audacious that she could not entirely harbor it for a second. Then all her faculties rose to action. Down on the ground she set her basket of eggs. Over the fence, with its tangle of leafless vines, she went, and across the field she raced, her little feet skipping from furrow to furrow, her hair streaming. She reached the corn-house, and grasped the door swinging outward and creaking in the cold wind with a grasp of despair. She slammed it to and fastened it with a wooden peg. There was a padlock, but no key. The wooden peg was evidently simply to keep the door from swinging when the house was empty, as it was now, except for the Ticknor dog. Emmeline at last had her enemy safe in prison. An angry bark and a scratching assailed her ears as she sped back to the road, but Spotty could not get loose. She was sure of that. It was a strong little house. Emmeline took up her basket of eggs and went on. Nobody had seen her. This was a lonely spot in the road. A mad exultation filled her heart. For the first time she was going to the Ticknors' without fear clutching her, body and soul. When she rounded the curve in the road and came in sight of the squalid little group of buildings they looked almost beautiful to her. She fairly laughed to herself. She almost danced as she went on. When she reached the house and Mrs. Ticknor opened the door as usual she saw for the first time what a really lovely little face the next little girl to the baby had, in spite of dirt. She smiled as she delivered the eggs, and stood beaming while Mrs. Ticknor emptied the basket and returned it. She had

no need to look about nor listen for any little spiteful animal now. She was quite safe. She went home light-footed. She was quite rosy when she reached there.

"The dear child is really better," her aunt said to her mother when Emmeline had gone to put away her outdoor wraps.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ames, "she certainly does look better, and I do believe it is nothing but that walk every morning in the fresh air has done her good."

"I think so too," said Martha. "I think it has done her much more good than the doctor's medicine."

Poor Martha herself looked, in spite of her pride and her high carriage of head, as if she needed some helpful tonic for either soul or body, or both. She had grown thinner, and although she smiled, the smile did not look spontaneous. In these days, Martha smiled mechanically and only with her lips. Her lips curved prettily, but her eyes remained serious and thoughtful, even while she spoke about Emmeline's looking better. Emmeline did, in reality, seem better all that day. She even asked for luncheon between breakfast and noon. She slept well that night. She ate her breakfast with an appetite the next morning, and set out even merrily on her errand to the Ticknors. It was still cold, and the northwest wind had not gone down. It had raged all night. When she came to the field in which the corn-house stood the door was closed fast; no one was at work, and the plough ridges which later on would be green with waving flags of corn lay stiffly like dead men, as they had done the day before. Emmeline looked at the corn-house. She thought, but she was not quite sure, that she heard a little plaintive sound, something between a whine and yelp. When she returned she was quite sure. She knew that she heard it. Her face sobered. When she reached home her mother and aunt exchanged glances, and her mother went into the kitchen to tell Annie to make some beef tea. Emmeline had to drink a cup of it when it was made. Her mother and aunt had agreed, with dismay, that she did not look as well as she had done the day before. She looked still worse as the day wore on and the days wore on. During three days Emmeline suffered tor-

tures of remorse with regard to the little dog shut up in the corn-house and perhaps starving to death, unless there might be some scattered corn left over from the year before, or rats. Emmeline was not quite sure as to whether Spotty would eat rats, even if reduced to starvation. She astonished her mother on the evening of the second day by inquiring, apropos of nothing at all, "Mother, do dogs ever eat rats?" And when both her mother and aunt seemed unable to answer positively in the affirmative, her little face took on an expression of white misery which amazed them. After Emmeline had gone to bed that night her mother told her aunt that if the child was not better before long she should call in another doctor.

It was horrible for Emmeline during those mornings to pass that corn-house, with its shut door and desolate field. She felt like a murderess. She was not quite sure whether she heard Spotty's plaintive whine. She wondered if he were dead and she had killed him.

It was the evening of the third day that Emmeline made up her mind. Chance favored her. Annie had forgotten to order a yeast-cake, and the fact was mentioned in her presence just before supper. Annie said that she would go to the store after supper and get it, for she must mix bread that night. Then Emmeline spoke eagerly:

"Mother, can't I go? There is plenty of time before supper. Please let me go."

Her aunt abetted her. "I would let her go if I were you," she said. "She will sleep better. The air is lovely, although it is frosty for this time of year." Martha had just come from a walk to the post-office. "There! I have been right in the store, and could have got it if I had known," she said; "but I do think it will do Emmeline good to run out, and it will not be dark until after she gets back."

So Emmeline went. She had mysteriously tucked up the sleeve of her red coat a little parcel which contained two chicken bones. They were nice little chicken bones, wrapped in white paper. She carried also her little purse, in which she had some money of her own besides the pennies which her mother had given her to buy the yeast with.

Emmeline flashed out of sight of the house windows, a swift little figure in red.

"I can't make her out at all," Emmeline's mother said. "There she has seemed all down in the dumps for two days and a half, and all of a sudden she is as eager to go to the store as I ever saw her about anything in her life. Her eyes looked as bright as stars."

"If she were grown up, I should think she had something on her mind," Martha said, reflectively.

"Now, Martha, what nonsense; what can that baby, with everything done for her, have on her mind?"

"Of course she cannot," said Martha, but her eyes were reflective.

Meantime, Emmeline sped on her way. The store was on a street at right angles to the one leading to the Ticknors', which opened just before the field with the corn-house was reached. Emmeline hurried to the store, bought the yeast-cake, and also with her own money a little paper bag of sweet crackers. Then swiftly, without a moment's hesitation, she ran back to the other road and across the field to the corn-house. She listened for just one second before opening the door. She heard a little whine—not a bark, but a whine. Then she opened the door, and no soldier charging the enemy ever required more spirit than she; but open it she did. She held out the chicken bones. Then she flung them at poor Spotty, emerging trailingly from the dusty interior. Spotty caught at the little bones and crunched them down. Then Emmeline fed him with the sweet crackers. She put one on the ground. Then, as the little animal caught it up, a feeling of great love and pity overcame her. All at once she loved that which she had feared. She fed Spotty the rest of the sweet crackers from her little red-mitten hand, and did not have the slightest quiver of terror, even when the sharp little teeth were so near her fingers. After the crackers were all gone, Emmeline started homeward, and Spotty followed her. He bounded around her, leaping up, barking with joy. He was a poor little mongrel, and from heredity and poor training he had lacked the better traits of his kind. He had been mischievous, cowardly, and malicious. He

had loved nobody. But now he loved Emmeline for setting him free and giving him food. He knew nothing of the injury which she had done him. He was conscious only of the benefit. So he followed her, as he had never followed any of the Ticknors. They, in truth, had never cared for him. They had simply been too indolent and too indifferent to turn him adrift, when, a poor canine wanderer, he had located himself with them uninvited. But this was different. He loved this little girl, who had opened his prison door and fed him with nice chicken bones and sweet crackers. He had suffered, and she had come to his aid. He was still thirsty, but thirst also would be satisfied by her. He followed her with joyful faith across the field. When they reached the road leading to the store a man emerged thence, walking hurriedly. Emmeline knew him at once. He was Mr. John Adams.

John spoke to Emmeline in a confused sort of way. "Oh, it is you, Emmeline," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Emmeline.

"How are your mother and aunt?"

"Pretty well, I thank you."

"Have you been to supper?"

"No, sir."

Mr. John Adams hesitated still more. "Well," he said, "I had my supper early, and so, and so—"

Emmeline glanced up at him, and saw to her amazement that his face was burning red, and he was smiling foolishly.

"I thought," he said, finally, "that I would run up to your house this evening and—I thought I would go early, because—I happened to think it was the evening for prayer-meeting, and I didn't know but she—your mother and aunt might be going, and—I thought if they were—if I went early, I would go along with them."

"Mother and Aunt Martha aren't going to meeting. I heard them say so," said Emmeline. Then she added, out of the innocence of her soul, "I know Aunt Martha will be real glad to see you."

"Do you think she will?" asked Mr. John Adams, eagerly.

"Yes, sir."

"I wonder how you would like it if I should come and live in your house, with

you and your mother and aunt?" said John Adams.

Emmeline slipped her little hand into his. "I think it would be real nice," she said.

"You dear little soul!" said Mr. John Adams. He squeezed her hand in his big strong one. "Is that your dog, little one?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"I didn't know but you had been getting a pet dog since I was at your house."

"That is the Ticknor dog; he followed me." Just then the dog leapt up, and Emmeline patted his head, laughing.

"He is a mongrel, but he seems a bright little dog," said Mr. John Adams. "I should think you would keep him. He can't have a very good home at the Ticknors'."

"I am going to if mother will let me," said Emmeline, with sudden resolve.

The little triumphal procession went on its way. The west was a clear cold red. They passed a field in which stood scattered stacks of last year's corn. In the shadow the withered blades had a curious vivid crudeness of something which was rather tone than color. They gleamed out like newly cut wood, like naked flesh. They were elemental, belonging to the first: dry death, for which there are no paints on the palette, any more than for light and air and sentient life. But where the red western sun struck these blades of corn they were lit with brilliant reflections, and seemed to leap into flames of red gold.

In the east was faintly visible a filmy arc of new moon. A great star was slowly gathering light near the moon. Emmeline danced along, holding to Mr. John Adams's hand. Her head was up. Her whole face laughed. The little dog raced ahead; he ran back; he leapt and barked short joyous barks. They were all conquerors, by that might of spiritual panoply of love with which they had been born equipped. There was the dog, in whom love had conquered brute spite and maliciousness; the man in whom love had conquered self-will. But the child was the greatest conqueror of the three, for in her love had conquered fear, which is in all creation its greatest foe, being love's own antithesis.

The Man and His Rose-Garden

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was a man who deserved well of the world because he had done it a great service. Strangely enough, everybody knew it, and wanted to do something for him in return. And though he lived in a lonely place, with only the sky and his garden to keep him company, pilgrims made it a part of their journey to pass that way and ask him if they could do something for him at the shrine. The man had but one answer.

"Pray," said he, "pray for the world."

He loved the world, and he wanted it to be sinless and happy, and this was the only thing he thought about—this and his garden. Sometimes the rulers of nations came to offer him rich and beautiful things; but if they brought him gold or jewels, he would smile and say:

"I wish you would come into my garden and see how yellow the tulips are and how the fountain glitters." But he would take the gold and the jewels, and it was perfectly understood that he did not keep them. "That diamond is worth thousands of loaves of bread," he would say. "Isn't that luck!"

For he had a very simple formula for turning diamonds into bread, and often he could change the most valuable one in less than a week.

As time went on, he grew to love the world more and more, and his love even went beyond the world. He thought a great deal about the people who had died, those that had gone to everlasting joy because they had been faithful, and those that had gone to be healed of their sins and grow strong enough to find the road they had lost. And of one he thought most of all, because it seemed to him no other man had been so shunned and hated for so long a time. It seemed to him, too, that the earthly voices of scorn and horror must reach the man wherever he was, and, even if he had been forgiven, sound about him like a chorus of hell. And the burden of the man was heavy upon him, until he could bear it no more; and one morning, when the greatest king of the earth came to ask him what he wished, he made up his mind to tell.

"O King," said he, "I do at last desire a gift."

"Speak!" said the King. "Is it the freedom of all my cities?"

"No," said the man, "it is not that."

"Is it to be ruler of a province?"

"No, it is not that."

"Is it to be my counsellor and my right hand?"

"No, it is not that. It is something which even you, O King, could not give me unless others gave also."

"Speak, then," said the King. "And I will speak to all my brother sovereigns."

"I will speak," said the man. "But not yet. I must think of it a little longer."

Now this was in December, and the snow was white upon the garden sleeping underneath. But in spite of the cold the man went out and paced up and down his garden paths, so far as he could trace them, and thought and thought. And many weeks he thought, and when the early spring was breaking, his desire was fully formed, and it seemed to him good. And this was it: For the space of one year he wished all the people on the earth to think with love, and not hatred, of Judas, the betrayer of Christ. No one but God had a right to demand that it should be so forever, but it seemed to him as if he might ask to have it so for one year. When the story of Christ was told, it should be told without the mention of his betrayal. When the priest, in reading, came to the name of the betrayer, he should be silent. And so scorn and anger should be stilled, and for the space of one year that soul should be at peace.

The winter broke and spring came, and the man saw his dear garden-beds again, and it was then that the greatest king of all sent word that he was making a royal progress and should turn aside to visit him and hear his request. And the man, having his petition ready, was well content. But that night he dreamed a dream, though at the time and even afterwards it did not seem like a dream at all.

It seemed to him that he was walking along one of his garden paths in the clear morning, and the green things were at full summer growth and bloom, and a light was on them which was even more than the light of the sun. And as he walked, his heart beat fast, because it was apparent to him that he was about to meet some one who brought good news. And it happened so; for as he reached the path that leads into the rose-garden a man came walking toward him, clad in a garment such as he had never seen. Perhaps it was rich purple; perhaps it was red. At any rate, it was beautiful, and it was not white. As for the face of the stranger, he could never remember what it was, save that it was lined and that it had a radiance. The stranger called to him:

"I am Judas, the betrayer of Christ."

Then the man spoke at once in answer, and his words would not come fast enough as he explained to the stranger

how it was to be that he was to have a year of peace. But before he had finished he saw that Judas was smiling with great tenderness for him and a knowledge of many untold things.

"So," the man ended, "though you be in hell, yet shall no one here revile you."

"Nay," said the other, "let not their voices cease: for I, too, was one of the purposes of God, and my destiny must be fulfilled."

"Ah!" cried the man, "and must your punishment last so long?"

"Yes," said the stranger, "it must last as long as there is need of it."

"And how long will there be need?"

"Until the day when there is no more treachery upon the earth. Then I, who am a warning to the nations, may forget my sin."

"Ah!" cried the man, "and must you always lie in hell?"

The stranger smiled, and all the flowers bloomed the brighter, and even some buds opened that had not thought they had the strength.

"In hell? Nay," said he, "I walk in paradise."

The man shook his head.

"I cannot understand," said he. "Your punishment must last, and yet you can say this."

"My punishment is my crown," said the stranger. "Since I did ill, it is the most precious thing I have to know that good may come of it. Do not take it away from me." And with that he was gone, and the rose-garden grew dark, and the dreamer fell deeper into sleep.

In the morning he awoke early and went out to the rose-garden again, and he found himself looking along the path for the print of sandalled feet. And there, later in the day, the great King came to him.

"I am here," said the King, "to grant your wish. Tell me what it is."

The man was silent for so long that a bird finished his song in the lime-tree, and a bee gathered the honey from three flowers. He heard again, it seemed to him, the voice he had heard in the garden the night before, full of authority and full of peace. Suddenly, also, it seemed to him that the whole safe earth trembled with happiness. He looked up at the King.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I do not desire—" Then he remembered that kings are not to be rebuffed. "Your Majesty," said he, "promise me a rose-tree from every kingdom in the world."

The Tiber

BY MARIE VAN VORST

FOURTEEN hundred and odd metres above sea-level a peak of the Apennines, Monte Fumaiolo, gives birth to the Tiber. A bright, crystalline cascade springing from rock and earth and spreading into a little waterfall is the first appearance of the river, which seems expelled from the mountain and never loses its impetus and rush. For a mile the streamlet is unmarked by any eye save those of bird and eagle, when it encounters very early on its way a microscopic bridge of stone blackened by time. Surmounted by an iron cross, this bridge spans the mountain stream at Le Balse, a rude hamlet lost in the fastnesses of the Apennines.

Bold and sturdy between its banks of snow—for winter lies late in these high regions—the Tiber, a saffron band, tears through a savage gorge, and in a surprisingly short time the river has broadened to a wide green pool, and circles deep in the distant hollow. Its transitions of color, its chameleon quality, one of the originalities of the Tiber, is due to the deposits of the river and to some peculiarity in the sand. But the environing hills are no less interesting in color-tone, as they rise tier upon tier of russet patches stained with a wild heather growth red as blood, pale as daffodil, until, softening as the descent becomes rapid, they range in curious symmetry, once more tier upon tier of velvet green, classic in harmony and composition. There are no words to give at once the sense of desolation and the sense of beauty of this part of Tuscany.

On its course in the profound gorge the Tiber encounters what appears at first sight to be a rock jutting into the yet timid stream. The mass is the village of Savignone; its worn and aged front black in the sunlight, the single church lifting its belfry to the sky. Not more than a hundred inhabitants crowd

on the semi-island reached from shore by a bridge as picturesque as one in a fairy-tale.

The tranquillity of these cobbled lanes is never broken by traffic; only foot-passengers, or at most a donkey with its rider, may pass over the arch of the medieval bridge. Savignone here seems to divide the Tiber, which flows on between giant gullies and golden peaks whose sides are bare of vegetation. Over a pebbly bed the river runs in translucent green, the color of chrysoprase, or reflects the saffron hills until, under a sky blue as only Italian skies are blue, the landscape lies all of one tone.

The ancients called the Tiber "Albula"—white water. Although to the vulgar eye the Tiber is a yellow river—fawn-colored, indeed, at certain parts of its channel—yet it is preeminently white, with the milky mistiness seen in certain jewels, and it is at Rome that the "Lily River" is whitest. Here in upper Tuscany it undergoes a countless variety of charming essays, as though it tried all the alchemies of nature, and refuting every one, at length chose the beautiful monotony of a colorless existence.

To Pieve San Stefano the course is very lonely. Now and then a *contadini*, whom need to touch the civilization of the towns has driven from the mountains, ambles on his patient ass, or himself more patiently trudges on foot, thinking nothing of the twenty-four miles from far-off Le Balse to the township of Pieve. Save for the meeting of some such pilgrim and exchange of friendly greeting, the silence is broken only by the voice of the Tiber calling from the gorge, and the cries of the eagles that make the pine-covered heights of the Apennines their home.

The isolated tower on a peaked hill is the castle of a famous countess who built the graceful Ponte d'Assai that, still strong and perfect after 700 years,



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

THE BANKS OF THE TIBER AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT AVENTINE

throws its shapely arch over the young river. The country's traditions have it that the countess had a son who loved a maiden on the other side of the bridge and nightly swam to her; but at last the swiftness of the current overcame his dauntless swimming, and the lover was drowned within sight of his mother's tower. That he might be the last lover so sacrificed, the countess built the little bridge, and when asked if it had been expensive, she answered that "it has cost me enough" (Assai).

The land begins to soften and to lose its stern mountain character, descents are more gradual, the valleys gently undulate, and the Apennine range forms a further background, its snow peaks melting in the blue. Pasture-lands irrigated and fed by the Tiber and its branches (Anscione, Sinjerna e Sorara Libbia, Cestarola, etc.) lie along the foot of the hills. Ruder trees are replaced by beech, birch, and the spare poplar. The road is filled with contadini on their asses, red and yellow kerchiefs to the breeze, and straight away at the end of the road is an arched gateway through which can be seen the streets and towers of little Pieve San Stefano.

Twelve miles distant over the valley is Borgo San Sepulcro with its old walls and charming piazza. Piero della Francesca, one of the sweetest and rarest painters of the Umbrian school, was born here, and in the galleries and over the altar of the duomo some of the best examples of his works may be found.

Seen from Borgo, as it is familiarly called, the Tiber lies in plaques of argent against a dull purple landscape. In such an aspect as this—a little glimpse of winding river, a bit of farm-land, a distinctive cluster of trees—Piero conceived and remembered the country of his birthplace, and his canvases are filled with his recollections.

Spring is all along the river's way. A milky haze lies over the tree branches; here and there a fruit-tree flashes bright against the russet country, or a snow-white film of apple-blossoms fills the rare orchards; rare, for this is a vine country, and during the greater part of the year the vineyards stretch their sterile forests over the land. Italy trains her grapes on pruned and dwarfed trees that bear

the heavy burden of the vines, and during the unfriendly months the scene is that of a universe of smitten forests on which a plague has passed, condemning them to eternal desolation.

Down by the Tiber's banks flocks of snow-white lambs cluster uncertainly round their mothers, who graze along the bright river under the shelter of the hills.

Thus growing ever more pastoral in its character, the river country between Borgo and Citta de Castello lies level between mountains of inspiring beauty: in the great distance they are like countries of snow outlined against the north, whilst the lower hills give one the impression of a sea of undulating earth-waves, peaks, crests, and summits rising, falling, falling and rising, filling all the nearer foreground with their umber color. Umbertide, walled and small and pretty, has built its houses down into the very river itself, which washes the foundations of the yellow stones. There is a picture by Signorelli in the church, there is a quaint old medieval duomo, and the hamlet has ineffable charm, but it is only one town, and the road is long to Perugia, toward which the river dashes its passionate way.

With a new caprice it has turned to peacock-green, and at no point is more bewitching in character than just below Umbertide. Oak and chestnut groves break the fields' monotony, and closely lying in their encircling caress the river follows the hill-line, where the heights are ever more gentle in aspect. Little willows spread fragile waterfalls down by the banks; olive-orchards charm the eye that looks from castellated hill to hill, to pointed hillock, yellow-towered and cypress-crowned. The landscape is rendered distinctive and is sharpened by the isolated pines lifting their tufts of green and the bosky cedars with their velvet plumes.

Citta de Castello, second only in beauty to Perugia, commands the country on a height, and from the cathedral gardens that circle round the crest of the hill the Tiber valley is visible as far as San Sepulcro, and the river flowing down from the north over its pebbled bed appears no more than a fillet of water, until it sweeps and curves around the meadows



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM
Rome and the Tiber from Via Sabina—Mount Aventine

at the foot of Citta de Castello, where it lies broad and serene.

At the town's end below the walls with their bastioned corners the Tiber finds a valley where miles of vineyards scar the hills. The belfries send their chiming out on the spring air; a gateway of the city, moss-grown and yellow in the last glimmering of the evening, rises along the Tiber banks as the current

passes the little walled town on its way to greater wonders. Rome is its apotheosis, but Perugia is the Tiber's love!

Below Perugia the Beautiful the Tiber reaches its perfection in a bold sweep. Thirty feet in width, it spreads out at the foot of the mountain, and although of a tender blue, nevertheless here and there a white and distinctive current forecasts the inevitable color that the

river shall assume miles farther on its course.

One of Italy's most precious treasures crowns the top of this fortresslike, heaven-kissing hill, whose difficult slope must be slowly ascended to where Perugia, dark brown and remote, queens it in the clouds.

The Tiber has found much of charm in the naïve hamlets along its journeying, but it loves Perugia above all. Has not the very ground on which the city stands been amassed and deposited by the great river?

A little farther away, across the valley, the city of St. Francis Assisi shines out against its resting-place at the foot of Monte Subasio, and sparkling away on one hand to the snow crests of the Apennines, the Tiber in the opposite direction takes its southern course to Rome and to the sea.

Countless flocks of sheep and lambs graze in their pastures, and the note of a shepherd's pipe mingles with the sound of San Pietro's vesper bells.

Shadow after shadow deepens and fades along the undulating hills piled azure upon azure until they are lost in the sky itself, and all along the steep ascent shimmers the frosty bloom of the olive vineyards with their trembling silver leaves.

There is no city all the way from Florence to Rome like this Umbrian beauty, brown-browed and passionate, who within her high walls broods over the tumults of her medieval barbaric past as she presents her towers to the dawn and to the vast sweep of her unlimited horizon! Perugia has known the shame of numerous surrenders since her early Etruscan history—surrenders to the emperors and to the popes; to the Orient, to the barbarian Lombards, and to the Christians. Strange and brilliant peoples have fought for her, wrestled for her, stormed her red-brown walls, and shed their blood in her hilly streets. She has been torn with inward dissension of nobles and parties; disputed for by the conquerors of the world; and she retains to-day the shade of that stormy, unyielding past in the cast of her fortresslike dominating position.

At a distance of thirty-six kilometres from Perugia, by way of valleys of oak

and beech and ilex, the road winds to quaint and forgotten Todi. Forgotten because it has been so long remembered and then forgotten, if such a paradox may be used! Todi is one of the oldest cities in Italy; more ancient than Rome, it is proud of its antiquity and proud to be ignored. "Only three strangers have been with us this year!" It hangs nestled between earth and heaven at the top of a great incline, and as free as only that which is untrammelled by custom and unhindered by modern need is free. No railroad within thirty miles disturbs its peace; automobiles pass it by unnoticed, and it exults and breathes serenely and at liberty—guarding its jewels of beauty, narrow streets, a wonderful piazza, and cathedral—undisturbed by the triumphs of time and embellished by its flight. Without the walls is the basilica, considered to be the most perfect in the world, Santa Maria della Consolazione, penetratingly white and perfect in harmony and proportion.

Sunsets and sunrises creep along the hills to find little Todi high up in its eagle's nest, sufficient unto itself, beautiful, and unknown! In the far north the snow peaks are visible still. Perugia guards a distant crest, and Orvieto is away over those mountains beyond, and all through the gentle valley at the base of Todi and along the rocky foot-hills the Tiber shines and gleams on its way to Rome.

Below Todi at the base of the mountains the river widens like a lake, and the thickly wooded hills are covered with towns whose names are not on any map that the tourist knows.

Mountain after mountain, summit and peak and spur, are crossed on the road to Orvieto. The Tiber is lost for a time in its inaccessible valley. The panorama is sternly majestic, the verdure sparse and bare, and the miles are utterly desolate, until at length the descent to the valley is finally made.

At a little distance from Orvieto the Paglia joins the river, and from Orvieto to Bagnorea—a distance of about ten miles—the course is through a serene and cultivated country with shepherds and the herder with his pigs and the beautiful slow oxen, now no longer the Umbrian breed, but gray and black.



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE BANKS OF THE TIBER UNDER THE CÆSARS

At Orte and Borghetto the river is met by its largest tributary, the Nar—a stream forty miles in extent—and it comes with a rush and a dash, bringing new strength and vigor to the river.

Between Borghetto and Civita Castellana the Tiber becomes like a country stream, scarcely rippling over the shallows. Under the low-hanging trees in autumn the grapes droop their rich purple over the water as it steals close to the hillsides.

Several miles from the stream, Civita Castellana guards the remains of Etruscan tombs, and beautiful fragments of Roman marbles, preserved in the houses of the city. It has its cathedral and fortress, its mellow history, and from Civita is to be seen in all its magnificence Soracte, the famous peak of which Horace wrote, the most important mountain of the Sabine range.

And from here to Rome the Tiber becomes again a deep, swift river, leaving its caprices and its pastoral languor to flow with swift, angry current, eddying from side to side.

The river now enters the Campagna—a charmed word for the district whose beauty and desolation and monotone and mystery have made the outlying country about Rome synonymous for peculiar attraction and individual loveliness.

On both sides the Tiber is bounded by this sea—tideless except when in summer waves of *giroflée* sweep down to the banks of the water's edge, or tall mullein pours its flood of yellow *pêle-mêle* broadcast over the bosom of the tufa hillocks. The Campagna, too, has its phases and caprices. Barren and bare, it rolls away in desolation, an undulating plain of alluvial and marine deposit, eighty-five miles long and twenty-five miles wide, its stern desolation not without distinct beauty, for the atmosphere and the Italian lights clothe it from morning till night. It becomes purple in the sunsets of winter, and glows and warms to copper red. It mellows to gold in the spring. "The golden Campagna" has the same jewel-like quality that the river possesses; it is an amber country in whose hillock indentures, over whose pastures, a light seems to be held and to vibrate.

For a few months of the year it is

clothed with successive garments of colors and blossoms flung over it by the changing seasons—the pale misty veil of the anemones, the gray of the asphodel, the hot brilliance of the poppy, the sunshine of the mullein, the mystery of the purple iris; from the timid crocus and violet season to the late burning, scorching summer the Campagna receives its gifts of flowers, even in the most festal season, but its spirit of isolation, of loveliness, never changes.

On either side bare banks stretch away, and between them the Tiber wears the color of a young daffodil. This is Polverina, within sight of Rome! It has come suddenly upon the horizon as a curve, is rounded by the stream. A row of velvet-tufted pines sentinel the crown of a hill on the left, and behind them hides the Villa Palestra. A row of pink cherry-trees, a flock of feeding sheep, whose bells are the first sound of Rome that the river hears; and the pastoral welcome might lead it to expect something more genial than the confining walls and utter insignificance it is soon to find! The far-off bells of the Villa Madama—a dark villa embowered in the hillside and flanked by ilex and cypress—the exquisite call of a thrush in the grass, and this is the interlude! A row of garish buildings of modern apartments on the right, the arch of a hideous modern bridge spanning the river whose waters hitherto have been crossed by no stones younger than 700 years . . . to the left factory buildings, scattered suburban houses, and beyond, something that mellow into the sky and becomes part of the atmosphere, and is in reality the shade of antiquity, and that which the poet and painter and artist, when they think of the Eternal City, call Rome. Thus the Tiber comes to the city of Æneas, and Virgil and Cæsar and the popes at length, and lies between its banks in a broad expanse of rippling silver. Above its shores spreads the Campagna, and on all sides lift themselves the sacred hills, Monte Mario and the Palatine and the Pincio made beautiful by the silhouettes of pine, cypress, and cedar, pink-trunked with plummy crests, or the slender loveliness of the lilylike cypress. The sky is full of rosy clouds; and stupendous above modern



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

AT DAWN IN SUMMER-TIME
St. Bartholomeo stands on the Tiber at Rome

buildings, cruel transgressions against art and beauty, rises St. Peter's dome . . . the long, high bank and green mass of the Pincian with its pink walls: its obelisk the concord of the twin churches of Santa Maria del Popolo . . . the piazza del Popolo . . . and the *enceinte* of the city is passed, and along the Tiber Rome has built a line of high stone walls to hold, to menace, to control the river of

whose characteristics she only knows the stormy, tempestuous qualities, and that the Tiber can rise in months of storm and overflow and assert itself, and Rome the tyrant limits the river's power.

The first impression one receives as the Porto del Popolo is passed, and the city really expresses itself in outline and mass, is that Rome is new; but the blaze and brightness of the buildings are some-



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

EVENING IN A SHEPHERD'S HUT

what lost, as little by little vague lines of ancient ruins and dark or brilliant façades of Renaissance palaces reveal themselves and glow out, and it appears that more vigorous and greater than the substance of the present is the shadow of the past, and by the beauty-lover at least the blaze of modern Rome is unseen.

The gaze passes the overcharged vulgarity of the new Palace of Justice and rests on the vista the river here offers. A massive bell sounds its harmony through the air where beyond the overcrowded plain reaching to the Vatican—held between the sweep of the Janiculum and the feathery summit of Monte Mario—the dome of St. Peter's fills up the horizon, for near it no other thing exists.

As the boat slips between the walling stone banks the eye is enchanted anew by the nearer beauty of the Castello Sant' Angelo, with its molten color like warm brass, its verdure-crowned walls, its serrated, fretted towers, its generous symmetry, and the expressive gesture of the angel-guarded bridge, one of the few remaining arches of beauty amongst the twelve bridges of Rome.

One after another the breezy angels of Bernini, each holding an instrument of the passion of our Lord, guard the bridge, and their wings and their garments seem to flutter in the translucent light of the Italian afternoon, whilst the Tiber rushes its torrent through the four archways of the Ponte Sant' Angelo, whose foundations, firm as the rocks of time—stone eating into stone—are sunk below the river-bed.

Farther along, in strong contradistinction to the new white bridge of the Italian republic, are the remains of the Pons Triumphalis, whose arcs may be seen in a boat at low tide. These brown old stones, if stones have any vocal power, groaned under the magnificent burden of the Roman triumphs; for it was above the Tiber that, preceded by their conquered enemies, slaves, kings in chains, weeping children, chariots laden with spoils and slain generals borne on their shields—the victorious Cæsars and successful generals returned to Rome.

The left bank of the Tiber is a series of hospitals, asylums, and prisons for the needs of Rome's poor and destitute,

whilst on the other hand medieval palaces, crowded about by garish modern houses, give their stuccoed and stone fronts, their brown, red, and golden façades, with mighty barred windows to the river and challenge its memories; challenge its loyalty, and bid the Tiber remember midnight murders, old feuds, intrigues of the Borgia and the Cenci, the tears of Beatrice and the smiles of Lucretia. Bid it remember crimes of lust and greed; death for love and death for hate, and all the sounds of war—of passionate revenge and passionate desire—that marked the Middle Ages, where blood was hot and only art was holy, and tyrants and priests, princes and popes, connived, plotted, and sinned, and the Tiber kept many a secret in its bosom.

On the right bank, high in its lonely nest on the Janiculum hill, the cloistered Church of St. Onofrio, its walls bright with jewelled pictures of Pinturicchio, keeps in gentler record the perfumed memory of Tasso, who under the shade of the convent trees wrote his odes, and at last fell asleep forever within St. Onofrio's walls.

The course of the river is rapid and its stream never very wide. The boat goes swiftly down the current, and on the left bank the Farnese Palace rises directly opposite the Palazzo of the Farnesina. These twin perfections of the Renaissance keep guard across the stream; in the latter palace the young Raphael painted, and loved a woman of the people, and in commemoration of his passion he gave to art the Fornarina.

The river, sparkling with its memories, flows around the piers of the Ponte Sisto, built in the fifteenth century on the ruins of the old bridge, which was the means of access from the city to the gardens of Caracalla, whose groves and bosks were shrines for such revelries and licentiousness as to carry the name of the prince down into history with execration. Not a trace of these gardens remains.

Rome is picturesque from this medieval bridge, which, although it counts nearly five hundred years of age, seems new alongside of its ruined foundations. One lingers to see the mellow houses with their uneven roofs and balconies, the pink, brown, and yellow painting of their stuccoed fronts; and although only

a few years ago their walls were built into the Tiber, and in a mass of romantic picturesqueness these buildings huddled almost into the stream, now almost every stone of that frontage has been changed to make place for the high wall that confines the turbulent river within its bounds.

Opposite, on the Janiculum, San Pietro in Montorio lifts its low, slender spire in the light. This charming little hill crest, the key to Etruria, and also, so the ancients thought, the key to Rome, on the west bank of the Tiber, dominates all the city.

Numa Pompilius, the first of Roman rulers, was buried on the Janiculum, and from its bank the first bridge that ever crossed the Tiber was thrown. Some of its immemorial stones are still held as treasures in the river's embankments, and from the height of its summit Lars Porsenna looked down on the tempting glory of the city, and here, in sight of the Janiculum, Horatius kept the bridge!

The river's wanderings have brought it at length to all that remains along its borders of ancient Rome, and up the river like a galley of old seems to sail, to advance, the sacred isle (Isola Sacra). Formed like a boat, it cleaves the stream, which ripples around its sharp prow. This shiplike island, formed by legend and shaped by fable, was, according to tradition, created in the earliest periods of Roman history. At the time of the expulsion of Tarquin from Rome all the kingly treasures were confiscated, but it happened that season that the royal grain-fields were yellow to the harvest-moon, and the warm meadows had been consecrated to the holy gods. The Romans, not daring to lay claim to the possessions of divinity, bodily cast the ripened fields, the earth, all rich and yielding, the fair-headed and bursting corn, into the Tiber, where the river received the tribute, and its deposit added to the original mass of earth year by year. In a most exquisite and poetic sense Campagna brought its beauty to the Tiber, and has ever since been held upon the river's breast.

The physician Æsculapius had his temple on the Isola Tiberina; its remains still mingle with the red earth and with the fragments of other temples to greater gods, where roofless courts open to the

heavens besought the return of the holy fire to deserted altars.

Here in the early Roman epoch festivals were held, and in strange paradox to the temples erected on the island to healing and mercy, sick slaves and miserable children were left down by the river's brink, exposed to death.

When Pompey first brought Hebrews in captivity to Rome, their shelter was on the bank of the Tiber, and has here remained until to-day, when the tumble-down houses of the densely populated quarter, the overcrowded area, form a mass distinct and different from the rest of Rome, different as the creed practised is different from the Roman creed, and above the Ghetto the glaring metal dome of the new synagogue shines arrogantly out over the softer towers of the city's countless churches.

To the left of the island is the Trastevere, or "island across the Tiber." Only within the past twenty years has this district lost its medieval character. It is still picturesque, filled with buildings containing charming old Gothic windows and the remains of much singular decoration and quaint work. These houses circle the square where in all its pagan perfection the little temple of Vesta lifts its slender pillars, and where the miracle Church of Santa Maria in Cosmodin keeps its wonder-working Virgin enshrined in a corner hung with emblems of the grateful.

From the shores of the island two bridges connect the sacred territory with the mainland—Ponte Quattro Capi, the aforetime Pons Fabricinus, and the bridge which joins the Trastevere with the old Ponte Cestius, now Ponte Bartolomeo.

The Ponte Quattro Capi, the oldest bridge in Rome, bears the signet of great antiquity, and has its attendant dignity and authority. Its arches are black with time; the Latin inscription of the Curator Fabricius runs along the architrave. The monument has seen nearly two thousand years pass by, the Tiber washes and beats against its piers in vain, and around it centres the most charming part of Rome. Seen from the bridge, the newer city is lost in the shadow of venerable buildings, and the remnants of old Roman palaces, tem-

ples, and ruins surround the sacred island and the old bridges, as if tradition must here protect from devastation of modern progress the beauty which has endured so long.

The Tiber itself is marvellous at the end of the city where it prepares to take its leave of Rome. Its swift-rushing current is midstream, its waves dash up like the bright mane of a sea-creature, it keeps its extraordinary whiteness, and in the distance, as standing on the Ponte Quattro Capi one watches it sweep down from the new bridges, the Tiber appears to be of the same color as the snowy pillars and walls, and to pour itself down in a milk-white stream. Around the piers of Ponte Quattro Capi the water climbs like a mass of snow in broken circles, dimly reflecting the arches.

The lines of embedded ruins at this point come jutting out into the stream, and just below on the left bank is the round tower of the Circus of Marcellus, where 700 wild beasts were sacrificed to make one Roman holiday; and in the river bank itself the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima—a drain dating 2000 years back—is still left in the old wall. This most magnificent piece of Roman engineering is as secure as when it was constructed over five hundred years before Christ. The tower of Santa Maria in Cosmodin is seen distinctly, surrounded by slender spires and belfries and gabled roofs,—solitary monument of a forgotten art, desolate in its pagan loveliness, it rises meekly, a gentle protestation against garish times, and lifts its pillars above the Tiber line.

The high embankment ceases to confine the Tiber within imperious limits, and between banks picturesque with flowers and a crumbling wall it broadens into a restless sea around the base of the last of the Roman hills—the cone-like Aventine, dark with tufty cedars whose plumes paint the sky.

Between Rome and the ocean there are no more bridges, and delivered from the restraint civilization put upon it, shaking off the power which by bridge and wall harnessed it to the puissant city, the Tiber goes its rushing way. Behind it a mass of bronze-hued ruins, whose soft tones blend with the modern

glare—arched by a cloudless sky—Rome lies traversed by a lily river singing its way to the sea.

The Tiber's way is once more between the plains of the silent Campagna, again become well-nigh as desolate as a savage country. During the pilgrimage of four hours in a rowboat, from the Sacred Island to the seaport, the scene is nothing but a melancholy waste, the land spreads itself on either side the stream, and the low shores rise to the plain, whose monotony is broken only by the ruins of Magliana, a villa once the country-seat of the popes.

Between curves in the shore-line now and again the Tiber lies calm as a lake, opaque, dense, and milky, fading to light green close to the shores, where in the reedy banks along the edge of the marshes come the bird-calls of the thrush, the full, vibrant wonder of the meadow-lark's song, and an undertone of chorus from the bushes bordering the desolate land.

Live-oaks line the shores, where piles of ruined stones on the blank landscape mark the site of ancient villas when Fumicino and Ostia were the seaside resorts for the Roman populace. Another sacred island, the third country formed by this intrepid, creative stream, rises in mid-current, and the Tiber divides itself into two branches, one finding the sea at Ostia and the other at Fumicino, whose artificial channel was built by Trajan.

A row of gray houses lines the jetty at the old port of the little pestilential town (malaria stalks here like a giant), docks and quays edge the river, where anchor fishing-smacks and larger vessels with bright-painted poops and brown sails. A vista opens between the Sacred Island and the dark, ugly little harbor town, and at its end appear various craft—the masts of large ships, a white and widening horizon, and a sweep of blue. Just beyond the jetty the rush and torrent of the Tiber attain their goal. One sharp line—a line as golden as the sun—is drawn across the sea's face . . . there is no blending, no intermingling, no linking of waters when the Tiber abruptly meets the intense blue of the Mediterranean Sea.

What the Donkey Did

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS



THE international question would have been less poignant had the Admiral been gifted with a sense of humor. But he had none, and Lieutenant Graham Peace, R.N., knew that he had none, and knew that the situation must go forever unexplained. His English respect for rank forbade him to consider, as Violet Eliot considered, that this fact was a witicism. The bump of reverence in Violet's head was a hollow.

Nevertheless—and none the less that her point of view dazed him afresh every hour—each hair of that golden head was dear to Graham Peace, and that their engagement should be broken was a black nightmare. Reflecting upon it night and day, he could not decide why it was broken, unless because he was an Englishman, and because all Englishmen were born—according to Violet—with a predisposition, amounting to a craving, to bully women. He certainly had been sore that the girl should have made a fool of him before the Admiral, and sorer perhaps that she should have seen fit to take it as a howling joke; he certainly was startled at the unconventionality of the scene—but Violet had startled him before. He certainly might have been judicially regarded as a trifle cross, yet never for a second did he suspect her of lying, as she claimed; never for a second had he been “ashamed of her.” As his mind reviewed the catastrophe it resolved itself into three phases: Violet's note; his walk with the Admiral, climaxed with the beach scene; the interview next day wherein the world

ended. First was Violet's note, sent out to the ship:

“GRAHAM DEAR,—This isn't a letter, just a wave of the hand to tell you I'm thinking about you. I seldom do it, but I happen to, this minute. As you can't come ashore to-morrow and break the Sabbath with me, I'm going to run up a balance of piety for us both by going to church all day. Picture me morning and afternoon on my knees with that holy cast in my eye which you know so well. Can't you see how stained-glass I shall look? Pity you won't really have the vision. Good-by, you swash-buckling Britisher. Would you like me better if I were not stiff-starched with propriety, the way I am?”

Now Peace was a quiet, proper person, and Violet a scarcely redeemed barbarian. He smiled. The note was the first act of the play.

Next came his unexpected leave to go off the ship; his landing at the Princess Hotel, to find Miss Eliot gone; his decision to go up to Admiralty House and pay his respects to Sir Robert, just arrived, and Lady Barrows. Sir Robert, his father's old friend, suggested that the young man should take a walk with him. As they walked, the Admiral talked most kindly to him of his engagement, and Graham was moved to be expansive, and to tell his lord how uncommon was the prize which he had won. The great man listened with keen interest—it seemed—while in unused effusiveness Peace opened his soul, as never before he had opened it to man, concerning the gentleness of Violet, her straightforward honesty, her sweet reserve, her adaptability to English conventionalities. If he felt a bit shaky as he mentioned reserve and conventionality, he but insisted more on the qualities, knowing what the Admiral ap-



VIOLET ELIOT—HATLESS, SLEEVES ROLLED UP—HUNG FROM A LIMB

proved—knowing also that the girl's beauty would win him, and that her tact would see his standard and steer clear of reefs. One could trust Violet to charm a man, admiral or lieutenant. After she had him charmed and chained she would probably shock him, but he would not escape the shackles for that—no one ever did. So Graham wandered on, as afterwards he blushed to remember, drawing a fancy picture of a lady endowed richly with feminine virtues, strong in truthfulness, delicacy, modesty,—meek and lamblike in spirit. He did not use quite such words, but such was the impression his words gave. He mentioned also that she had written him that she was to be in church this afternoon—as well as this morning,

he added with quiet pride. He very much wanted the Admiral to admire his *fiancée*. And the Admiral responded cordially.

“It's evident you've found a treasure, Graham—the genuine old-fashioned style of woman,” he said.

With that they turned a corner of a lane that led to the sea and came upon two horses tied, one with a side-saddle. From behind the trees sounded a shout of man's laughter and a girl's voice ex-postulating. With two steps more they were looking at the back of a young fellow in riding-clothes, who watched, with roars of joy, Violet Eliot. Violet Eliot, who—hatless, with the sleeves of her blouse rolled up, with a good bit of russet riding-boots showing sportily—

hung from a limb and tried to chin herself.

"I could do it if you'd stop laughing, Dickie. I know I could. I used to do it like a streak. There!"

"Bully!" applauded the man. The slim arms bent double, the chin rose squarely to the branch, and the small boots clapped triumphantly on the ground. As they clapped, her eyes lighted on the arrivals, and at the swift blankness of her look the man wheeled; Graham's side-glance saw a stranger, a handsome youngster, an American. Slowly the consternation on the girl's face slid into an irresponsible, irrepressible smile. She broke the silence.

"Graham!" she demanded, "how in the world did you trap me?"

And Graham pulled himself together and presented the stiff and solemn Admiral to Miss Eliot, and they had the pleasure in return of meeting the gentleman addressed as Dickie, a Mr. Stevens, of New York, not otherwise explained. Graham's bitterest memory of act second, perhaps, was the sympathetic manner of Sir Robert as they walked home together.

Act third began with a conversational minuet between the lovers; stately and formal, it lacked, however, the smiling serenity ascribed to minuets. It ended in a whirlwind. Peace introduced the amenities by asking in a formal manner why Violet had wished to deceive him about going to church; who the man with her might be; if she thought it good form to be riding about hatless with strangers on Sundays and doing track athletics on the beach? He finished with a grieved account of his interview with the Admiral, which he was unaware, in the fervor of his feeling, was funny. That Violet responded to this oration with gentle laughter hurt his feelings. He repeated his questions with accelerated movement. With evident effort to keep time to the dignified pace set, she then explained. She had *not* tried to deceive him; Dickie Stevens was *not* a stranger, but Tim's friend—her brother's friend. He had come down on the boat Thursday, not knowing they were there. He was sailing back tomorrow, and Tim, having an engagement Sunday, had asked her to give up church

and ride with him. He was a delightful boy, and she was glad she had done it. Yes, certainly, it was entirely good form to do all that she did, and more, with Dickie, whom she had known all her life. As for the Admiral—there was a pause here as if powerful words were strangled—she must say she did not care what the Admiral thought or did not think.

Graham broke the gait slightly. The Admiral was important to him; one would think she might care to have her *fiancé* proud of her with his friends. No hat, and sleeves rolled up!

At this point set in the whirlwind. The words of it were but flotsam on the tide, yet Peace was aware of being accused of a number of crimes, all plausible—of the final, irrefutable charge of being an Englishman; of an indignant goddess, five feet in height and weighing ninety pounds, who poured hot lava from a voice whose softness, even at this juncture, was noticeable. Aware, too, he was of noticing in the stress of the tempest that no one had such hair as Violet—such pale gold with black shadows—and that it was curious and admirable how her eyes in anger matched her name. A condemned criminal, they say, remarks the polka-dots in the executioner's necktie. After this he remembered only falling over a chair as he tried to extract himself from the Presence with dignity.

Since then there had been a week filled with a growing wonder as to what men did with their time who were not engaged to Violet Eliot. He had to prod himself to the things that had once been a joy, in those good old times a week ago. This afternoon, for instance, he would go on his bicycle to Devonshire Fort, the lonely spot on the South Shore where the tragedy had happened. He started out, melancholy, solitary.

And meanwhile Fate had whispered into the ear of Violet, who, repeating, unknowing, the words of Fate, had ordered Tiny Tim, her brother, to find for her instantly a horse to ride or a trap to drive, because she must get away from this dreadful hotel and the disgusting people, now—in a minute—in half an hour at most. Tim, grasping dimly the argument, regarded her scornfully, for he had no patience with



A SMALL RAT OF A DONKEY DROOPED IN HIS SHAFTS

this broken engagement. A pliant future brother on H.M.S. *Terrible* had been a convenience to Tim. He remonstrated.

"Now, Vi—that's just like a girl—why didn't you say so this morning? Everything's taken up for the garden-party at Lady Barrows'. I probably can't get a trained cow as late as this."

"Fortunately I don't want a trained cow," his sister responded, pertly. "You get me a horse to ride, Timmy—anyway get me something that goes—any sort of a gee-gee—but I'd like something big and lively that will keep my hands full. Hurry—don't be inefficient—just go and get it."

And Tim, with the slavishness of truly good men, went and got it.

It waited in the back courtyard of the Princess as Violet, garnished in white from throat to toes, came out of the hotel. She halted in her tracks and stared. In an attitude of profound melancholy a small rat of a donkey drooped in his shafts. His large head sank towards the white coral of the pavement; his curtains of ears hung limp; he suffered, by the proclamation of every

line, from a broken heart. Tiny Tim towered cheerfully over him, six feet three inches in air, and thumped him with an encouraging hand.

"Cheer up, old man!" urged Tim. "We all know you're the scum of the earth, but don't rub it in—makes me feel bad. Lots of other donkeys loose—can't all of us be birds of paradise—necessary to keep up variety in the flora and fauna,—*savez?* Don't you care—brace!"

A herculean pat sent the small body staggering sidewise, but could not budge the grief-stricken soul. The dejected pose remained; the gray rat might not be comforted.

"What—that! Tim!" Violet's tone was dismayed.

"Uh-huh! Them's um," Tim answered, classically. "Said you wanted something big and lively. Best and only to be had in these islands—take him or leave him, but you won't get another. Besides, what's the matter with him? He's a peach. Wait till you hear him bray and you'll be stuck on him—he brays lovely. Doesn't he, sonny?" He appealed to the black boy proprietor. "Didn't he bray like an angel com-

ing down? Oh, he's a corker, Vi—he's the pickles all right—in fact, he's got pickle-pockets all over him," he assured her, firmly, and considered the question settled.

"Well, he may have pickle-pockets," his sister agreed, doubtfully, "but he hasn't much hair. He's the skinniest, baldest little scrap I ever saw. Can he go? Is he tired out?" she demanded of the listless proprietor.

"Yas'm," the lad drawled. "He kin go. No'm. He ain't tired. Tha's jes th' way he's got o' restin'. Sometimes he goes right smart," he added, in a silky voice, and grinned.

"It seems like cruelty to make him," Violet reflected aloud. "But I might as well try. Poor lamb!" and she patted the ribby side. "Poor, meek gray rat! Would it be asking too much of you to trot around the country with me? I'm not very heavy. Will you be a kind rat to me?" she murmured, lovingly, and a sudden hind leg shot up with a sharp flick and just missed her hand.

"Vicious brute! Better not be too sure of his meekness," advised Tim. "The jackass tribe is deceitful and desperately wicked. Shall I get your hat?" he offered, with marked civility.

"No, thanks—not going to wear one." The girl was in the cart.

Tiny Tim frowned down at her. "Oh, for cat's sake, Vi," he broke forth, with that elegance of diction which is learned at our large universities, "don't make a holy show of yourself! It's bad form and you know it. I suppose you think you're a winner, with that lemon-colored croquette on your topknot," he suggested, pleasantly, and Violet laughed, having heard her golden hair admired too often to be sensitive.

The laugh irritated Tim. "You're awfully American since—" her glance stopped the sentence. The boy went on, however. "A little pig-headed, yellow-headed, picked chicken like you to throw down that corking athlete—the best tennis-player on the island—" and again Violet laughed, but the sound was a chastened one.

"Timmy, don't badger me," she begged. "What's that got to do with my hat? I'd better go now." She picked up the reins, but the big youngster

stood with his hand on the bridle and made oration.

"You'll never get another such chance. You! To throw down Graham Peace! Smarty! Tearing around the country with your hat off, hoping you'll meet him and shock him. Smarty!"

At this juncture Violet turned her face up, and there were tears in her eyes. At nineteen one is perhaps severer against wrong-doers than later, and Tim felt a brotherly responsibility, yet he was softened.

"Shall I go with you?" he inquired, sternly, and the girl shook her head with a sorrowful smile of tenderness.

"Timmy! And give up the garden-party at Admiralty House—and the tennis you've planned for a week! You're a lamb! Not much! But thank you, you dear thing!"

Being caught in unselfishness naturally plunged Tiny Tim into severity again. "Once more I ask, shall I get your hat?" he inquired, grimly.

"Once more I answer, you shall not," responded his sister. "Let the donkey's head go. I want to get off."

Tim held tight for a moment more while he delivered this last thunder: "Very well, then—all I ask is, keep clear of Admiralty House. I'd be awfully ashamed of you—you look like a housemaid out for a glass of beer."

"You needn't worry. The one thing I'm trying to avoid is Lady Barrows's garden-party—I see myself going to it in a donkey-cart!" the girl threw back hotly.

It was a pleasure to Tim to see her lips close hard, and to know that the quotation from Graham Peace had struck home, as he watched the cart turn down the narrow lane which runs between oleanders and vine-grown walls past the cottage to the road.

The afternoon sun shone hotly over white and green Bermuda. Every leaf of the rustling millions, every red flower, every delicate rose and lily, stood up in the breeze and said: "This is a new thought; I have only just noticed how delicious is the sunlight; to-day is by far the best day ever made; this is a real party—so let everything and everybody play it's a holiday." Which is what all the leaves and flowers and waves



OVER THE COLLAPSED GRAY BACK VIOLET STARED AT THIS SPEECHLESS VISION

of the sea say each day that comes, in Bermuda. And all the people there laugh and agree: "Yes, it is true; it is the best day yet; it is and shall be a holiday." And therefore it is, in Bermuda, a holiday every day—or one thinks so, which is much the same.

As Violet drove, white houses, white-roofed, winked at her shyly from behind veils of black-green cedars; banks of scarlet geraniums flaunted color in her eyes; roses hung over the roadside and bobbed pink salutations; fields of lilies ran from her in a white flight back to tall hedges of oleanders; and everywhere the insistent gay ocean pushed in a twinkling finger of purple or emerald or blue water to point at the charms of the islands it held in its arms. It was all brightness and holiday; Violet felt herself the one note out of tune in the lively air.

The donkey's thin little legs pattered

along with great decorum, and his driver repeated with righteous indignation the epithet Tim had used towards the guiltless creature.

"Vicious brute indeed! If all the world were as kind as you, you sad little gray rat, life would be simple," she remarked aloud, and fell to thinking from that text.

Certainly it was a gentle beast, though a misfit as to looks to carry about the tragedy of her soul. A plunging, snorting steed, a puller, a borer, and herself in the saddle, controlling him with calm, sad fearlessness—such a picture as that came to her mind as appropriate. Or a smart high trap, dangerously adapted to tip over, drawn by a bad-tempered brute, with her slight figure alone on the box, holding the reins, courting destruction with a careless smile—and Graham Peace watching perhaps, horror-struck,

her headlong career—this was another snap-shot grateful to the imagination. Yet, after all, it did not matter, and the rat would jog without attention and let her think.

She had thought it all over many times in the last week, yet the situation seemed as impossible as ever. Do what she would, she could not adjust herself to the mechanism of a world with the mainspring left out. The more she considered, the more certain she felt that it was all the Admiral's fault. It was difficult to put into reasoning, but the feeling was convincing. All might have been well if only the Admiral had laughed with gayety and gotten off a well-chosen sentence or two, such as:

"Very well done, Miss Eliot—it's quite a trick to chin yourself;" and then,

"What a sensible American custom it is to leave off the hat in warm weather!" followed by,

"Any athletic effort is easier when one's arms are free, is it not?"

It seemed to Violet she could name a dozen American old gentlemen who would have relieved the strain with words to that effect. But instead he had treated it like an international question, and looked so like a horrified owl with his bristling gray beard and his solemn manner that she had laughed, which made things shades blacker. Just the least touch of a sense of humor on the Admiral's part would have saved the situation. Graham of course had turned his heavy guns on poor little Dickie Stevens ridiculously, but that was all due to Sir Robert. She had to resent it; she had to break the engagement in self-respect; but it was the Admiral whom she resented, not Graham. Not Graham, who turned at the door next day, as he left her, to say once again for the last time, "I love you, Violet"; Graham, who, after letting the Admiral embarrass him and prejudice him and make him cross to her, had recanted nobly, and told her that the Admiral counted not one "bally whoop"; who had assured her earnestly that the Admiral was "an old granny"; Graham, who had explained and retracted and apologized infinitely. Certainly she was not resentful at Graham any more;

moreover, she still loved him—she expected to go on loving him through a long, lonely, colorless life. But the engagement had to be broken, because he had plainly looked down upon Americans and American customs, which was not to be borne, and because he had taken sides with the Admiral against her, and because—possibly because—she was pig-headed. At all events, Englishmen all bullied their wives. She had heard it often, and it was just as well not to put herself in the list—she would not take kindly to bullying. She sighed a heart-broken sigh—yes, it was a glorious thing that her engagement was broken.

The gray rat during these musings had progressed with docility and tinkling hoof-beats down the street by the Royal Palms; around Crow Lane, at the end of the sparkling bay; through shadowy Springfield Avenue, to the white thread of the South Shore road. A morbid desire drew her to revisit Devonshire Fort, the scene of her life's undoing. Meanwhile she followed, all unknowing, a solitary bicycle-rider who, just out of sight around each turn, shaped his course also, and also with a heavy heart, to that same port. As he rode, he too resentfully considered the Admiral, how he was thick-headed.

"Fussy old granny!" the man growled to himself. "It was all his fault. My poor little Violet, who has never known anything but love and admiration—how could she be expected to put up with his stiffness? If he'd had the least sense of humor in his old bones, he would have known that the American point of view explained it all. What's more, she didn't fancy any one was about. Why the devil should Sir Robert insist on seeing Devonshire Fort—what is there to see? And why should the old duffer set up to criticise if a girl plays a bit with an old friend—picturesque I call it, that scene. And amusing, most uncommonly amusing— Oh, hang it all! It's his fault, but why did I let him come it over me? Why should I have taken it out of Violet because the old prig looked solemn? I was a beast next day, and now she's down on the nation. The Admiral managed to make an international question of it, and she'll not touch an Englishman now with a pair

of tongs—and I'm the goat—blast the Admiral!"

To this tune the bicycle progressed. And behind it, unseen, progressed the donkey-cart, and from both vehicles rose in the air a still blue smoke of invective towards the Admiral.

The shore road was deserted, and from over a rise of land came a dim sound of the sea, rolling up unbroken from the south pole to fall on the reefs. A sandy lane, golden with ruts, emerald with grasses, branched to it, and the rider got off his wheel and pushed it along the heavy ascent, unconscious that thereby he was saying his lines as they were written in the book, and playing the card that Fate had marked for the trick.

The donkey-cart gained—gained rapidly. Through sparse cedars, etched black on tawny sand, man and bicycle wound up-hill, and now he heard over the cliffs the boom of the breakers as he had heard it on Sunday when he came up with the Admiral. A quick "Ah!" that was like the answer to a thrust got away from the man's throat. The narrow road ran here between high walls, twisting upward—the entrance to the abandoned fort. Peace wheeled his bicycle slowly along the grassy way, through the tunnel-like approach, dreaming sadly of happier days, and behind him, closer and closer, unheard and unseen, pattered Fate in the form of a gray donkey. There was but one turn now between them; the rat took it.

Peace, with his hand on the machine, stopped and looked back, and at that, with one accord, donkey and cart and bicycle and man sped at each other. In an ornate zigzag with fancy steps they sped as if planning the dance from the foundation of the world. No one can dodge a shying donkey successfully unless it is known which way the donkey shies next. This shy was a woven motion with unexpected figures, and Peace met it at every jump. The ruin was rapid yet thorough, and it was not over two minutes from its incipience that the rat took a sudden jolt into infinite stillness, and dropped his head with the resignation which seemed his most saintly characteristic, and withdrew his soul into contemplation.

Graham Peace slowly arose from under his heels. He pushed his arm through the front wheel of the bicycle, which arose with him, and stared pallidly. There was a rent in his white-flannelled knee, he held one wrist in the other as if it hurt, and down his left eyebrow trickled red. Over the collapsed gray back and sinking head Violet stared at this speechless vision, and then she saw the blood.

"Oh, you're hurt!" she cried, and a drop promptly crawled into his eye.

"Bother!" he answered, briefly, and mopped it away, and saw his Panama hat lying on the ground. A man will interrupt choirs of angels or his own love-making to put his hat on, and Peace by instinct took a step towards it, and winced and stood helplessly looking down at his foot, and the girl followed his eye. Under the torn stocking the ankle was swelling to a lump already visible.

"Oh, I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry!" she stammered in agony. "It's all my fault—but I didn't dream it was you." That she had planned to kill somebody seemed evident. "It's such a good little donkey—"

"Oh, ripping!" Graham agreed, enthusiastically, but she went on:

"He was frightened at the sight of you, that's all, and—"

"Oh, that often happens," Peace hurried to say, helpfully, but she paid no attention to his interjections. Her eyes had alighted on the limp wrist held carefully in the other fist.

"Your hand is hurt, too— Oh, you're all broken to pieces, aren't you?" she cried, in distress.

"Rather," Graham acknowledged, and devoured her with his eyes. It was good to be looking at her again, even with everything in a mess.

"You can't walk home," she reflected, and went scarlet. She and Graham and their tragedy lumped into a donkey-cart!

"I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to give me a lift," he answered, apologetically. "It's quite too bad, but"—he glanced down—"I seem to have knocked up my foot a bit. The wheel's done." He threw a regretful glance at the ruin, from which by now he had separated himself. "I'll send my man up for

it; but"—he took a trial step and caught at the shaft—"I seem not to be able to walk particularly. My ankle—I'll have to trouble you. It's quite too bad," he repeated, and gazed at her wistfully.

As the two remembered it later, the civilities which followed were such as would have graced a government-house function and were more than adequate, distinctly pleonastic, for the situation. Under cover of much politeness on both sides the large young man, minus a foot and with a hand gone wrong, hitched himself somehow into the small vehicle and sat with his knees half-way to his chin, as dejected as the donkey. The ambulance train so threaded its way down the lane but lately ascended in another order.

As they reached the turn to the South Shore road something clattering was approaching, something which looked like odds and ends of boards and wheels casually thrown together. A heap of rags, singing, lay across the medley; and drawing the job lot, trimmed with bits of rope and leather, was a brown replica of the gray rat.

"Y' cyan't getter heab'n on a skeeter-fly's wing."

warbled the rag-bundle, in a mellow yell,

and the clatter of wheels and boards banged an interlude.

"Y' gotter getter glory wid er—"

Bump! Rattle! The brown cousin halted with a fusillade of loose sounds, the rich voice stopped, and a cheerful black face lifted inquiringly. The cousin's ears were erect, his nostrils twitching, his eyes gleaming—his pose intimated that he was astonished and insulted to discover the presence, on his own peculiar earth, of the gray rat. And the gray rat, with his fore legs set, returned the compliment, ears, nose, and glare. Violet hurriedly gave her steed a smart cut with the whip, but with no result; the rat's attention was elsewhere. A low whine expressed his impatience of the other donkey's existence. And the other whined back, and at that, without further prelude, the rat threw up his head and sent to the skies such a bray as shook the cart; and the brown cousin caught it somewhere in the middle with a stentorian reply, and the world quivered to horrid sound. Violet rained blows on her beast's thin sides with eager brutality, but she might as well have beaten a gray iron statue. Bray after bray rose antiphonally, and neither animal noticed by a sign the exhortations of its driver.



THE RAT BOLTED UP THE ROAD

"Quaint brute!" murmured Graham, and made a quick movement to get out of the trap—forgetting his foot—and saved himself from falling; he sat still, helpless, and looked at Violet.

"Be quiet," she spoke. "You can't do it—I'll go and drag him."

With that she was at the donkey's head, gripping the bridle, and with her feet planted to match his, she pulled till her face was scarlet. The rat did not even shake her off, but simply, without moving a muscle, he brayed. And the enemy brayed. And the ragged negro kicked his heels, as he lay across the dray, in joy, and in the intervals of the braying one heard a high squeal of laughter, of excellent musical quality. Violet walked over to him.

"Here, you," she ordered, indignantly, "get up and make your donkey go along."

The man threw out his arms and legs in an ecstasy of irresponsibility and laughed like a happy baby.

"Yaas, missis," he drawled. And as the girl mounted into her cart and took the reins he drew from some crack an old tomato-can with stones in it. Like an African incantation he shook it at the belligerents, and like successful magic was the result. The deadlock broke. What happened to the brown cousin is not known, but the rat bolted.

Bolted and ran, scurrying up the white road like a leaf in a cyclone. Banana-fields, stone walls, white houses, flew by backwards as he turned up-hill to the "Middle Road" and dashed past old Devonshire Church, flower-sweet and serene in its graveyard—but not for beauty of holiness or of landscape halted the mad gray rat. Violet's arms, strong with tennis and rowing, strained their last ounce on the reins with as much effect as if she pulled on Smith's parish church, rising now, white-spined, among the hills. Graham Peace sat with his teeth set, considering how easily he could stop the brute if he had two hands—how he probably could do it with one hand if he dared insult his proud lady-love by taking the reins. And the brute ran. Three miles he ran straight through the island, till at last he bolted full into a grocery-shop, standing flush with the North Shore road, and stopped short

with his nose on the counter, and collapsed, relaxed, as one who had reached a goal.

"Two pounds of brown sugar, please," Violet gasped to the apparent emptiness of the interior, and out of the shadows arose a large man.

With no apparent surprise, seriously and sadly, he slouched forward and took the intruder by the bridle and began backing him, as calmly as if all his customers always drove inside. Violet, recovering her breath, showered apologies, but R. M. Outerbridge, as the sign over the door announced him to be, said nothing—only backed the donkey. As the trap reached the roadway the big man lifted the small beast bodily and held him suspended for a second.

"Which way shall I set him down, miss?" he inquired.

"Quaint brute!" Violet Eliot quoted five minutes later, as the late maniac trotted meekly towards home. "What a word—'quaint'! Wouldn't it take an Englishman to apply that in the middle of a braying contest to an insane tornado of a skeleton of a donkey! 'Quaint'!"

Graham Peace did not cavil at the American assortment of language which clothed the sarcasm. "Violet," he asked, in a hopeful yet hesitant tone, "don't you think that after going through this we ought—we might—I move we'd better— Oh, hang! Violet dearest, won't you forgive me?"

Violet's eyes and mouth were veering towards a smile. "It certainly is a bond of union to be made idiots of together," she acknowledged, and she looked yielding, but that was only one of her sides.

Another had whirled around before Peace was sure of the first. Under all of the sides were a good thing and a bad thing. The bad thing was plain pig-headedness; the good thing was a sound core that was uneasy at living with resentment and distrust and such feelings and wanted to have it out and clear the atmosphere. It seemed possible that if one large explosion could blow away the débris of a quarrel, comfort, not to say rapture, might follow. Quite deliberately Violet set to work at exploding.

"Graham," she began, "it's not a mood, or a fit of temper; it's a—it's a—international question." Graham laugh-



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"WHICH WAY SHALL I SET HIM DOWN, MISS?"

ed. "That probably was funny," she admitted, with candor. "But it's a whole lot besides funny. The way it looks to me is that either I'd have to give up being myself and let you bully me into a rag doll of your selection, or else you would go through life being ashamed of me. And I have to be myself."

"I love yourself," Graham murmured.

"Oh, you do now, because you can't have me. That's always a charm. But you were nasty before the Admiral. I won't be engaged to a man who's ashamed of me."

"Ashamed! I'm prouder than—"

"Nonsense!" Violet stopped his impassioned flow of words. "You're English, with an English standard, and I'm American, with an American one. And neither of us is a jellyfish, and—what are you going to do about it?"

"It's not the first experiment of the sort," Graham pointed out. "The Jame-sons are happy, and the Potters, and the Harringtons, and the—"

"That's true," Violet agreed, thoughtfully. "I wonder how they arrange. But some of them are jellyfish."

"Leaving invertebrates out of it, what's the impossibility with us? You didn't seem to find any a while ago."

"Well—" she considered deeply. And then, "Of course I know it's the Admiral's fault—horrid old Admiral!"

"Disgusting old brute!" Graham agreed, cordially.

"But, after all, he was just an instrument of fate to show you up." Peace looked bewildered. "I saw your attitude towards me and America by the way you sided with him. I realized how all the little things were wrong between us. Our points of view—they'd never get together. I have to go hatless, and play with my old friends, if that seems fit to me. I have to. And I couldn't stand having you look horrified at me forty years on end. I must be taken as I am, for I am fatally that way. If—if you could do that, I wouldn't—maybe—mind the silly things about you." When Violet was abusive her voice was soft and her manner caressing, so that it came to one with a compliment.

"Silly things?" Graham inquired, rather flattered.

"Yes, silly. You like English dancing better than American. You must know yourself that's silly. Dance better! The idea! It's a joke. And you pretend you think our way of checking luggage isn't as good as your way of personally conducting every blessed hat-box. That's dishonest besides silly, for you can't possibly think so. And—this makes me dizzy it's so ridiculous—you actually hold up your head and say you like a round tin bath-tub better than a nice long porcelain one. How can I respect a person whose prejudices blind and brutalize him? We would get on each other's nerves. I couldn't possibly believe that you were square about the bath-tub. You'd be irritated if I didn't put on a hat for breakfast—and I'd be irritated because you were irritated, and—and—and don't you see?"

Graham Peace shook his head. "It's got rather a nasty look as you put it," he agreed, sorrowfully. Then he turned towards her as well as he could, being compressed into less space than he rightly needed. "You've forgotten one thing—you've forgotten that I love you very badly. That's a middling big count. I can't get on without you, don't you know. I could worry along somehow with the brasses and I'd try to get your slide on dancing, and if you're keen about the tub, I'll take my—soup in a porcelain one to please you—but the one luxury I can't do without isn't English. It's American—it's you. What's the good of letting a lot of rubbish interfere with the only thing that's worth considering? I'm willing to chuck my prejudices—aren't you willing just to accept my apologies? Come, dearest."

"Take your arm away, Graham—I can't drive. Then I'm—I'm afraid. You'd—you'd try to bully me—they say Englishmen—" The defence was getting weak.

"Rot!" said Graham, firmly. "Look at me." The blue eyes lifted meekly. "Can you fancy me bullying you? You know well enough who would do the bullying."

But her head shook obstinately. "I—I don't feel satisfied. I can see you developing into just such an old fuss as the Admiral—I couldn't stand you, Graham. Besides—how weak-minded it



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

THROUGH THE IMPRESSIVE ASSEMBLAGE THE DONKEY-CART HELD ITS DETERMINED WAY

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

would look to announce our engagement one week and break it the next and announce it again the— What's the donkey trying to do?"

The gray rat had arrested himself in the midst of a worthy progress and was making attempts on his ear with his left hind foot.

"Fly," explained Graham, and took the whip and flicked it off. On pattered the rat. "Quaint brute," Peace repeated, reflectively. "He's quite done his best for us. Wonder what's his next move. Wonder if he's planning to go off his chump again before he gets us home. Must be a bit balmy in his crumpet."

"Graham! That's English slang, I suppose. Too bad Americans can't speak the language in its purity!"

But the sarcasm was wasted. "Yes, isn't it?" he agreed, absent-mindedly. "But that's all rot about not changing our minds for the look of it. What do you care? You're not coward enough to throw away happiness for the sake of the blithering idiots who'd talk? Come, Violet—come, dearest—won't you let the little things go and live for the one big thing, for—love? Answer me, dear—answer me."

Violet, clinging to the last shred of her cherished obstinacy, murmured weakly words about "the Admiral."

"The Admiral! Rot! Hang the Admiral, the bally old brute! Answer my question, Violet. Answer me, dearest."

But on that occasion Violet did not answer, for opportunity and breath were at once wrested from her. The gray rat, unregarded by the lovers, had arrived, at this psychological moment, at the stately gateway which led into the grounds of Admiralty House. The gate stood wide, the garden-party was in full blast. And the rat turned in.

"Goodness—the thing's crazy! Here! Come! Turn around!" Violet ejaculated in horrified accents, and tugged with her might.

But the rat's heart knew its own bitterness, and the rat was about to satisfy Graham Peace's curiosity as to his ultimate plans. Up the gravelled drive he held his way with a pace only slightly accelerated, but with a firmness of step and of jaw not to be shaken by anything short of earthquakes and volcanoes.

"Oh, Graham!" gasped the girl. "He can't—he mustn't! He's going to the garden-party!"

And he went. Up the driveway the tiny, thin donkey bore the cart, rattling a song of triumph, with the bareheaded girl and the big huddled officer crouched in it, helpless—straight into the midst of the function. About the stately lawn stood groups of women in gay gowns; and the great men of the land, and the gilded youth, in and out of uniform, waited upon their words. Through this impressive assemblage the donkey-cart held its determined way towards the tennis-court beyond, green and velvety and framed in a gay audience.

Tiny Tim was putting up the game of his life against the strong serve of the Colonial Secretary. The Admiral's pretty daughter was his partner. The wife of the flag-ship's Captain played with the Secretary. It was a smart as well as a sharp set of tennis. Into it, over the chalk-lines and on to the shaven service-court, turned the gray rat, as if keeping an appointment, and came to a jolting full stop, and emitted one bray, and lay down.

For a few minutes it was as if a bomb had been thrown at a royal wedding; and when the girl, the color of a red rose, had descended from the trap, and brother officers had helped out the mangled Peace, a sympathetic and distinguished circle stood about. The Admiral himself hung over them garrulously. The scene of the Sunday quite gone from his volatile memory, he was all good feeling and interest for this particularly pretty girl and his favorite young officer. Lady Barrows's kind hand patted the girl's shoulder.

"Poor dear!" she said, gently. "You lost your hat, too, did you not?"

And Violet needed to answer nothing, for Tiny Tim took up the tale.

"Why—for cat's sake!" burst out the unconscious youth at the top of his young lungs. "The engagement's on again, isn't it, Vi?" his big fresh tones demanded, straight from the shoulder, out of a startled silence.

The question had occurred to every one, and every one caught his breath and rejoiced that it was asked, and waited eagerly for the answer. Graham Peace,

nursing his wrist, looked down with a swift interrogation in his eyes, and the girl, going a shade redder, smiled.

"Certainly yes," said Graham, firmly and loudly.

And then everybody smiled also. But there was a second of nervous, embar-

rassing silence, and feeling this, with an instinct to fill it, the fortunate lover put out his hand and pulled a long, gray, furry ear.

"Quaint brute!" said Graham Peace. "Quaint brute! he's balmy in his crum-pet, but he did the trick—the donkey did."

The Cap of Darkness

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

WEARY of all renown,
The victor paused and said,
"In all the world what crown
"Is left to gird my head?
"Each gift which fortune gave me
"A dead weight grows to be;
"Men's plaudits now enslave me,
"I move no longer free."

From each wall the tattered banners
Drifted heavily and swung;
Round the hall the stony warriors
Stood in niche and spake no tongue:
Overhead the Cap of Darkness,
Like a sheath of shadow hung.

"Here," he said, "are Night and Silence,
"Shadows of unshaken things;
"Winds o'erblown from barren highlands,
"Borne upon unbroken wings:
"Continents, remote as islands,
"In our midst they stand as kings.

"While I ranged from eastward westward,
"Never saw I tower or town,
"Never height that whitened crestward,
"Never king that had a crown,
"Never fastness so sequestered—
"What man saw, man's arm brought down.

"These brave banners all stand taken;
"Ragged captives here they pine!
"These gaunt kings could they awaken
"Would not yet their crowns resign!
"Now, to face all foes unshaken,
"Make the Cap of Darkness mine!"

Hunting the Deceitful Turkey

BY MARK TWAIN

WHEN I was a boy my uncle and his big boys hunted with the rifle, the youngest boy Fred and I with a shotgun—a small single-barrelled shotgun which was properly suited to our size and strength; it was not much heavier than a broom. We carried it turn about, half an hour at a time. I was not able to hit anything with it, but I liked to try. Fred and I hunted feathered small game, the others hunted deer, squirrels, wild turkeys, and such things. My uncle and the big boys were good shots. They killed hawks and wild geese and such like on the wing; and they didn't wound or kill squirrels, they *stunned* them. When the dogs treed a squirrel, the squirrel would scamper aloft and run out on a limb and flatten himself along it, hoping to make himself invisible in that way—and not quite succeeding. You could see his wee little ears sticking up. You couldn't see his nose, but you knew where it was. Then the hunter, despising a "rest" for his rifle, stood up and took offhand aim at the limb and sent a bullet into it immediately under the squirrel's nose, and down tumbled the animal, unwounded but unconscious; the dogs gave him a shake and he was dead. Sometimes when the distance was great and the wind not accurately allowed for, the bullet would hit the squirrel's head; the dogs could do as they pleased with that one—the hunter's pride was hurt, and he wouldn't allow it to go into the game-bag.

In the first faint gray of the dawn the stately wild turkeys would be stalking around in great flocks, and ready to be sociable and answer invitations to come and converse with other excursionists of their kind. The hunter concealed himself and imitated the turkey-call by sucking the air through the leg-bone of a turkey which had previously

answered a call like that and lived only just long enough to regret it. There is nothing that furnishes a perfect turkey-call except that bone. Another of Nature's treacheries, you see. She is full of them; half the time she doesn't know which she likes best—to betray her child or protect it. In the case of the turkey she is badly mixed: she gives it a bone to be used in getting it into trouble, and she also furnishes it with a trick for getting itself out of the trouble again. When a mamma-turkey answers an invitation and finds she has made a mistake in accepting it, she does as the mamma-partridge does—remembers a previous engagement and goes limping and scrambling away, pretending to be very lame; and at the same time she is saying to her not-visible children, "Lie low, keep still, don't expose yourselves; I shall be back as soon as I have beguiled this shabby swindler out of the country."

When a person is ignorant and confiding, this immoral device can have tiresome results. I followed an ostensibly lame turkey over a considerable part of the United States one morning, because I believed in her and could not think she would deceive a mere boy, and one who was trusting her and considering her honest. I had the single-barrelled shotgun, but my idea was to catch her alive. I often got within rushing distance of her, and then made my rush; but always, just as I made my final plunge and put my hand down where her back had been, it wasn't there; it was only two or three inches from there and I brushed the tail-feathers as I landed on my stomach—a very close call, but still not quite close enough; that is, not close enough for success, but just close enough to convince me that I could do it next time. She always waited for me, a little piece away, and let on to be resting and greatly fatigued; which was

a lie, but I believed it, for I still thought her honest long after I ought to have begun to doubt her, suspecting that this was no way for a high-minded bird to be acting. I followed, and followed, and followed, making my periodical rushes, and getting up and brushing the dust off, and resuming the voyage with patient confidence; indeed, with a confidence which grew, for I could see by the change of climate and vegetation that we were getting up into the high latitudes, and as she always looked a little tired and a little more discouraged after each rush, I judged that I was safe to win, in the end, the competition being purely a matter of staying power and the advantage lying with me from the start because she was lame.

Along in the afternoon I began to feel fatigued myself. Neither of us had had any rest since we first started on the excursion, which was upwards of ten hours before, though latterly we had paused awhile after rushes, I letting on to be thinking about something else; but neither of us sincere, and both of us waiting for the other to call game but in no real hurry about it, for indeed those little evanescent snatches of rest were very grateful to the feelings of us both; it would naturally be so, skirmishing along like that ever since dawn and not a bite in the mean time; at least for me, though sometimes as she lay on her side fanning herself with a wing and praying for strength to get out of this difficulty a grasshopper happened along whose time had come, and that was well for her, and for-

tunate, but I had nothing—nothing the whole day.

More than once, after I was very tired, I gave up taking her alive, and was going to shoot her, but I never did it, although it was my right, for I did not believe I could hit her; and besides, she always stopped and posed, when I raised the gun, and this made me suspicious that she knew about me and my marksmanship, and so I did not care to expose myself to remarks.

I did not get her, at all. When she got tired of the game at last, she rose from almost under my hand and flew aloft with the rush and whir of a shell and lit on the highest limb of a great tree and sat down and crossed her legs and smiled down at me, and seemed gratified to see me so astonished.

I was ashamed, and also lost; and it was while wandering the woods hunting for myself that I found a deserted log cabin and had one of the best meals there that in my life-days I have eaten. The weed-grown garden was full of ripe tomatoes, and I ate them ravenously, though I had never liked them before. Not more than two or three times since have I tasted anything that was so delicious as those tomatoes. I surfeited myself with them, and did not taste another one until I was in middle life. I can eat them now, but I do not like the look of them. I suppose we have all experienced a surfeit at one time or another. Once, in stress of circumstances, I ate part of a barrel of sardines, there being nothing else at hand, but since then I have always been able to get along without sardines.



The Intelligence of the Flowers*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

I WISH merely to recall here a few facts known to every botanist. I have made no single discovery and my modest contribution is confined to a few elementary observations on the seed of the Medick, the floral mechanism of the Sage, and that is nearly all. I need hardly say that I have no intention of reviewing all the proofs of intelligence which the plants give us. These proofs are innumerable and continual, especially among the flowers, in which the effort of vegetable life towards light and understanding is concentrated.

Though there be plants and flowers that are awkward or unlucky, there is none that is wholly devoid of wisdom and ingenuity. All exert themselves to accomplish their work, all have the magnificent ambition to overrun and conquer the surface of the globe by endlessly multiplying that form of existence which they represent. To attain this object, they have, because of the law that chains them to the soil, to overcome difficulties much greater than those opposed to the increase of the animals. And so the majority of them have recourse to combinations, to a machinery, to traps which, in regard to mechanism, ballistics, aerial navigation, and the observation of insects, for instance, have often preceded the inventions and the acquirements of man.

It would be superfluous once more to trace the picture of the great systems of floral fertilization: the play of the stamens and the pistil, the seduction of the perfumes, the appeal of the harmonious and dazzling colors, the concoction of the nectar, which is absolutely useless to the flower and which is manufactured only to attract and retain the liberator from without, the messenger of love—bee, humblebee, fly, butterfly, or moth—that is to bring to

the flower the kiss of the distant, invisible, motionless lover. . . .

This vegetable world, which to us appears so placid, so resigned, in which all seems acquiescence, silence, obedience, meditation, is, on the contrary, that in which impatience, the revolt against destiny, are the most vehement and stubborn. The essential organ, the nutrient organ of the plant, its root, attaches it indissolubly to the soil. If it be difficult to discover among the great laws that overwhelm us that which weighs heaviest upon our shoulders, in the case of the plant there is no doubt: it is the law that condemns it to immobility from its birth to its death. Therefore, it knows better than we, who disseminate our efforts, against what first to rise in revolt. And the energy of its fixed idea, mounting from the darkness of the roots to become organized and full blown in the flower, is an incomparable spectacle. It exerts itself wholly with one sole aim: to escape above from the fatality below, to evade, to transgress the heavy and sombre law, to set itself free, to shatter the narrow sphere, to invent or invoke wings, to escape as far as it can, to conquer the space in which destiny encloses it, to approach another kingdom, to penetrate into a moving and active world. . . . Is the fact that it attains its object not as surprising as though we were to succeed in living outside the time which a different destiny assigns to us or in making our way into a universe freed from the weightiest laws of matter? We shall see that the flower sets man a prodigious example of insubmission, courage, perseverance, and ingenuity.

If we had applied to the removal of various necessities that crush us, such as pain, old age, and death, one-half the energy displayed by any little flower in our gardens, we may well be-

lieve that our lot would be very different from what it is.

This need of movement, this hunger for space, among the greater number of plants, is manifested in both the flower and the fruit. It is easily explained in the fruit, or, in any case, discloses only a less complex experience and foresight. Contrary to that which takes place in the animal kingdom and because of the terrible law of absolute immobility, the chief and worst enemy of the seed is the paternal stock. We are in a strange world, where the parents, incapable of moving from one place to another, know that they are condemned to starve or stifle their offspring. Every seed that falls at the foot of the tree or plant is lost or will sprout in wretchedness. Hence the immense effort to throw off the yoke and conquer space. Hence the marvellous systems of dissemination, of propulsion, of navigation of the air, which we find on every side in the forest and the plain; among others, to mention in passing but a few of the most curious, the aerial screw of the Maple and the Lime-tree; the flying-machine of the Thistle, the Dandelion, and the Salsafy; the detonating springs of the Spurge; the extraordinary squirt of the Momordica; the hooks of the eriophilous plants; and a thousand other unexpected and astounding pieces of mechanism; for there is not, so to speak, a single seed but has invented for its sole use a complete method of escaping from the maternal shade.

It would, in fact, be impossible, if one had not practised a little botany, to believe the expenditure of imagination and genius in all the verdure that gladdens our eyes. Pick a blade of grass by the roadside, out of the first tuft that offers, and you will perceive an independent, indefatigable, unexpected little intelligence at work. Here, for instance, are two poor creeping plants which you have met a thousand times on your walks; for we find them in every spot, down to the most ungrateful corners to which a pinch of soil has strayed. They are two varieties of wild Lucerne or Medick (*Medicago*), two "ill weeds" in the more modest sense of the word. One bears a reddish flower, the other a little yellow

ball the size of a pea. To see them crawling and hiding among the proud grasses, one would never suspect that, long before the illustrious geometrician and physician of Syracuse, they had discovered the Archimedean screw and endeavored to apply it not to the raising of liquids, but to the art of flying. They lodge their seeds in light spirals with three or four convolutions, admirably constructed to delay their fall and, consequently, with the help of the wind, to prolong their journey through the air. One of them, the yellow, has even improved upon the apparatus of the red one by furnishing the edges of the spiral with a double row of points, with the evident object of hooking it, in passing, on either the clothes of the pedestrians or the fleece of the animals. It clearly hopes to add the advantages of eriophily, that is to say the dissemination of the seed by sheep, goats, rabbits, and so on, to those of anemophily, or dissemination by the wind.

The most touching side of this great effort is its futility. The poor red and yellow Medicks have made a mistake. Their remarkable screws are of no use to them: they could act only if they fell from a certain height, from the top of some tall tree or haughty grass-plant; but, constructed as they are on the level of the grass, they have hardly taken a quarter of a turn before already they touch the ground. We have here a curious instance of the mistakes, the gropings, the experiments, and the frequent little miscalculations of nature; for only those who have studied Nature but very little will declare that she never errs.

Let us observe, in passing, that other varieties of the Medick (not to speak of the Clover, another papilionaceous *Leguminosa*, almost identical with that of which we are now treating), have not adopted this flying apparatus and keep to the primitive methods of the pod. In one of them, the *Medicago Aurantiaca*, we very clearly perceive the transition from the twisted pod to the screw or spiral. Another variety, the *Medicago Scutellata*, or Snail Medick, rounds its screw in the form of a ball. It would seem, therefore, that we were assisting at the inspiring spectacle of a sort of

work of invention, at the attempts of a family that has not yet settled its destiny and is seeking for the best way of ensuring its future. Was it not perhaps in the course of this search that, having been deceived in the spiral, the Yellow Medick added points or hooks to it, saying to itself, not unreasonably, that, since its leaves attract the sheep, it is inevitable and right that the sheep should assume the care of its progeny? And, lastly, is it not thanks to this new effort and to this happy thought that the Medick, with the yellow flowers, is infinitely more widely distributed than its sturdier cousin which bears red flowers?

It is not only in the seed or the flower, but in the whole plant, leaves, stalks, roots, that we discover, if we stoop for a moment over their humble work, many traces of a prudent and quick intelligence. Think of the magnificent struggle towards the light of the thwarted branches, or the ingenious and courageous strife of trees in danger. As for myself, I shall never forget the admirable example of heroism given me the other day in Provence, in the wild and delightful Gorges du Loup, all perfumed with violets, by a huge centenarian Laurel-tree. It was easy to read on its tortured and, so to speak, convulsive trunk the whole drama of its hard and tenacious life. A bird or the wind, masters of destiny, had carried the seed to the flank of the rock, which was as perpendicular as an iron curtain; and the tree was born there, two hundred yards above the torrent, inaccessible and solitary, among the burning and barren stones. From the first hour, it had sent its blind roots on a long and painful search for precarious water and soil. But this was only the hereditary care of a species that knows the aridity of the South. The young stem had to solve a much graver and more unexpected problem: it started from a vertical plane, so that its top, instead of rising towards the sky, bent down over the gulf. It was, therefore, obliged, notwithstanding the increasing weight of its branches, to correct the first flight, stubbornly to bend its disconcerted trunk in the form of an elbow close to the rock, and thus, like a swimmer who throws back his

head, by means of an incessant will, tension, and contraction, to hold its heavy crown of leaves straight up into the sky.

Thenceforward all the preoccupations, all the energy, all the free and conscious genius of the plant had centred around that vital knot. The monstrous, hypertrophied elbow revealed one by one the successive solitudes of a kind of thought that knew how to profit by the warnings which it received from the rains and the storms. Year by year, the leafy dome grew heavier, with no other care than to spread itself out in the light and heat, while a hidden canker gnawed deep into the tragic arm that supported it in space. Then, obeying I know not what order of the instinct, two stout roots, two fibrous cables, issuing from the trunk at more than two feet above the elbow, had come to moor it to the granite wall. Had they really been evoked by the distress, or were they perhaps waiting providently, from the first day, for the acute hour of danger, in order to increase the value of their assistance? Was it only a happy accident? What human eye will ever assist at these silent dramas, which are all too long for our short lives?*

Among the vegetals that give the most obvious proofs of intelligence and initiative, it would be interesting to study closely the movements of the aquatic plants, such as the *Vallisneria*, an hydrocharad whose nuptials form the most tragic episode in the love history of the plants.

The two sexes live apart at the bottom of the pools. At the wedding hour, the female plant slowly uncoils the long spiral of its peduncle, rises, emerges, and floats and blossoms on the surface of the pond. From a neighboring stem the

* Let us compare with this the act of intelligence of another root whose exploits are related by Brandis in his *Ueber Leben und Polarität*. This root, in penetrating into the earth, had come upon an old boot-sole: in order to cross this obstacle, which, apparently, it was the first of its kind to find upon its road, it subdivided itself into as many parts as there were holes left by the stitching-needle; then, when the obstacle was overcome, it came together again and reunited all its divided radicles into a single and homogeneous tap-root.

male flowers, who see it through the sun-lit water, rise in their turn, full of hope, towards the one that rocks, that awaits them, that calls them to a new world. But when they have come half-way they feel themselves suddenly chained: their stalk, the very source of their life, is too short. They will never reach the abode of light, the only spot in which the union of the stamens and the pistil can be achieved. Is there a more cruel inadvertence or trial in nature? Picture the tragedy of that longing, the inaccessible that is almost attained, the transparent fatality, the impossible with not a visible obstacle. It would be insoluble, like our own tragedy on this earth, were it not that with a magnificent effort the finest, the most supernatural that I know in all the pageantry of the insects and the flowers, the males, in order to rise to happiness, deliberately break the bond that attaches them to life. They snatch themselves loose from their peduncle and, with an incomparable flight, amid bubbles and gladness, their crown of petals darts up and breaks the surface of the water. Wounded to death, but radiant and free, they float for a moment beside their heedless brides, the mysterious impregnation is accomplished, after which the victims drift away to perish, while the wife, already a mother, closes her corolla, in which lives that last breath, rolls up her spiral, and descends again to the chill and bluey depths, there to ripen the fruit of the heroic kiss.

The parasitical plants, again, offer curious and mischievous sights, such as the astonishing *Cuscuta*, or Dodder: it has no leaves, and no sooner has its stalk attained a few inches in length than it voluntarily abandons its roots to twine about the victim which it has chosen and into which it digs its suckers. Thenceforth it lives exclusively upon its prey. Its perspicacity is not to be deceived; it will refuse any support that does not please it, and it will go some distance, if necessary, in search of the stem of Hemp, Hop, Lucerne, or Flax that suits its temperament and its tastes.

This *Cuscuta* naturally calls our attention to the Creepers, which have very remarkable habits, and which deserve a word to themselves. Those of us, for that matter, who have lived a little in

the country have often had occasion to admire the instinct, the sort of power of vision, that directs the tendrils of the Virginia Creeper or the *Convolvulus* towards the handle of a rake or spade resting against a wall. Move the rake and, the next day, the tendril will have turned completely round and found it again. Schopenhauer, in his treatise *Ueber den Willen in der Natur*, in the chapter devoted to the physiology of plants, recapitulates on this point and on many others a host of observations and experiments which it would take too long to set out here. I therefore refer the reader to this chapter, where he will find numerous sources and references marked out for him. Need I add that in the past sixty or seventy years these sources have been strangely multiplied, and that, besides, the subject is almost inexhaustible?

Among so great a number of different inventions, artifices, and precautions, let us mention also, for instance, the prudence of the *Hyoseris Radiata*, or Starry Swine's-Succory—a little yellow-flowered plant, not unlike the Dandelion, and often found on the walls of the Riviera. In order to insure both the dissemination and the stability of its race, it bears at one and the same time two kinds of seed: the first are easily detached, and are furnished with wings wherewith to abandon themselves to the wind, while the others have no wings, remain captive in the inflorescence, and are set free only when the latter is decomposed.

The case of the *Xanthium Spinosum*, or Spiny Xanthium, shows us how well conceived and effective certain systems of dissemination can be. This Xanthium is a hideous weed bristling with barbaric prickles. Not long ago it was unknown in western Europe, and no one, naturally, had dreamt of acclimatizing it. It owes its conquests to the hooks which finish off the capsules of its fruits, and which cling to the fleece of animals. A native of Russia, it came to us in bales of wool imported from the depths of the Muscovite steppes, and one might follow on the map the stages of this great emigrant which has annexed a new world.

The *Silene Italica*, or Italian Catchfly, a simple little white flower, found in abundance under the olive-trees, has set its thought working in another direction.

Apparently very timorous, very susceptible, to avoid the visits of importunate and indelicate insects it furnishes its stalks with glandular hairs, whence oozes a viscid fluid in which the parasites are caught so successfully that the peasants of the South use the plant as a fly-catcher inside their houses. Certain kinds of Catchflies, moreover, have ingeniously simplified the system. As it is the ants in particular that they dread, they discovered that it was enough, in order to prevent them from passing, to place a wide viscid ring under the node of each stalk. This is exactly what the gardeners do when they draw a circle of tar around the trunk of the apple-trees to stop the ascent of the caterpillars.

Before closing this chapter I wish to mention one more flower: not that it displays any extraordinary imagination, but it has invented a movement of love of extraordinary grace. I mean the *Nigella Damascena*, or Fennel-Flower, whose folk-names are charming: Love-in-a-Mist, Devil-in-a-Bush, Ragged Lady, etc.—happy and touching efforts of popular poetry to describe a little plant that pleases it. This plant is found in a wild state in the South, by the roadside, and under olive-trees, and is often cultivated in the North in old-fashioned gardens. Its flower is a pale blue, sim-

ple as a floweret in a primitive painting, and the “Venus’ locks” or “ragged locks” that give the Ragged Lady its popular name in France are the light, tenuous, tangled leaves which surround the corolla with a “bush” of misty verdure. At the source of the flower, the five very long pistils stand closely grouped together in the centre of the azure crown, like five queens clad in green gowns, haughty and inaccessible. Around them crowd hopelessly the innumerable throng of their lovers, the stamens, who do not come up to their knees. And now, in the heart of this palace of sapphires and turquoises, in the gladness of the summer days, begins the drama without words or catastrophe which one might expect, the drama of powerless, useless, motionless waiting. But the hours pass that are the flower’s years: its brilliancy fades, its petals fall, and the pride of the great queens seems at last to bend under the weight of life. At a given moment, as though obeying the secret and irresistible password of love, which deems the proof to have lasted long enough, with a concerted and symmetrical movement, comparable with the harmonious parabolas of a fivefold jet of water, they all together bow down, stoop forward, and gracefully cull on the lips of their humble lovers the golden dust of the nuptial kiss.

Withdrawn

BY JOHN B. TABB

I MISS thee everywhere;
The places dear to thee
Familiar shadows wear
As if for memory:

And where thou hast not been,
Thou seemest to repose
As near, tho’ never seen,
As fragrance to the rose.

After the Wedding

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

The best room of a village house, after the bride and groom have gone and the wedding guests have left the father and the mother of the bride alone. They are a pair in later middle life, with hair beginning to be gray. The father stands at the window staring out. The mother goes restively about, noting this thing and that.

THE MOTHER: I thought we never should be rid of them!
The laughing, and the screaming, and the chatter,
I thought would drive me wild. Now they are gone,
And I can breathe a little while before I begin putting things in place again. But what confusion! I should think a whirlwind
Had swept the whole house through, up stairs and down.
It seemed as if those people had no mercy.
And she, before that wall of roses there, Standing through all so patient and so gentle,
And smiling so on every one that came To shake hands with her, or to kiss her—white
As the white dress she wore! Ah, no one knew,
As I knew what it cost her to keep up. I knew her heart was aching for the home
That she was leaving, so that when it came
To the good-by, I almost felt it break Against my own. Dearest, you do believe
He will be good to her? You do believe—
What are you looking at out of the window?

THE FATHER, *without turning*:
At the old slippers they threw after her. The rice lies in the road as thick as snow.

THE MOTHER: Those silly customs, how I hate them all!

But if they help to keep our thoughts away—

You do see something else!

THE FATHER: No, nothing else.

I was just wondering if I might not hear The whistle of their train.

THE MOTHER: And have you heard it?

THE FATHER: Not yet.

THE MOTHER: Then come and sit down here by me,
And tell me how it was when we were married.

He comes slowly from the window and stands before her.

Do you suppose I looked as pale as she did?

I know I did not! I was sure of you For life and death. Why do not you sit down?

He sinks absently beside her on the sofa. She pulls his arm round her waist.

There, now, I do not feel so much afraid!

THE FATHER: Afraid of what?

THE MOTHER: How can I tell you what?

Afraid for her of all that I was then So radiantly glad of for myself. Do you believe we really were so happy? I was one craze of hope and trust in you, But was that happiness? Do you believe He will be good to her as you have been To me?

THE FATHER: Oh yes.

THE MOTHER: Why do you answer so,
Sighing like that?

THE FATHER: Because men are not good,
As women are.

THE MOTHER: Yes, I kept thinking that,
Through the whole service, when the promises
He made seemed broken in the very making.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"THERE, NOW, I DO NOT FEEL SO MUCH AFRAID!"

How little we know about him! A few months
Since she first saw him, and we give her to him
As trustfully as if we had known him always.

THE FATHER: And we ourselves, *we* had not known each other
Longer than they when we were married.

THE MOTHER: Oh,
But that was different!

THE FATHER: No, it was the same
And it was like most of the marriages
That have been and that shall be to the end.
They liked the charm of strangeness in each other.

THE MOTHER: But men and women are quite strange enough,
Merely as men and women, to each other,
When they have lived their whole lives long together.
And we ourselves, we took too many chances.

I did not think you ever would be harsh,
And when you spoke the first harsh word to me—

I believe, if he is ever unkind to her,
That I shall know it, wherever it may be.
She will come to me somehow in her grief,

And let me comfort her poor ghost with mine,
For it would kill us both. Do you suppose—

Do you believe he ever will be harsh
With her?

THE FATHER: I almost think you ask me that
Just to torment me.

THE MOTHER: There, that is so like you!

You cannot talk of her as if she were
A woman after all. But, I can tell you,
She in her turn can bear all I have borne;

And though she seems so frail and sensitive,

She is not one to break at a mere touch.
But men are that way, I have noticed it;
They think their wives can endure everything,

Their daughters nothing. You are not listening!

THE FATHER: Yes, I am listening.
What is it you mean?

THE MOTHER: You are tenderer of your children than your wives
Because you love what is yourselves in them,

And you must love somebody else in us.
Cannot you give me a moment's sympathy

Now when I have nobody left but you?
What are you thinking of, I'd like to know?

THE FATHER, *going back to the window, and kneeling on the window-seat, with his forehead against the pane:*
The night when she was born.

THE MOTHER: I knew it! I

Was thinking of it too, and how it seemed

As if she had somehow chosen us to be
Her father and her mother.

THE FATHER: Why not him,

Then, for her husband, by a mystery
As sacred?

THE MOTHER: Oh, why do you ask?
Because
There is no other world, now, as there was

Then, where the mystery could shape itself—

No hitherto, as there is no hereafter.
We have destroyed it for ourselves and her,

And love for all of us is as much a thing
Of earth as death itself.

THE FATHER: I never said
That world did not exist.

THE MOTHER: Oh, no, you only
Said that you did not know, and I have only

Bettered your ignorance a little and said
I knew. Women must have some faith
or other,

Even if they make a faith of disbelief;
They cannot halt half-way in yes and no;
And she is more like me than you in that,
Though she is like you in so many things.

That shattered fantasy—or, what you please—

Cannot be mended now and used again;
And howsoever she has chosen him,—

Or, if you like, he has been chosen for her,—

The choice is made between his love
and ours.

The home she seemed to bring, then,
when she came,
Now she is gone, it lies here in the dust.
Oh, I can pick the house up, after while,
But never pick the home up, while I
live!

Well, let it be! I suppose you will
call it

Nature, and preach that cold philosophy
Of yours: that every home is founded on
The ruin of some other home and shall
be

The ruin out of which still other homes
Shall grow in turn, and so on to the end.
I find no comfort in it, and my heart
Aches for the child that is not less my
child

Because she is her husband's wife. Oh,
yes,

If we were two fond optimistic fools,
I dare say we should sit here in this
horror,

And hold each other's hands and smile
to think

Of what a brilliant wedding it had been;
How everybody said how well she looked,
And how he was so handsome and so
manly;

And try to follow them in imagination
To their new house, and settle them
in it;

And say how soon we should be hearing
from her,

And then how soon they would come
back to us

Next summer. But we have not been
that kind.

We have always said the things we
really thought,

And not shrunk from the facts; and now
I face them,

And say this wedding— Hark! Was
that their train?

THE FATHER: It is the freight mount-
ing the grade. Their train
Is overdue, but it will soon be there.

THE MOTHER: If it would never come
or never go!

If all the worlds that whirl around the
sun

Could stop, and none of them go on
again!

Once I had courage for us both, and
now

You ought to have it. Oh, say some-
thing, do,

To help me bear it!

THE FATHER: What is it I
should say!

THE MOTHER: That it has been all my
own doing! Say
That I would have it, and am like the
mothers,

The stupid mothers, still uncivilized,
That wish their daughters married for
the sake

Of being married: that would help me
bear it.

If you blamed me then I could blame
you too,

And say you wished it quite as much
as I.

THE FATHER: We neither of us wished
it, and I think

We have always blamed each other need-
lessly.

THE MOTHER: Yes, and I cannot bear
it as I used

When she was with us. Now that she
is gone

And you are all in all to me again,
Dearest, you must be very good to me.

Did you hear something?

THE FATHER, *going to the window*:

Yes, I thought I heard
The coming of their train; but it was
nothing.

THE MOTHER, *unheedingly*: The worst
of all was having to part so—

Hurried and fluttered—up there in her
room,

Where she had been so long our little
child,

And with that hubbub going on down
here,

Not realize that we were parting. Oh,
If we could only have had a little time

And quiet for it! Hark! What noise
was that?

THE FATHER: What noise?

THE MOTHER: Something that
sounded like a voice!

Her voice! I know it must have been
her voice!

*She rushes to the window and stares
out.*

I always knew within my heart that she
Would call for me, if any unhappiness
Greater than she could bear should come
to her.

THE FATHER: But what unhappiness—

THE MOTHER: A tone, a look!

THE FATHER: With our arms round her
yet? He could not. That



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"SHE MUST TAKE HER CHANCE AS I TOOK MINE"

Would be against nature.

THE MOTHER: Nature! How
you men
Are always talking about nature! Little
You understand her! Nature flatters
men.
She gives men mastery and health and
life,
And women subjection, weakness, pain
and death.
We know what nature is and you know
nothing.
She takes our youth and wastes it upon
you,
She steals our beauty for you, and she
uses
Our love itself to enslave us to you.
Nature!

THE FATHER: Has it been really so
with you and me?

THE MOTHER: How do I know? You
may have been unlike
Other men.

THE FATHER: No, but quite like other
men;
Not better. Shall she take her chance
with him?
Speak out now from the worst you know
of me,
And say if you would have her back
again.

THE MOTHER: It keeps on calling!
Can it be her voice?

THE FATHER: Then say it is her voice.
What will you answer?
Shall she come home and be our child
again?

THE MOTHER: You put it all on me!

THE FATHER: Then
if I take
The burden all upon myself, and choose—

THE MOTHER: What?

THE FATHER: That her longing
for us should have power
To bring her back?

THE MOTHER: To say good-by
again?

THE FATHER: To stay and never say
good-by again,
To leave her husband and to cleave to us.

THE MOTHER: I cannot let you choose!
For oh! it seems
That it would really happen if you chose.
Wait, wait a minute, while I try to think,
How would it be, if she came back again,
And crept once more into this empty
shell
Of life that has been lived! What is
there here,
But two old hearts that hardly have
enough
Of love left for each other? And she
needs
The whole of such love as I found in
you
When I had given you all the love I had.
No, she must go with him as I with you.
Because she has been all in all to us
So long, and yet for such a little time,
We have come to think that she must be
unlike
Others, and she must be above their
fate.
But that is foolish. She must take her
chance,
As I took mine, and as we women have
Taken our chance from the beginning.
There!
I give her up for the first time and last!
Tell her— I talk as if you were with her
There, and not here with me!
THE FATHER: And I—I
feel
As if we both were there with her and
with
Each other here.
THE MOTHER: And so we shall be
always;
And most with her when most we are
alone.
See, they have mounted to their train
together!
She stands a moment at the door and
waves
The hand that is not held in his to-
wards us—
And they are gone into their unknown
world
To find our own past in their future
there!



The Mind of a Child

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MILTIADES BENTON says that when he has worked long enough and accomplished all the duties of maintenance that are pressing, and is very tired, he expects to get some kind of a job to cooperate with small children in the pursuit of happiness. I don't know where he expects to find this employment. A place as toy-mender to a child's hospital might suit him. Or by the time he is ready to rest he may have grandchildren enough to afford him suitable society. His aspiration, whether he fulfils it or not, is a sound and natural one, entirely proper to a man of soldierly spirit, who wants, not only to earn a place on the retired list, but to like the place when he gets it. Moreover, it shows his capacity to appreciate that as childhood is the door through which we come into the workaday world of matter of fact, so it remains always a door through which those to whom it opens can escape for a time out of this world and into another country.

That childhood is such a door must be one reason for the softening of spirit that often comes at the end of a hard day from the mere sight of children, or, better still, from the touch and talk of them. The littler they are, the better, because farther removed from the world that is ours, and deeper placed in their own world. A good baby radiates peace. Every one who is rightly constituted smiles at the sight of it. Children playing in the street soothe the mind, provided it is a suitable street where trolley-cars do not run nor automobiles ravage. That the street is a good place for children can hardly be maintained, but there are many streets in great cities which are good places to observe them, because there are so many children to be seen, and an experience based on observations made in the most populous streets of New York is that children, even in an environment so far from ideal, appear

to much better advantage than a reasonable person would expect. They are busy, they are cheerful, as a rule they seem to be kind to one another. They are not bored, and unless the weather is insufferable, or they are sick, they are not depressed. With a pavement to play on and plenty of playmates most of them are happy, and are cheering in the impression they make upon a sympathetic observer. That is because of the wonderful power children have to make their own world and live in it. They do not see with grown-up eyes, nor judge by grown-up standards. They have no large experience of life and places out of which to make comparisons. The place where they are and which they know, be it street and tenement, farm or palace—that is the world to them, and they accept it without questioning and get what they can out of it.

What philosophers! What heroes! Is it strange that the attitude of an unperverted child should be the Christian ideal?

The great merit of children as companions lies in the breadth of their tolerations. They are easy to please, agreeable to most propositions, and not very critical. The very pith of successful companionship is a consensus of desires. It is not hard to get children to do what you want them to if you are ready to do it with them. With fairly good leadership they are ready for almost any adventure, provided they have not tried it before and condemned it. But they have not tried very many things, and have condemned very few. None of the natural objections of grown-ups to suggested adventures have weight with them. They are not afraid of crowds, or rain, or of being bored, or of getting tired. They are not daunted beforehand by details, nor have they obstinate preferences as to methods and routes. They do not "know better"; that



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MAKING ISLANDS



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE LETTER TO THE MERMAIDS



ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

PAPER DOLL BOOKS



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

PLAYTHINGS

is one of their delightfulest traits. There are such a lot of grown-ups whose "know-betters" one has to humor or get around if there is to be any fun. Children will trust you, and that is one of the most gratifying compliments possible. You can have your own way about things if you are judicious in choosing it, and can follow out your own whims and exercise an undisputed judgment. Being judicious about choosing your own way consists in finding out what the children want to do, or will probably like to do, and doing as nearly that thing as circumstances and the limitations of childhood's strength and the compunctions of grown-up judgment will permit.

And in the company of children you have relief from considering what will pay. The things that they do and prefer to do, do not pay as a rule except in the doing of them. Children can be helpful and be happy in helpfulness and profit by it. There is useful work that children can do that is good for them to do—details of farm-work in the country, details of housework anywhere. So to help their elders is profitable, especially when the elders are worth helping. But the business of making children useful may so easily be overdone, that the restraint of it is a constant subject of legislation, or of efforts to get legislation, all over the country, and after proper laws are made it still requires incessant watchfulness to keep them enforced. The great business of a child is to grow up, gathering due development of mind and character as well as of body while it is about it. The value of a child's labor is insignificant compared with the value of its time if wisely bestowed in growing up.

There are a thousand profitable things that children, even very small ones, can do if they are put to it. They can be made horribly useful, under compulsion, from the time they are about seven years old. By no means let any such mischance befall them. Be wary of setting tasks for them. Their instinctive preference for play that is untainted by material profit is sound and fit to be respected. Let them make scrap-books, scrap-books that take hours and days in the making and that are good for nothing when made. Our modern world

abounds enormously in excellent scrap-book material. The advertising sections of the magazines yield illimitable spoil to the scissors and paste-pot of childhood, and incidentally bring developing minds into close and rapturous touch with contemporary people and contemporary merchandise. To get them in touch with nature there are few things so good as a running brook. Ever so small a brook will do if only it runs, for every running stream is water-power, and that is a live playmate, that can be dammed, diverted, and waded in day after day and week after week. And in the winter it freezes and in the spring it has floods. It came from somewhere and it goes somewhere, and it can be followed both ways. It is hard to beat a brook as a plaything for children.

And the sea is another great plaything for children who have it, and flowers are things of great delight to grow, to pick, to paint, or to imitate in paper. The scrap-books will find their way back to the paper-mill, the brook will run on forever, unimproved by the children, the flowers will wither, and the sea will wipe out the sand forts; but from all these playtime employments and associations the child will get a benefit that never will perish.

Out of school the most important business of young children is play, and the busier they are about it the better. Lucky for them if a large part of their early lives is spent away from the great cities, with their cramped quarters, and air that is too much used to be good for young lungs.

Happily the material things that are most important to childhood are neither dear nor scarce. Simple food is fairly abundant in this country. Outside of the largest cities clean air is easily come by. The necessary clothes are cheap, and elementary education is within the reach of almost all American children. The advantage of association with wise and stimulating elders is the rarest of all the advantages that children profit by. Wise elders who are qualified to train the mind of a child are pretty scarce. The next best thing is the elder who is wise enough to respect the child's mind, and give it a chance to develop in a sympathetic atmosphere by its own natural processes.

Wainwright and the Little Gods

BY MARGARET CAMERON

STILL ruminating, as he had been all the afternoon, upon his adventure of the morning, Wainwright betook himself rather earlier than usual to the suburb where resided his friends Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howard, whose guest he was.

As he entered the door he heard Mrs. Howard's distressed voice at the telephone in the upper hall.

"But I tell you I *must* have some one! I have a dinner on. . . . I say I am giving a dinner to-night. . . . No, not a large dinner, but a *very* important one. . . . What? . . . No, no! She won't do at all! I have no time to instruct anybody! I must have a thoroughly trained, competent waitress *immediately*. . . . What? . . . Can't you send me *any one*? . . . Oh *de-ear!*" She ended with an unmistakable sob.

Wainwright mounted the steps three at a time, to find his hostess in a disconsolate, weeping heap at the top.

"What's the matter, Lady Bob?"

"Matter? *Everything's* the matter! The fish is too large and the birds are too small! The mayonnaise curdled—we had to make it all over!—and the rolls haven't come yet! The florist sent the wrong flowers, the water has been turned off nearly all day, I've been to the city once and down-town three times, and now—at this hour!—Ilma has lost her temper and departed, just because I told her that she really must not wear her hair to-night in the outlandish fashion she has been affecting lately! Oh, Clif, she's *gone!*"

"Gone! Not your waitress!"

"Yes, my waitress! Guests coming in two hours, and nobody to serve! I've telephoned and telephoned, and there isn't a trained waitress to be had. Bob was so anxious that everything should be just right to-night, and I've tried so hard, and—oh, what *am* I going to do!" Again tears seemed imminent.

"Hold hard, there! Let's think. You can't borrow a maid in the neighborhood?"

"No. I tried that first. Mrs. Chalmers has guests herself, and Mrs. Ford's girl has gone to the city. It's her day off. And there are no others that I'd trust."

"You've tried all the intelligence offices?"

"Every one."

"Well, why not get along without a waitress? We can pass things ourselves, in good old country fashion."

"You don't know Beverly Brown!"

"Who's he, that he shouldn't pass the butter?"

"He's—Beverly Brown, and he'd rather break all ten of the commandments into small smithereens than bend one of his pet conventions. He never makes any allowance for other people's emergencies, and is incapable of understanding that any one can differ from him on a social question and still be within the pale. His hobby is genealogy and his fetish is family. And he never passed the butter in his life!"

"H'm! His horizon must be—limited!"

"It is; though he's clever, in a way. He's taken a fancy to Rob, and I haven't shocked him out of it—yet. You know, he's interested in the new company—in fact, he's a very important director—and Rob wants to convert him to his policy before he goes away. He's going to Cuba, or South America, or somewhere next week. So we planned this dinner—and it's Rob's last chance. Mr. Brown is most easily approached by way of his palate,—and you know yourself we have a good cook."

"I do that!"

"The funny thing about her is that she belongs here, in this little town. But everything has gone wrong all day, and now that wretched Ilma! He'll be irritated and argumentative, and he'll disagree with every single thing Rob

says, and convince himself irrevocably that Rob's policy is all wrong, and then he'll oppose it forevermore! You see? It looks trivial, but it isn't. It's the wreck of a man's hopes!"

"No, it isn't! Not yet! There must be a way out of this, and we'll find it, or perish in the— I'll tell you, Lady Bob! Easy! I'll buttle for you!"

"You!"

"Sure thing! I'm a bully butler!"

"Clifford Wainwright! You never in your life—"

"Yes, I have, too! I butted once in a play—*Thank Goodness the Table is Spread* was the name of it—and they all said—"

"Oh, Clif, don't joke!"

"I'm not joking, Lady Bob. I was never more serious in my life. Honestly! Even if I am a bachelor, I have some pretty definite ideas about table service, and I'm sure I could pull it off all right."

"Of course you could 'pull it off'! It isn't that! But it's so absurd. Besides, I need you to talk to the daughter."

"What daughter?"

"Miss Brown."

"Thanks," dryly. "If she's a chip of the old block, I'd rather buttle."

"She isn't. She's the one thing in Beverly Brown's life that he hasn't been able to order. She's so independent that if she were anybody's else daughter, he wouldn't let his associate with her. As it is, he comes as near adoring her as a man of his sort can."

"So? Well, I've rather outgrown my youthful fancy for pert young girls."

"She isn't pert! And she is young, but not in that sense. She's been out several seasons. I don't know a more attractive girl than Frances Brown."

"Frances!" He bent a sharp glance upon her. "Is her name Frances?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"True," carelessly; "why not? It's a common enough name. And it might as well be Hecuba, as far as I am concerned. It's me to the butler's pantry. This seems to be my day for adventures."

"Why? What else has happened?"

"Ah," darkly, "'I could a tale unfold'—but I won't! Not while your mind is divided by an unserved dinner! I shall first win your undying gratitude by saving your feast from—"

"But you'll break up my party! My table won't balance!"

"Who else is coming?"

"Miss Sewell. Just six of us."

"Should I remember Miss Sewell?"

"No, you've not met her."

"Good! Isn't there some unattached male pusson whom you can hale in on short notice to take my seat?"

"Yes, there's Edgar Trumbull,—but he can't talk."

"Can he buttle?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Well, as Mr. James says, 'There you are.' Between the Scylla of an unbutted dinner and the Charybdis of Mr. What's-his-name's conversational disabilities, which do you choose?"

"Oh," she miserably conceded, "I must have somebody to serve dinner!"

"Kismet! I buttle. Lucky thing that visitor and vassal wear the same livery in this country!"

"Of course you know that Rob will be furious."

"If he were the little tin god that you try to make him out, that might be serious, but since really he's a mere man, he can't help himself, can he?"

"He'll be sure to forget and call you Clif. By the way, I suppose you'd rather not be spoken to as Wainwright?"

"No. Call me—" He hesitated for a moment, ruminating, and then, whimsically smiling, he said, "Call me—Harris."

As his wife had prophesied, Howard rebelled vigorously against the plan when he reached home, but to no purpose. It was too late to change the arrangement, and he had barely time to scramble into evening clothes before the guests arrived.

When Mrs. Howard, giving the last touches to the table, called, "There they come, Clif!" Wainwright lazily pulled himself up from the easy chair in which he had been lounging and glanced toward the gate.

"The devil!" said he then, tensely.

"What? What did you say, Clif?"

"Nothing!" he replied, curtly, and went into the hall, feeling that his "day for adventure" promised to prove a long one.

Some hours earlier he had been about to take a train at the Astor Place station

of the Subway, when he saw a lady coming toward him gayly smiling and holding out her hand. Her manner was a charming compound of delicacy, vivacity, and the poise which is the result only of social experience, and he wondered, even then, that he had met her and forgotten the circumstance. However, he was sure that he should remember in a moment who she was.

"How do you do?" she cried, as he took her hand. "Who knew that you were in New York?"

"I arrived only last week," he replied, "and I'm staying out of town for the present. Are you taking this train?"

"No; I had just left it when I caught sight of you, and— Oh! perhaps it was important that you should take it!"

The gates had closed noisily.

"No, I'm in no haste."

"Really? Then—have you time to walk home with me? It isn't far—Washington Square, you know,—and we can chat as we go—about London," she added, with a fleeting upward glance.

"By all means." Still finding no clue to her identity, Wainwright's perplexity increased as they climbed to the street and turned briskly west.

"But first," she lightly continued, "I think I'd better explain why you are so suddenly forced into a modern travesty of a medieval situation."

"Oh—am I?" he asked, rather blankly.

"You are. You have succored, single-handed, a maiden in distress, and you are now bearing her away in safety to her father's castle."

"Banners waving, plumes floating from my helmet, and Shanks' mare gayly caracoling beneath me," he suggested.

"Precisely. I'm glad you have a sense of environment. You see— It's a little difficult to explain, but—"

"Then why bother?"

"I prefer to." A tinge of hauteur darkened her tone, and as quickly disappeared. "But it's the sort of thing that only happens, in our day and generation, between paper covers—yellow ones at that, I'm afraid. Did you notice, as we left the Subway, a middle-aged man with burning dark eyes, who stared—unpleasantly?"

"Come to think of it, I did encounter a malevolent glance—"

"But you didn't realize that you had just unhorsed him and left him prostrate on the field? You do those things so easily!" she mocked, laughing.

"Who is he?"

"He's an anachronism. He's an old and trusted retainer of my father's—his bookkeeper, to be exact—who is suffering from a mild type of dementia, resulting from overwork and disordered nerves."

"He is a bit out of place in helmet and cuirass."

"Isn't he? But that's the form his vagary takes. He *will* be a knight, and he—he—"

"Sues for your favor," quietly supplied Wainwright. "I think I understand."

"Now, if you remember anything at all about my father"—her glance was full of humor—"you know that he has a truly medieval inability to understand nervous phenomena of that character, and an equally medieval practice of inflicting summary chastisement, so far as he can, on those who offend him." He nodded, vainly trying to recall such a person among his acquaintances. "Consequently, it has seemed desirable that he should not be told of this man's eccentricity."

"Truly the quality of mercy gets no straining at your hands. It falls on the—"

"Ah, now you come to the melodrama! And don't you remember that in every properly constructed thriller there is a dependent family to be spared? In this case it takes the form of a widowed sister and four small children, whom he supports and is angelically good to."

"But if he persistently annoys you—"

"He doesn't—at least, not much. I generally manage to keep out of his way. Besides, he has never been in the least violent before."

"You should have him taken in charge. Some day he'll—"

"No, he won't. He can't. We're going away for several months. I suppose that's why he was so desperate to-day. And it isn't as if he were vicious, or really insane. It's just a sort of obsession that will wear away as he grows stronger. But I *was* frightened when I got off that



Drawn by William T. Smedley

"AH, NOW YOU COME TO THE MELODRAMA"

train, for I knew he was following me, and I didn't want to call a policeman. And then I saw you, and I knew at once that—I mean, I recognized you at once. Or almost at once. I was a little in doubt, because I didn't know you were on this side, until I saw your English clothes. There! I've bored you with this long story because I wanted you to understand why you were suddenly metamorphosed into a hero of melodrama." A little wave of her hand dismissed an unpleasant subject. "Now tell me all about London. You've been over a long time, haven't you?"

"Four years," said he. "How late is your information?"

"My last news came in a letter from Isabel Danby"—he wondered why she looked so mischievous—"but, of course, it was all about the most wonderful baby in the world."

"Ah!" Here at last was a glimmer of light. "Then perhaps you know what they're going to name him? They hadn't decided when I sailed."

"Why, do you know—" Her eyes rounded in astonishment, but she caught her quick words midway, demurely concluding: "I mean, *don't* you know? They call him Richard, after— My land!" They were crossing University Place, and her tone suggested calamity.

"What's the matter?"

Before she had time to reply, they were joined by an elderly man whose inflexibility of appearance and manner left little doubt in Wainwright's mind that they had met the father whom she had earlier described.

"Ah, Frances," said the newcomer, "I have been at the house to see you. Aren't you rather late in returning?" His glance just touched her companion.

"I was detained, and on my way back I met—" For an instant Wainwright held her glance, and he fancied that she seemed disconcerted, but she concluded, apparently with perfect composure: "Father, you remember Mr.—Harris?" Then, slowly, she flushed crimson.

"Harris? I do not remember having met you, sir."

Wainwright was about to correct the error, when she lightly responded:

"Oh, don't you? Well, it's possible that you've never met, after all. London

is rather devious. At any rate, he's a friend of the Danbys. What brings you up-town at this hour?"

While her father explained that he was to meet some business acquaintances at luncheon in the neighborhood, Wainwright rapidly decided that his wisest course lay in immediate departure. She had evidently mistaken him for some one else, but to correct her error and proclaim his own identity in that crisis, he reflected, would profit him little and would embarrass her. Her father would unquestionably fail to understand a mistake of that nature, and she would find it difficult to make the full explanation he would demand without disclosing the situation she had been at such pains to conceal.

"Oh, must you go?" As she gave him her hand he felt a comforting assurance that the warmth of her tone was meant for the present rather than for the previous Harris, whoever he might be. "I'm sorry that we're going away so soon, for we shall probably not see you again. However, our next meeting may be as unexpected as it was this morning. Who knows?"

"At any rate, I hope it may be soon."

Inwardly resolved that it should be soon if human ingenuity and Isabel Danby could bring it about, Wainwright went his way. Six hours later he was bitterly convinced that the reckless little gods were playing at dice with his destiny, as, in his self-imposed character of butler, self-dubbed Harris, he gravely opened the door for Mr. and Miss Brown, who passed him without a glance.

Nor did they notice him when he announced dinner and stood stiffly beside the door as the little party entered the dining-room; but the moment came, during a lull in the conversation, when Frances Brown lifted her careless glance to his face. He saw the first amazement give way to incredulity and consternation in her eyes before he discreetly turned away his own. When he looked at her again, she was talking animatedly to the laconic Trumbull, her head held high, and a slow, deep flush had crept upward to her hair.

Presently the lightly drifting chat touched London and Americans living

there, and Mr. Brown turned to his daughter, asking,

"By the way, Frances, who is the Mr. Harris with whom I met you this morning?"

"Oh, he's just a man who—knows the Danbys," she indifferently replied. "There's no reason why you should remember him. I don't know why I did."

"I thought him fine-looking."

"Oh, did you? I used to think him clever"—her emphasis of the past participle was as unmistakable as it was delicate—"but, physically, he belongs to a type rather too frequently met to be distinguished."

At that moment, for the first time, her father got his eye on the butler, and put up his glasses to assure himself that his sight had not tricked him.

"Y-yes," he dryly acquiesced, looking searchingly at his inattentive daughter, "the type is, as you say, somewhat—common."

The dinner proceeded smoothly, enlivened by quips and soft laughter. The misadventures, so far as Mrs. Howard was concerned, had exhausted themselves with the departure of the recreant maid, and the spirits of the hostess brightened as course succeeded perfect course, Mr. Brown's affability waxing with each.

Wainwright, however, slipping silently around the table, alert and competent, knew that not a movement of his escaped the observant elderly guest; and he read alike the indignation of the woman who saw herself hoodwinked by a friend's servant, and the grim purpose of the man who believed both his daughter and his host to be the victims of an unprincipled impostor. While he deftly replaced plates and refilled glasses his mind was busy seeking a solvent for the situation, which should neither disclose the Howards' makeshift nor betray Frances Brown's confidence.

Coffee was served on the veranda, in the furtherance of a deep scheme to engage Trumbull in chat with the women, leaving the host free to devote himself to Mr. Brown. Presently, when the two had finished both their cigars and their business chat, Howard, successful and elate, turned to the others, suggesting:

"Wouldn't you like to go down to the end of the garden to see a little kiosk sort of thing that we've been building? The lanterns aren't in yet, so it may be a bit dark, but it's our latest toy, and we like to play with it."

Accordingly, they all sauntered off down the scented paths, the young moon faintly lighting their way. This was the cue for "Harris," waiting in the hall, to follow with a tray of cool beverages.

A few moments later, therefore, when a dark figure paused at the entrance to the little summer-house, the Howards remained serenely quiescent, until Wainwright's deep voice dropped like a bomb into their complacency.

"Good evening," said he. "May I come in?"

At the sound, Frances Brown turned sharply toward him, peering vainly through the dusk in an effort to see his face; Mrs. Howard caught her breath; and her husband sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"What the— Who is that?"

"It's I, Bob. Did I startle you?" The voice was reassuring in its steadiness.

"Oh, hello, Clif!" faltered Howard, scrambling for his lost composure. "I—I thought it was Harris. I—I was looking for him."

"He'll be along in a minute, I fancy. He said you were down here, so I came on ahead. I hope I'm not—"

"No, no! Come in! Delighted to see you!" protested his bewildered friend, and introductions followed.

Mr. Brown turned from shaking hands with the newcomer to ask,

"Mr. Howard, did I understand you to speak of your man just now as Harris?"

"Maris," quietly inserted Wainwright.

"Yes, yes, Maris," repeated Robert, blindly. "His name is Maris. Have a cigarette?"

To his consternation, Wainwright not only accepted, but immediately struck a match and held it a moment between curved hands, nursing its flame, his face standing sharply out from the dark in the reflected glow. Frances Brown leaned forward, gripping her chair with both hands, and her father all but permitted his own blazing match to scorch his fingers while he sternly challenged Wain-



Drawn by William T. Smedley

WAINWRIGHT STRUCK A MATCH AND HELD IT BETWEEN HIS CURVED HANDS

wright's steady, indifferent glance. An instant later the burnt matches had been tossed aside and the keen faces had merged again into the dusk.

"Ah?" said Mr. Brown, deliberately. "His name is Maris. And—pardon my inquisitiveness, but I have a reason for asking—have you had him long?"

"N-no, not very long. He came to us quite recently—from England."

"From England! Ah! You—were satisfied with his references?"

"Perfectly. Why?" Howard desperately decided to try aggression.

"He resembles—*strikingly* resembles a man representing himself to be a gentleman, and calling himself Harris, who—whom I have recently met."

"Perhaps he is a gentleman in disguise," calmly suggested Wainwright. "Bob, you may be sheltering an angel unawares."

"A gentleman never needs a disguise," significantly replied the older man.

"Isn't that a little sweeping?" inquired Miss Sewell. "It's not impossible, I suppose, for a man of quite unassailable social position to find himself suddenly without money in a foreign country, and—"

"It is improbable that he would seek employment as a household servant in any emergency," said Beverly Brown, "and quite impossible that, occupying such a position, he would permit himself to accompany, publicly, a lady whom he had formerly known."

"Oh—probably!" she conceded. "But can't you imagine circumstances—for fun—to prove he could—to win a wager? Why, there are a dozen reasons why a man might temporarily assume a disguise."

"My imagination does not soar so far," was the dry response. "To my mind there can be no possible excuse, much less a reason, for a man's making a mountebank of himself. I speak, of course, of a man of our world—a man of breeding, of position, with traditions to sustain—in short, a gentleman. When he becomes a mountebank, he ceases, in the finer sense, to be a gentleman. Do you agree with me, Mr.—Wainwright?" There was just enough hesitation before the name to give it emphasis.

"I should rather say," unconcernedly

returned the suspect, "that being a gentleman, it is quite impossible for him to be a mountebank."

"Ah? Well, it comes to the same thing in the end. It would be an impossible thing, I repeat, for a gentleman to do. Of course there is a type of man who changes his *alias*—and his social position—with the need of the hour."

"Oh!" exclaimed Howard, fancying he caught the drift. "Well, that's not my man. He's all right. I know all about him. In fact"—with a flash of inspiration—"he has lived in the family of friends of mine for years."

"Really? Doubtless you are right, then, but the likeness is striking. I might almost say startling."

"After all, isn't it strange that there are not more physical duplicates in the world," said Wainwright, casually, "considering that we are all built on the same general plan?"

"I dare say. But, then, there's the similarity of the name. It's a little queer."

"As to that," again Wainwright caught the ball, "would any of us accept without doubt, if we saw them in print about somebody else, any of the queer—not to say fantastically incredible—things that have happened to all of us? We talk of chance and coincidence, but I have a notion that most of these things are the workings of the destiny that shapes our ends."

"Rough?" quietly suggested Frances Brown, who had overheard only the latter part of the discussion.

"Oh, I'm no thoroughgoing fatalist," said he. "Destiny is rather likely to drop the job after she has indicated our lines, I fancy, and leave the polishing to us."

"Also leaving us to the unpractised hacking of any chance passer-by," she retorted.

"Apropos of destiny," said Howard, "who's going to get swatted next in this rage of reform that possesses us?"

"Isn't it disheartening?" sighed Miss Sewell. "Everything we were brought up to believe has been disproved, and now everybody we pinned our expiring faith to is being exposed. What are we coming to?"

"An ancestor of mine," Wainwright replied, "once said that the public mo-

ality is like the tide—ever ebbing and flowing; but the public conscience is like the sea, mighty and undefilable, purifying even itself.”

Mr. Brown turned sharply toward him. “Judge Peyton Wainwright said that.”

“Exactly. He was my great-grandfather.”

“Really! A notable man in his day. An ancestor to be proud of, sir.”

“I think so,” was the quiet reply.

“I know several of the Wainwright family,” Mr. Brown continued. “It’s odd that I never met you before.”

“Not particularly. I’ve lived abroad for several years.”

“You must be of the Rhode Island branch.”

“I am. Endicott Wainwright was my father.”

“Really!” said Mr. Brown, thoughtfully.

A man came down the path, carrying a tray full of tinkling glasses. There was nothing in his size or general outline to suggest that he was other than the butler who had served earlier in the evening, and it was too dark to see his face. Wainwright arose and strolled over to where his hostess sat breathless.

“What on earth!” she whispered. “Who is he?”

“Give it up! I believe he’s the cook’s cousin’s son-in-law,—that woman of yours is a jewel, Lady Bob!—and the clothes belong to Jerry Stranahan, if you know who he is. I don’t, but he’s a friend and a brother,” he chuckled.

“How did you manage it?”

“By counsel with the cook-lady, and by telephoning, and by—well, it was a bit expensive, perhaps,—but it’s worth it!”

“You poor boy! But”—doubtfully—“of course it’s all right out here in the dark, but when we go back to the house—”

“That ’ll be all right too. Just you trust me, Lady Bob. There’s more in this than meets the eye, but you sha’n’t suffer.” He turned away and dropped into a chair beside Frances Brown. “Are you going to forgive me?” he asked.

“Why should I?” coldly.

“At first I thought I had met you somewhere and forgotten it—though I might have known I never should have done that!—and at the last, when I un-

derstood, it seemed better, all things considered, to leave well enough alone, until I could get Isabel Danby to set me straight with you.”

“It’s to be regretted that later counsels prevailed.”

“But how was I to know that you were *you*, and were coming here to-night? And—I’m sure Mrs. Howard wouldn’t mind *your* knowing that there was a domestic cataclysm at the last moment—”

“Evidently you were born to heroic deeds, as the sparks fly upward,” she murmured, ironically. “What a pity that valor is separable from its better part!”

“Discretion is not alone in a chance external resemblance to other—unrelated qualities,” he daringly retorted. “Is it possible that what seems to you—what, for example, does it seem to you?”

“Assurance,” said she, promptly.

“That what seems to you assurance,” he imperturbably continued, “is really discretion, unrecognized and misinterpreted?”

“H’mph!” She turned an impatient, scornful shoulder to him, and a short silence ensued between them. Finding, however, that he made no further attempt to exonerate himself, she presently resumed, “Is it permitted to inquire what deep purpose is served by this—discreet—piling of Ossa on Pelion?”

“At least, you are convinced that you were not imposed upon by a cheeky servant.”

“You discredit my intelligence.” Whereat he laughed a little.

“And it seemed desirable all around that your father should abandon his theory that your English friend and Howard’s butler were one and the same,—and that one a crook.”

“And now you underestimate my father’s tenacity.”

At that moment, as the serving-man was about to retire, they heard Mr. Brown say,

“By the way, Mr. Howard, will you ask your man whether my cab has come?”

“No, sorr,” replied a strident tenor voice. “Annyway, not whin I lift the house it hadn’t.”

“Good Lord!” muttered Wainwright.

“Let me know when it comes.”

“Yis, sorr.”

"That's an odd accent to come out of England," quietly observed Mr. Brown.

"You see?" breathed the girl.

"Oh, did you understand me to say that he was an Englishman?" recklessly temporized Howard, inwardly execrating Wainwright as the moving cause of the whole absurd, humiliating situation. "I said that Maris came to *us* directly from England, but surely that brogue speaks for itself!"

"Did he say—*Harris*?" gasped Frances. "Surely you didn't—"

"Yes, but I did," he confessed. "We changed it to Maris, though, for your father's benefit. By the way, I suppose it's none of my business, but—who is Harris?"

For a moment she hesitated. Then, with a short laugh, she said: "Well, you don't deserve it, but—it isn't quite fair to make you bear it all. So, since you've asked,—'I don't believe there's no such a person.'"

"Sairy Gamp!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, *please* understand! I was in such straits! And I was sure you were—what you are,—and it seemed so much simpler—then—just to take it for granted that—oh, *don't* you see?" At the moment she failed to understand his silence, and hurried on. "Then, when father appeared so suddenly, I ought to have said that I'd forgotten your name for the instant, but—I was startled, and—I'd just been rereading *Chuzzlewit*—*Are you laughing?*"

"Oh, please! please!" It was his turn to gasp. "How can I help it! To think that you—"

"You might try to understand—"

"And that is the one explanation that never dimly occurred to me!"

"Av ye plaze, sorr, the caab's coom."

"Which means that I must say good night," said Wainwright, arising, laughter still in his voice.

"You—you won't go up to the house with us, Clif?" uncertainly suggested Mrs. Howard.

"No, thanks. You know it's nearer for me to go across lots. I'm staying in the neighborhood," he explained to the others, "and have learned the short cuts."

"I'm sorry not to have seen more of you, Mr. Wainwright," said Mr. Brown.

"And I regret that my daughter and I are leaving town so soon."

"Thank you," replied the younger man. "I shall soon be leaving myself, however. At least—I hope to sail on Thursday for Cuba."

"Cuba!" exclaimed several voices.

"Yes. That is—I haven't quite decided yet. It depends, to a certain extent, on—the advices I receive later."

"This is very odd," said Mr. Brown, "for my daughter and I expect to sail on Thursday for Havana, on our way to South America."

"Is it possible! Cuba's an interesting country, Miss Brown."

"Is it?" she said. "I have a fancy that it may bore me."

"I hope not. I am anticipating—all sorts of delightful things, if I am fortunate enough to go at all."

"Really? I doubt," pregnantly, "if you would find the climate pleasant at this season.—Is there any danger that we may miss that train?"

Good-nights were hastily said, and Wainwright left them. As she reached the first turn in the winding way, Frances looked furtively back and saw him coolly sauntering toward a path that only he and the Howards knew led behind the shrubbery straight to the kitchen door.

When the hurrying party arrived at the house, the man who had served them at dinner stood, erect and expressionless, beside the door he held open. Mercifully he was not called upon to speak, for he needed all his breath just then.

Passing him on the way out to the carriage, however, Mr. Brown paused.

"I think I'll put on my overcoat, after all," said he. "These early summer evenings are cool." Then, as Wainwright helped him into the garment, "Do you think it's likely to rain, Maris?"

All but Miss Sewell and Trumbull, both entirely out of the running, saw the trap, and there was a general suspension of breath.

"No, sorr," replied Wainwright, in a high, strident voice, which, however it may have differed from that of the cook's cousin's son-in-law, was so unlike his own deep tones that Howard choked

with sudden laughter. "No, sorr. It's a foine noight, sorr."

"Thank you," said Mr. Brown, and passed on.

Wainwright and Howard went to the carriage with them, and Frances was no sooner seated than she exclaimed:

"Oh, bother! I've dropped my handkerchief out this other side!"

Howard would have sprung to restore it to her, but the butler was before him.

"Good-by — Harris," she whispered. "And—if you should see Mr. Wainwright, you may tell him—"

"Yes, yes! Go on!"

"Tell him that I think—maybe—he may find Cuba pleasant after all."

"T'ank ye, Miss Brown. Good night, sorr," said the butler.

After a period of thought, as they drove to the station, Mr. Brown said: "Frances, I think there must be something wrong with my eyes. I'm going to see Blake about them to-morrow. Did you notice a striking likeness between your Mr. Harris and that butler and young Wainwright?"

"There's a general resemblance, certainly," she thoughtfully admitted; "but then, as we said at dinner, the type is not an uncommon one."

"They all looked precisely alike to me," he confessed.

"Did they?" said his daughter. "How odd!"

Edax Rerum

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

GRIEF came and stood before my door
Upon a winter night;
The wind that swirled along the moor
Drew figures on the sanded floor
And fanned the fagots bright.
Who but a foe, with hand on sword,
On such a night would ride abroad?

Let Grief depart the way he came,
I know him not nor like his name.

Around my little room I look
That holds, though strait its wall,
A stoup of wine, an open book,
A cricket in the ingle-nook
And Love, lord over all.
This is my harvest, mine to reap
And mine 'gainst all the world to keep.

The sands run low, the hour will pass—
Well, I have but to turn the glass.

The level lights of evening lie
Upon the browning wold;
The book is shut, the stoup run dry,
The swallows build, with twittering cry,
Within the chimney cold;
And Love, grown old and gaunt and gray,
Sits silent at my side alway.

O fool, to bar the way to Grief,
Yet turn the glass for Time the thief.

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER VII

THE COMPACT

ONE by one the lights went out in the Palace. The excited guests were now knocking at the doors of Cairene notables, bent upon gossip of the night's events, or were scouring the clubs for ears into which to pour the tale of how David was exalted and Nahoum was brought low; how, before them all, Kaïd had commanded Nahoum to appear at the Palace in the morning at eleven, and the Inglesi, as they had named David, at ten. But they declared to all who crowded upon their words that the Inglesi left the Palace with a face frozen white, as though it was he that had met *débâcle*, while Nahoum had been as urbane and cynical as though he had come to the fulness of his power.

Some, on hearing this, said, "Beware Nahoum!" But those who had been at the Palace said, "Beware the Inglesi." This still Quaker, with the white shining face and pontifical hat, with his address of "thee" and "thou," and his forms of speech almost Oriental in their imagery and simplicity, himself an archaism, had impressed them with a sense of weird power. He had prompted old Dias Pasha to speak of him as a reincarnation, so separate and withdrawn he seemed at the end of the evening, yet with an uncanny mastery in his dark-brown eye. One of the Ulema, or holy men, present had said in reply to Dias, "It is the look of one who hath walked with Death and bought and sold with Sheitan the accursed." To Nahoum Pasha, Dias had said, as the former left the Palace, a cigarette between his fingers: "Sleep not nor slumber, Nahoum! The world is not lost by one earthquake." And Nahoum

had replied with a smooth friendliness, "The world is not reaped in one harvest."

"The day is at hand—the East against the West," murmured old Dias as he passed on.

"The day is far spent," answered Nahoum, in a voice unheard by Dias; and, with a word to his coachman, who drove off quickly, he disappeared in the shrubbery.

A few minutes later he was tapping at the door of Mizraim, the Chief Eunuch. Three times he tapped in the same way. Presently the door opened, and he stepped inside. The lean, dark figure of Mizraim bowed low; the long slow fingers touched the forehead, the breast, and the lips.

"May God preserve your head from harm, saadat el pasha, and the night give thee sleep," said Mizraim. He looked inquiringly at Nahoum.

"May thy head know neither heat nor cold and thy joys increase," said Nahoum, mechanically, and sat down.

To an European it would have seemed a shameless mockery to have wished joy to this lean, hateful dweller in the between-worlds; to Nahoum it was part of a life which was all ritual and intrigue, gabbling superstition and innate fatalism, decorated falsehood and a brave philosophy.

"I have work for thee at last, Mizraim," said Nahoum.

"At last, saadat el pasha?"

"Thou hast but played before. To-night I must see the sweat of thy brow."

Mizraim's cold fingers again threw themselves against his breast, forehead, and lips, and he said:

"As a woman swims in a fountain, so shall I bathe in sweat for thee, who has given with one hand and hath never taken with the other."

"I did thee service once, Mizraim—eh?"

"I was as a bird buffeted by the wind; upon thy masts my feet found rest. Behold, I build my nest in thy sails, saadat."

"There are no birds in last year's nest, Mizraim, thou dove," said Nahoum, with a cynical smile.

"When I build, I build. Where I swear by the stone of the corner, there am I from dark to dark and from dawn to dawn, saadat." Suddenly he swept his hand low to the ground and a ghastly sort of smile crossed over his face. "Speak—I am thy servant. Shall I not hear? I will put my hand in the entrails of Egypt, and wrench them forth for thee."

He made a gesture so cruelly, so darkly, suggestive that Nahoum Pasha turned his head away. There flashed before his mind the scene of death in which his own father had lain, butchered like a beast in the shambles, a victim to the rage of Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mehemet Ali.

"Then listen, and learn why I have need of thee to-night."

First, Nahoum told the story of David's coming, and Kaïd's treatment of himself, the foreshadowing of his own doom. Then of David and the girl, and the dead body he had seen; of the escape of the girl, of David's return with Kaïd—all exactly as it had happened, save that he did not mention the name of the dead man.

It did not astonish Mizraim that Nahoum had kept all this secret. That crime should be followed by secrecy and further crime, if need be, seems natural to the Oriental mind. He had seen removal follow upon removal, and the dark Nile flow on gloomily, silently, faithful to the helpless ones tossed into its bosom. It would much have astonished him if Nahoum had not shown a gaping darkness somewhere in his tale; and he felt for the key to the mystery.

"And he who lies dead, saadat?"

"My brother."

"Foorgat Bey!"

"Even he, Mizraim. He lured the girl here—a madman ever. The other madman was in the next room. He struck—come, and thou shalt see."

Together they felt their way through the passages and rooms, and presently entered the room where Foorgat Bey was lying. Nahoum struck a light, and, as

he held the candle, Mizraim knelt and examined the body closely. He found the slight wound on the temple, then took the candle from Nahoum and held it close to the corner of the marble pedestal. A faint stain of blood was there. Again he examined the body, and ran his fingers over the face and neck. Suddenly he stopped, and held the light close to the skin beneath the right jaw. He motioned, and Nahoum laid his fingers also on the spot. There was a slight swelling.

"A blow with the fist, saadat el pasha—skilful, and English." He looked inquiringly at Nahoum. "As a weasel hath a rabbit by the throat, so is the Inglesi in thy hands, O saadat!"

Nahoum shook his head. "And if I went to Kaïd, and said, 'This is the work of the Inglesi,' would he believe? Kaïd would hang me for the lie—would it be truth to him? What proof have I save the testimony of mine own eyes? And Egypt would laugh at that! Is it the time, while yet the singers are beneath the windows, to assail the bride? All bridegrooms are mad. It is all sunshine and morning with the favorite, the Inglesi. Only when the shadows lengthen may he be stricken. Not now."

"Why dost thou hide this from Kaïd, O thou brother of the eagle?"

"For my gain—and thine, keeper of the gate. To-night I am weak, because I am poor. To-morrow I shall be rich—and—it may be, strong. If Kaïd knew of this to-night, I should be a prisoner before cockcrow. What claims has a prisoner? Kaïd would be in my brother's house at dawn seizing all that is there and elsewhere, and I on my way to Fazougli, to be strangled before sunset."

"O wise and far-seeing! Thine eye pierces the earth. What is there to do? What is my gain—with thine?"

"Thy gain?—The payment of thy debt to me."

Mizraim's face lengthened. His was a loathsome sort of gratitude. He was willing to pay in kind; but what Oriental ever paid a debt without a gift in return, even as a bartering Irishman demands his lucky penny.

"So be it, saadat, and my life is thine to spill upon the ground, a scarlet cloth for thy feet. And backsheesh?"

Nahoum smiled grimly. "For backsheesh, thy turban full of gold."

Mizraim's eyes glittered—the dull black shine of a mongrel terrier's. He caught the sleeve of Nahoum's coat and kissed it, then kissed his hand.

Thus was their bargain made over the dead body; and Mizraim had an almost superstitious reverence for the fulfilment of a bond, the one virtue rarely found in the Oriental. Nothing else had he, but of all men in Egypt he was the best instrument Nahoum could have chosen; and of all men in Egypt he was the one man who could surely help him.

"What is there now to do, saadat?"

"My coachman is with the carriage at the gate by which the English girl left. It is open still. The key is in Foorgat's pocket, no doubt; stolen by him, no doubt also. . . . This is my design. You will drive him"—he pointed to the body—"to his palace, seated in the carriage as though he were alive. There is a secret entrance. The bowob of the gate will show the way; I know it not. But who will deny thee? Thou comest from high places—from Kaïd. Who will speak of this? Will the bowob? In the morning Foorgat will be found dead in his bed! The slight bruise thou canst heal—thou canst?"

Mizraim nodded. "I can smooth it from the sharpest eye."

"At dawn he will be found dead. But at dawn I shall be knocking at his gates. And before the world knows I shall be in possession. All that is his shall be mine, for at once the men of law shall be summoned, and my inheritance secured before Kaïd shall even know of his death. And I shall take my chances for my life."

"And the coachman, and the bowob, and others it may be?"

"Shall not these be with thee—thou, Kaïd's keeper of the harem—the lion at the door of his garden of women. Is it strange that Foorgat, who ever flew at fruit above his head, perilous to get or keep, should be found on forbidden ground, or in design upon it? Would it be strange to the bowob or the slave that he should return with thee stark and still? Would they not but count it mercy of Kaïd that he was not given to

the serpents of the Nile? A word from thee—would one open his mouth? Would not the shadow of thy hand, of the swift doom, be over them? Would not a handful of gold bind them to me? Is not the man dead? Are they not mine—mine to bind or break as I will?"

"So be it—wisdom is of thee as the breath of man is his life. I will drive Foorgat Bey to his home."

A few moments later all that was left of Foorgat Bey was sitting in his carriage beside Mizraim the Chief Eunuch—sitting upright, stony, and still, and in such wise was driven swiftly to his palace.

CHAPTER VIII

FOR HIS SOUL'S SAKE AND THE LAND'S SAKE

DAVID came to know a startling piece of news the next morning—that Foorgat Bey had died of heart-disease in his bed, and was so found by his servants. He at once surmised that Foorgat's body had been carried out of the Palace, no doubt, in order that it might not be thought he had come to his death by order of Kaïd. His mind became easier. Death, murder, crime, in Egypt was not a nine days' wonder; it scarce outlived one day. When a man was gone, none troubled. The dead man was in the bosom of Allah—why should the living be beset or troubled? If there was foul play, why make things worse by sending another life after the life gone, even in the way of justice?

The girl David saved had told him her own name, and had given him the name of the hotel at which she was staying. He had an early breakfast, and prepared to go to her hotel, wishing to see her once more. There were things to be said for the first and last time, and then be buried forever. She must leave the country at once. In this sick, mad land, in this whirlpool of crime and secret murder and constant conspiracy, no one could tell what plot was hatching, what deeds were forward; and he could not yet be sure that no one save himself and herself knew who had committed the crime. Her perfect safety lay in instant flight. It was his duty to see that she went, and at once—this very day. He would go and see her.

He went to the hotel. There he learned

that she had left that morning with her aunt for Alexandria *en route* to England.

He approved her wisdom, he applauded her decision. Her presence of mind and swift thought the night before had proven her to be of remarkable character at least. She had done wisely in fleeing at once—yes, she had done wisely. Yet—yet, somehow, as he bent his footsteps towards his lodgings again he had a sense of disappointment, of revelation. She had done exactly what she ought to have done, that which was to have been his counsel to do; and yet the thought intruded itself that she had thought only of herself from first to last. What might happen to him—evidently that had not occurred to her. How could she know but that his life might be in danger; that, after all, they might have been seen leaving the fatal room? Well, she had gone, and with all his heart he was glad that she was safe. A great burden had been lifted off his mind, already burdened beyond endurance. Stranger though she was to him, he would gladly have given his life for her in the circumstances. She was a woman, and she had gone through an experience too terrible for one so young. If it had been Faith, he thought! Faith would have been more discreet; she never would have been involved in the same set of circumstances, yet, by dark accident, she might have been placed in a similar position.

His judgment upon last night's event was not colored or sullied by a single direct criticism upon the girl. But he could not prevent—was not the devil still at work in men's minds, whispering evil and attempting to sow suspicion, distrust, and malice?—he could not prevent the suggestion, suddenly flashing into his mind, that she had thought of herself first and last—a pardonable egoism. Well, she had gone; and he was here to face the future, unencumbered by aught save the weight of his own conscience.

Yet, the weight of his conscience! His feet were still free—free for one short hour before he went to Kaïd; but his soul was in chains. As he turned his course to the Nile, and crossed over the great bridge, there went clanking by in chains a hundred conscripts, torn from their homes in the Fay-

oum, bidding farewell forever to their friends, receiving their last offerings—for they had no hope of return. He looked at their haggard and dusty faces, at their excoriated ankles, and his eyes closed in pain. All they felt he felt. What their homes were to them, these fellaheen, dragged forth to defend their country, to go into the desert and waste their lives under leaders tyrannous, cruel, and incompetent, his old open life, his innocence, his integrity, his truthfulness and character, were to him. They had been to him at once peace and the justification of life. By an impulsive act, by a rash blow, he had asserted his humanity; but he had killed his fellow man in anger! He knew that as that fatal blow had been delivered, there was no thought of punishment—it was blind anger and hatred; it was the ancient virus working which had filled the world with war, and armed it at the expense, the bitter and oppressive expense, of the toilers and the poor. The taxes for wars were wrung out of the sons of labor and sorrow. These poor fellaheen had paid taxes on everything they possessed. Taxes, taxes, nothing but taxes from the cradle! Their lands, houses, and palm-trees would be taxed still, when they would reap no more. And having given all save their lives, these lives they must now give under the whip and the chain and the sword.

As David looked at them in their single blue calico coverings, in which they had lived and slept—shivering in the cold night air upon the bare ground—these thoughts came to him; and he had a sudden longing to follow them, and put the chains upon his own arms and legs, and go forth and suffer with them—and fight and die? To die were easy. To fight? . . . Was it, then, come to that? He was no longer a man of peace, but a man of the sword; no longer a man of the palm and the evangel, but a man of blood—and of crime! He shrank back out of the glare of the sun; for it suddenly seemed to him that there was written upon his forehead, "*This is a brother of Cain.*" For the first time in his life he had a shrinking from the light and the sun, which he had loved like a Persian, had, in a sense, unconsciously worshipped.

He was scarcely aware where he was. He had wandered on until he had come to the end of the bridge, and into the great groups of traffickers who at this place made a market of their wares. Here sat a seller of sugar-cane, there wandered clanking his brasses a merchant of sherbet, there shouted a cheap-jack of the Nile the virtues of a knife from Sheffield. Yonder a camel-driver squatted and counted his earnings; and a sheep-dealer haggled with the owner of a khiassa bound for the sands of the North. The curious came about him and looked at him, but he did not see or hear. He sat upon a stone, his gaze upon the river, following with his eyes, yet without consciously observing, the dark riverine population whose ways are hidden, who know only the law of the river and spend their lives in eluding it—pirates and brigands now, and yet again the peaceful porters of commerce.

Never a criminal in this land but less a criminal than he! For their standard was a standard of might the only right; but he—his whole life had been nurtured in an atmosphere of right and justice, had been a spirited demonstration against force. He was without fear, as he was without an undue love of life. The laying down of his life had never been presented to him; and yet, now that his conscience was his only judge, and it condemned him, he would gladly have given his life to pay the price of blood. Child of the new dispensation as he was, there was in him more of the ancient spirit—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—than he was at all aware.

But now that was impossible—his life was not his own to give, save by suicide; and that would be an insult to the God whom he had offended, to whom he had sent a life with all its sins unpurged, and without a prayer for forgiveness. He had given his word to the woman, and he would keep it, and, when he thought of her, he had no desire that it should be otherwise. In those brief moments she must have suffered more than most men suffer in a long life, the more so because her own indiscretion, though the indiscretion of innocence, had brought about a humiliation which must overshadow her thoughts as long as she lived. Not her hand, however, but his, had com-

mitted the deed. And yet—a sudden wave of pity for her rushed over him, because the conviction seized him that she would also in her soul take upon herself the burden of his guilt as though it were her own. He had seen it in the look of her face last night. For those she loved, or who loved her, it was her duty to save herself from the horror of discovery. For all her future it was her duty to shield herself from any imputation which might as unjustly as scandalously arise if the facts of that black hour ever became known—Ever became known? The thought that there might be some human eye which had seen, which knew, sent a shiver through him.

“I would give my life a thousand times rather than that,” he said, aloud, to the swift-flowing river. “It is enough that one should suffer this secret misery—for mine was the sin and hers the misfortune—than that both should suffer, and one be shamed.” His head sank on his breast. His lips murmured in prayer:

“But be merciful to me, Thou just judge of Israel, for Thou hast made me, and Thou knowest whereof I am made. For my sin, ‘*O my God, my soul is cast down within me; Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites from the Hill of Mazer.*’ Here in this land will I dedicate my life to Thee for the land’s sake. Not for my soul’s sake, O my God. If it be Thy will, let my soul be cast away; but for the soul of him whose body I slew, and for his land, let my life be the long sacrifice.”

Dreams he had had the night before—terrible dreams, which he could never forget; dreams of a fugitive being hunted through the world, escaping and eluding, only to be hemmed in once more; on and on till he grew gray and gaunt, and the hunt suddenly ended in a great morass into which he plunged with the howling world behind him. The gray dank mists came down on him, his footsteps sank deeper and deeper, and ever the cries, as of damned spirits, grew in his ears. Mocking shapes flitted past him, the wings of obscene birds buffeted him, the morass grew up about him; and now it was all a red moving mass like a dead sea heaving about him. With a cry of agony he felt the dolorous flood above his

shoulders, and then a cry pierced the gloom and the loathsome misery, and a voice he knew called to him, "David, David, I am coming!" and he had awaked with the old hallucination of his uncle's voice calling to him in the dawn.

It came to him now as he sat by the waterside, and he raised his face to the sun and to the world. The idlers had left him alone; none were staring at him now. They were all intent on their own business, each man laboring after his kind. He heard the voice of a river-man as he toiled at a rope, standing on the corn that filled his khiassa from end to end, from keel to gunwale. The man was singing a wild chant of cheerful labor, the soul of the hard-smitten of the earth rising above the rack and burden of the body:

"O, the garden where to-day we sow and
to-morrow we reap!
O, the sakkia turning by the garden
walls;
O, the onion-field and the date-tree
growing,
And my hand on the plough—by the
blessing of God;
Strength of my soul, O my brother, all's
well."

He did not understand the words, but the meaning of the song got into his heart. He pressed his hand to his breast with a sudden gesture. It touched something hard. It was his flute. Mechanically he had put it in his pocket when he dressed in the morning. He took it out and looked at it lovingly. Into it he had poured his soul in the old days—days, centuries away, it seemed now. It should still be the link with the old life.

As he walked towards his home again, lines from a singer of England came to him, and he repeated them to himself over and over again until he came to his own door:

"Now the midday heat and passion
burneth,
May my arm be strong;
To plough in life's broad field beside my
neighbor,
Singing with cheerful heart that lightens
labor
The old untiring song."

Rapine, murder, tyranny, oppression,
were round him on every side, and the

ruler of the land called him to his counsels. Here a great duty lay—his life for this land, his life, and his love, and his faith. He would expiate his crime and his sin—the crime of homicide for which he alone was responsible, the sin of secrecy for which he and another were responsible. And that other? If there had been but one word of understanding between them before she left!

At the door of his house stood the American whom he had met at the citadel yesterday—it seemed a hundred years ago.

"I've got a letter for you," Tom Lacey said. "The lady's aunt and herself are cousins of mine more or less removed, and originally at home in the U. S. A. a generation or so ago. Her mother was an American. She didn't know your name—Miss Hylde Maryon, I mean. I told her, but there wasn't time to put it on." He handed over the unaddressed envelope.

David opened the letter, and read:

"I have seen the papers. I do not understand what has happened, but I know that all is well. If it were not so, I would not go. That is the truth. Grateful I am, oh, believe me! So grateful that I do not yet know what is the return which I must make. But the return will be made. I hear of all that has come to you—how easily I might have destroyed all! . . . My thoughts blind me. You are great and good; you will know at least that I go because it is the only thing to do. I fly from the storm with a broken wing. Take now my promise to pay what I owe in the hour Fate wills—or in the hour of your need. . . . You can trust him who brings this to you; he is a distant cousin of my own. Do not judge him by his odd and foolish words. They hide a good character, and he has a strong nature. He wants work to do. Can you give it? . . . Farewell."

David put the letter in his pocket, a strange quietness about his heart.

He scarcely realized what Lacey was saying. "Great girl that—troubled about something in England, I guess. Going straight back."

David thanked him for the letter.



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

FOR THIS LAND—HIS LIFE, AND HIS LOVE, AND HIS FAITH

Lacey became red in the face. He tried to say something, but failed.

"You wish to speak with me, friend?" asked David.

"I'm full up; I can't speak. But say—"

"I am going to the Palace now. Come back at noon if you will—if you wish to talk with me."

He wrung David's hand in gratitude. "You're going to do it. You're going to do it. I see it. It's a great game—like Abe Lincoln's. Say, let me black your boots while you're doing it, will you?"

David pressed his hand.

CHAPTER IX

THE LETTER, THE NIGHT, AND THE WOMAN

"TO-DAY has come the fulfilment of my dream, Faith. I am given to my appointed task; I am set on a road of life in which there is no looking back.

"My dreams of the past are here begun in very truth and fact. When in the night I heard Uncle Benn calling, when in the Meeting-house voices said, 'Come away, come away, and labor; thou art idle,' I could hear my heart beat in the ardor to be off. Yet I knew not where. Now I know.

"Here in Egypt lies the labor that shall purge my soul. And I pray God that it shall be for Egypt's good that I am come. But the path is steep, for I am now of the household and of the presence of the Viceroy of Egypt—agent, adviser, as one who has the voice of his master, who is the ear of his captain. And for such there is no primrose path.

"Last night the Prince Pasha called me to his Council—after he had come to terms with me upon that which Uncle Benn left of land and gold. Think not he tempted me. No glory of a palace, no lure of place drew me on. Alas! no; but in the dark, the dreadful dark, I reached out my hand for guide, and it touched one who had sinned a great sin, who had fallen by the way, and in his misery and anguish he told me the way to go. So, when the Pasha spoke I answered; for the whole land is sick, and my work is at my hand.

"Last night I saw favorites look upon

me with hate because of Kaïd's favor, though the great hall was filled with show of cheerful splendor, and men smiled and feasted. To-day I know that in the Palace where I was summoned to my first duty with the Prince, every step I took was shadowed, every motion recorded, every look or word set down and noted, haply that I might betray myself into some cause of offence. I have no fear of them. They are not subtle enough for the unexpected acts in the life of an honest man, which accomplish their purposes before design and craft can wreck them. Yet I do not wonder men fail to keep honest in the midst of this splendor, where all is strife as to who shall be uppermost, who shall have the Prince's favor; who shall enjoy the fruits of bribery, backsheesh, and monopoly; who shall wring from the slave and the toil-ridden fellah the coin his poor body mints at the *corvée*, in his own taxed fields of *dourha* and cucumbers.

"But these things you do not note upon the surface. When I saw Kaïd to-day he was full of crisp humor, so that you should have thought that Egypt was a land of smiling happiness, and the courtiers and the hangers-on were the only bane of life—good-natured banes! With a light hand he drew me into a field of plans for the good of his people, which might have filled my heart with joy, did I not know that he is a spendthrift of friendly words and generous purposes, which are swallowed up in a wide, dark flood of tyranny and extravagance. Once, it may be, Kaïd dreamed a dream of a well-governed, rich, and happy people, a frugal state, laws for welfare of the many, and privileges for none; but the good that he intended was twisted from its course by evil agents, who distorted his plans, to give riches to the rich and power to the oppressive. Even to-day with the old phrases on his lips, deluding none save himself, and maybe not himself, he must needs plan to check evil by evil, sink fortunes in the mad hope of redeeming fortunes, ruling by tyranny and—through those who deceive him—by fraud and force and cruelty.

"Is this like anything we ever dreamed at Hamley, Faith? Yet here am I set, and here shall I stay till the

skein be unravelled out; and here it may be you will come one day to see me striving to find far beneath the sands foundation for a new life. I feel that as the days wear on there will be many here who will gather to me. These must be the first grains for the coral wall; and when the wall is builded, though the grain be lost in the accomplished work, yet will its labor be well done, itself fulfilled. To fulfil one's self, is not that the law?

"Soon I shall go into the desert upon a mission to the cities of the South, to Dongola, Khartoum and Darfur and beyond; for there is trouble yonder, and war is near unless, by the grace of God, it is given me to bring peace. So I must bend to my study of Arabic, which I am thankful I learned long ago to write to Uncle Benn. And I must not forget to say that I shall take with me on my journey that faithful Moslem Ebn Ezra, in whom I have great faith, if he returns here in time. Others I shall take also, but of these I shall write hereafter. But before that day comes there is much to do here in Cairo, and in the Prince's Palace, to which I go in residence to-morrow.

"I shall henceforth be moving in the midst of things which I was taught to hate. I pray that I may not hate them less as time goes on. The glowing splendor of the East is the background of it all, and the lean and cruel face of barbarism lurks everywhere. Everywhere also I feel the stir of war; not the open rush of armies, but the night attack and the ambushade, the furtive fret of mutiny, the evil whisper of revolution and conspiracy. To-morrow I shall breathe the air of intrigue, shall hear footsteps of spies behind me wherever I go; shall know that even the roses in the garden have ears; that the ground under my feet will telegraph my thoughts. Shall I be true? Or shall I in the end breathe out the same air that I breathe in, the lungs of truth poisoned at last by the Palace exhalations, by the atmosphere of centuries of corruption? Shall I at last whisper, and follow and evade, believe in no one, much less in myself, steal in and out of men's confidences to use them for my own purposes? Shall I put the past to sleep, and live from hour

to hour only as men live here engaged in one vast speculation, and are in the way to become quickly rich by dark processes—in the way also to sudden oblivion in the Nile or in the fearful desert of Fazougli? Does any human being know what he can bear of temptation or of the daily pressure of the life around him? what powers of resistance are in his soul? how long the vital energy will continue to throw off the never-ending seduction, the freshening force of evil. Therein lies the power of evil, that it is ever new, ever fortified by continuous conquest and achievements. It has the rare fire of aggression; is ever more upon the offence than upon the defence; has, withal, the false lure of freedom from restraint, the throbbing force of sympathy.

"Such things I dreamt not of in Soolsby's hut upon the hill, Faith, though, indeed, that seemed a time of trial and sore-heartedness. How large do small issues seem till we have faced the momentous things! It is true that the larger life has pleasures and expanding capacities; but it is truer still that it has perils, events which try the soul as it is never tried in the smaller life—unless, indeed, the soul be that of the Epicurean. The Epicurean I well understand, and in his way I might have walked with a wicked grace. I have in me some hidden depths of luxury, a secret heart of pleasure, an understanding for the forbidden thing. I could have walked the broad way with a laughing heart, though, in truth, habit of mind and desire have kept me in the better path. But offences must come, and woe to him from whom the offence cometh! I have begun now, and only now, to feel the storms that shake us to our farthest cells of life. I begin to see how near good is to evil: how near faith is to unfaith; and how difficult it is to judge from outer actions only; how little we can know to-day what we shall feel to-morrow. Yet one must learn to see deeper, to find motive, not in acts that shake the faith, but in character which needs no explanation, which—" He paused, disturbed.

Then he raised his head, as though not conscious of what was breaking the course of his thoughts. Presently he realized a low, hurried knocking at his door. He

drew a hand over his eyes and sprang up. An instant later the figure of a woman deeply veiled stood within the room beside the table where he had been writing. There was silence as they faced each other, his back against the door.

"Oh, do you not know me?" she said at last, and sank into the chair where he had been sitting.

The question was unnecessary; and she knew it was so, but she could not bear the strain of the silence. She seemed to have risen out of the letter he had been writing, for had he not been writing of her, of what concerned them both? How mean and small-hearted he had been to have thought for an instant that she had not the highest courage, though in going she had done the discreeter, safer thing! But she had come—she had come.

All this was in his eyes, though his face was pale and still. He was almost rigid with emotion, for the ancient habit of repose and self-command of the Quaker people was upon him.

"Can you not see—do you not know?" she repeated, her back upon him now, her face still veiled, her hands making a swift motion of distress.

"I know," he answered, quietly. "Do I not hear your voice? Do I not see you? Has thee found in the past that thee is so soon forgotten?"

"Oh, do not blame me!" She raised her veil suddenly and showed a face as pale as his own, and in the eyes a fiery brightness. "I did not know. It was so hard to come—do not blame me. I went to Alexandria—I felt that I must fly, the air around me seemed full of voices crying out—did you not understand why I went?"

"I understand," he said, coming forward slowly. "Thee should not have come back. In the way I go now the watchers go also."

"If I had not come, you would never have understood," she answered, quickly. "I am not sorry I went. I was so frightened, so shaken. My only thought was to get away from the terrible Thing. But I should have been sorry all my life long, had I not come back to tell you what I feel and that I shall never forget. All my life I shall be grateful. You have saved me from a thousand deaths. Ah, if I could give you but one life! Yet—

yet—oh, do not think but that I would tell you the whole truth, though I am not wholly truthful. See, I love my place in the world more than I love my life: and but for you I should have lost all."

He made a protesting motion. "The debt is mine, in truth. But for you I should never have known what, perhaps—" He paused.

His eyes were on hers, gravely speaking what his tongue faltered to say. She looked and looked, but did not understand. She only saw troubled depths lighted by a soul of kindling purpose. "Tell me," she said, awed.

"Through you I have come to know—" he paused again. What he was going to say, truthful though it was, must hurt her, and she had been sorely hurt already. He put his thoughts more gently, more vaguely.

"By what happened I have come to see what matters in life. I was behind the hedge. I have broken through upon the road. I know my goal now. The highway is before me, leading through a dark country."

She felt the tragedy in his words, and her voice shook as she spoke. "I wish I knew life better—I could make a better answer. You are on the road, you say. But I feel that it is a hard and cruel road—oh, I understand that at least. Tell me, please, tell me the whole truth. You are hiding from me what you feel. I have upset your life, have I not? You are a Quaker, and Quakers are better than all other Christian people, are they not? Their faith is peace, and for me, you—" She covered her face with her hands for an instant, but turned quickly and looked him in the eyes—"for me you put your hand upon the clock of a man's life, and stopped it."

She got to her feet with a passionate gesture, but he put a hand gently upon her arm, and she sank back again. "Oh, it was not you; it was I who did it," she said. "You did what any man of honor would have done—what a brother would have done. You helped me in my worst need."

"What I did is a matter between me and my own soul," he responded quickly. "Had I never seen your face again it would have been the same. You were

the occasion; the thing I did had only one source, my own heart and mind. There might have been another way. For that way, or for the way I did take, you could not be responsible."

"How generous you are!" Her eyes swam with tears; she leaned over the table where he had been writing, and the tears dropped upon his letter. Presently she realized this, and drew back, then made as though to dry the tears from the paper with her handkerchief. As she did so the words that he had written met her eye: "*But offences must come, and woe to him from whom the offence cometh!* I have begun now, and only now, to feel the storms that shake us to the farthest cells of life."

She became very still. He touched her arm and said heavily, "Come away, come away."

She pointed to the words she had read. "I could not help but see, and now I know what this must mean to you."

"Thee must go at once," he urged. "Thee should not have come. Why should that matter? Thee was safe—none knew. A few hours and it would all have been far behind. We might never have met again. I would have remembered only that through a woman I came to know myself, and through myself my fellow men."

Suddenly she gave a low hysterical laugh. "You think you hide the real thing from me. I know I'm ignorant and selfish and feeble-minded, but I can see farther than you think. You want to tell the truth about—about *it*, because you are honest and hate hiding things, because you want to be punished, and so pay the price. Oh, I can understand! If it were not for me you would not. . . ." With a sudden wild impulse she got to her feet. "And you shall not," she cried. "I will not have it." Color came rushing to her cheeks. "I will not have it. I will not put myself so much in your debt. I will not demand so much of you. I will face it all—I will stand alone."

There was a touch of indignation in her voice. Somehow she seemed moved to anger against him. Her hands were clasped at her side rigidly, her pulses throbbing. He stood looking at her fixed-

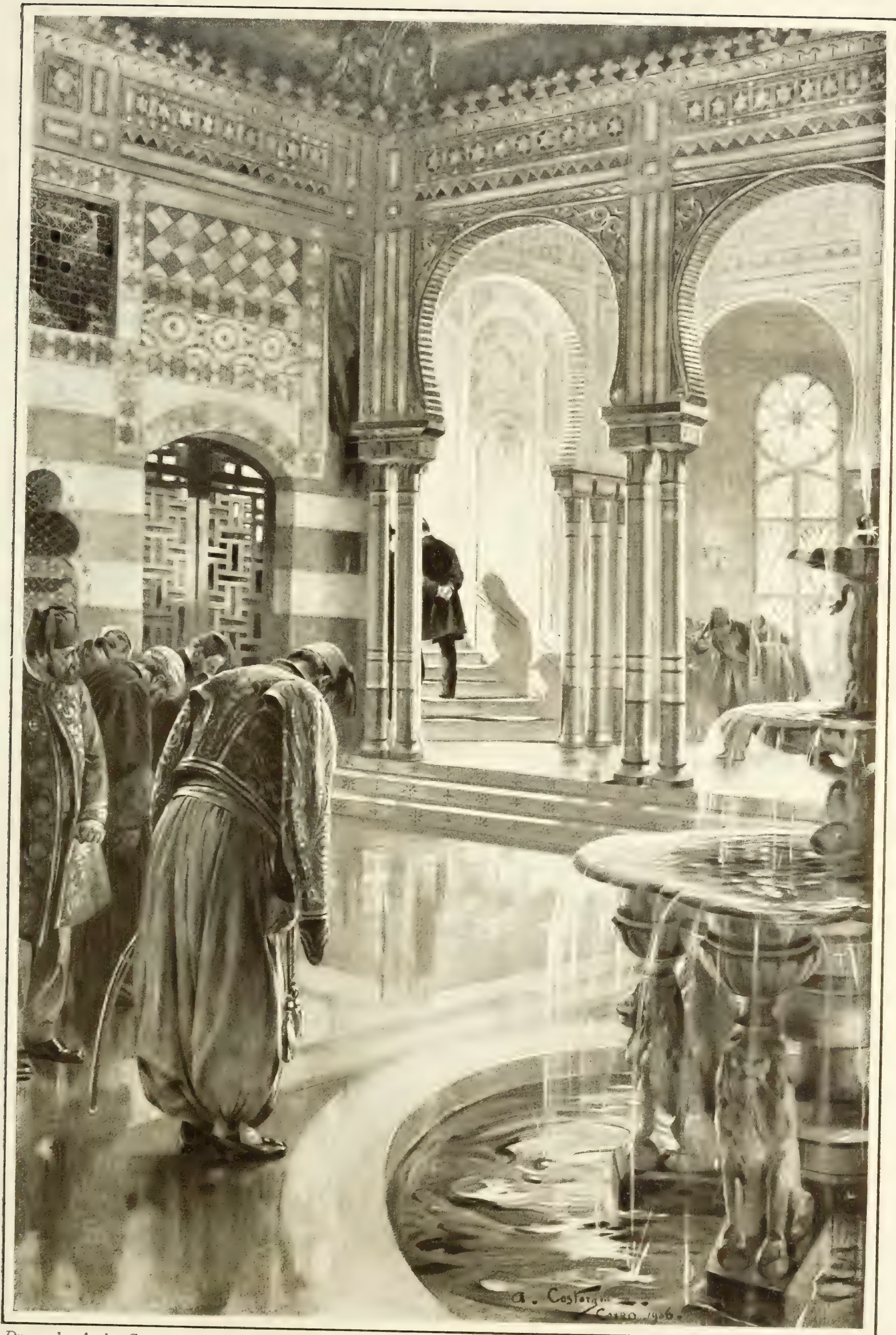
ly, as though trying to realize her. His silence agitated her still further, and she spoke excitedly.

"I could have, would have killed him myself without a moment's regret. He had planned, planned—to ruin me. He would have treated me—ah, God, can you not see it all! I would have taken his life without a thought. I was mad and foolish to go upon such an adventure, but I meant no ill. I had not one thought that I could not have cried out from the housetops, and he had in his heart—he had what you saw. But you—you repent that you killed him—by accident—it was by accident. Do you realize how many times others were trapped by him as was I? Do you not see what he was—as I see now? Did he not say as much to me before you came, when I was dumb with terror? Did he not make me understand what his whole life had been? Did I not see in a flash others, how many! whose lives he had spoiled and killed? Would I have had pity? Would I have had remorse? No, no, no! I was frightened when it was done, I was horrified, but I was not sorry; and I am not sorry. It was to be. It was the true end to his untruth and vileness. Ah!"

She shuddered, and buried her face in her hands for a moment, then went on: "I can never forgive myself for knowing him, for going to the Palace with him. I was mad for adventure, for mystery; I wanted more than the ordinary share of knowledge. I wanted to probe things. Ah, I guessed little what I should find if I probed! Yet I meant no wrong. I thought then nothing of which I shall ever be ashamed. But I shall always be ashamed because I knew him, because he thought that I—oh, if I were a man, I should be glad that I had killed him, for the sake of all honest women."

He remained silent. His look was not upon her, he seemed lost in a dream; but his face was fixed in trouble.

She misunderstood his silence. "You had the courage, the impulse to—to do it," she said sharply; "you have not the courage to justify it. I will not have it so. I will tell the truth to all the world. I will not shrink. I shrank yesterday because I was afraid of the world; to-day I will face it, I will—"



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

"THE GLOWING SPLENDOR OF THE EAST IS THE BACKGROUND OF IT ALL"

She stopped suddenly, and another look flashed into her face. Presently she spoke in a different tone; a new light had come upon her mind. "But I see," she added. "To tell all is to make you the victim, too, of what *he* did. It is in your hands; it is all in your hands; and I cannot speak unless—unless you are ready also."

There was an unintended touch of scorn in her voice. She had been troubled and tried beyond bearing, and her impulsive nature revolted at his silence. She misunderstood him, or, if she did not wholly misunderstand him, she was angry at what she thought was a needless remorse or sensitiveness. Did not the man deserve his end?

"There is only one course to pursue," he rejoined quietly, "and that is the course we entered upon last night. I neither doubted yourself nor your courage. You must not turn back now. Already I have planned my future by what happened. You must not alter the course which was your own making, and the only course which you could or I should take—the only course which I would take, though all the world were against me. I have planned my life according to the word I gave you. I could not turn back now, though your own happiness depended on it; and your happiness depends on the course of silence to which we agreed. We are strangers, and we must remain so. You will go from here now, and we must not meet again. I am—"

"I know who you are," she broke in. "I know what your religion is; that fighting and war and bloodshed is a sin to you."

"I am of no family or place in England," he went on calmly. "I come of yeoman and trading stock; I have nothing in common with people of rank and riches. I have nothing in common with you. Our lines of life will not cross. It is well that it should be so. As to what happened—what I may feel has nothing to do with whether I was justified or no. It has nothing to do with the man's character or his vile and evil plans—nothing to do with the wrong to you, nor all the wrongs that ever he did to your sex, or to any good woman. What I feel belongs to my own soul, and

in the end the thing must be solved by a Power which will not take our little views into account. But if you have thought that I have repented doing what I did, let that pass forever from your mind. I know that I should do the same, yes, even a hundred times, and not by accident, if I were placed again where I was placed. I know what was in my heart at the moment, and I did according to my nature. You say you will not have me remain silent unless I am unprepared to face the penalty! But your first thoughts were right. You had done no wrong, intended no wrong. Your fault, if fault there was, came from defiance of those conventions which are for the protection of the strong as well as the weak; for the strongest may be the innocent victims of their own independence. Having defied convention—having placed yourself in a position where injury was possible and evil placed you at a disadvantage, you must not now be punished cruelly for a thing you did not do. Silence is the only way of safety or of justice. We must not speak of this again. We must each go our own way. We must not change our course."

Her eyes were moist. She reached out a hand to him timidly. "Oh, forgive me," she added brokenly, "I am so vain, so selfish, and that makes one blind to the truth. It is all clearer now. You have shown me that I was right in my first impulse, and that is all I can say for myself. Silence, at least, will save me; and I shall pray all my life that it will do you no harm in the end."

She remained silent, for a moment adjusting her veil, preparing to go. Presently she spoke again: "I shall always want to know about you—what is happening to you—how could it be otherwise?"

She was half realizing one of the deepest things in existence, that the closest bond between two human beings is a bond of secrecy upon a thing that vitally, fatally concerns both or either. That two people shall hold in common a fact which they only know is like laying a wire between two points upon which the electricity plays, producing a common current of understanding. It is a power at once malevolent and beautiful. A

secret like that of David and Hylda, so far-reaching in its consequences, will do in a day what a score of years could not accomplish, will insinuate confidences which might never be given to the nearest or dearest. In neither was any feeling of the heart begotten by their experiences; and yet they had gone deeper in each other's lives than any one they had known in a lifetime. They had struck a deeper note than love or friendship. They had touched the chord of a secret and mutual experience which had gone so far that their lives would be influenced by it forever after. Each understood this in a different way.

Hylda looked towards the letter lying on the table. It had raised in her mind, not a doubt, but an undefined, undefinable anxiety. He saw the glance, and said: "I was writing to one who has been as a sister to me. She was my mother's sister, though she is almost as young as I. Her name is Faith. There is nothing there of what concerns thee and me, though it would make no difference if she knew." Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him. "The secret is of thee and me. There is safety. If it became another's, there might be peril. The thing shall be between us only, forever?"

"Do you think that I—"

"My instinct tells me a woman of sensitive mind might one day, out of an unmerciful honesty, tell her husband—"

"I am not married—"

"But one day—"

She interrupted him. "My life is my own, and it shall not be the absolute possession of any man. My own conscience shall decide. Sentimental egotism will not rule me. Tell me," she added, "tell me one thing before I go. You said that your course was set—what is it?"

"I remain here," he answered, quietly. "I remain in the service of Prince Kaïd."

"You—you—with Kaïd Pasha—here!" she gasped. "It is a dreadful government, an awful service—"

"That is why I stay."

"Ah, I know. You are going to try and change things here—you alone."

"I hope not alone—in time."

"You are an honest man. They will kill you."

"Then an honest man will have come by an honest end."

"You are going to leave England, your friends, your family, your place—in Hamley, was it not? My aunt has read of you—my cousin—" she paused.

"I had no place in Hamley. Here is my place. Distance has little to do with understanding or affection. I had an uncle here in the East for twenty-five years, yet I knew him better than all others in the world. Space is nothing, friend, if souls are in sympathy. My uncle talked to me over seas and lands. I felt him, heard him speak."

"You think that minds can speak to minds, no matter the distances—real and definite things?"

"If I were parted from one dear to me, I would try to say to him or her what was in my mind, not by written word only, but by the flying thought."

She sat down suddenly, as though overwhelmed. "Oh, if that were possible!" she said. "If one could send a thought like that!" Then with an impulse, and the flicker of a sad smile, she reached out a hand. "If ever in the years to come you want to speak to me, will you try to make me understand—as your uncle did with you?"

"I cannot tell," he answered. "That which is deepest within us obeys only the laws of its need. By instinct it turns to where help lies, as a wild deer, escaping from captivity, makes for the veldt and the watercourse."

She got to her feet again. "I want to pay my debt," she said solemnly. "It is a debt that one day must be paid—so awful—so awful!" A swift change passed over her. She shuddered, and grew white. "I said brave words just now," she added in a hoarse whisper, "but now I see him lying there cold and still, and you stooping over him. I see you touch his breast, his pulse. I see you close his eyes. One instant full of the pulse of life, the next struck out into infinite space. Oh, I shall never—how can I ever—forget!" She turned her head away from him, then composed herself again, and said quietly, with anxious eyes: "Why was nothing said or done? Perhaps they are only waiting. Perhaps they know. Why was it announced that he died in his bed at home?"

"I cannot tell. When a man in high places dies in Egypt it may be one death or another. No one inquires too closely. He died in Kaïd Pasha's Palace, where other men have died, and none has inquired too closely! To-day they told me at the Palace that his carriage was seen to leave with himself and Mizraim the Chief Eunuch. However it was done, whatever the object, he was secretly taken to his house from the Palace, and that his brother Nahoum, whose place I now shall hold, seized upon his estate in the early morning. I think that no one knows the truth. But it is all in the hands of God. We can do nothing more. Thee must go. Thee should not have come. In England thee will forget, as thee should forget. In Egypt I shall remember, as I should remember. Thee must leave to-morrow. Thee will permit me to take thee back to the hotel? Thee should not have come alone."

"*Thee*," she repeated softly. "I love the Quaker *thee*. My grandmother was an American Quaker. She always spoke like that. Will you not use the *thee* and *thou* in speaking to me always?"

"We are not likely to speak together in any language in the future," he answered. "But now thee must go, and I will—"

"My cousin, Mr. Lacey, is waiting for me in the garden," she answered. "I shall be safe with him."

She moved towards the door. He caught the handle to turn it, when there came the noise of loud talking, and the sound of footsteps in the courtyard. David opened the door slightly and looked out, then closed it quickly.

"It is Nahoum Pasha," he said. "Please, the other room," he added, and pointed to a curtain. "There is a window leading on a garden. The garden gate opens on a street leading to the Esbekiah and your hotel."

"But, no, I shall stay here," she said. She drew down her veil, then taking from her pocket another, arranged it also, so that her face was hidden.

"You must go," he said—"go quickly." Again he pointed.

"I will remain," she rejoined, with determination, and seated herself in a chair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sign

BY LILY A. LONG

HOW beauty fills the world!
Men strive and sin,
And higher heap the burden of Earth's ill,
And weave a web of wrong for her,—and still
'Tis beauty fills the world.

No blot in all the world!
The creeping green,
The water flashing down in shining ways,
The light that breaks in drenching color sprays,
With beauty fill the world.

If beauty fills the world,
Then all is said.
The secret joy of one small perfect flower
Were proof enough of God,—His love, His power,—
And beauty fills the world!

A Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

WHEN Reynolds, fresh from his sojourn in Italy, began his career in London, his style met with denunciation from his fellow painters; accustomed to the artificiality of Lely and Kneller, they could not bring themselves to accept the new view of life as it presented itself to Reynolds's eyes. It was a new world in which physical life was touched with grace and beauty. With the manners of a courtier, Reynolds set forth the world of taste and fashion about him. He felt its vivacity and distinction, its hope and felicity, its buoyancy and freshness. His portraits show neither sorrow nor world-weariness; there is no questioning of life's problems, no aspiration or desire, but rather a joy in life for itself, a delight in the ecstasy of living. In accord with this spirit is his airy brushwork and the sparkle of what Haydon called his "gemmy surface." He worked for character, for color and effect, and betrayed no mood of sorrow or dejection. For him there was no unloveliness in life, and he was haunted by no spirit of brooding melancholy. He lacked the technical mastery of the great Venetians and of Rembrandt, whom he greatly revered, which led to his experimenting for certain results; but his earlier portraits, among which this belongs, are always firmer in modelling even though less striking in effect.

Kitty Fisher, the most celebrated Traviata of her time, sat frequently to Reynolds, there being at least a dozen portraits of her between her fifteenth and twenty-fifth years. At twenty-one she married, and at twenty-six, died—"a victim to cosmetics," says a writer of the time. During her brief life this daughter of a German stay-maker made a brilliant impression by her personal charms, her sparkling wit, and abounding spirits. Of authentic portraits of her by Reynolds this one with the doves and the Garrick miniature, acquired by Mr. Lenox in 1848, is in Sir Joshua's happiest manner.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



A PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Magnetic Hearth

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

"CLANCY was laying his course that day,
Clipping it out o' Fortune Bay—"

and so on to the further details, the fifteen hundred barrels of frozen herring in his hold, and a breeze that sung lullabies of home, when one of his crew had to fall sick.

"And of all times!" exploded his mates. "The first cargo of the season; and now Glover 'll beat us out—ready to sail when we left." But there was nothing for it but to put back to St. Marys and ship another man in his place.

The new man was but fairly over the rail—Man! but the jaunty chap he was!—when he had to break out with: "So this is the Tommie Clancy I've been hearing so much about? The great Tommie Clancy—Clancy the sail-carrier! Well, I've yet to see the man that could carry sail enough for me."

Of course that was too good for the crew to keep; and while they were getting under weigh again they started to tell the skipper of what the new man had said, thinking to touch his professional reply and sting him to one of his famous rejoinders, perhaps set him to teach the fellow a lesson. But they were grievously disappointed. He did not let them half finish. "To the devil with what he said!" exploded the irate Clancy. He had only himself just leaped aboard, after seeing the sick man attended to ashore. "Look now!" and held up a letter. "Ought to have been given me a week ago. Only I stepped into the post-office on the way down, I'd never got it at all. If I'd got it when I ought to, we'd been half-way home by now, with that sick man taking his chances out of the medicine-chest. And more than that," and he held aloft a telegram, although, instead of telling them what that was about, he thrust it into an inside pocket.

"Hush!" warned one, a subtle one, a man who had essayed to report the new man's

words about sail-carrying. "Maybe he's put out about Glover, who left for home last night," meaning it to reach the skipper's ears, which it did.

"To the devil with Glover!" said Clancy. "We won't be home any later because he's left before us."

"But the market, skipper?"

"To hell with the market, too—what's the matter with that anchor? Is that anchor cat-headed yet? No? Well, why isn't it? And another heave or two on the throat-halyards. And, Lord in heaven! bend your backs. Some o' you act as though you thought you were pulling on pack-threads."

And in that spirit they left for home. At dark they had sunk the headlands of Cannargie, at dawn they raised the cliffs of Whitehead, which truly was going some, as Sam Leary put it when after an arduous trick to the wheel he dropped below, dodging as he leaped from the lowest step the heavy rods which held the *Duncan* together forward. "Some day they'll cut a man's head off coming below in a hurry."

"I cal'late by the way she's hoppin', Sammie, that it's blowin' some." This from the cook.

"Go up and have a look for yourself, cookie. *Some* water on her deck."

"No need to go on deck to see loose water, Sam. I c'n get that here. I wish she was a little tighter. There's blessed little comfort wearin' rubber boots all the time below. Don't you think she's a bit loose for a winter passage, Sammie? Look at them things, now." He pointed to the heavy strengthening stays which Sam had dodged, and which stretched across the forec's'le just abaft the butt of the foremast. Even as he gazed they were quivering under the impact which came of the vessel plunging into heavy seas before an immense press of canvas. "Some day, Sammie, them 'll part, and then she'll

split in two like a Boston cracker and down she'll go."

"If, instead of swearing at them so much, cook, you'd once in a while take a marlinespike to the turnbuckle and screw 'em a little tighter—" Sam followed his own advice. "There; that looks better."

"But she is loose, Sammie."

"Loose? Of course she's loose. But that's no fault of hers. Look back at the passages she's made. Sure 'tisn't in nature for a vessel to be driven as this man's driven this one for years now and she not be loose. But that only affects a vessel's comfort. For sailin' 'tis no harm. Ain't it notorious that a loose vessel sails fastest?"

"H-m-m—then this one ought to be about the fastest thing that ever wiped her nose in a winter westerly."

"And so she is. I'd hate to say what I think she's logging now, for fear of what you'd call me. But what odds if she is loose, so she's standin' up well? And she's standin' up—well enough to carry her mains'l anyway, and all the vessels that's carryin' a whole mains'l hereaway to-day c'n be counted on the thumbs of a one-armed man, I'll bet."

"And no slack now, Sammie, till he's home, I s'pose?"

"Slack? Slack?" Leary looked into the cook's face to assure himself no joke was meant. "This man slack on a passage home? Well, if—there goes another shelf of crockery, cookie. You ought to know better than leave them around so careless—and the way this vessel's bein' jolted. If I know him, he's got a picture in his eye now of cradles and babies and a lone woman by the fire. No, sir, if it was blowin' 16-inch guns out of the water he wouldn't slack now."

And never a slack did Clancy think of. Cruel it certainly seemed. Wind just forward of her beam then, and so allowing of sheet enough to keep all the bouncing life in her. And the sea? She was picking it up over her knight-heads and passing it along deck, smothering hatches, house, and wheel-box, and over the taffrail roaring. "Like an express-train on the other track," said the next man off watch after Leary. "Honest, I caught myself looking back at her wake to see if I couldn't see the

cars going out of sight around the curve. Man! if she don't bust all the records this trip!"

And that started them to figuring out how long before she would be here, there, and finally into Gloucester, which is known of any old Gloucester fisherman to be the surest way to discount any good luck in store. It was only inevitable, then, that the vengeful wind should jump to the westward. The skipper was the first to note the veering, and it was, "Blast your hoary old face!—can't you stay with a man in a hurry for two days running?" And to the man at the wheel then, "Let her come about, and don't trip her, either."

Almost to Sable Island Northwest Light it was on that tack. Abreast of Cape Sable they hoped it would be on the inshore tack. But no; the wind headed them off again and developed into a westerly hurricane, of which, between one tack and the other, they got thirty hours, she reeling off her express speed under four lowers the meantime. It was then her planks first gave warning. Clancy was not deaf to the indications. "But no fear; she won't give in. I never could make her give in. She'll keep going, this one, till the planks are torn from her frame. That's the spirit of her. But here's this devil's breeze heading us off again."

It was on that next tack she showed herself the wonderful vessel altogether. And Clancy standing right there to see her. "Did you ever see her like?" he asked, and so fired with admiration of her that—she was carrying her four lowers then—he thought to try her with the stay-sail. And did. And she stood up under that; not without some further creaking and groaning of her joints, it is true, but still right side up. "M-m!" murmured Clancy, in sheer admiration, and after that gave her the balloon. Blue times it was then, spume and foam and a clawing sea—a great occasion altogether. Grand, yes—life well worth living; and then—it was the forward watch who, thinking he heard an unusual gurgling overboard, stuck his head over her windward bow. And immediately hopped back with warning arms: "Skipper! oh, skipper, she's all opened up for'ard!"

"Then slap it to her on the other tack,"



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

CLANCY TOOK THE WHEEL HIMSELF

said Clancy, and never even smiled, for the madness of making a passage was on him.

And while on that other tack came a glorious southeasterly, and riotous joy prevailed aboard the *Duncan*. A southeasterly gale for home-bound vessels, especially in winter! It is a softening, albeit at times a howling, influence. Particularly does it add to the joy of man when it follows a hard westerly, serving then to melt the ice. And straight down the Cape Shore went the *Duncan* before it, while Tommie Clancy, standing on her quarter, smiled the smile of a boy with a slice of bread and molasses. To Sam Leary's query, "Will you beat him out?" he asked, "Beat who out?"

"Why, Glover."

"Oh, him! Ten hours start? I don't know. And what's more, Sammie, I don't know's I care. We're sailing now, that's sure," and the frequent seas threatening to overhaul and smother her, he took the wheel himself; and for fourteen hours stood to it, lifting a hand from the spokes only to gulp down the cups of hot coffee which were brought when chance offered. And sang little songs to himself the while—songs of home, and hearth, and wife, and children,—songs the Celtic people sing as the mother rocks the babies, the fathers as they meditate on life, death, and what comes after.

In the milder spells of that run the water on her quarter piled to Clancy's thighs, but later it came to his waist; and there was one inspiring stretch of four hours when the solid water came boiling to his breast. And a man of sweeping height was Clancy. She must have been a sight to please the gods; certainly she was a joy to all she met along the way. They breasted a fleet of outbound trawlers hove to inside La Have, under double-reefed foresails all. To the rail of one, the *Buccaneer*, stood Crump Taylor. "What is it?" hailed Crump.

"I don't know," yelled back Tommie, "but I'll know before a great while an this breeze holds out."

"Well, what's your hurry?" asked the master of the next one, which herself rocked to the sea's surge till her fore-keel could be seen to the waist.

"Oh, no great hurry—just going to the west'ard," retorted Clancy.

"Excuse *me!*" said that one.

"Drive her!" yelled the next. On the *Duncan* they couldn't hear the words, so rapidly was she sweeping by; but they knew what he meant by the swishing sweep of his oilclothed arm.

Not until they rounded Cape Sable and were getting the wind fair abeam did Clancy give over the wheel. After three days and nights on his feet he was beginning to feel the need of rest. It was three o'clock in the morning then. "Keep her as she is—nothing to. If anything, keep her off. If I don't wake before, call me at seven," and turned in on the lockers.

But they didn't have to call him, for in his sleep he felt the unusual motion. He rolled to his side and waited. A moment and she came up almost standing; another moment and she was tearing away. A minute or two and she was brought up again; another and she was off. Clancy stood up. The clock indicated a few minutes after six. Two or three of the crew, expecting the call to coffee—there had been no table since the beginning of the westerly—were already sitting around on the lockers. Again she fetched up, and again she was off again. "How's it above?" asked Clancy.

"'Bout the same; maybe a breath more wind, if anything."

"Has it been going on for long, that luffing?"

"Since this man's had the wheel."

The unusual readiness to fix the blame arrested Clancy's attention. Forgetfully he lowered his head to look up the companionway to see who it was; but the boards which two days before had been set up to keep the deck water from the cabin were still there, and the man to the wheel could not be seen.

"And who is it?"

They were more than willing to tell him. "It's the sail-carrier you shipped in Fortune Bay."

"Oh-h—"

"And now that he's to the wheel, his eyes are white with fear of the world to come."

Clancy said nothing, but presently went on deck; and there stood by the wheel and casually observed the progress of things. No getting around it, 'twas a wild-looking morning.

With the master at his side the new man kept his nerve for perhaps five minutes, by which time he could stand it no more. In the face of a mountainous sea that looked as if it was surely going to engulf them, he hurriedly put down the wheel. Even while the wave was sweeping her decks, ere yet it had passed on, with its grand backwash receding musically down her sloping deck, Clancy was warning his helmsman.

"Don't do that. Keep her to the course,—nothing to. If anything, keep her off. A good full always to keep the life in her. That kind of work discourages a vessel; she's going home, mind."

"Yes, sir," and on her course again was the *Duncan* put. And for perhaps another five minutes the new man held her to it; but the prospect proving too much for him, again he luffed her.

Clancy laid a gentle arm on the wheelman's shoulder and spoke softly. "I told you not to do that, and you mustn't. Don't do it again. This one's a little loose maybe, but she'll take all you can give her. I know her better than you, mind, and I'm telling you to trust her. And even if she wasn't reliable, which she is, mind—this is no time for jogging. We're going home now—going home, boy."

After that Clancy thought the man was cured. But no. Five minutes perhaps and again she was luffed.

Clancy laid a hand on the wheel. "You needn't bother about steering any more. I'll stand your watch out, and do you go below. And if you'll take my advice, and no offence meant, when you get to Gloucester you'll take to farming; for cert'nly the Lord never intended you for a fisherman."

Be sure they heard that below—an ear to the binnacle-box assured it; and when he came below among them furtive glances stole around the company. But, like gentlemen, they said never a word. Nor did he then; only sat down on a locker and drew off his oilskins, first his jacket and trousers, then followed his jack-boots, wearily, and got into his slipshods; after which he reached back and from under the mattress of his bunk drew out a plug of tobacco and rolled it in the palm of his hands, and filled his pipe, and stretched his feet then toward the stove.

In that position he smoked meditatively, and, after a while—puff—puff—and a great sigh: "Well, a hundred times I've crossed the Bay of Fundy, but this is the first time ever I crossed under water."

The disgraced helmsman's mate was at that time forward, considering how foolish it all was to attempt to stand watch. He was making no pretension to look out; simply curled up and waited for his hour to come to an end. "And I might's well been below for all the good I was doing," he explained when he did get below. "Might as well lock her up forward and let her go her way, for it's nothing but a solid ledge of clear white water ahead of her, and into that she's everlastin'ly pilin'."

"And how's the skipper? Looking tired yet?"

"Him tired? And the vessel goin' to the west'ard? Man! he's just beginnin' to beam!"

"Still singin' the little songs to himself, rhymin' as he goes along?"

"Ay, still singin',

West half no'the and drive her, we're
abreast now of Cape Sable,
'Tis an everlastin' hurricane, but here's the
craft that's able—

singin' away, and his eyes shinin' like Thacher's after you've come a passage from Flemish Cap."

The prospect moved Sam Leary to ascend to the deck, where his eyes at once caught a faint column of smoke. "That the Yarmouth steamer, skipper, down to le'ward?"

"That's the old lady, Sam. Raised her at eight o'clock this morning, and by one o'clock—the way we're sliding along now—we'll have rubbed even that blotch of smoke off the sky-line, Sam."

"And they say she averages her fourteen knots one year's end to the other? Well, that's tearin' 'em off some." He took a fresh grip of the weather-rigging and gazed with yet more respectful interest at her deck. "Lord! Lord! loose as cinders and fair leapin' for home. And—hullo, what! Thacher's already? Lord! skipper, but she's cert'nly been pushin' the suds out of her way. I'll bet you were glad to see 'em." He nodded to the twin shafts ahead.

"I could kiss the whitewashed stones of 'em, Sammie. And here"—Clancy

slipped the life-line from about his body—"here, Sam, and mind you keep her going."

They kept her going, with never a slack till she was safe to the dock; and up the dock, ere yet her lines were fast or her lowering sails down, Clancy flew.

A dozen would have stopped him. By their smiles he knew that he had brought home the first load of frozen herring of the season; but small glory in that for him now. All along the coast, when around his lashed body the green seas curled, 'twas not of herring, or bonus, or anything with the mark of money on it, that was holding thrall his fancy. The *Duncan* herself could hardly have taken longer leaps before the gale than did Clancy up the dock.

An empty buggy, with a sleepy-looking horse between the shafts, was standing before the door of an office at the head of the wharf. A boy was huddled on some steps near by. "Whose gear?" asked Clancy, who by then was on the seat and reaching for the whip.

"Belongs to a runner selling fish-hooks inside."

"Well, tell him I took it when he comes out. Chk-chk—get up, you fat loafer!"

"Oh, Captain—oh, Captain!" the owner called from the doorway of an office, but he called too late. Up the street a plump, astonished horse was flying with a rattling buggy, and a cloud of dust in his wake. Through the streets of Gloucester went Clancy; jibed a corner, then away for fair sailing on a straight stretch; another corner, a beat up an incline, one more corner and another fine straight stretch, and then fetched up all standing, with the sides of the poor beast shaking like a mainsail in the wind.

Fifty yards away was Clancy's home. But he did not go clattering to that; the courage of him was now failing. He slacked down, halted even, and, leaning a hand against the tree before the door, drew a full breath or two. So much could happen in a week! At the door he tried to fit the key to the lock, but it would not turn. The cold sweat came over him. What did it mean? He tried again. Still no turn. He tried the knob then—and the door opened. It hadn't been locked at all. And then he remem-

bered: "There'll be no lock on the door, Tommie, once I hear you are on the way home. Night or day you won't have to stop to open the lock."

Perhaps all was well, after all. He stepped into the hall. Hearing a noise in the kitchen, he headed that way. Maybe—but no; it was the old helper. Before he could reach her he heard her, talking to herself, as was her habit.

"Tea and toast," she was saying. "Mustn't cut the slices too thick for toast—tea and toast for the poor creature!"

"And who's the poor creature? How is she?"

The old woman started and turned at the sound of that hoarse voice. "Oh, Captain Clancy!"

"And how is she?"

"Oh, but the lovely baby boy—the day after we sent the telegram."

Clancy gripped the door-frame and came nigher to the old woman. "But Ann?"

"Man alive, have no fear! Would I be standing with a quiet mind here and the poor girl not well? She's sitting up to-day."

He started to say something, but his tongue would not act. "Up-stairs? in her room?" he managed to whisper at length.

The old woman smiled and nodded.

"I must go up—but wait. I mustn't make any noise, must I? Don't tell her—don't call. I want myself to bring the first word. She'll like it better."

"Yes, and more than the word she'll like the man that brings it. And go soon, Captain, for there's that now in your eyes would win queens from their thrones."

Clancy removed his boots, the same great boots that till now had not been drawn from his feet since he had left Newfoundland. Up-stairs he crept. A sound, well-built house it was, and the stairs did not creak under his weight. As he went up he heard her voice crooning softly. Changed it was, with new tones in it, but still her own voice always—no other voice like it. She was singing now; and on the landing, with the half-open door of her room no more than an arm's length away, he stopped and listened. And listening, waited, wondering curiously just why he waited. Night and day he had been driving—snow, ice,



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HE STOPPED AND LISTENED

hail, gales of wind, and great seas—and during it all but one thought, to be where he was now. A hundred times he had pictured himself bounding up the stairs and into her arms. Yet now that he was here, he was waiting; now that he was so near, he lacked the courage to go in. And even while he hesitated the dear voice broke into a new song:

“Home to his sweetheart your father is
sweeping,
Home through the gale his brave vessel
is leaping,—
Home through the foam of the turbulent
ocean,
Over the shoals, over the knolls, over the
wild western ocean to thee!”

A wavelike flame swept over him. How well she knew!

“Over the shoals, over the knolls, over the
wild western ocean to thee!”

He waited no longer; and as through the door he had heard, so now in the doorway she saw him. And her face!—He clasped her, mother and baby he clasped them both, and pride as well as love rang in his voice. “Ann, Ann, but where’s the man wouldn’t carry sail for you!”

“Tommie — Tommie — home again!” and laid the baby in his arms and cried on his breast.

Harry Glover got home that night. His crew lost no time in getting ashore. It had been a notable passage, and they were wistful to ease the strain and to boast of some pretty fair work against a hard westerly along the way. And did boast, until they heard that Clancy was in before them. “Well, I’m damned!” it was with them then—with all of them, that is, but Steve Clifford.

Clifford met Sam Leary along the way. “I half expected it, Sam, as the rest of the crew ’ll tell you. We were passing the fleet anchored on La Have. They hailed out something we couldn’t quite get. But the skipper thought it was something in praise of the sail he was carrying. He had her under four lowers then and was some proud. He called to me, knowing I’d been with Clancy a few trips. ‘Where’s your *Johnnie Duncan*?’ he says,—‘where’s Tommie Clancy at this writing, do you s’pose?’

“‘Where?’ says I. ‘Well, if I know Tommie Clancy and the *Johnnie Duncan*, she’s playin’ leap-frog across the Bay o’ Fundy by this time—ho! ho! so help me, Sam—playin’ leap-frog across the Bay o’ Fundy—yes. And he liked to kill me then—yes.’”

Later still Clancy met Glover—Glover the Diplomat, but with curious streaks of good nature in him. Clancy, with a package under one arm, was running like a little boy whose mother has sent him on an errand and told him to make haste. He had been to the drug-store, he explained, for a bottle of peptonized something or other—he was not just sure what it was—he only knew that he had to hurry back.

“Tommie,” said Glover, “what d’ y’ say to a little touch?”

“No time, Harry, now.”

“Oh, make time. You ought to after that passage. No? Not even one for the baby?”

“Who told you about him?”

“Oh, forty people. And I hear he’s a wonder, too.”

“Harry, as God is my judge”—Clancy in a rapture held his free arm aloft—“he grips my mustache only just now, and d’ y’ think I could make him let go? Not him. Man! but what a grip he’ll have for a wheel, if ever he lives to grow up and has to go fishing!”

“Let’s hope he’ll never have to go fishing.”

“There you said it, Harry.” Clancy laid the free arm on Glover’s. “No, let’s hope he won’t. It ’ll do for us, but not for our children. But if he does”—he held the glass to the light—“and if ever he takes his mains’l in to any—”

“If he does, he’ll be no boy of yours, Tommie. And so he’ll never take it in to any that’s afloat. And now, Tommie, before we drink the boy’s health—that bet I made with you just before we left on the passage—”

“That, Harry? And we drinking to the boy? Why, it’s the next thing to a christening! No; put your money back.”

“But what ’ll I do with it?”

“Lord! I don’t care what you do with it. Heave it overboard, or buy bait with it, or give it to the foreign missions. I know I don’t want it, nor won’t take it. Here’s to the boy—and his mother—God bless her!—that bore him.”

Lincoln As I Knew Him

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (*HIS BODY-GUARD*)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

IT was in November, 1864, that four police officers were detailed by Mr. William B. Webb, who was then chief of police in the District of Columbia, to be a special guard for President Lincoln. They were to act on instructions from headquarters, and were also to be subject to any orders the President might give. The men were Elphonso Dunn, John Parker, Alexander Smith, and Thomas Pendel. All but Thomas Pendel have since died. They reported immediately to the White House. Not long after the appointment a vacancy in the position of doorkeeper occurred, and the place was given to Pendel. On the 4th of January I was sent to the White House to act as the fourth guard.

There was rotation in the service, although the hours were not invariable. The general plan was this: Two men were on duty from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon. These officers guarded the approach to the President in his office or elsewhere in the building, accompanied him on any walks he might take—in general, stood between him and possible danger. At four another man went on duty and remained until midnight, or later if Mr. Lincoln had gone outside the White House and had not returned by that time. At twelve the second night-guard went on duty, and remained until he was relieved, at eight in the morning. The night-guards were expected to protect the President on his expeditions to and from the War Department or while he was at any place of amusement, and to patrol the corridor outside his room while he slept. We were all armed with revolvers.

The reasons why the friends of Mr. Lincoln insisted on this precaution were almost as evident then as they became later. Marshal Ward Lamon and Secretary Stanton had been begging him, it

is said, since 1862 not to go abroad without protection of some kind. Mr. Lamon has said himself that he was especially fearful of the President's showing himself at the theatre. He considered that a public place of amusement offered an opportunity for assassination even more favorable than Mr. Lincoln's solitary walks or the occasional drive or horseback ride he took to the Soldiers' Home. Mr. Stanton is known to have been angered by a lack of caution which, on the part of a man so indispensable to the welfare of the nation as its President, he regarded as foolhardiness. For the President had always been inclined, in his interest in the thing that absorbed him, to forget that he was vulnerable. Every one remembers how, when he was watching Early's threatened attack on the fortifications north of Washington, he exposed himself recklessly to chance bullets. He hated being on his guard, and the fact that it was necessary to distrust his fellow Americans saddened him. He refused to be guarded as long as it was possible for a sane man to persist.

But toward the end of 1864 so much pressure was brought to bear on him, particularly by Marshal Lamon and Secretary Stanton, that he finally yielded. He had admitted to Ward Lamon before this that he knew there was danger from a Pole named Garowski, who had been seen skulking about the White House grounds. He told Lamon of a shot that had barely missed him one day when he was riding to the Soldiers' Home. Conspiracies to abduct or assassinate the President were constantly being rumored. At first he contended that if any one wanted to murder him no precaution would avail. Finally, although he was always more or less of this opinion, the President gave way to the anxieties of

those near to him. He consented to the guard of police officers and, on longer journeys, to a cavalry guard.

There were many reasons why this fact was not known at the time and has not been generally understood since. In the first place, the President's bravery—rashness some called it—was so universally recognized, he had refused for so long to take any precautions, that people were not looking for him to change. In the second place, both from his own feelings and as a matter of policy, he did not want it blazoned over the country that it had been found necessary to guard the life of the President of the United States from assassination. It was not wise—especially at this critical time—to admit so great a lack of confidence in the people. He was sensitive about it, too. It hurt him to admit it. But realizing that he had been chosen to save the country from threatened destruction, he forced himself, during the last months of his life, to be somewhat more cautious. When he had yielded, however, because of all these reasons he wished as little show as possible of precaution. We wore citizen's clothes; there was no mention of the appointment in the papers or in official records; we walked with him, not behind him. The President was simple in his manners; he was in the habit of talking freely with any one who wished to speak to him. So it happened that a passer-by had no way of knowing that the man in plain clothes who walked by Mr. Lincoln's side was any other than the friend, office-seeker, petitioner, adviser, who helped to fill up every minute of the President's waking time.

I was very much surprised when the order came to report to the President for duty and naturally elated. It was one Monday morning. I had never been inside the White House. I had seen Mr. Lincoln and regarded him vaguely as a great man, but had never spoken to him. The first few days I was getting my bearings and accustoming myself to the new duties. On the 9th I was put on night duty, covering the first part of the night. And so it happened that I was on guard at the first evening reception of the year, on the 9th of January. I knew the White House very well by this time—

that is, the state apartments of the first floor and the President's office in the southeast corner up-stairs. The spectacle awed me at first. I had never seen anything like it before. The reception, or "levee," as the name was then, was crowded. It was generally considered a brilliant affair. I know it dazzled me.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln stood in the octagon Blue Room, near the western door. I was in the main entrance just outside, near where the broad flight of steps used to go up to the second floor. The guests entered the northern door, left their wraps in the cloak-rooms which had been constructed in the corridor, assembled in the Red Room, made their way to the Blue Room, where they were received. Then they progressed, greeting friends in the crowd, through the Green Room to the great East Room, where they remained. On the right of the President was Mr. John G. Nicolay, one of the two secretaries; on his left Deputy-Marshal Phillips. Commissioner French presented the guests to Mrs. Lincoln. I suppose I could hardly be expected to remember what the ladies wore. But my wife saw in the paper the next day that Mrs. Lincoln wore white silk trimmed with black lace. She had a wreath of white flowers in her hair and wore a necklace of pearls. I suppose the costume, hoop-skirts and all, would look ugly to me to-day. But we all thought Mrs. Lincoln looked handsome. To my mind she was a pretty woman, small and plump, with a round baby face and bright black eyes. Senator Sumner was present and Senator Chase with a party. That reminds me of what was to me the most exciting moment of the reception.

My orders were to allow no one who wore wraps of any kind to pass into the Blue Room. The reason for this is not hard to find. Precautions were being redoubled, and this was one of them. It would be the easiest thing in the world for a would-be assassin to smuggle weapons in under the voluminous cloaks then worn. It had been announced that guests were expected to leave their wraps in one of the rooms appointed for them. I had been instructed to make absolutely no exceptions. The newspaper the next day said, "The rule of decorum

relating to wraps was very generally observed." They didn't know about my little experience.

Several guests had attempted to enter still wearing their cloaks. But no one resisted the order when it was made known. Finally a very handsome young woman came in who asked for Senator Chase's party. She wore a wrap that completely hid her dress. She could have brought in a whole arsenal of weapons under its folds. I told her that she could not enter until she left her cloak in the cloak-room. She became angry.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded, haughtily. I was rather nervous, for it was my first experience saying "Must not!" to White House guests. But I managed to say I did not know who she was.

"I am Mrs. Senator Sprague," she announced, as if that were final. I had heard of Kate Chase Sprague, of course, as had every one else in Washington, and of her father's ambition and her own brilliant career. But I tried to be courageous, and told her as politely as I could what my orders were and why they were given. When she saw the reason of the restriction she took off her cloak and went in to meet her friends quite graciously.

By this time most of the guests had arrived, so I had an opportunity to look about me. It was all bright and gay. For this evening at least there was no sign of the gloom that was pretty general throughout the city.

The people who crowded the rooms were in keeping with their brilliant character. The men were marked by a shade of extravagance in the cut and material of their evening clothes. There were many army officers in full uniform among the guests. The women looked like gorgeous flowers in their swaying buoyed-out skirts. They were gayly dressed, as a rule, with the off-shoulder style of low-necked gown; they all wore wreaths of flowers in their hair. The general effect of the scene was brilliant.

About eleven the President with Mrs. Dennison, the wife of the new Postmaster-General, on his arm, followed by Mrs. Lincoln escorted by Senator Morgan, entered the East Room. They talked for a few minutes with their

guests and then retired—Mrs. Lincoln to her own room and the President to the library up-stairs. The levee was supposed to be over at eleven, but some people remained until nearly twelve. After they had all left, Mr. Lincoln wrapped himself in the rough gray shawl he usually wore out-of-doors, put on his tall beaver hat, and slipped out of the White House through the basement. According to my orders I followed him, and was alone with President Lincoln for the first time.

We crossed the garden, which lay where the executive offices are now. Mr. Lincoln was bent on his nightly visit to Secretary Stanton at the War Department. I stole a glance up at him, at the homely face rising so far above me. The strength of it is not lessened in my memory by what would seem to me now the grotesque setting of rough shawl and silk hat. He looked to me just like his picture, but gentler. I will confess that I was nervous when I accompanied him that first time. I hope it was not from any fear for myself. I seemed to realize suddenly that there was only myself between this man and possible danger. The feeling wore off in time, though it was apt to come back at any moment of special responsibility, as, for instance, on the entrance into Richmond—but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

That night, as I said, I was a little nervous. The President noticed it. He seemed to know how I felt, too. I had fallen into line behind him, but he motioned me to walk by his side. He began to talk to me in a kindly way, as though I were a bashful boy whom he wanted to put at his ease, instead of a man appointed to guard him. In part, of course, his motive must have been the dislike of seeming to be guarded, of which I have spoken. But his manner was due to the intuitive sympathy with every one, of which I afterward saw so many instances. It was shown particularly toward those who were subordinate to him. The statesmen who came to consult him, those who had it in their power to influence the policy of the party which had chosen him, never had the consideration from Mr. Lincoln that he gave the humblest of those who served him.

A few strides of the President's long

legs—a few more of mine—brought us to the old-fashioned turnstile that divided the White House grounds from the enclosure of the War Department. Mr. Lincoln talked, in his slow soft voice, chiefly about the reception through which he had just gone.

“I am glad it is over,” he said.

I ventured to ask if he was tired.

“Yes, it does tire me to shake hands with so many people,” he answered. “Especially now when there is so much other work to do. And most of the guests come out of mere curiosity.”

With these words and the half-sigh which followed we entered the east door of the War Department. In those days that was a small, mean, two-story building, just in front of the Navy Department. We went immediately to Mr. Stanton's office, which was on the second floor, on the north front, and overlooked Pennsylvania Avenue and the White House. There, at the door, I waited for him until his conference with Secretary Stanton was over. Then I accompanied him back to the White House. From the moment Mr. Lincoln spoke to me so kindly I felt at home in my new duties. I never lost the feeling which came then that while the President was so great, he was my friend. The White House never awed me again.

For the next three weeks, while I was on duty the first half of the night, I went to the War Department with Mr. Lincoln every evening. He usually talked to me. Several times the topic was the one my presence naturally suggested—the possibility of an attempt being made on his life. Later on I will speak of this more in detail. One time while he was talking he reached out and took my hand, and I walked on for a few paces with my hand in his warm, kind grasp. We always took the same route because there was less chance of being observed than if we went by the big north entrance. There was no telegraph station in the White House, so the President had to go to Secretary Stanton's office to get the latest news from the front. Since there was practical advantage in going himself, as he could be more free from interruption there when he remained to discuss matters of policy—if the news of the night necessitated

any action—it would never have occurred to Mr. Lincoln to regard his own personal dignity and wait for his Secretary to come to him. I had opportunity to observe the difference in the attitude of Secretary Stanton's employees from ours toward the President. The great War Secretary was a martinet for discipline. And none of the clerks wanted to be around when there was bad news from the front. He always seemed to me a very bitter, cruel man. Still, there is no doubt that he was a great man. His own subordinates, though they might be afraid of his irascible temper, admired him and were loyal.

Beginning with the 1st of February, I was on duty the second half of the night, from twelve to eight in the morning. Often I had to wait for the President to return from the War Department; even when he came back comparatively early it was midnight before he got to bed. His bedroom was a small chamber in the southwest corner of the house. Mrs. Lincoln's was a larger room adjoining it. Mr. Lincoln always said, “Good night, Crook,” when he passed me on his way to his room, but gave no instructions for my guidance. He was not interrupted after he retired unless there were important telegrams. Even when awakened suddenly from a deep sleep—which is the most searching test of one's temper that I know—he was never ruffled, but received the message and the messenger kindly. No employee of the White House ever saw the President moved beyond his usual controlled calm. When the first of these interruptions occurred and I had to enter the President's room, I looked around me with a good deal of interest. The place the President slept in was a noteworthy spot to me. It was handsomely furnished; the bedstead, bureau, and washstand were of heavy mahogany, the bureau and washstand with marble tops; the chairs were of rosewood. Like all the other chambers, it was covered with a carpet.

All night I walked up and down the long corridor which, running east and west, divided the second story of the White House in half. Usually the household, with the exception of Mr. Lincoln, was asleep when I began my watch. Oc-

casional, however, something kept them up, and I saw them go to their rooms. I learned very soon who slept behind each door that I passed in my patrol. Somehow one feels acquainted with people when one is the only one, besides the door-keeper, awake in a great house and is responsible for the safety of them all. As I said before, the corridor divided the private apartments of the White House into two long rows, one facing south, the other north. Beginning at the west was the President's room, Mrs. Lincoln's just east of it and communicating. Then followed a guest-room, which communicated with Mrs. Lincoln's. Next to this was the library, just over the Blue Room, and, like it, an octagon in shape; this was used as the family sitting-room. In Mr. Lincoln's time a private passageway ran through the reception-room adjoining the library to the President's office beyond. By this the President could have access during his long working-day to his own apartments without being seen by the strangers who always filled the reception-room. The small room in the southeast corner was the office of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries—Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay. On the other side of the corridor Mr. Nicolay, when he slept in the White House, had the chamber at the eastern end. Next to his was the state guest-room, which, unlike any other room in the house, possessed a large four-poster bed with a tester and rich canopy. Between this and Taddie's room—Taddie was the only child at the White House at this time—three smaller rooms and a bath-room intervened. The boy was just opposite his father.

When in my patrol I came near to the door of the President's room I could hear his deep breathing. Sometimes, after a day of unusual anxiety, I have heard him moan in his sleep. It gave me a curious sensation. While the expression of Mr. Lincoln's face was always sad when he was quiet, it gave one the assurance of calm. He never seemed to doubt the wisdom of an action when he had once decided on it. And so when he was in a way defenceless in his sleep it made me feel the pity that would have been almost an impertinence when he was awake. I would stand there and listen until a sort of panic stole over me.

If he felt the weight of things so heavily, how much worse the situation of the country must be than any of us realized! At last I would walk softly away, feeling as if I had been listening at a keyhole.

On the 15th of February I went on day duty. During that time I necessarily saw more of the every-day life of the President and his family. Everything was much simpler than it is now. More of the family life was open to the scrutiny of the people about. I remember very well one incident which would have been impossible at any time since. I was sent for by the President, who was in his own room. In response to my knock he called out, "Come in!" I entered. To my great surprise I saw that he was struggling with a needle and thread. He was sewing a button on his trousers. "All right," he said, looking at me with a twinkle in his eye. "Just wait until I repair damages."

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him every morning, in the carpet slippers he wore in the house and the black clothes no tailor could make really fit his gaunt bony frame, was a homely enough figure. The routine of his life was simple, too; it would have seemed a treadmill to most of us. He was an early riser; when I came on duty, at eight in the morning, he was often already dressed and reading in the library. There was a big table near the centre of the room; there I have seen him reading many times. And the book? We have all heard of the President's fondness for Shakespeare, how he infuriated Secretary Stanton by reading *Hamlet* while they were waiting for returns from Gettysburg; we know, too, how he kept cabinet meetings waiting while he read them the latest of Petroleum V. Nasby's witticisms. It was the Bible which I saw him reading while most of the household still slept.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln breakfasted at nine. Mr. Lincoln was a hearty eater. He never lost his taste for the things a growing farmer's boy would like. He was particularly fond of bacon. Plentiful and wholesome food was one of the means by which he kept up his strength, which was taxed almost beyond endurance in those days. Even hostile newspapers commented angrily on the

strain to which the President was subjected, and prophesied that he would collapse unless some of the pressure of business was removed. But in spite of his gauntness he was a man of great physical endurance. Every inch of his six feet four inches was seasoned and tempered force.

He needed all of it. For from half past nine, when he came into his office, until twelve, when he went to bed, his work went on, almost without cessation. He had very little outdoor life. An occasional drive with Mrs. Lincoln in the afternoon, a more occasional horseback ride, a few moments to fill his lungs with outside air while he walked the few paces to the War Department, was the sum of it. Mrs. Lincoln was anxious that he should have some recreation. I have carried messages to him for her when he was lingering in his office, held by some business. One beautiful afternoon she sent for him so many times that she became impatient and told me to tell him that he must come. He got up with an expression of great submission and said,

"I guess I would better go."

The friends who were with him teased him a little about Mrs. Lincoln's show of authority.

"If you knew how little harm it does me," he said, "and how much good it does her, you wouldn't wonder that I am meek." And he went out laughing.

The White House and its surroundings during war-time had much the appearance of a Southern plantation—straggling and easy-going. On the east side of the house beyond the extension—since removed—which corresponded to the conservatory on the west, was a row of out-houses, a carriage-house and a woodshed among them. Back and east were the kitchen-garden, and the stable where the President's two horses were kept. South of the house was a short stretch of lawn bounded by a high iron fence. Still beyond was rough undergrowth and marsh to the river. In front and to the west was a garden, divided from the rest of the grounds by tall fences. It was a real country garden, with peach-trees and strawberry-vines as well as flowers. It was winter, of course, when I was there, but the people about the house

told me that Mrs. Lincoln used to pick the strawberries for the table herself.

I saw a good deal of Mrs. Lincoln while I was on day duty. Very few who were not about the house realized how exacting were the duties of her position. She was, of course, much absorbed by social duties, which presented difficulties no other President's wife has had to contend against. The house was filled, the receptions were crowded, with all sorts of people, of all varieties of political conviction, who felt, according to the temper of the time, that they had a perfect right to take up the President's time with their discourse and to demand of Mrs. Lincoln social consideration. Nor could there be discrimination used at the state dinner-parties; any man who was bearing a part in the events of the day must be invited—and his women folks. Jim Lane, rough old Kansas fighter, dined beside Salmon P. Chase with his patrician instincts. The White House has never, during my forty years' service, been so entirely given over to the public as during Mr. Lincoln's administration. The times were too anxious to make of social affairs anything more than an aid to more serious matters. It was necessary, of course; but it made it difficult for a first-lady-in-the-land with any preferences or prejudices not to make enemies on every hand.

Mrs. Lincoln had to give some time to household affairs. Everything was comparatively simple at that time; there were fewer servants than have been considered necessary since. The first duty of Mrs. Lincoln's day was a consultation with the steward, whose name was Stackpole. The cook was an old-time negro woman. A good deal of domestic supervision was necessary with the mistress of the house. For state dinners the regular staff was entirely inadequate; a French caterer was called in, who furnished everything, including waiters. It fell to Mrs. Lincoln to choose the set of china which the White House needed at this stage. It was, in my opinion, the handsomest that has ever been used there. In the centre was an eagle surrounded by clouds; the rim was a solid band of maroon. The coloring was soft and pretty, and the design patriotic. The President's wife found time, too, to in-

investigate cases of need that were brought to her attention, and to help. I know of such cases. She was kind to all the employees of the White House. I think she was very generally liked.

Robert Lincoln was an officer on General Grant's staff, and was in Washington only at inauguration time and for a few days at the time of his father's death. But he was a manly, genial young fellow, and we all liked him. Taddie—he was christened Thomas—was the pet of the whole household. He was ten years old at the time. I wish I could show what a capital little fellow he was. I think I will have to take a few minutes to talk of Taddie.

Since the death of the older boy, Willie, which almost broke his father's heart, Mr. Lincoln had kept Tad with him almost constantly. When he had a few minutes to spare he would make a child of himself to play with the boy. We all liked to see the President romp up and down the corridors with Tad, playing horse, turn and turn about, or blind man's buff. Mr. Lincoln was such a sad-looking man usually, it seemed good to have him happy. And he was happy when he was playing with the boy. I am sure the times when he was really resting were when he was galloping around with Tad on his great shoulders. And when the President was too busy to play with him, Tad would play quietly, near as he could get, making a man of himself to be company to his father. That was the sort of a little fellow he was.

He was a tender-hearted boy. Of course all sorts of people found it out and tried to get at the President through him. Mr. Lincoln was criticised sometimes for being too lenient when the boy begged for some one he had been asked to help. But I don't believe mercy was a bad thing to be overdone in those days. Tad's loving heart was just the same thing that made the President suffer so when he had to be severe. The boy was like his father; he looked like him. But with Tad there was no realization of anything else to confuse him. And when Mr. Lincoln was what some people called too indulgent he was just listening to what I believe was the greatest thing in him—his great human heart. And I

don't believe that anything but good ever came of it, either.

I remember one poor woman who came to the White House to get her husband out of prison. She found Taddie in the corridor and told him that her boys and girls were cold and starving because their father was shut up and couldn't work for them. Poor little Taddie couldn't wait a minute. He ran to his father and begged him to have the man set free. The President was busy with some important papers and told him, rather absent-mindedly, that he would look into the case as soon as he had time. But Tad was thinking of the woman, and he clung to his father's knees and begged until the President had to listen, and, listening, became interested. So, after all, Taddie could run back to tell the woman that her husband would be set at liberty. I wish you could have seen the child's face. The woman blessed him and cried, and Taddie cried, and I am not sure that my own eyes were above suspicion.

Tad had a great many friends among the men who were about the White House in various capacities. I myself have a letter from him written from Chicago in July, 1865, a few months after the family had left the White House. It was written for Tad by Mrs. Lincoln, and the business part of it—I had asked if there would be a good opening for me in Chicago—was her own, of course. But the rest is all Taddie:

NEAR CHICAGO *July 1865.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter two weeks since and circumstances prevented an earlier reply. If you come out to Chicago, I expect you can do as well here as anywhere else. We will be very glad to have you live here, for I consider you one of my best friends. You could get a pass, perhaps, from the War Department and come out here and have a try at least. Your board would not cost you more than in Washington—you will know best about it. A gentleman who does business in the city wants a clerk, he lives out here and goes in every day. He says he must write a good hand and not be very slow. Tell us how Charlie is coming on and Dana Pendel—none of them ever write. Tell us about the New people in the house. All news will interest us.

Your friend truly

TADDIE.

"Charlie" was Charles Forbes, an Irishman. He was the footman and one

of Tad's friends. "Dana" Pendel was Thomas Pendel, the doorkeeper, of whom Taddie was also very fond.

James Haliday was another friend. He was a carpenter who worked about the place, and was directed by the President to put up a stage and arrange things for theatrical performances in the little room just over the entrance. That was when Tad was stage-struck and found it necessary to endow a theatre of his own. Perry Kelly—a boy of about Tad's age, whose father was a tinner on Pennsylvania Avenue between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets—was the only other actor, and the audience was composed chiefly of the employees of the place.

Haliday, who is living now in Boston, was also a member of Tad's military company. Like all other boys of those exciting times, Tad had the military fever. But he was allowed to gratify it in a way not open to other boys. The Secretary of War gave him a lieutenant's commission and an order on the arsenal for twenty-five guns; a pretty uniform was made for him. The guns were kept in the basement in a room opening off of the furnace-room, and the Lieutenant had his headquarters in a little place opposite the laundry. He not only drilled his company outside and marched them through the house, but he kept them on guard duty at night to relieve the "buck-tails," as the military guard of the White House was familiarly called. The first night of this military despotism Haliday, who had been appointed a sergeant, appeared before his superior. He saluted and said,

"Mr. Lieutenant, I would like to have a pass this evening." The lieutenant acknowledged the salute and replied,

"All right; I will give the sergeant a pass." He scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to him. The other members of the company were kept up until ten o'clock that night on guard duty. The next day Haliday, knowing what he had escaped, again sought Lieutenant Tad in his basement headquarters. Taking off his hat, he asked for a pass. But the lieutenant "got mad."

"What kind of a soldier are you? You want a pass every evening!" he said.

"All right, Mr. Lieutenant." Haliday was meek enough now. "I will be on duty to-night."

In about an hour Tad sent his sergeant to the National Theatre and left word with another underling that when Haliday returned he was to be given his pass, after all. That night the rest of the company was kept on duty until one o'clock. But that was somewhat too strenuous. Either there was mutiny or the commander-in-chief interfered, for that was the last night they were on duty outside.

Tad's taste of command in military matters was so pleasing that he began to enlarge his field of operations. Haliday, aided by the gardener, was about to take up the carpet in the Congressional, or state, dining-room. The long table made it somewhat difficult, and they were debating about which end to attack it from, when Tad appeared. He surveyed the field.

"Jim," he said to Haliday, "I have a favor to ask of you. Jim, grant it," he coaxed.

Jim of course said "Yes," as every one had a way of doing—and yet it wasn't because it was the President's son.

"Now, Jim," he said, taking an attitude of command, "you work with the other man. I will boss the job." And Haliday, talking about it, asserts to this day: "He told us just how to go about it. And there was no one could engineer it better than he did." Haliday tells, too, that Tad often borrowed money of him when some poor man asked him for help and the boy had nothing in his pockets. "And he always paid me back. He never forgot it."

Taddie could never speak very plainly. He had his own language; the names that he gave some of us we like to remember to-day. The President was "papa-day," which meant "papa dear." Tom Pendel was "Tom Pen," and I was "Took." But for all his baby tongue he had a man's heart and in some things a man's mind. I believe he was the best companion Mr. Lincoln ever had, one who always understood him and whom he always understood.

Additional records of these recollections will appear in later issues of this Magazine.

Achilles Goes To Chicago

BY JENNETTE LEE

ACHILLES ALEXANDRAKIS was arranging the fruit on his stall in front of his little shop on Clark Street. It was a clear, breezy morning, cool for October, but not cold enough to endanger the fruit that Achilles handled so deftly in his dark, slender fingers. As he built the oranges into their yellow pyramid and grouped about them figs and dates, melons and pears, and grapes and pineapples, a look of content held his face. This was the happiest moment of his day.

Already, half an hour ago, Alcibiades and Yaxis had departed with their push-carts, one to the north and one to the south, calling antiphonally as they went, in clear, high voices that came fainter and fainter to Achilles among his fruit.

They would not return until night, and then they would come with empty carts, and jingling in their pockets coppers and nickels and dimes. The breath of a sigh escaped Achilles's lips as he stood back surveying the stall. Something very like homesickness was in his heart. He had almost fancied for the minute that he was back once more in Athens. He raised his eyes and gave a quick, deep glance up and down the street—soot and dirt and grime, frowning buildings and ugly lines, and overhead a meagre strip of sky. Over Athens the sky hung glorious, a curve of light from side to side. His soul flew wide to meet it. Once more he was swinging along the "Street of the Winds," his face lifted to the Parthenon on its Acropolis, his nostrils breathing the clear air. Chicago had dropped from him like a garment, his soul rose and floated. . . . Athens everywhere—column and cornice, and long, delicate lines, and color of marble and light. He drew a full, sweet breath.

"How much for them peaches?"

Achilles's eye returned from Athens; it dropped through gray soot. "Five cen's," he said, dreamily.

The young woman's back was turned to him. She was hurrying on.

"You no want them?" said Achilles, gently.

There was no reply. The young woman was gone.

Achilles sighed a little and picked up the basket beside him and entered the little shop. It was darker within, darker than in the street. The light came, almost grudgingly, through the open window and door; and only the glowing yellow disks of oranges and lemons and grapefruit relieved its gloom. Achilles placed the basket carefully on a side shelf and turned once more to the street. A man had paused before the stall, looking down. Achilles hastened to the door, welcome in his dark face.

The man looked up. There was a deep line between his eyes. It focussed the piercing glance. "How much for your melons?"

Achilles moved forward with quick, stately step. He wore a seersucker coat and black cotton trousers, but for the moment he had forgotten that his garments did not float a little as he moved. He ran a hand along the smooth, green, crinkling stripes of the melon. "Thirty-five, these—forty, these ones," he said, courteously.

The man lifted an eye. "Got a paper—for the address? I want them sent."

"I take in my haid," said Achilles, with clear glance.

The man hesitated a second. "All right. Don't forget; 1383 Sheridan Road. Send four. They'll pay when you deliver."

"I send right off," said Achilles, cheerfully. "I pick you nice ones. Good day, sir."

But the man was gone—without response—far down the street, and the crowd was shoving past. The day had begun. In and out of the gloomy shop Achilles moved with quick, gliding step,

taking orders, filling bags, making change—always with his dark eyes seeking, a little wistfully, something that did not come to them. . . . It was all so different—this new world. Achilles had been in Chicago six months now, but he had not yet forgotten a dream that he had dreamed in Athens. Sometimes he dreamed it still, and then he wondered whether this, about him, were not all a dream—this pushing, scrambling, picking, hurrying, choosing crowd, dropping pennies and dimes into his curving palm, swearing softly at slow change, and flying fast from street to street. It was not thus in his dream. He had seen a land of new faces, turned ever to the West, with the light on them. He had known them, in his dream—eager faces, full of question and quick response. His soul had gone out to them and, musing in sunny Athens, he had made ready for them. Each morning when he rose he had lifted his glance to the Parthenon, studying anew the straight lines—that were yet not straight—the mysterious, dismantled beauty, the mighty lift of its presence. When they should question him, in this new land, he must not fail them. They would be hungry for the beauty of the ancient world—they who had no ruins of their own. He knew in his heart how it would be with them—the homesickness for the East—all its wonder and its mystery. Yes, he would carry it to them. He, Achilles Alexandrakis, should not be found wanting. This new world was to give to him money, wealth, better education for his boys, a competent old age. But he, too, had something to give in exchange. He must make himself ready against the great day when he should travel down the long way to the Piræus, for the last time, and set sail for America.

He was in America now. He knew, when he stopped to think, that this was not a dream. He had been here six months, in the little shop on Clark Street, but no one had yet asked him of the Parthenon. Sometimes he thought that they did not know that he was Greek. Perhaps if they knew that he had been in Athens, had lived there all his life from a boy, they would question him. The day that he first thought of this, he had ordered a new sign painted. It bore his name in Greek characters,

and it was beautiful in line and color. It caused his stand to become known far and wide as the "Greek Shop," and within a month after it was put up his trade had doubled—but no one had asked about the Parthenon.

He had really ceased to hope for it now. He only dreamed the dream, a little wistfully, as he went in and out, and his thought dwelt always on Athens and her beauty. The images stamped so carefully on his sensitive brain became his most precious treasures. Over and over he dwelt on them. Ever in memory his feet climbed the steps to the Acropolis or walked beneath stately orange-trees, beating a soft rhythm to the sound of flute and viol. For Achilles was by nature one of the lightest-hearted of children. In Athens his laugh had been quick to rise, and fresh as the breath of rustling leaves. It was only here, under the sooty sky of the narrow street, that his face had grown a little sad.

At first the days had been full of hope, and the face of each newcomer had been scanned with eager eyes. The fruit, sold so courteously and freely, was hardly more than an excuse for the opening of swift talk. But the talk had never come. There was the inevitable and never-varying, "How much?" the passing of coin, and hurrying feet. Soon a chill had crept into the heart of Achilles. They did not ask of Athens. They did not know that he was Greek. They did not care that his name was Achilles. They did not see him standing there with waiting eyes. He might have been a banana on its stem, a fig-leaf against the wall, the dirt that gritted beneath their feet, for all that their eyes took note. . . . Yet they were not cruel or thoughtless. Sometimes there came a belated response—half surprised, but cordial—to his gentle "good day." Sometimes a stranger said, "The day is warm," or, "The breeze from the Lake is cool to-day." Then the eyes of Achilles glowed like soft stars in their places. Surely now they would speak. They would say, "Is it thus in Greece?" But they never spoke. And the days hurried their swift feet through the long, dirty streets.

A tall woman in spectacles was coming toward him, sniffing the air a little as she moved. "Have you got any bananas?"

"Yes. They nice." He led the way into the shop and reached to the swinging bunch. "You like some?" he said, encouragingly.

She sniffed a step nearer. "Too ripe," decisively.

"Yes-s. But here and here—" He twirled the bunch skilfully on its string. "These—not ripe, and these." His sunny smile spread their gracious acceptableness before her.

She wrinkled her forehead at them. "Well—you might as well cut me off six."

"A pleasure, madame." He had seized the heavy knife.

"Give me that one." It was a large one near the centre; "and this one here—and here."

When the six were selected and cut off they were the cream of the bunch. She eyed them doubtfully, still scowling a little. "Yes. I'll take these."

The Greek bowed gravely over the coin she dropped into his palm. "Thank you, madame."

It was later now, and the crowd moved more slowly, with longer pauses between the buyers.

A boy with a bag of books stopped for an apple. Two children with their nurse halted a moment, looking at the glowing fruit. The eyes of the children were full of light and question. Somewhere in their depths Achilles caught a flitting shadow of the Parthenon. Then the nurse hurried them on, and they, too, were gone.

He turned away with a little sigh, arranging the fruit in his slow, absent way. Something at the side of the stall caught his eye, a little movement along the board, in and out through the color and leaves. He lifted a leaf to see. It was a green and black caterpillar, crawling with stately hunch to the back of the stall. Achilles watched him with gentle eyes. Then he leaned over the stall and reached out a long finger. The caterpillar, poised in midair, remained swaying back and forth above the dark obstruction. Slowly it descended and hunched itself anew along the finger. It travelled up the motionless hand and reached the sleeve. With a smile on his lips Achilles entered the shop. He took down an empty fig-box and transferred

the treasure to its depths, dropping in after it one or two leaves and a bit of twig. He fitted the lid to the box, leaving a little air, and taking the pen from his desk, wrote across the side in clear Greek letters "*πεταλούδα*." Then he placed the box on the shelf behind him, where the wet ink of the lettering glistened faintly in the light. It was a bit of the heart of Athens prisoned there; and many times, through the cold and snow and bitter sleet of that winter, Achilles took down the fig-box and peered into its depths at a silky bit of gray cradle swung from the side of the box by its delicate bands.

It happened, on a Wednesday in May, that Madame Lewandowska was ill. So ill that when Betty Harris, with her demure music-roll in her hand, tapped at the door of Madame Lewandowska's studio, she found no one within.

On ordinary days this would not have mattered, for the governess, Miss Stone, would have been with her, and they would have gone shopping or sightseeing until the hour was up and James returned. But to-day Miss Stone, too, was ill, James had departed with the carriage, and Betty Harris found herself standing, music-roll in hand, at the door of Madame Lewandowska's studio—alone in the heart of Chicago for the first time in the twelve years of her life.

It had been a very carefully guarded life, with nurses and servants and instructors. No little princess was ever more sternly and conscientiously reared than little Betty Harris, of Chicago. For her tiny sake herds of cattle were slaughtered every day; and all over the land hoofs and hides and by-products and soap-factories lifted themselves to heaven for Betty Harris. If anything were to happen to her, the business of a dozen States would quiver to the core.

She tapped the marble floor softly with her foot and pondered. She might sit here in the hall and wait for James—a whole hour. There was a bench by the wall. She looked at it doubtfully. . . . It was not seemly that a princess should sit waiting for a servant—not even in marble halls. She glanced about her again. There was probably a telephone somewhere—perhaps on the ground floor.

She could telephone home and they would send another carriage. Yes, that would be best. She rang the elevator bell and descended in stately silence. When she stepped out of the great door of the building she saw, straight before her, the sign she sought—"Pay Station."

But then something happened to Betty Harris. The spirit of the spring day caught her and lifted her out of herself. Men were hurrying by with light step. Little children laughed as they ran. Betty skipped a few steps and laughed softly with them. . . . She would walk home. It was not far. She had often walked as far in the country, and she knew the way quite well. . . . And when she looked up again, she stood in front of the glowing fruit-stall, and Achilles Alexandrakis was regarding her with deep, sad eyes.

Achilles had been dreaming down the street when the little figure came in sight. His heart all day had been full of sadness—for the spring in the air. And all day Athens had haunted his steps—the Athens of dreams. Once when he had retired into the dark, cool shop, he brushed his sleeve across his eyes, and then he had stood looking down in surprise at something that glistened on its worn surface.

Betty Harris looked at him and smiled. She had been so carefully brought up that she had not learned that some people were her inferiors and must not be smiled at. She gave him the straight, sweet smile that those who had cared for her all her life loved so well. Then she gave a little nod. "I'm walking home," she said.

Achilles leaned forward a little, almost holding his breath lest she float from him. It was the very spirit of Athens—democratic, cultured, naïve. He gave her the salute of his country. She smiled again. Then her eye fell on the tray of pomegranates near the edge of the stall—soft and pink. She reached out a hand. "I have never seen these," she said, slowly. "What are they?"

"Pomegranates— Yes— You like some? I give you."

He disappeared into the shop and Betty followed him, looking about with clear, interested eyes. It was like no place she had ever seen—this cool, dark

room, with its tiers on tiers of fruit, and the fragrant, spicy smell, and the man with the sad, kind face. Her quick eye paused—arrested by the word printed on a box on the shelf to the right. . . . Ah, that was it! She knew now quite well. He was a Greek man. She knew the letters; she had studied Greek for six months; but she did not know this word—"π-ε-τ-α-λ - - —" She was still spelling it out when Achilles returned with the small box of pomegranates in his hand.

She looked up slowly. "I can't quite make it out," she said.

"That?" Achilles's face was alight. "That is Greek."

She nodded. "I know. I study it; but what is it—the word?"

"The word?—Ah, yes, it is— How you say? You shall see."

He reached out a hand to the box. But the child stopped him. A quick thought had come to her.—"You have been in Athens, haven't you? I want to ask you something, please."

The hand dropped from the box. The man turned about, waiting. If heaven were to open to him now—!

"I've always wanted to see a Greek man," said the child, slowly,— "a real Greek man. I've wanted to ask him something he would know about. Have you ever seen the Parthenon?" She put the question with quaint seriousness.

A light came into the eyes of Achilles Alexandrakis. It flooded the room.

"You ask me—the Parthenon?" he said, solemnly. "You wish me—tell that?" It was wistful—almost a cry of longing.

Betty Harris nodded practically. "I've always wanted to know about it—the Parthenon. They tell you how long it is, and how wide, and what it is made of, and who began it, and who finished it, and who destroyed it, but they never, never"—she raised her small hand impressively—"they *never* tell you how it looks!"

Achilles brought a chair and placed it near the open door. "Will it—kindly—you sit?" he said, gravely.

She seated herself, folding her hands above the music-roll, and lifting her eyes to the dark face looking down at her. "Thank you."

Achilles leaned back against the coun-



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HE FLUNG THE WORDS FROM HIM LIKE A CHANT

ter, thinking a little. He sighed gently. "I tell you many things," he said at last.

"About the Parthenon, please," said Betty Harris.

"You like Athens?" He said it like a child.

"I should like it—if they would tell me real things. I don't seem to make them understand. But when they say how beautiful it is—I feel it here." She laid her small hand to her side.

The smile of Achilles held glory in its depths. "I tell you," he said.

The clear face reflected the smile. A breath of waiting held the lips. "Yes."

Achilles leaned again upon his counter. His face was rapt, and he spread his finger-tips a little as if something within them stirred to be free.

"It stands so high and lifts itself"—Achilles raised his dark hands—"ruined there—so great—and far beneath, the city lies, drawing near and near, and yet it cannot reach. . . . And all around is light—and light—and light. Here it is a cellar"—his hands closed in with crushing touch—"but there—!" He flung the words from him like a chant of music, and a sky stretched about them from side to side, blue as sapphire and shedding radiant light upon the city in its midst—a city of fluted column and curving cornice and temple and arch and tomb. The words rolled on, fierce and eager. It was a song of triumph, with war and sorrow and mystery running beneath the sound of joy. And the child, listening with grave, clear eyes, smiled a little, holding her breath. "I see it—I see it!" She half whispered the words.

Achilles barely looked at her. "You see—ah, yes—you see. But I—I have not words!" It was almost a cry. . . . "The air, so clear—like wine—and the pillars straight and high and big—but light—light—reaching. . . ." His soul was among them, soaring high. Then it returned to earth and he remembered the child.

"And there is an olive-tree," he said, kindly, "and a well where Poseidon—"

"I've heard about the well and the olive-tree," said the child; "I don't care so much about them. But all the rest—" She drew a quick breath. "It is very beautiful. I knew it would be. I knew it would be!"

There was silence in the room.

"Thank you for telling me," said Betty Harris. "Now I must go." She slipped from the chair with a little sigh. She stood looking about the dim shop. "Now I must go," she repeated, wistfully.

Achilles moved a step toward the shelf. "Yes—but wait—I will show you." He reached up to the box and took it down lightly. "I show you." He was removing the cover.

The child leaned forward with shining eyes.

A smile came into the dark, grave face looking into the box. "Ah, he has blossomed—for you." He held it out to her.

She took it in shy fingers, bending to it. "It is beautiful," she said, softly. "Yes—beautiful!"

The dark wings, with shadings of gold and tender blue, lifted themselves a little, waiting.

The child looked up. "May I touch it?" she asked.

"Yes— But why not?"

The dark head was bent close to hers, watching the wonderful wings.

Slowly Betty Harris put out a finger and stroked the wings.

They fluttered a little—opened wide and rose—in their first flutter of light.

"Oh!" It was a cry of delight from the child.

The great creature had settled on the bunch of bananas and hung swaying. The gold and blue wings opened and closed slowly.

Achilles drew near and put out a finger.

The butterfly was on it.

He held it toward her, smiling gently, and she reached up, her very breath on tiptoe. A little smile curved her lips, quick and wondering, as the transfer was made, thread by thread, till the gorgeous thing rested on her own palm.

She looked up. "What shall I do with it?" It was a shining whisper.

Achilles's eyes sought the door.

They moved toward it slowly, light as breath.

In the open doorway they paused. Above the tall buildings the gray rim of sky lifted itself. The child looked up to it. Her eyes returned to Achilles.

He nodded gravely.

She raised her hand with a little

"p-f-f"—it was half a quick laugh and half a sigh.

The wings fluttered free, and rose, and faltered, and rose again—high and higher, between the dark walls—up to the sky, into the gray—and through.

The eyes that had followed it came back to earth. They looked at each other and smiled gravely—two children who had seen a happy thing.

The child stood still with half-lifted hand. . . . A carriage drove quickly into the street. The little hand was lifted higher. It was a regal gesture—the return of the princess to earth.

James touched his hat—a look of dismay and relief battling in his face as he turned the horses sharply to the right. They paused in front of the stall, their hoofs beating dainty time to the coursing of their blood.

Achilles eyed them lovingly. The spirit of Athens dwelt in their arching necks.

He opened the door for the child with the quiet face and shining eyes. Gravely he salaamed as she entered the carriage.

Through the window she held out a tiny hand. "I hope you will come and see me," she said.

"Yes, I come," said Achilles, simply. "I like to come."

James dropped a waiting eye.

"Home, James."

The horses sprang away. Achilles Alexandrakis, bareheaded in the spring sunshine, watched the carriage till it was out of sight. Then he turned once more to the stall and rearranged the fruit. The swift fingers laughed a little as they worked, and the eyes of Achilles were filled with light.

The Night-Watch

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

O WATCHER of the gates of Sleep,
 Let not a word, a sigh, breathe through,
 A sigh,—a sound remotely blown,
 Lest all my walls of Life fall down
 Wind-swept before a shoreless Sea
 That bears me with it, willing, free!
 While Earth hath any right in me,
 O Watcher of the gates of Sleep,
 Let not my Dead return to me.

O Warder of the silent Hours,
 What time the naked soul lies bare,
 Keep better watch—lest one escape,
 Lest haply through those gates there fare
 One wandered from the sleeping Shape,
 A truant seeking larger air,
 A ghost more to the ghostly hours!

New Orleans

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

A GREAT open street fringed by two and three story buildings of nameless architecture; crowded trolley-cars and two policemen; a wide expanse of hazy sky and yellow clouds of dust hovering over an idle crowd that shuffles slowly back and forth beneath the arcades, going nowhere in particular. Such is one's first impression of New Orleans, for it seems inevitable that every stranger must make his initial entrance to the Crescent City through Canal Street. But if Mardi Gras is not far distant one will lose sight of the banalities of this great thoroughfare in the personnel of its floating population.

Race-track touts, book-makers, jockeys, commercial travellers, a few long-shoremen from the levee, "viveurs" from the neighboring cities, German marines on shore leave from the visiting battle-ships, a few clubmen making for their afternoon at the "Pickwick" or "Boston," naval officers with shimmering epaulets—in short, one is apt to see here at some hour of the day anybody from a St. Louis capitalist to the man who came the night before with no change of linen, and seven dollars sewn in his waistcoat. One would take this to be the greatest idling community in America; as a matter of fact it is—for out-of-town people like oneself. The representative Orleanais does not loiter here; he merely passes through with a definite purpose.

If you were to follow Royal Street, a few steps over the border-line would take you from the confused clatter of an active modern commercial centre into the pastoral quiet of an eighteenth-century byway.

This is the genuine New Orleans, glowing with luminous color, steeped in romantic legend and tradition, with rare vistas of faded stucco, and its heavy batten shutters securely bolted across the high French windows, and graceful

spiked balconies of corroded wrought iron, each with the former owner's insignia cunningly twisted into the general design, running like ivy over the crumbling stucco of the houses. Bordering the street are the narrow shops of antiquarians, thickly coated with fine strata of yellow dust, wearing a mournful air of excommunication, and here and there you may pass some gloomy wareroom littered with old mahogany, crystal, and Sheffield plate, dismantled possibly from these very houses across the street—eloquent suggestions of more prosperous days and of the desperate means resorted to by the *ancien régime* to stem the changing of the tides.

One's first impression—that of an utterly abandoned neighborhood — is soon relinquished when through the open wicket in some ponderous *porte-cochère* one catches a glimpse of a cool arcaded court with high-arched mullioned windows peeping above the heavy magnolia foliage. The great Spanish earthenware pots bristling with tropical plants, the roses running wild over the golden stucco, and the ruin of what may once have been a fountain relieved against the dull-red pavement, with its dainty sculpture stained to a deep umber, form an ensemble not unworthy of the most exacting of the Versailles monarch's inamoratas.

Many a modest disciple of Omar Khayyam still resides in Royal Street, for it is honeycombed with similar courtyards. To sit in one's quiet court far from the sounds of an outer world, to chuckle contentedly when a basketful of last century's stucco detaches itself from beneath the eaves-trough and falls with a gentle thud on the busy pedestrian without, to hear his oath and receding footsteps come muffled through the grilled wicket, and, when the shadows have enveloped everything except the graceful arches of the Spanish windows—the familiar ring, the rustle of a skirt,

and tête-à-tête at the little table beneath the magnolia blossoms—surely this is living!

In early days this was the Faubourg St.-Germain of New Orleans; indeed, even as late as the "fifties" the old St. Louis Hotel, a few streets below, poured into this narrow channel its clientele of wealthy planters, and Royal Street echoed to the cheerful hum of an active, prosperous thoroughfare. Yet even the popularity of the St. Louis began to wane; bad management and the gradual shifting of the business centre up-town may have been responsible for this—howbeit Royal Street closed her great batten shutters, bolted the heavy *porte-cochères*, and settled down to a long Arcadian summer. To-day, when you come upon a yellow wilderness fringed by two-story buildings, where as late as 1903 many of the most beautiful and historic landmarks of New Orleans had stood since 1813, and see stretching across the entire width of this deserted square the old St. Louis, with its mighty colonnade and yellow façade, all stains, seams, and broken window-panes, still defiantly holding its ground in the midst of this desolation, you feel strangely alone and out of place.

If you enter this ancient hostelry quietly on Royal Street—the main entrance is securely bolted—you pass from the glare of high noon into a cellar damp and twilight gloom; for even at midday the light penetrates with difficulty the intricate network of abandoned spider-webs festooned across the windows. A spacious stairway leads to the floor above, with its labyrinth of gloomy corridors and endless rooms, where a heavy silence weighs on one like a pall. At rare intervals the distant rattle of falling plaster reaches the ear faintly, and, as you grope your way in the obscurity of some blind corridor, a door may open violently behind you with a tinkling of falling glass, as a sudden gust sweeps from the great yellow expanse of the Mississippi and bursts through a window-pane, carrying the dust in whirling eddies in its headlong race through the passageway, like the disembodied spirit of some former guest searching for an exit. It has a restless atmosphere.

Few things in New Orleans are associated with more graceful tradition than the old ballroom on this floor, with its high pier-glasses spotted with mildew and shimmering with pale reflections. The famous subscription balls of antebellum days were held here, and even the most prosaic Philistine must feel a little moved by the vast changes that have taken place, and catch himself striving to people the old ballroom with its former life and movement: the stately minuets, the rustling crinolines, the old gallants in high stocks, the endless Virginia reels, and the warm glow of soft candle-light playing over the white shoulders of former belles that moved rhythmically across the well-waxed floors to strains of music long since forgotten.

More corridors, suites of rooms, and twisting staircases, with a cat racing in terror at your approach, and you are making the descent into the cryptlike atmosphere of the old rotunda. In early days this was the main entrance, and its great circle of Corinthian columns carried the eye upward until it rested on an imposing cupola, frescoed by a nephew and pupil of Canova. The effect was that of a lofty cathedral nave, and put to shame the barbaric display of gold-leaf and overelaboration of the pretentious modern hotel. If in its present ruin you are tempted to doubt the brilliancy of its former patronage, run your eye over the old registry-books—they are still there—and you will find—but why stir up the dead? Henry Clay, General Boulanger, even President McKinley, passed beneath the portico. Before the war this was used as a prominent slave-mart. A large stone slab is still in its place between two of the massive columns and served as an auction-block; even the name of the slave-dealer is still visible on the gray stones above, and it requires little effort of the imagination to evoke the old rotunda, with its bygone clientele of wealthy planters, prominent professional men, and the Southern *jeunesse dorée* that crowded about, making the gray walls echo with their spirited bidding, when many a beautiful quadron ascended the rostrumlike platform and stood framed between the noble Corinthian columns like some pagan goddess, to be sold to the highest bidder.



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)
A FRENCH COURTYARD IN NEW ORLEANS

In Charles Street there is a balcony—of course there are balconies everywhere in this delightful city; a man must have his bit of wrought iron if only to hang his parrot on, where he may curse in his broad Southern accent the day when first the innovations began in the old town—but this particular balcony has a sentimental interest to me, entirely apart from the beauty of its design, or the fact that the sombre *porte-cochère* beneath it leads to the most picturesque spot in the United States. It will always remain associated with the person of a tall, active fellow who suddenly emerged from the shadows of the wide gallery, hurriedly stepped into the clear sunlight, crossed the street, anticipated my intention when I opened my camp-stool, and prevented me from putting in an active day's work. Had I seen the courtyard? No. Well then I must follow him immediately. There was an ease

and cordiality in his manner, together with a cheerful devil-may-care way of taking things for granted, that made a refusal out of the question. His name was D'Armas; he was a creole and wished it distinctly understood that he was not colored. Having thus introduced himself we crossed the street.

"Better keep to the right and move lively," he advised, when we had passed the threshold of the *porte-cochère* and penetrated half-way through the damp tunnel-like entrance to the courtyard. "Some day those bricks are coming down," he explained, pointing to the dilapidated arch above us, "and the man who catches a bunch of them on the top of his head will be laid out in a nice clean white shirt with some one moving slow behind him next morning." And now, had I seen Beau Brummel? This was the second question put to me in this drowsy ruin of a beautiful court,



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)

after my host had offered me a cigarette, the freedom of the house, and a soap-box to sit on.

"Once in New York," I answered, letting my eyes wander from the pale cobalt of the Franco-Spanish window to the green jalousied gallery above us, saturating myself with the perfection of the place: the great fantastic blots on its dilapidated walls, the rambling galleries twining their way to the jalousie above. Venice or Paris in their most unusual phases cannot surpass the beauty of New Orleans in her finer moods, and yet all this is in America!

"I see you don't understand," he put in, after a decent pause, bringing me out of my reverie with a start. "I mean *our* Beau Brummel; lives up there in that hole in the wall above the gallery, and never has been known to do a stroke of work . . . pays two dollars a month, and is as regular as clockwork. Some people think he has money," he continued, whistling a few bars from *La Bohème*. His name? Oh yes. Last year it was Monsieur d'Albert, and now it is Monsieur d'Etainville, but that was common in Chartres Street. D'Armas bent over and whispered, "He may sell lottery tickets; in fact once—" Here my host ended his rambling narrative abruptly by digging me in the ribs, for a door had opened on the gallery above, and a figure emerged, as he had said, from a mere crevice in the wall. A narrow mirror swung on the outside of the door, for a man must have infinite resource to live comfortably in a closet seven feet by five, with no window. It was the figure of a man advanced in years, with white hair and a bristling mustache, muffled to the eyes in a heavy coat. Spectacles, so strong that they magnified his deep-set eyes, and a large felt hat completed the costume. No man ever was more hypercritical about his person than this elderly tenant on the gallery above, as he stood before his narrow strip of glass performing the last rites of an exquisite toilet, brushing the threadbare coat with renewed fury, flicking a possible microbe from his coat lapels, peering anxiously at the dim reflection within, until he became exacting to the point of morbidness, seeming to demand of his mirror the very soul of its quicksilver.

"Year in and year out it's just the same," my host observed, sadly,—after the elderly recluse had descended the dilapidated staircase from the gallery and swept past us with a ceremonious "*Bon soir, 'ssieurs*";—"and mark my words," he continued, gravely, "he'll keep on brushing until he brushes himself silly." There is little sympathy for a tidy man on Chartres Street.

If you were to follow the emerald-green span of the gallery connecting this wing with the main portion of the house, you would find, sprawled on the floor of a cavity in the wall even smaller than that occupied by Monsieur d'Albert, the antithesis of the latter's cold formality, in the person of the unknown tenant—a Gascon—who pays one dollar a month, expects nothing of anybody, and in turn imparts nothing. Where Monsieur d'Albert is brushed to excess the tenant above is very much dishevelled; rises late when he does rise, and spends his time at the "*Rendezvous des Amies de l'Art Culinaire*," a few doors below, in Chartres Street. The ample curves of his midriff speak of the fleeting nature of his investments. He is a bachelor, usually intoxicated, and extremely happy.

In spite of its beauty and varied interest this was a demoralizing place to work in. Even when you had ceased to listen to the broad French oaths coming in fits and starts from the mansard room, or to the confused babble of French and Spanish patois of the cigarette-girls on the floor above, there was always an idler or two to smoke with you in the court and make life interesting if not productive. Then, of course, there was always the possibility of D'Armas appearing on the scene, approaching you with a knowing wink and whispering: "Let me put your things in the desk where they'll be safe. I've got the wagon and am going to show you something." This was corrupting because you knew that he could.

These were golden days, when, as we rolled down Chartres Street, my host drew from his rich and unassorted store of information concerning men, women, and their intimate affairs many a precious and spicy item, and imparted them to me between the violent lurching of the wagon over the deep furrows of the old

Spanish pavement. Here at the corner was the house the creole "sang-pur" had built for Napoleon, but the English had fixed that, as I knew; and across the street in that very garden I admired so much I might see, if it were only summer-time, old Pierre Besan planting a few dozen brass candlesticks, to be excavated in the winter for the antique stores on Royal Street. I had come at a poor time, he said, for him to show me anything. And now, while we were passing it, I might take note that on the first floor of the old house with the fine monogram in iron I could sleep in Lafayette's

bed and never knew the difference; but personally he preferred to sleep on the floor above, for reasons that must be whispered, as he did, and not written.

Here was a man whose antecedents entitled him to the highest consideration eking out an existence in the most humble position. He was waiting for something decent to turn up, he said. The family plate, mahogany, and crystal had long since passed through the dealers' hands in Royal Street, but he assured me that he still had a small legacy, some real estate. We visited it together. It was chaste and simple, with

Ionic fluted pilasters framing a weather-beaten marble tablet, beautifully spaced with quaint French inscriptions, and dated 1830. It stands in the old St. Louis Cemetery and is as fine a tomb as any man could desire. Cases like this are not uncommon among the creoles. Generations of ancestors in whom the art of living had reached a meridian of perfection have left them an inherited taste for the finer elements of a well-rounded existence and poorly equipped to cope with present conditions. To the creole, music, for instance, has ceased to be a luxury; it is as much a necessity as the claret with the *déjeuner*, and must be included in the household expense account. The small boy passes you warbling an aria from *Faust* in the same spontaneous manner as the Northern gamin whistles his "rag-time." Indeed, such is the demand for good music in New Orleans, that I know of a case where an extremely plain and worthy woman spent many years in Bourbon Street without a suitor, until she obtained the ice-water privilege at the Opera House, when she



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ROYAL STREET



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)

THERE IS LITTLE SYMPATHY FOR A TIDY MAN IN CHARTRES STREET

was courted and married immediately. The admission, of course, is gratuitous to her husband, and he never misses a night. If you would see where many a modest hoard of pennies is depleted, go to this old French Opera House and take a seat in the *troisième* or *paradis*, and observe the densely packed galleries. You will notice many early patrons of the house: venerable old men and feeble women with a faint air of the "sixties" in the cut of their clothes; and indolent creole belles, with boys and girls, all spell-bound, breathlessly intent, devouring a

delicate piece of orchestration, and rising spontaneously at a stirring climax with shouts of "Bis!" . . . "Encore!" and sonorous "Bravos!"

The creole would rather do without a few meals than miss a good opera with a fine cast; nor does this admirable spirit merely apply to the middle classes. Many a charming little creole lady who might point to a Marigny on her escutcheon would not hesitate, if hard pressed, to do her own housework in order to be able to blossom out at night in her proper place—radiant and exquisite—in a *loge grillé* at the Opera.

It matters little in New Orleans to what unfortunate straits adversity may have driven a lady; even though she may do typewriting for people whom she meets socially, there are enough noble-minded people of the *ancien régime* who will help her to forget the pinch of poverty and see that she receives the greatest consideration. This inbred chivalry is one of the most marked and endearing traits of the Southern character, lending to the South an atmosphere free from our parasitical flunkeyism over mere money or its insignia.

Much of the social life of New Orleans is centred in this old playhouse, which, though built in 1860, still remains the best-designed opera-house in America. On either side of the parquet are the *baignoires*, or covered boxes, shaped very much like a bathing-chair, and the first tier above is composed of the *loges découvertes* (open boxes), separated by comfortable aisles. Behind these, forming a second horseshoe, are the quaint *loges grillés*, in the form of miniature *baignoires*, and until quite recently equipped with grill-work which might be opened or shut according to the requirements within. With the grills closed it was considered quite proper for a lady in deep mourning to attend the opera. These delightful contrivances have gone the way of most of our fine old customs.

In the week preceding Mardi Gras, the exquisite balls of the numerous carnival organizations are given here; and to appreciate their significance in New Orleans one must realize that the mere fact of being seen at one of these functions gives one a certain distinction or standing. It is the social Parnassus to which all whose ambitions are of a worldly or fashionable trend look forward anxiously through the idle summer months; and the influence that has made it possible to sustain the ever-increasing interest in the carnival festivities, since the first parade in 1827, may be found in the one word—mystery. Apart from the knowledge that the maskers of each organization are recruited from the gentry of New Orleans, little is known; and it is as futile to-day to speculate upon the identity of the present maskers as it was in the early "forties." A masonic secrecy puts an impenetrable barrier to every available source of information.

Such is the reticence of these organizations that in the event of one's desiring to become a member he can find nobody to whom he may apply. He must trust to the chance of being overheard expressing his desire to become a masker by some member, who, if he thinks him desirable, submits his name to the committee of expulsion, the personnel of which is unknown even to the maskers themselves. It is rumored that this is composed of three men, prominently representative of the professional, business, and social world, but this is mere hearsay. Their word is final, and in case of an adverse decision one had better take the first car up Canal Street to the station and buy a through ticket to the North if one has social aspirations in New Orleans. If, however, the name has been passed upon favorably, the applicant will receive an anonymous letter, stating an hour and place where he may meet a member who will give him further instructions. It is not unlikely that the member will prove to be one of your most staid and elderly business friends, the last man you could possibly conceive of as lending himself to the public impersonation of a chubby Cupid in the street procession. He, in turn, presents you to other members, and after having sworn never to reveal any of the secrets of the organization or your connection with it, you are measured for a costume, and are thenceforth subject to the orders of the Captain of the Krewe. The member enjoys the privilege of issuing twenty invitations and three "call-out" cards—the greatest favor a masker can confer upon a lady—which are all subject to being ruled out by the secret triumvirate.

And so ever since the "thirties" the pretty little Orleanaises have danced into the small hours of the morning without a clue to their partners' identity, for with wig and mask completely covering the head, the masker's incognito may well defy detection. Indeed, even if a lady were able to recognize a masker through some peculiarity of his speech, she would be careful to keep her discovery to herself. Frequently, I am told, extremely droll incidents have resulted from a crafty expedient resorted to by married men to keep their wives in doubt regarding their whereabouts on

the night of the ball. This usually consists of an agreement between two maskers to call out their respective wives. Not long ago two gentlemen who had formed a similar pact danced through the night without either of the ladies suspecting their identity, when the one masker—a doctor—pleased with the way the scheme was progressing, and seeing his wife glide past on the arm of his partner's husband, chose to add an additional convincing note to the deception by exclaiming, "Why, there goes the doctor's wife!"

"Yes," replied his pretty partner, examining his wife with a hypercritical eye; "isn't she an *awful* mess?"

It is the special privilege of ladies possessing the distinction of a "call-out" card to dance the first six or eight dances with maskers only on the floor, and the only flaw one might find in the brilliant management of the carnival balls is the number of dances the maskers of each organization reserve for themselves only, making it necessary for ladies not hold-

ing a special card to wait almost until midnight, watching their hosts and more fortunate sisters enjoying themselves, before being permitted to participate. Indeed, this prevailing weakness has made present conditions such that it is almost impossible to get a lady who is accustomed to the "call-out" distinction to attend a ball with the ordinary invitation.

Yet one is in a poor position to criticise the masker. He pays one hundred dollars for the privilege of dancing one night, and if he belongs to only four organizations his expense account of four hundred dollars is a rather large item for one week's merriment, as this does not include the handsome favors for the ladies. Yet a man must belong to several of these if he would not feel cramped during carnival week. Why will he pay so much for his pleasure? Possibly for the reason that he may reserve his privilege of calling out the lady of his choice until the night of the ball, when, having searched the boxes with



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THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)

THE OLD SPANISH PRISON

a careful eye, he may turn to a floor-committeeman and whisper, "Just beside the Corinthian column to the left there is a little creole."

"The one in pink?"

"No, in gray . . . black hair, with the lovely shoulders and lorgnette."

"Her name?"

"I don't know, but please bring her to me." And the committeeman will

take the steps leading to the tier of boxes above like an ambulance surgeon on an emergency call, for the masker is a privileged character. It is safe to say that when she appears the whiteness of her cheek will betray a slight flush, for to be singled out from the floor is a more noticeable distinction than the "call-out" card, and once beneath the white ribbon there is no way of making her return.

The Informer

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

MR. X came to me with a letter of introduction from a good friend of mine in Paris, specifically to see my collection of Chinese bronzes and porcelain.

My friend in Paris is a collector too. He collects neither porcelain, nor bronzes, nor pictures, nor medals, nor stamps, nor anything that could be profitably dispersed under an auctioneer's hammer. He would reject, with unaffected surprise, the name of a collector. Nevertheless, that is what he is by temperament. He collects acquaintances. It is a delicate work. He brings to it the patience, the passion, the determination of a true collector of curiosities. His collection does not contain any royal personages. I don't think he considers them sufficiently rare and interesting; but, with that exception, he has met and talked with every one worth knowing on any conceivable ground. He observes them, listens to them, penetrates them, measures them, and puts the memory away in the galleries of his mind. He has schemed, plotted, and travelled all over Europe in order to add to his collection of distinguished personal acquaintances.

As he is wealthy, well connected, and unprejudiced, his collection is pretty complete, including objects (or should I say subjects?) whose value is unappreciated by the vulgar, and often unknown to popular fame. Of those specimens my friend is naturally the most proud.

He wrote to me of X. "He is the greatest insurgent (*révolté*) of modern times. The world knows him as a revolutionary writer whose savage irony has laid bare the rottenness of the most respectable institutions. He has scalped every venerated head, and has mangled at the stake of his wit every received opinion and every recognized principle of conduct and policy. Who does not remember those flaming red revolutionary pamphlets whose sudden swarmings used

to overwhelm the powers of every Continental police like a sudden plague of crimson gadflies? But this extreme writer has been also a man of action, the inspirer of secret societies, the mysterious unknown Number One of desperate conspiracies suspected and unsuspected, matured or baffled. And the world at large has never had an inkling of that fact. This accounts for him going about amongst us to this day, a veteran of many subterranean campaigns, standing aside now, safe within his reputation of merely the greatest destructive publicist that ever lived."

Thus wrote my friend, adding that Mr. X was an enlightened connoisseur of bronzes and china, and asking me to show him my collection.

X turned up in due course. My treasures are disposed in three large rooms without carpets and curtains. There is no other furniture than the glass cases and the *étagères* whose contents shall be worth a fortune to my heirs. I allow no fires to be lighted, for fear of accidents, and a fire-proof door separates them from the rest of the house.

It was a bitter cold day. We kept on our overcoats and hats. Middle-sized and spare, his eyes alert in a long, Roman-nosed countenance, X walked on neat little feet, with short steps, and looked at my collection intelligently. I hope I looked at him intelligently too. A snow-white mustache and imperial made his nut-brown complexion appear darker than it really was. In his fur coat and shiny tall hat that terrible man looked fashionable. I believe he belonged to a noble family, and could have called himself Vicomte X de la Z if he chose. We talked nothing but bronzes and porcelain. He was remarkably appreciative. We parted on cordial terms.

Where he was staying I don't know. I imagine he must have been a lonely man. Anarchists, I suppose, have no fam-

ilies—not, at any rate, as we understand that social relation. Organization into families may answer to a need of human nature, but in the last instance it is based on law, and therefore must be something odious and impossible to an anarchist. But, indeed, I don't understand anarchists. Does a man of that—of that—persuasion still remain an anarchist when alone, quite alone and going to bed, for instance? Does he lay his head on the pillow, pull his bedclothes over him, and go to sleep with the necessity of the *chambardement général*, as the French slang has it, of the general blow-up, always present to his mind? And if so, how can he? I am sure that if such a faith (or such a fanaticism) once mastered my thoughts I would never be able to compose myself sufficiently to sleep or eat or perform any of the routine acts of daily life. I would want no wife, no children; I could have no friends, it seems to me; and as to collecting bronzes or china, that, I should say, would be quite out of the question. But I don't know. All I know is that Mr. X took his meals in a very good restaurant which I frequented also.

I used to sit with him at a little table. With his head uncovered, the silver top-knot of his brushed-up hair completed the character of his physiognomy, all bony ridges and sunken hollows, clothed in a perfect impassiveness of expression. His meagre brown hands emerging from large white cuffs came and went breaking bread, pouring wine, and so on, with quiet mechanical precision. His head and torso above the table-cloth had a rigid immobility. This firebrand, this great agitator, exhibited the least possible amount of warmth and animation. His voice was rasping, cold, and monotonous in a low key. He could not be called a talkative personality; but with his detached calm manner he appeared as ready to keep the conversation going as to drop it at any moment.

And his conversation was by no means commonplace. To me, I own there was some excitement in talking quietly across a dinner-table with a man whose venomous pen-stabs had sapped the vitality of at least one monarchy. That much was a matter of public knowledge. But I knew more. I knew of him—from my friend

—as a certainty what the guardians of social order in Europe had at most only suspected, or dimly guessed at.

He had had what I may call his underground life. And as I sat, evening after evening, facing him at dinner, a curiosity in that direction would naturally arise in my mind. I am a quiet and peaceable product of civilization, and know no passion other than the passion for collecting things which are rare, and must remain exquisite even if approaching to the monstrous. Some Chinese bronzes are monstrously precious. And here (out of my friend's collection), here I had before me a kind of rare monster. It is true that this monster was polished and in a sense even exquisite. His beautiful unruffled manner was that. But then he was not of bronze. He was not even Chinese, which would have enabled one to contemplate him calmly across the gulf of racial difference. He was alive and European; he had the manner of good society, wore a coat and hat like mine, and had pretty near the same taste in cooking. It was too frightful to think of.

One evening he remarked, casually, in the course of conversation, "There's no amendment to be got out of mankind except by terror and violence."

You can imagine the effect of such a phrase out of such a man's mouth upon a person like myself, whose whole scheme of life had been based upon a suave and delicate discrimination of social and artistic values. Just imagine! Upon me, to whom all sorts and forms of violence appeared as unreal as the giants, ogres, and seven-headed hydras whose activities affect, fantastically, the course of legends and fairy-tales!

I seemed suddenly to hear above the festive bustle and clatter of the brilliant restaurant the mutter of a hungry and seditious multitude.

I suppose I am impressionable and imaginative. I had a disturbing vision of darkness, full of lean jaws and wild eyes, amongst the hundred electric lights of the place. But somehow this vision made me angry, too. The sight of that man, so calm, breaking bits of his bread, exasperated me. And I had the audacity to ask him how it was that the hungry

proletariat of Europe to whom he had been preaching revolt and violence had not been made indignant and angry by his openly luxurious life. "At all this," I said, pointedly, with a glance round the room and at the bottle of champagne we generally shared between us at dinner.

He remained unmoved.

"Do I feed on their toil and their heart's blood? Am I a speculator or a capitalist? Did I steal my fortune from a starving people? No! They know this very well. And they envy me nothing. The miserable mass of the people is generous to its leaders. What I have acquired has come to me through my writings; not from the millions of pamphlets distributed gratis to the hungry and the oppressed, but from the hundreds of thousands of copies sold to the well-fed bourgeois. You know that my writings were at one time the rage, the fashion—the thing to read with wonder and horror, to turn your eyes up at my pathos . . . or else to laugh in ecstasies at my wit."

"Yes," I admitted. "I remember, of course; and I confess frankly that I could never understand that infatuation."

"Don't you know yet," he said, "that an idle and selfish class loves to see mischief being made, even if it is made at its own expense? Its own life being all a matter of vestment and gesture, it is unable to realize the power and the danger of real ache and of words that have no sham meaning. It is all fun and sentiment. It is sufficient, for instance, to point out the attitude of the old French aristocracy towards the philosophers whose words were preparing the Great Revolution. Even in England, where you have some common sense, a demagogue has only to shout loud enough and long enough to find some backing in the very class he is shouting at. You too like to see mischief being made. The demagogue gets the amateurs of emotion with him. Amateurism in this, that, and the other thing is a delightfully easy way of killing time, and of feeding one's own vanity—the silly vanity of being abreast with the ideas of the day after to-morrow. Just as good and otherwise harmless people will join you in ecstasies over your collection without having the slightest notion in what its marvellousness really consists."

I hung my head. It was a crushing illustration of the sad truth he advanced. The world is full of such people. And that instance of the French aristocracy before the Revolution was extremely telling, too. I could not traverse his statement, though its cynicism—always a distasteful trait—took off much of its value, to my mind. However, I admit I was impressed. I felt the need to say something which would not be in the nature of assent and yet would not invite discussion.

"You don't mean to say," I observed, airily, "that extreme revolutionists have ever been actively assisted by the infatuation of such people?"

"I did not mean exactly that by what I said just now. I generalized. But since you ask me, I may tell you that such help has been given to revolutionary activities, more or less consciously, in various countries. And even in this country."

"Impossible!" I protested with firmness. "We don't play with fire to that extent."

"And yet you can better afford it than others, perhaps. But let me observe that most women, if not always ready to play with fire, are generally eager to play with a loose spark or so."

"Is that a joke?" I asked, smiling.

"If it is, I am not aware of it," he said, woodenly. "I was thinking of an instance. Oh! mild enough in a way. . . ."

I became all expectation at this. I had tried many times to approach him on his underground side, so to speak. The very word had been pronounced between us. But he had always met me with his impenetrable calm.

"And at the same time," Mr. X continued, "it will give you a notion of the difficulties that may arise in what you are pleased to call underground work. It is sometimes difficult to deal with them. Of course there is no hierarchy amongst the affiliated. No rigid system."

My surprise was great, but short-lived. Of course amongst the extreme anarchists there could be no hierarchy; nothing in the nature of a law of precedence. The idea of anarchy ruling among anarchists was comforting, too. It could not possibly make for efficiency.

Mr. X startled me by asking, abruptly, "You know Hermione Street?"

I nodded doubtful assent. Hermione Street has been, within the last three years, improved out of any man's knowledge. The name exists still, but not one brick or stone of the old Hermione Street is left now. It was the old street he meant, for he said:

"There was a row of two-storied brick houses on the left, with their backs against the wing of a great public building—you remember. Would it surprise you very much to hear that one of these houses was for a time the centre of anarchist propaganda and of what you would call underground action?"

"Not at all," I protested. Hermione Street had never been particularly respectable, as I remembered it.

"The house was the property of a distinguished government official," he added, sipping his champagne.

"Oh, indeed!" I said, this time not believing a word of it.

"Of course he was not living there," Mr. X continued. "But from ten till four he sat next door to it, the dear man, in his well-appointed private room in the wing of the public building I've mentioned. To be strictly accurate, I must explain that the house in Hermione Street perhaps did not really belong to him. It belonged to his grown-up children—a daughter and a son. The girl, a fine figure, was by no means vulgarly pretty. To more personal charm than mere youth could account for, she added the seductive appearance of enthusiasm, of independence, of courageous thought. I suppose she put them on as she put on her picturesque dresses and for the same reason: to assert her individuality at any cost. You know, women would go to any length almost for such a purpose. She went to a great length. She had acquired all the appropriate gestures of revolutionary convictions;—the gestures of pity, of anger, of indignation against the anti-humanitarian vices of the social class to which she belonged herself. All this sat on her striking personality as well as her slightly original costumes. Very slightly original; just enough to mark a protest against the philistinism of the overfed taskmasters of the poor. Just enough, and no more. It would not have

done to go too far in that direction—you understand. But she was of age, and nothing stood in the way of her offering her house to the revolutionary workers."

"You don't mean it!" I cried.

"I assure you," he affirmed, "that she made that extremely effective gesture. How else could they have got hold of it? The cause is not rich. And, moreover, there would have been difficulties with any ordinary house-agent, who would have wanted references and so on. The group she came in contact with through going about in the poor quarters of the town (you know the gesture of charity and personal service which was so fashionable some years ago) accepted with gratitude. The first advantage was that Hermione Street is, as you know, miles away from the suspect part of the town, specially watched by the police.

"The ground floor consisted of a little Italian restaurant, of the flyblown sort. There was no difficulty in buying the proprietor out. A woman and a man belonging to the group took it on. The man had been a cook. The comrades could get their meals there, unnoticed amongst the other customers. This was another advantage. The first floor was occupied by a shabby Variety Artists' Agency—an agency for performers in inferior music-halls, you know. A fellow called Bomm, I remember. He was not disturbed. It was rather favorable than otherwise to have a lot of foreign-looking people, jugglers, acrobats, singers of both sexes, and so on, going in and out all day long. The police paid no attention to new faces, you see. The top floor happened, most conveniently, to stand empty then."

X interrupted himself to attack impassively, with measured movements, a *bombe glacée* which the writer had just set down on the table. He swallowed carefully a few spoonfuls of the iced stuff, and asked me, "Did you ever hear of Stone's Dried Soup?"

"Hear of what?" I asked, completely put off.

"It was," X pursued evenly, "a comestible article, once rather prominently advertised in the dailies, but which never, somehow, gained the favor of the public. The enterprise fizzled out, as you say here. Parcels of their stock could be

picked up at auctions at considerably less than a penny a pound. The group bought some of it, and an agency for Stone's Dried Soup was started on the top floor. A perfectly respectable enterprise. The stuff, a yellow powder of extremely unappetizing aspect, was put up in large square tins, of which six went to a case. If anybody ever came to give an order, it was, of course, executed. But the advantage of the powder was this, that things could be concealed in it very conveniently. Now and then a special case got put on a van and sent off to be exported abroad under the very nose of the policeman on duty at the corner. You understand?"

"Perfectly," I said, with an expressive nod at the remnants of the *bombe* melting slowly in the dish.

"Exactly. But the cases were useful in another way, too. In the basement, or in the cellar at the back, rather, two printing-presses were established. A lot of revolutionary literature of the most extreme kind was got away from the house in Stone's Dried Soup cases. The brother of our anarchist young lady found some occupation there. He wrote articles, helped to set up type and pull off the sheets, and generally assisted the man in charge, a very able young fellow called Sevrin.

"The guiding spirit of that group was a fanatic of social revolution. He is dead now. He was an engraver and etcher of genius. You must have seen his work. It is much sought after by certain amateurs now. But he began by being revolutionary in his art, and ended by becoming a revolutionist, after his wife and child had died in want and misery. He used to say that the bourgeois, the smug overfed lot, had killed them. That was his real belief. He still worked at his art and led a double life. He was tall, gaunt and swarthy, with a dark beard and deep-set eyes. You must have seen him. His name was Horne."

At this I was really amazed. Of course years ago I used to meet Horne about. He looked like a powerful, rough gipsy, with a red muffler round his throat and buttoned up in a long, shabby overcoat. He talked of art with exaltation, and gave one the impression of being strung up to the verge of insanity. A small

group of connoisseurs appreciated his work. Who would have thought that this man Amazing! And yet it was not, after all, so difficult to believe.

"As you see," X went on, "this group was in a position to pursue its work of propaganda, and the other kind of work too, under very advantageous conditions. They were all resolute, experienced men of a superior stamp. And yet we became struck at length by the fact that plans prepared in Hermione Street almost invariably failed."

"Who were 'we'?" I asked pointedly.

"Some of us in Brussels—at the centre," he said hastily. "Whatever vigorous action originated in Hermione Street seemed doomed to failure. Something always happened to baffle the best-planned manifestations in every part of Europe. It was a time of general activity. You must not imagine that all our failures are of a loud sort, with arrests and trials. That is not so. Often the police work quietly, contenting themselves by defeating our combinations by a sort of counterplotting. No arrests, no noise, no alarming of the public mind and inflaming the passions. It is a wise procedure. But at that time the police were too uniformly successful from Mediterranean to the Baltic. It was annoying and began to look dangerous. At last we in Brussels came to the conclusion that there must be some untrustworthy elements amongst the London groups. And I came over to see what could be done quietly.

"My first step was to call upon our young Lady Patroness of anarchism at her private house. She received me in a flattering way. I judged that she knew nothing of the chemical and other operations going on at the top of the house in Hermione Street. The printing of anarchist literature was the only 'activity' she seemed to be aware of there. She was displaying very strikingly the usual signs of severe enthusiasm, and had already written many sentimental articles with ferocious conclusions. I could see she was enjoying herself hugely, with all the gestures and grimaces of deadly earnestness. They suited her big-eyed, broad-browed face and the good carriage of her shapely head. Her black hair was done in an unusual and becoming style.

Her brother was there, a serious youth, with arched eyebrows and wearing a red necktie, who struck me as being absolutely in the dark about everything in the world, including himself. By and by a tall young man came in. He was clean-shaved, with a strong jaw and something of the air of a taciturn actor or of a fanatical priest: the type with heavy black eyebrows—you know. But he was very presentable indeed. He shook hands at once vigorously with each of us in turn. The young lady came up to me and murmured sweetly, 'Comrade Sevrin.'

"I had never seen him before. He had little to say to us, but sat down by the side of the girl, and they fell at once into earnest conversation. She leaned forward in her deep arm-chair, and took her nicely rounded chin in her beautiful white hand. He looked attentively into her eyes. It was the attitude of love-making, serious, intense, as if on the brink of the grave. I suppose she felt it necessary to round and complete her assumption of advanced ideas, of revolutionary lawlessness, by falling in love with an anarchist. And this one, I repeat, was extremely presentable, notwithstanding his fanatical black-eyed aspect. After a few stolen glances in their direction, I had no doubt that he was in earnest. As to the lady, her gestures were unapproachable, better than the very thing itself in the blended suggestion of dignity, sweetness, condescension, fascination, surrender, and reserve. She interpreted her conception of what that precise sort of love-making should be with consummate art. And so far, she too, no doubt, was in earnest. Gestures—but so perfect!

"After I had been left alone with our Lady Patroness I informed her guardedly of the object of my visit. I hinted at our suspicions. I wanted to hear what she would have to say, and half expected some perhaps unconscious revelation. All she said was, 'That's serious,' looking delightfully concerned and grave. But there was a sparkle in her eyes which meant plainly, 'How exciting!' After all, she knew little of anything except of words. Still, she undertook to put me in communication with Horne, who was not easy to find except in Hermione Street, where I did not wish to show myself just then.

"I met Horne. This was another kind of a fanatic altogether. I exposed to him the conclusion we in Brussels had arrived at, and pointed out to him the significant series of failures. To this he answered with exaltation:

"'I have something in hand that shall not fail to strike terror into the heart of these gorged brutes.'

"And then I learned that by excavating in one of the cellars of the house he and some companions had made their way into the vaults under the great public building I have mentioned before. The blowing up of a whole wing was a certainty as soon as the materials were ready.

"I was not so appalled at the stupidity of that move as I might have been had not the usefulness of our centre in Hermione Street become already very problematical. In fact, in my opinion it was much more of a police trap by now than anything else.

"What was necessary now was to discover what, or rather who, was wrong, and I managed at last to get that idea into Horne's head. He glared, perplexed, his nostrils working as if he were sniffing treachery in the air.

"And here comes a piece of work that will no doubt strike you as a sort of theatrical expedient. And yet what else could have been done? I wished to find out the untrustworthy member of the group. But no suspicion could be fastened on one more than another. To set a watch upon them all was not very practicable. Besides, that proceeding often fails. In any case, it takes time, and the danger was pressing. I felt certain that the premises in Hermione Street would be ultimately raided, though the police had evidently such confidence in the informer that the house, for the time being, was not even watched. Horne was positive about that point. Under the circumstances it was a bad symptom. Something had to be done quickly.

"I decided to organize a raid myself upon the group. Do you understand? A raid of other trusty comrades personating the police. A conspiracy within a conspiracy. You see the object of it, of course. When apparently about to be arrested I hoped the informer would be-

tray himself in some way or other; either by some unguarded act or simply by his unconcerned demeanor, for instance. Of course there was the risk of complete failure and the no lesser risk of some fatal accident in the course of resistance, perhaps, or in the efforts at escape. For, as you will easily see, the Hermione Street group had to be actually and completely taken unawares, as I was sure they would be by the real police before very long. The informer was amongst them, and Horne alone could be let into the secret of my plan.

"I will not enter into the detail of my preparations. It was not very easy to arrange, but it was done very well, with a really amazing effect. The sham police invaded the restaurant, whose shutters were immediately put up. The surprise was perfect. Most of the Hermione Street party were found in the second cellar, enlarging the hole communicating with the vaults of the great public building. At the first alarm, several comrades bolted through impulsively into the aforesaid vault, where, of course, had this been a genuine raid, they would have been hopelessly trapped. We did not bother about them for the moment. They were harmless enough. The top floor caused considerable anxiety to Horne and myself. There, surrounded by tins of Stone's Dried Soup, a comrade, nicknamed the Professor (he was an ex-science student), was engaged in perfecting some new detonators. He was an abstracted, vaguely smiling, sallow little man, armed with large round spectacles, and we were afraid that under a mistaken impression he would blow himself up and wreck the house about our ears. I rushed up-stairs and found him already at the door on the alert, listening, as he said, to 'suspicious noises down below.' Before I had quite finished explaining to him what was going on, he shrugged his shoulders and turned away to his balances and test-tubes. His was the true spirit of an extreme revolutionist. Explosives were his faith, his hope, his weapon, and his shield. He perished a couple of years afterwards in a secret laboratory through the premature explosion of one of his improved detonators.

"Hurrying down again, I found an impressive scene in the vast gloom of the

big cellar. The man who personated the inspector (he was no stranger to the part) was speaking harshly, and giving bogus orders to his bogus subordinates for the removal of his prisoners. Evidently nothing enlightening had happened so far. Horne, saturnine and swarthy, waited with folded arms, and his patient, moody expectation had an air of stoicism well in keeping with the situation. I detected in the shadows one of the Hermione Street group surreptitiously chewing up and swallowing a small piece of paper. Some compromising scrap, I suppose; perhaps just a note of a few names and addresses. He was a true and faithful 'companion.' But the fund of secret malice which lurks at the bottom of our sympathies caused me to feel amused at that perfectly uncalled-for performance.

"In every other respect the risky experiment, the theatrical *coup*, if you like to call it so, seemed to have failed. The deception could not be kept up much longer; the explanation would bring about a very embarrassing and even grave situation. The man who had eaten the paper would be furious. The fellows who had bolted away would be angry too.

"To add to my vexation, the door communicating with the other cellar, where the printing-presses were, was flung open, and our young lady revolutionist appeared, a black silhouette in a close-fitting dress and a large hat, with the blaze of gas flaring in there at her back. Over her shoulder I perceived the arched eyebrows and the red necktie of her brother.

"The last people in the world I wanted to see then! They had gone that evening to some amateur concert for the delectation of the poor people, you know; but she had insisted on leaving early on purpose to call in Hermione Street on the way home, under the pretext of having some work to do. Her usual task was to correct the proofs of the Italian and French editions of the *Alarm Bell* and the *Firebrand*."

"Heavens!" I murmured. I had been shown once copies of these publications. Nothing, in my opinion, could have been less fit for the eyes of a young lady. They were the most advanced things of the sort; advanced, I mean, beyond all bounds of reason and decency. One of them preached the dissolution of all so-

cial ties; the other advocated systematic murder. To think of a young girl calmly tracking printers' errors all along the sort of abominable sentences I remembered was intolerable to my sentiment of womanhood. And Mr. X, after giving me a glance, pursued steadily:

"I think, however, that she came mostly to exercise her fascinations upon Sevrin, and to receive his homage in her queenly and condescending way. She was aware of both—fascination and homage—and enjoyed them with, I dare say, complete innocence. And we have no ground in expediency or morals to quarrel with her on that account. Charm in woman and exceptional intelligence in man are a law unto themselves. Is it not so?"

I refrained from expressing my abhorrence of that licentious doctrine because of my curiosity.

"But what happened then?" I hastened to ask.

X went on crumbling slowly a small piece of bread with a careless left hand.

"What happened, in effect," he confessed, "is that she saved the situation."

"She gave you an opportunity to end your rather sinister farce," I suggested.

"Yes," he said, preserving his impassive bearing. "The farce was bound to end soon. And it ended in a very few minutes. And it ended well. It might have ended badly had she not come in. Her brother, of course, did not count. They had slipped into the house quietly some time before. The printing-cellar had an entrance of its own. Not finding any one there, she sat down to her proofs, expecting Sevrin to return to his work at any moment. He did not do so. She grew impatient, heard through the door the sounds of a commotion, and naturally went to see.

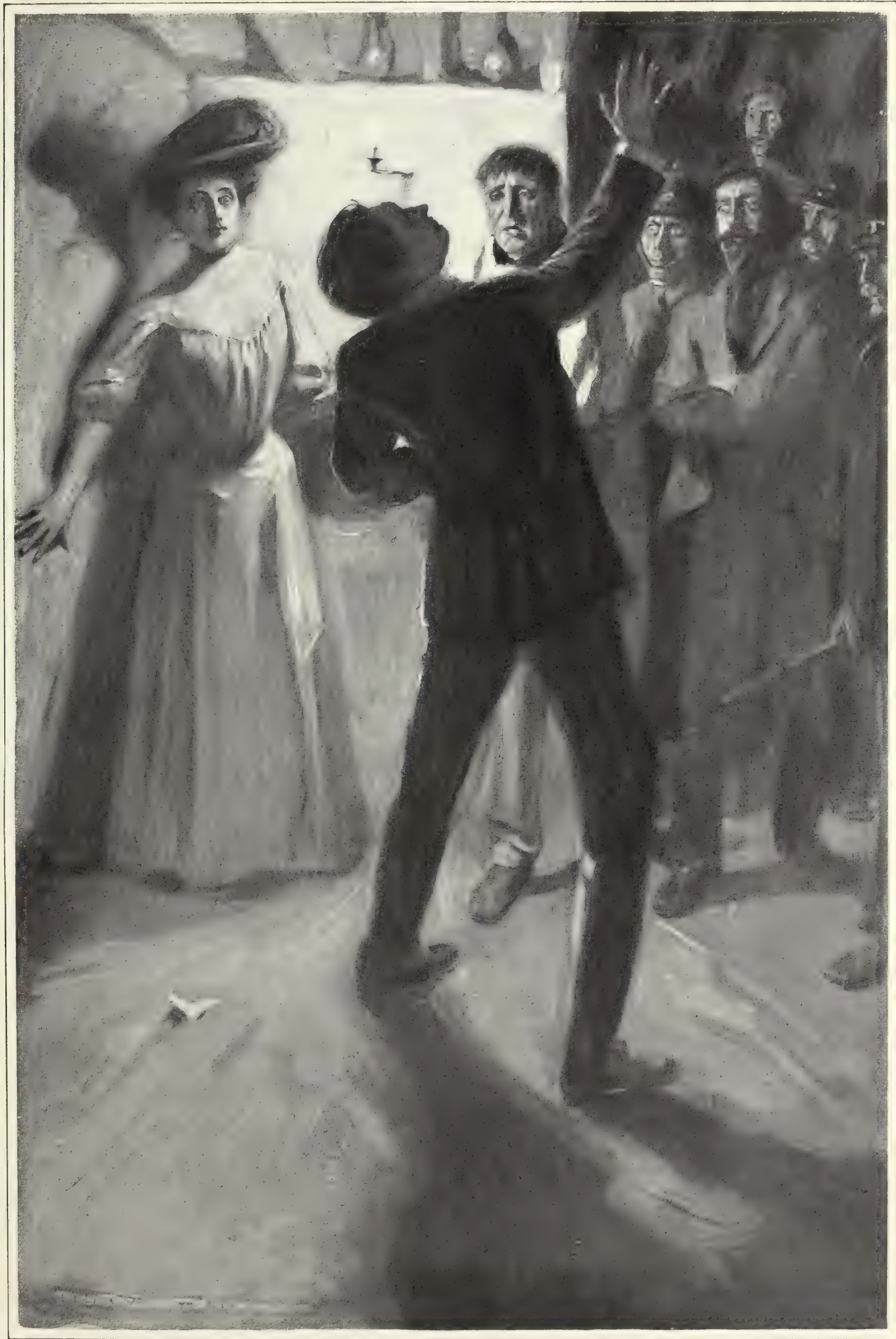
"Sevrin had been with us. At first he had seemed to me the most amazed of the whole raided lot. He appeared for an instant as if paralyzed with astonishment. He stood rooted to the spot. He never moved a limb. A solitary gas-jet flared near his head; all the other lights had been put out at the first alarm. And presently, from my dark corner, I observed on his shaven actor's face an expression of puzzled, vexed watchfulness, with a knitting of his heavy eyebrows. The corners

of his mouth dropped scornfully. He was angry. Most likely he had seen through the game, and I regretted I had not taken him from the first into my complete confidence.

"But with the appearance of the girl he became obviously alarmed. It was plain. I could see it grow. The change of his expression was swift and startling. All other sensations and emotions were swept away by a wave of sheer terror. And I did not know why. The reason never occurred to me. I was merely astonished at the extreme alteration of the man's face. Of course he had not been aware of her presence in the other cellar. But that did not explain the shock her advent had given him. For a moment he seemed to have been scared into imbecility. He opened his mouth as if to shout, or perhaps only to gasp. At any rate, it was somebody else who shouted. This somebody else was the heroic comrade whom I had detected swallowing a piece of paper. With laudable presence of mind he let out a warning yell.

"'It's the police! Back! Back! Run back, and bolt the door behind you.'

"It was an excellent hint; but instead of retreating, the girl for whom it was meant continued to advance, followed by her long-faced brother in his knickerbocker suit, in which he had been singing comic songs for the entertainment of a joyless proletariat. She advanced not as if she had failed to understand—the word 'police' has an unmistakable sound—but rather as if she could not help herself. She did not advance with the free gait and expanding presence of a distinguished amateur anarchist amongst poor, struggling professionals, but with slightly raised shoulders, and her elbows pressed close to her body, as if trying to shrink within herself. Her eyes were fixed immovably upon Sevrin. Sevrin the man, I fancy; not Sevrin the anarchist. But she advanced. And that was natural. For all their assumption of independence, girls of that class are used to the feeling of being specially protected, as, in fact, they are. This feeling accounts for nine-tenths of their audacious gestures. Her face had gone completely colorless. Ghastly. Fancy having it brought home to her so brutally that she was the sort



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

SHE THREW OUT HER ARMS IN DISMAY AND STEPPED ASIDE

of person who must run away from the police! I believe she was pale with indignation, mostly, though there was, of course, also the concern for her intact personality, a vague dread of some sort of rudeness. And, naturally, she turned to a man, to the man on whom she had a claim of fascination and homage—the man who could not conceivably fail her at any juncture.”

“But,” I cried, amazed at this analysis, “if it had been serious, real, I mean—as she thought it was—what could she expect him to do for her?”

X never moved a muscle of his face.

“Goodness knows. I imagine that this charming, generous, and independent creature had never known in her life a single genuine thought; I mean a single thought detached from small human vanities, or whose source was not in some conventional perception. All I know is that after advancing a few steps she extended her hand towards the motionless Sevrin. And that at least was no gesture. It was a natural movement. As to what she expected him to do, who can tell? The impossible. But whatever she expected, it could not have come up, I am safe to say, to what he had made up his mind to do, even before that entreating hand had appealed to him so directly. It had not been necessary. From the moment he had seen her enter that cellar, he had made up his mind to sacrifice his future usefulness, to throw off the impenetrable solidly fastened mask it had been his pride to wear—”

“What do you mean?” I interrupted, puzzled. “Was it Sevrin, then, who was—”

“He was. The most persistent, the most dangerous, the craftiest, the most systematic of informers. A genius amongst betrayers. Fortunately for us, he was unique. The man was a fanatic, I have told you. Fortunately, again, for us, he had fallen in love with the accomplished and innocent gestures of that girl. An actor in desperate earnest himself, he must have believed in the absolute value of conventional signs. As to the grossness of the trap into which he fell, the explanation must be that two sentiments of such absorbing magnitude cannot exist simultaneously in one heart. The danger of that other and uncon-

scious comedian robbed him of his vision, of his perspicacity, of his judgment. Indeed, it did at first rob him of his self-possession. But he regained that through the necessity—as it appeared to him imperiously—to do something at once. To do what? Why, to get her out of the house as quickly as possible. He was desperately anxious to do that. I have told you he was terrified. It could not be about himself. He had been surprised and annoyed at a move quite unforeseen and premature. I may even say he had been furious. He was accustomed to arrange the last scene of his betrayals with a deep, subtle art which left his revolutionist reputation untouched. But it seems clear to me that at the same time he had resolved to make the best of it, to keep his mask resolutely on. It was only with the discovery of her being in the house that everything—the forced calm, the restraint of his fanaticism, the mask—all came off together in a kind of panic. Why panic, do you ask? The answer is very simple. He remembered—or, I dare say, he had never forgotten the Professor alone at the top of the house, pursuing his researches, surrounded by tins upon tins of Stone’s Dried Soup. There was enough in some few of them to bury us all where we stood under a heap of bricks. Sevrin, of course, was aware of that. And we must believe, also, that he knew the exact character of the man, apparently. He had gauged so many such characters! Or perhaps he only gave the Professor credit for what he himself was capable of. But, in any case, the effect was produced. And suddenly he raised his voice in authority.

“‘Get the lady away at once.’”

“It turned out that he was as hoarse as a crow. Result, no doubt, of the intense emotion. It passed off in a moment. But these fateful words issued forth from his contracted throat in a discordant, ridiculous croak. They required no answer. The thing was done. However, the man personating the inspector judged it expedient to say roughly:

“‘She shall go soon enough, together with the rest of you.’”

“These were the last words belonging to the comedy part of this affair.

“Oblivious of everything and everybody, Sevrin strode towards him and

seized the lapels of his coat. Under his thin bluish cheeks one could see his jaws working with passion.

"'You have men posted outside. Get the lady taken home at once. Do you hear? Now. Before you try to get hold of the man up-stairs.'

"'Oh! There is a man up-stairs,' scoffed the other, openly. 'Well, he shall be brought down in time to see the end of this.'

"But Sevrin, beside himself, took no heed of the tone.

"'Who's the imbecile meddler who sent you blundering here? Didn't you understand your instructions? Don't you know anything? It's incredible. Here—'

"He dropped the lapels of the coat he had been shaking. He plunged his hand into his breast and jerked feverishly at something under his shirt. At last he produced a small square pocket of soft leather, which must have been hanging like a scapulary from his neck by the tape, whose broken ends dangled from his fist.

"'Look inside,' he spluttered, flinging it in the other's face. And instantly he turned round towards the girl. She stood just behind him, perfectly still and silent. Her set, white face gave an illusion of placidity. Only her staring eyes seemed to have grown bigger and darker.

"He spoke to her rapidly, with nervous assurance. I heard him distinctly promise to make everything as clear as daylight presently. But that was all I caught. He stood close to her and never raised his hand, never attempted to touch her even with the tip of his little finger. And she stared at him stupidly. For a moment, however, her eyelids descended slowly, pathetically, and then, with the long black eyelashes lying on her white cheeks, she looked as if she were about to fall headlong in a swoon. But she never even swayed where she stood. He urged her loudly to follow him without losing an instant, and walked towards the door at the bottom of the cellar stairs without looking behind him. And, as a matter of fact, she did move after him a pace or two. But, of course, he was not allowed to reach the door. There were angry exclamations, the tumult of a short, fierce scuffle. Flung away violently, he came

flying backwards upon her. She threw out her arms in a gesture of dismay and stepped aside, just clear of his head, which struck the ground heavily near her shoe.

"He grunted with the shock. By the time he had picked himself up, slowly, dazedly, he was awake to the reality of things. The man into whose hands he had thrust the leather case had extracted therefrom a narrow strip of bluish paper. He held it up above his head, and, as after the scuffle an expectant uneasy stillness reigned once more, he threw it down disdainfully with the words, 'I think, comrades, that this proof was hardly necessary.'

"Quick as thought, the girl stooped after the fluttering slip. Holding it spread out in both hands, she looked at it; then, without raising her eyes, opened her fingers slowly and let it fall.

"I examined that curious document afterwards. It was signed by a very high personage, and stamped and countersigned by other high officials in various countries of Europe. In his trade—or shall I say, in his mission?—that sort of talisman might have been necessary, no doubt, for even to the police itself—all but the heads—he had been known only as Sevrin the noted anarchist.

"He hung his head, biting his lower lip. A change had come over him, a sort of thoughtful, absorbed calmness. Nevertheless, he panted. His sides worked visibly, and his nostrils expanded and collapsed in weird contrast with his sombre aspect of a fanatical monk in a meditative attitude, but with something, too, in his face of an actor intent upon the terrible exigencies of his part. Before him Horne declaimed, haggard and bearded, like an inspired denunciatory prophet from a wilderness. Two fanatics. They were made to understand each other. Does this surprise you? I suppose you think that such people are given to foaming at the mouth and snarling at each other?"

I protested hastily that I was not surprised in the least; that I thought nothing of the kind; that anarchists in general were simply inconceivable to me mentally, morally, logically, sentimentally, and even physically. X received this declaration with his usual woodenness and went on.



Painted by Lucius Wolcott Hinchcock

"WHAT WILL THEY DO TO HIM?" SHE MURMURED

"Horne had burst out into eloquence. While pouring out scornful invective, he let tears escape from his eyes. They fell down his black beard unheeded. Sevrin panted quicker and quicker. When he opened his mouth to speak, every one hung on his words.

"‘Don’t be a fool, Horne,’ he began. ‘You know very well that I have done this for none of the reasons you are throwing at me.’ And in a moment he became outwardly as steady as a rock under the other’s livid stare. ‘I have been thwarting, deceiving and betraying you—from conviction.’

"He turned his back on Horne, and, looking intently at the girl, repeated the words, ‘From conviction.’

"It’s extraordinary how cold she looked. I suppose she could not think of an appropriate gesture. There can have been few precedents indeed for such a situation.

"‘Clear as daylight,’ he added. ‘Do you understand? From conviction.’

"And still she did not stir. She did not know how to respond. But the luckless wretch was about to give her the opportunity for a beautiful and correct gesture.

"‘And I had in me the power to make you share it,’ he protested, ardently. He had forgotten himself. He made a step towards her. Perhaps he stumbled. To me he seemed only to be stooping low before her with an extended hand. And then the appropriate gesture came. She snatched her skirt away from his polluting touch and turned her head from him with an upward tilt. It was magnificently done, this gesture of conventionally unstained honor, of an unblemished high-minded amateur.

"Nothing could have been better. And he seemed to think so, too, for once more he turned away. But this time he faced no one. He was again panting frightfully, while he fumbled hurriedly in his waistcoat pocket, and then raised his hand to his lips. There was something furtive in this movement, but directly his bearing changed visibly. His labored breathing gave him a resemblance to a man who had just run a desperate race; a curious air of detachment, of sudden and profound indifference, replaced the strain of the striving effort. I did not

want to see what would happen next. I was only too well aware. I tucked the young lady’s arm under mine without a word, and made my way with her to the stairs.

"Her brother walked behind us. Half-way up she seemed unable to lift her feet high enough, and we had to pull and push to get her to the top. In the passage she dragged herself along, hanging on my arm, helplessly bent like an impotent old woman. We issued into an empty street through a half-open door, staggering like besotted revellers. At the corner we stopped a four-wheeler, and the ancient driver looked round from his box with morose contempt at our efforts to get her in. Twice during the drive I felt her collapse on my shoulder in a half faint. Facing us, the youth in knickerbockers remained as mute as a fish, and, till he jumped out with the latch-key, more still than I would have believed it possible.

"At the door of their drawing-room she left my arm and walked in first, catching at the chairs and tables. She unpinned her hat, then, as if exhausted with the effort, her cloak still hanging from her shoulders; she flung herself into the deep arm-chair, sideways, her face half buried in a cushion. The good brother appeared silently with a glass of water. She motioned it away. He drank it himself and walked to a distant corner of the room—behind the grand piano, somewhere. All was still in this room where I had seen, for the first time, Sevrin, the anti-anarchist, captivated and spellbound by the consummate and hereditary grimaces that in a certain sphere of life take the place of feelings with an excellent effect. I suppose her thoughts were busy with the same memory. Her shoulders were shaken by dry sobs. A pure attack of nerves. When it quieted down she murmured drearily, ‘What will they do to him?’

"‘Nothing. They can do nothing to him,’ I assured her, with perfect truth. I was pretty certain he had died in less than twenty minutes from the moment his hand had gone to his lips. For if his fanatical anti-anarchism went even as far as carrying poison in his pocket, only to rob his adversaries of their legitimate vengeance, I knew he would take care to

provide something that would not fail him when required.

"She sighed deeply. There were red spots on her cheeks and a feverish brilliance in her eyes while she exhaled her characteristic plaint.

"What an awful, terrible experience, to be so basely, so abominably, so cruelly deceived by a man to whom one has given one's whole confidence!" She gulped down a pathetic sob. "If I ever felt sure of anything, it was of Sevrin's high-mindedness."

"Then she began to weep quietly, which was good for her. Then through her flood of tears, half resentful, 'What was it he said to me?—'From conviction!' It seemed worse than anything. What could he mean by it?"

"That, my dear young lady,' I said gently, 'is more than I or anybody else can explain to you.'"

Mr. X flicked a crumb off the front of his coat.

"And that was strictly true as to her. Though Horne, for instance, understood very well; and so did I, especially after we had been to Sevrin's lodging in a dismal back street of an intensely respectable quarter. Horne was known there as a friend, and we had no difficulty in being admitted, the slatternly girl merely remarking, as she let us in, that 'Mr. Sevrin had not been home that night.' We forced a couple of drawers in the way of duty, and found a little useful information. The most interesting part was his diary; for this man, engaged in such deadly work, had the weakness to keep a record of the most damnatory kind. There were his acts and also his thoughts laid bare to us. But the dead don't mind that. They don't mind anything.

"From conviction.' Yes. The vague but ardent humanitarianism which had urged him in his first youth to embrace the extreme revolutionary doctrines had ended in a sudden revulsion of feeling. You have heard of converted atheists. These turn often into dangerous fanatics. But the soul remains the same, after all. After he had got acquainted with the girl, there are to be met in that diary of his, mingled with amorous rhapsodies, bizarre, piously worded aspirations for her conversion. He took her sovereign grimace with deadly seri-

ousness. But all this cannot interest you. For the rest, I don't know if you remember—it is a good many years ago now—the journalistic sensation of the 'Hermione Street Mystery'; the finding of a man's body in the cellar of an empty house; the inquest; some arrests; many surmises—then silence—the usual end for many obscure martyrs and confessors. The fact is, he was not enough of an optimist. You must be a savage, determined, pitiless, thick-and-thin optimist, like Horne, for instance, to make a good revolutionist of the extreme type."

He rose from the table. A waiter hurried up with his overcoat; another held his hat in readiness.

"But what became of the young lady?" I asked.

"I happen to know," he said, buttoning himself up carefully. "I confess to the small malice of sending her Sevrin's diary. She went into retirement; then she went to Rome; then she went into a convent. I don't know where she will go next. What does it matter? Gestures! Gestures! Mere gestures of her class."

He fitted on his glossy high hat with extreme precision, and casting a slight glance round the room, full of well-dressed people, innocently dining, muttered between his teeth,

"And nothing else! That is why their kind is fated to perish."

I never saw Mr. X again after that evening. I took to dining elsewhere. On my next visit to Paris I found my friend all impatience to hear of the effect produced on me by this rare item of his collection. I told him all the story, and he beamed on me with the pride of his distinguished specimen.

"Isn't X well worth knowing?" he bubbled over in great delight. "He's unique, amazing, absolutely terrific."

His enthusiasm grated upon my finer feelings. I told him curtly that the man's cynicism was simply abominable.

"Oh, abominable! abominable!" my friend asserted effusively. "And then, you know, he likes to have his little joke sometimes," he added in a confidential tone.

I fail to understand the connection of this last remark. I have been utterly unable to discover where in all this the joke comes in.

Jeffreys of the Bloody Assizes

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY

GEORGE JEFFREYS, afterwards Baron Jeffreys of Wem and Keeper of the Great Seal, was born near Wrexham in Denbighshire, a year before Charles the First's head fell upon the block. Of honorable parentage, he received the best education that the times afforded, and being a boy of quick parts and tireless energy, he made the most of his opportunities. An injudicious historian, intent upon prejudice, has discovered that "at marbles and leap-frog he was known to take undue advantages," but such fables as this may be speedily dismissed, and it is enough to say that three great schools claim him as their pupil—Shrewsbury, St. Paul's, and Westminster, at which last he came under the rod of the admirable Busby; that after a year spent at Trinity College, Cambridge, where doubtless he recognized that academic distinction was not for him, he went to seek his fortune in London; and that, admitted to the Inner Temple, May 19, 1663, he never looked back until he had become, in the phrase of his best biographer, "the top fiddler of the town."

The London to which he came could not but have excited the ambition of so brisk and lively a youth. Splendor and gayety had come back with the restored monarch. Mistress Stewart had but yesterday replaced my Lady Castlemaine in the King's affection. The Duke of Monmouth stood so high in favor that he openly boasted of his succession and set the mode of pleasure and magnificence. "God knows what will be the end of it," said Pepys, whose doubt was presently resolved upon the field of Sedgemoor. Meanwhile the playhouses had once more opened their doors to present the masterpieces of Shakespeare and Jonson and to hail the rising genius of John Dryden. But not only was there in the brilliant life of the time the best incentive to enterprise, there was also a career open to all the

talents; and no man need despair of the future if he had but a ready courage and a determination to serve his King. Now, George Jeffreys was born at the very moment appropriate to his temper. He was fascinating, adroit, and unscrupulous. Above all, he was gifted with the genius of prosperity, and he measured his age with perfect accuracy. His sense of humor, moreover, was so sharp that he could laugh at penury; and if, as North tells us, his beginnings were low, we may be sure that from his garret window in the Temple he looked confidently towards Whitehall. He could make himself at home in all companies, he would drink with anybody who would crack a bottle—even with the shy attorneys that haunted the taverns of Fleet Street,—and he was a churl indeed who did not surrender to the charm of his voice and the sparkle of his wit. Called to the bar in 1668, he practised at the Old Bailey and the Sessions, where he cultivated that talent for impudent browbeating and scurrile ribaldry, wherein he surpassed the most turbulent of his contemporaries, even the eminent Scroggs himself. At first, if we may believe North, the briefs came haltingly. But Jeffreys, unabashed, "used to sit in coffee-houses and order his man to come and tell him that company attended him at his chambers; at which he would huff and say: Let them stay a little; I will come presently." This made a show of business. But the show was soon turned to reality, and not even his love of sedition hindered his advance.

For though we must accept the legends of biography with the utmost caution, there is little doubt that Jeffreys, like many other heroes of active and original intelligence, began his career as a sturdy champion of the people. The love of kings, which was presently to make and unmake his fortune, was not yet aflame in his breast. He would drink on his knees any toast "to the good old cause"

or "the immortal memory of Old Noll." This disloyalty may have been a mere indiscretion of youth, or was assumed, perchance, to catch clients. But whatever its origin, it was laid aside as soon as Jeffreys's affability had won him the patronage of the great. A man of the world while yet a boy, a diner-out welcome at all tables, he soon found his way to the court. Will Chiffinch, "the trusty page of the back stairs," whispered his name to the King; the Duchess of Portsmouth smiled approval upon him; and at twenty-three he was Common-Sergeant of the City of London. In quick succession he was appointed Solicitor to the Duke of York, Recorder of London, and Chief Justice of Chester. He discharged his duties with courage and energy, caring not for the countenance of any man. "This is a bold fellow," said King Charles, with perfect truth; and he was bold to some purpose when the Popish Plot and the misfortunes in which it involved the country gave him the great opportunity of his life.

It is a whimsical paradox that the age of Charles II., devoted as it was to the pursuit of gayety and pleasure, was yet darkened by a religious fanaticism which nothing but the good sense and easy tolerance of the King could have mitigated. On the one side were thousands of citizens who still remembered the freedom of the Commonwealth, who acknowledged the informal leadership of convinced republicans, such as Algernon Sidney, and who were ready to die rather than bend the knee to the Pope. On the other was a king who, while professing obedience to the English Church, cherished a secret sympathy with Rome, and an heir presumptive to the throne whose papistry was unconcealed. The Protestants, no doubt, had the juster cause, but in policy and honor neither side may claim a superiority, and the machinations of that perjured rascal Titus Oates sufficed to arouse an unreasoning fury against the Catholics. Oates himself was feasted, pensioned, and proclaimed "the Savior of the Nation." No attempt was made at the outset to check his falsehoods or to sift his evidence. He had but to open his mouth, and he was believed infallible. Even Jeffreys himself, loyal Abhorrer though he was, was "surprised" into

acquiescence, though his shrewd knowledge of men soon corrected a false impression. But the consequence of Oates's success was that the other side made instant reprisals, and for some years the courts of law were given over to the examination of rebels and dissenters.

This was Jeffreys's chance. There was nothing in the world he hated so bitterly as he hated the dissenters. He had a nose for them, he boasted: he could smell a Presbyterian at forty miles; and he attacked them, first as prosecutor, then as judge, with all the energy and resource of a violent temper. The brutality wherewith he assailed his enemies was unexampled, even in his own age, because, though his contemporaries would gladly have followed in his steps, not one could scale the lofty height of his insolence. He jested, he bullied, he denounced—always in "the sweet and powerful voice" which, as Lord Campbell allows, claimed attention, irrespective of what he said. His tongue and brain were never idle. He conspicuously proved his talent in the trial of Colledge, the London joiner, whom he covered with ridicule, disconcerted with quips, and at last saw triumphantly convicted. Three years later (1683) he assisted in the prosecution of Lord William Russell, and in reward for his zeal was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England.

It is for his conduct of this high office that Jeffreys has been most fiercely condemned, and if he be judged by the standard of to-day, little can be said in his defence. Though as prosecuting counsel he eagerly sought convictions, he sought them with infinitely greater passion as judge. Already proficient in the art of cross-examination, he practised it from the bench with a skill and ferocity which, in the opinion of experts, entitle him to the glory of having perfected that not too amiable method of justice. Worse still, he took for granted the guilt of every prisoner brought before him, and, contemptuous in his certitude, he did not scruple to relieve his sombre duty with flashes of rough humor and coarse repartee, for which perhaps a court of justice is not the best place. But ugly as his violence against a prisoner on trial for his life appears to our humaner minds, we must attempt to

view Jeffreys in his own environment, and we shall then have no difficulty in modifying our judgment. In the first place, he was called to the bench less to administer justice than to do the King's business. In the second place, "a criminal trial in those days," as Sir James Stephen, the most eminent authority, has pointed out, "was not unlike a race between the King and the prisoner, in which the King had a long start, and the prisoner was heavily weighted." In truth, Jeffreys did but adhere to the practice of his age; and he has been held up to obloquy ever since because, being incomparably better endowed in wits and style than his fellows, he has filled a larger space in history and legend than they could ever hope to fill.

Sidney and Armstrong were justly punished. In the trials of Rosewell and Richard Baxter, Jeffreys allowed his hatred of dissenters to outstrip the bounds of judgment and decency. Rosewell, a gentleman and a scholar, made an admirably moderate defence, but no sobriety could check the flaunts and gibes of the judge, who was bent upon a conviction and got it. Happily, Sir John Talbot, Rosewell's friend, had the ear of the King. "Sir," said he to Charles, "if your Majesty suffers this man to die, we are none of us safe in our houses;" and Charles, declaring that the prisoner must live, bade Jeffreys find some way to bring him off. Confronted by Baxter, Jeffreys was yet more ferocious, attempting to atone for the weakness of the evidence by the strength of his invective. "Yonder stands Oates in the pillory," he exclaimed, "and says he suffers for the truth; and so says Baxter; but if Baxter did but stand on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there." A reference to Baxter's sympathy with bishops delighted the Lord Chief Justice. "Baxter for bishops!" said he; "that's a merry conceit indeed! Turn to it, turn to it." And when Baxter would fain have addressed the court, Jeffreys broke out in his best manner: "Richard! Richard! dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipt

out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy." After these eloquent tirades, Baxter was found guilty by the jury, but he was absolved even of the light sentence which Jeffreys imposed, and thus by a piece of good fortune, which he did not deserve, the judge was saved from the consequences of two infamous actions.

Meanwhile James II. had succeeded to the throne, and Jeffreys, now raised to the peerage, served a fiercer, more implacable master. With a heart as hard as marble, and a brain as narrow as the edge of a sword-blade, James was nevertheless a man of force, and a sincere, if misguided, patriot. He would have been an excellent king of Spain, where he might have divided his allegiance between his country and the Pope; but he was completely unfitted by character and sympathy to govern England, which had already proved its love of free institutions, and which would on no account tolerate an understanding with Rome. Moreover, in the attainment of his ends he knew neither policy nor compromise. He was so harsh a fanatic that he would have rejected pity even had he deemed it profitable, and he found in Jeffreys the willing instrument of his severity. Nor was the opportunity, which both master and man desired, long in coming. On the 11th of June, 1685, Monmouth landed at Lyme-Regis; nine days later he took the title of King, in defiance of his principles; on July the 6th his army of peasants was defeated at Sedgemoor; and early in September Lord Jeffreys set out to do his thorough-stitch work in the west.

Now one of Jeffreys's most striking qualities was a sense of drama. He moved naturally with pomp and circumstance, and when he went down into the rebellious counties he omitted nothing that might add to the horror of his apparition. He was invested with military as well as with judicial powers, and throughout the "campaign," as James called it, he comported himself rather as a soldier than as a judge. The agony of a painful disease embittered his speech, and the harangues wherewith he opened his courts of justice exceeded all his previous efforts in rage, scurrility, and contempt.

A supporter of Monmouth, to whom unhappily we owe the sole account of Jeffreys's campaign, has not scrupled to represent it as an orgy of blood and brandy. This is obviously the language of passionate exaggeration. The number of rebels condemned by Jeffreys was two hundred and fifty-one—less by fifty than the King's soldiers who fell at Sedgemoor. Nor do the Whigs pretend that the victims of the judge's anger were innocent of rebellion; rather they proclaim them noble because they rose in open revolt against their King. Now, to offer armed violence to the state, even for a just cause, was a crime in the seventeenth century, as it is in the twentieth, and there was no adherent of Monmouth but deserved the death he suffered. For the rebellion was no holiday parade. Not merely was Monmouth proclaimed King, but James was denounced as an enemy, a traitor, and a fratricide. The most clement monarch that ever graced a throne could hardly regard this denunciation with equanimity; and James, knowing no clemency at all, instantly sent Jeffreys into the west on a mission of blood. We may deplore the King's imprudence; we cannot find language too severe wherein to condemn the greed and venality which sold pardons for vast sums of money; but to call the Chief Justice's executions in the west judicial murders, as historians are wont to call them, is to be guilty of a vain, dishonest prejudice.

So Jeffreys, having done his work without stint or pity, came back from the west to claim his reward, conscious that he had both served his master loyally, and meted out justice with a fair, if heavy, hand. But when misfortune overtook the King and his judge, each attempted to shift the blame of an unpopular policy upon the other. In each complaint there is a suspicion of truth. The severity, no doubt, was dictated by the King. The faults of style and taste were all Jeffreys's own. But, however the responsibility be divided, a speedy retribution overtook them both. Though Jeffreys was given the Great Seal, and for three years carried out his master's policy with disastrous industry, on December 11, 1688, James deserted his capital, and the Chancellor fled before the fury of the mob. Yet the last act of Jeffreys's

life was as dramatic as the Bloody Assize itself. Not even in ruin did his sense of theatrical effect desert him. Disguised as a sailor, he took refuge on a coal-barge; but wearied of confinement after a single night, he made his appearance at the Red Cow, in Anchor and Hope Alley, and ordered a pot of ale. There he was recognized by a scrivener whom he had once brow-beat in court, and who promised then that he would never forget "the terrors of that man's face." Betrayed by the scrivener, he was brought before the Lord Mayor, and at the Mansion House he played his last trick of nonchalance. He so profoundly impressed the Mayor that he was bidden to dinner, even while the people clamored without. But flight was imperative, and Jeffreys was hustled into the Tower, the one corner of safety left him, where he cheated vengeance by a sudden and untimely death.

He was, as I have said, of rare talent and fascination. Though his legal abilities have been eclipsed by the scandal of his career, his bitterest enemies confess him a man of excellent parts, a lawyer of vigorous understanding and impressive eloquence. His judgments in civil cases were remarkable for their shrewdness and sanity, and though when he accepted the Great Seal he knew little of Chancery business, his native wit carried him triumphant through all his difficulties. The rough side of his tongue he reserved sternly for his profession, and the ease of his manners, conspicuous even in a courtly age, made him apt for all societies. That he was of a harsh temper may be admitted; it is true that he was determined to succeed by the most convenient avenue; but history affords no evidence that he was an unjust judge, delighting in the shedding of innocent blood. His heaviest misfortunes were to serve a cruel, impolitic prince, to touch the imagination of an ignorant populace, and to find a sentimental biographer in a miscreant whom he had condemned to be whipped at the cart's tail in every market-town of Dorsetshire. But a man is always nearer to truth than a monster, and the Jeffreys of fact wins our faith and holds our interest more easily than the zealot of blasphemy and murder imagined by Mr. Tutchin, Lord Macaulay, and other eminent historians.

The Tenson

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

HERE we have to do with another tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, as heretofore, at discretion; and the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

In the year of grace 1265 (Nicolas begins), about the festival of St. Peter *ad Vincula*, the Prince de Gâtinais came to Burgos. Before this he had lodged for three months in the district of Ponthieu; and the object of his southern journey was to assure the tenth Alphonso, then ruling in Castile, that the latter's sister Elinor, now resident at Entréchat, was beyond any reasonable doubt the transcendent lady whose existence old romancers had anticipated, however cloudily, when they fabled in remote time concerning Queen Heleine of Sparta.

There was a postscript to his news, and a pregnant one. The world knew that the King of Leon and Castile desired to be King of Germany as well, and that at present a single vote in the Diet would decide between his claims and those of his competitor, Earl Richard of Cornwall. De Gâtinais chaffered fairly; he had a vote, Alphonso had a sister. So that, in effect—ohé, in effect, he made no question that his Majesty understood!

The Astronomer twitched his beard and demanded if the fact that Elinor had been a married woman these ten years past was not an obstacle to the plan which his fair cousin had proposed?

Here the Prince was armed cap-a-pie, and in consequence hauled out a paper. Dating from Viterbo, Clement, Bishop of Rome, servant to the servants of God, to his well-beloved son in Christ, stated that a compact between a boy of fifteen and a girl of ten was an affair of no

particular moment; that in consideration of the covenantors never having clapped eyes on one another since the wedding-day—even had not the precontract of marriage between the groom's father and the bride's mother rendered a consummation of the childish oath an obvious and a most heinous enormity—why, that, in a sentence, and for all his coy verbosity, the new pontiff was amenable to reason.

So in a month it was settled. Alphonso would give his sister to de Gâtinais, and in exchange get the latter's vote; and Gui Foulques, of Sabionetta—now Clement, fourth Pope to assume that name—would annul the previous marriage they planned, and in exchange get an armament to serve him against Manfred, the late and troublesome tyrant of Sicily and Apulia. The scheme promised to each one of them that which they very urgently desired, and messengers were presently sent into Ponthieu.

It is now time we put aside these Castilian matters and speak of other things. In England, Prince Edward had fought, and won, a shrewd battle at Evesham; the barons' power was demolished, there would be no more internecine war; and spurred by the unaccustomed idleness, he began to think of the foreign girl he had not seen since the day he wedded her. She would be a woman by this, and it was befitting that he claim his wife. He rode with Hawise d'Ebernoe to Ambresbury, and at the gate of the nunnery they parted, with what agonies are immaterial to the tale's progression; the tale merely tells that latterly the Prince went into Lower Picardy alone, riding at adventure as he loved to do, and thus came to Entréchat, where his wife resided with her mother, the Countess Jehane.

In a wood near by the castle he ap-

proached a company of Spaniards, four in number, their horses tethered while they drank about a great stone which served them for a table. Being thirsty, he asked and was readily accorded hospitality, so that within the instant these five fell into an amicable discourse. One fellow asked his name and business in those parts, and the Prince gave each without hesitancy as he reached for the bottle, and afterward dropped it just in time to catch, cannily, with his naked left hand, the knife-blade with which the rascal had dug at the unguarded ribs. He was astounded, but he was never a subtle man: here were four knaves who for reasons unexplained—but to them of undoubted cogency—desired the death of Prince Edward, the King of England's son: and manifestly there was here an actionable difference of opinion; so he had his sword out and presently killed the four of them.

Anon there came to him an apple-cheeked boy, habited as a page, who, riding jauntily through the forest, lighted upon the Prince, now in bottomless vexation. The lad drew rein, and his lips outlined a whistle. At his feet were several dead men in a very untidy condition; and seated among them, as throned upon the boulder, was a gigantic and florid person, so tall that the heads of few people reached to his shoulder; a person of handsome exterior, fair, and chested like a stallion, whose left eyebrow drooped so oddly that even in anger the stupendous man appeared to confide to you, quite confidentially, that the dilapidation he threatened was an excellent jest.

"Fair friend," said the page, "God give you joy! and why have you converted this forest into a shambles?"

The Prince told him of the half-hour's action as has been narrated. "I have perhaps been somewhat hasty," he considered, by way of peroration, "and it vexes me that I did not spare, say, one of these lank Spaniards, if only long enough to ascertain why, in the name of Termagaunt, they should have desired my destruction."

But midway in his tale the boy had dismounted with a gasp, and he was now inspecting the features of one carcass. "Felons, my Prince! You have slain

some eight yards of felony which might have cheated the gallows had they got the Princess Elinor safe to Burgos. Only two days ago this chalk-eyed fellow conveyed to her a letter."

Prince Edward said, "You appear, lad, to be somewhat overheels in the confidence of my wife."

Now the boy rose and defiantly flung back his head in shrill laughter. "Your wife! Oh, God ha' mercy! Your wife, and for ten years left to her own devices! Why, look you, to-day you and your wife would not know one another were you twain brought face to face."

Prince Edward said, "That is very near the truth." But, indeed, it was the absolute truth, and as concerned himself already attested.

"Sire Edward," the boy then said, "your wife has wearied of this long waiting till you choose to whistle for her. Last summer the Prince de Gâtinais came a-wooing—and he is a handsome man." The page made known all that de Gâtinais and King Alphonso planned, the words jostling as they came in torrents, but so that one might understand. "I am her page, my lord. I was to follow her. These fellows were to be my escort, were to ward off possible pursuit. Cry haro, beau sire! cry haro, and lustily, for your wife in company with six other knaves is at large between here and Burgos—that unreasonable wife who grew dissatisfied after a mere ten years of neglect."

"I have been remiss," the Prince said, and one huge hand strained at his chin; "yes, perhaps I have been remiss. Yet it had appeared to me— But as it is, I bid you mount, my lad!" he cried, in a new voice.

The boy demanded, "And to what end?"

"Oy Dieus, messire! have I not slain your escort? Why, in common reason, equity demands that I afford you my protection so far as Burgos, messire, just as equity demands I on arrival slay de Gâtinais and fetch back my wife to England."

The page wrung exquisite hands with a gesture that was but partially tinged with anguish and presently began to laugh. Afterwards these two rode southward.

For it appeared to the intriguing little

woman a diverting jest that in this fashion her own husband should be the promoter of her evasion. It appeared to her even more diverting that in two days' space she had become genuinely fond of him. She found him rather slow of apprehension, and was namelessly humiliated by the discovery that not an eyelash of the man was irritated by his wife's decampment; he considered, to all appearance, that some property of his had been stolen, and he intended, quite without passion, to repossess himself of it, after, of course, punishing the thief.

This troubled the Princess somewhat; and often, riding by his more stolid side, the girl's heart raged at memory of the decade so newly overpast that had kept her always dependent on the charity of this or that ungracious patron—on any one who would take charge of her while the truant husband fought out his endless squabbles in England. Slights enough she had borne during the period, and squalor, and hunger even. But now at last she rode toward the dear southland; and presently she would be rid of this big man, when he had served her purpose; and afterward she meant to wheedle Alphonso, just as she had always done, and later still she and Etienne would be very happy: and, in fine, to-morrow was to be a new day.

So these two rode ever southward, and always Prince Edward found this new page of his—this Miguel de Rueda—a jolly lad, who whistled and sang inapposite snatches of balladry, without any formal ending or beginning, descanting always with the delicate irrelevancy of a bird-trill.

The Prince had quickly fathomed the meaning of the scheme hatched in Castile. "When Manfred is driven out of Sicily they will give the throne to de Gâtinais. He intends to get both a kingdom and a handsome wife by this neat affair. And in reason England must support my uncle against El Sabio. Why, my lad, I ride southward to prevent a war that would convulse half Europe."

"You ride southward in the attempt to rob a miserable woman of her sole chance of happiness," Miguel de Rueda estimated.

"That is undeniable, if she love this

thrifty Prince, as indeed I do not question my wife does. Yet is our happiness here a trivial matter, whereas war is a great disaster. You have not seen—as I have done, my little Miguel—a man viewing his death-wound with a face of stupid wonder?—a man about to die in his lord's quarrel and understanding never a word of it? Or a woman, say—a woman's twisted and naked body, the breasts yet horribly heaving, in the red ashes of some village? or the already-dripping hoofs that will presently crush it? Well, it is to prevent a many such spectacles hereabout that I ride southward."

Miguel de Rueda shuddered. But, "She has her right to happiness," the page stubbornly said.

"Not so," the Prince retorted; "since it hath pleased the Eternal Father to appoint us twain to lofty station, to intrust to us the five talents of the parable; whence is our debt to Him, being fivefold, so much the greater than that of common persons. And therefore the more is it our sole right, being fivefold, to serve God without faltering, and therefore is our happiness, or our unhappiness, the more an inconsiderable matter. For, as I have read in the *Annals of the Romans*—" He launched upon the story of King Pompey and his daughter, whom a certain duke regarded with impure and improper emotions. "My little Miguel, that ancient king is our Heavenly Father, that only daughter is the rational scul of us, which is here delivered for protection to five soldiers—that is, to the five senses to preserve it from the devil, the world, and the flesh. But, alas! the too-credulous soul, desirous of gazing upon the gaudy vapors of this world—"

"You whine like a canting friar," the page complained; "and I can assure you that the Lady Elinor was prompted rather than hindered by her God-given faculties of sight, hearing, and so on, when she fell in love with de Gâtinais. Of you two, he is beyond any question the handsomer and the more intelligent man, and it was God who bestowed on her sufficient wit to perceive it. And what am I to deduce from this?"

The Prince reflected. At last he said: "I have also read in these same *Gestes* how Seneca mentions that in poisoned

bodies, on account of the malignancy and the coldness of the poison, no worm will engender; but if the body be smitten by lightning, in a few days the carcass will abound with vermin. My little Miguel, both men and women are at birth empoisoned by sin, and then they produce no worm—that is, no virtue; but struck with lightning—that is, by the grace of God—they are astonishingly fruitful in good works.”

The page began to laugh. “You are hopelessly absurd, my Prince, though you will never know it,—and I hate you a little,—and I envy you a great deal.”

“Nay,” Prince Edward said, in misapprehension, for the man was never quick-witted,—“nay, it is not for my own happiness that I ride southward.”

The page then said, “What is her name?” And Prince Edward answered, very fondly, “Hawise.”

“Her, too, I hate,” said Miguel de Rueda; “and I think that the holy angels alone know how profoundly I envy her.”

In the afternoon of the same day they neared Ruffec, and at the ford found three brigands ready, two of whom the Prince slew, and the other fled.

Next night they supped at Manneville, and sat afterward in the little square, tree-chequered, that lay before their inn. Miguel had procured a lute from the innkeeper, and strummed idly as these two debated together of great matters; about them was an immeasurable twilight, moonless but tempered by many stars, and everywhere an agreeable conference of leaves.

“Listen, my Prince,” the boy said more lately; “here is one view of the affair.” And he began to chant, without rhyming, without raising his voice above the pitch of talk, what time the lute monotonously sobbed beneath his fingers.

Sang Miguel:

“A little while and Irus and Menepthah are at sorry unison, and Guinevere is but a skull. Multitudinously we tread toward oblivion, as ants tread toward sugar, and presently Time cometh with his broom. Multitudinously we tread a dusty road toward oblivion; but yonder the sun shines upon a grass-plot, converting it into an emerald; and I am weary of the trodden path.

“Vine-crowned is she that guards the grasses yonder, and her breasts are naked. *Vanity of vanities!* saith the beloved. But she whom I love seems very far away to-night, though I might be with her if I would. And she may not aid me now, for not even love is all-powerful. She is fairest of created women, and very wise, but she may never understand that at any time one grows weary of the trodden path.

“Yet though she may not understand, this woman who has known me to the marrow, I must obey her laudable behests and serve her blindly. At sight of her my love closes over my heart like a flood, so that I am speechless and glory in my impotence, as one who stands at last before the kindly face of God. For her sake I have striven, with a good endeavor, to my tiny uttermost. Pardie, I am not Priam at the head of his army! A little while and I will repent; to-night I cannot but remember that there are women whose lips are of a livelier tint, that life is short at best, that wine is a goodly thing, and that I am weary of the trodden path.

“She is very far from me to-night. Yonder in the Horselberg they exult and make sweet songs, songs that are sweeter, immeasurably sweeter, than this song of mine, but in the trodden path I falter, for I am tired, tired in every fibre o’ me, and I am weary of the trodden path.”

Followed a silence. “Ignorance spoke there,” the Prince said. “It is the song of a woman, or else of a boy who is very young. Give me the lute, my little Miguel.” And presently he, too, sang.

Sang the Prince:

“I was in a path, and I trod toward the citadel of the land’s Seigneur, and on either side were pleasant and forbidden meadows, having various names. And one trod with me who babbled of the brooding mountains and of the low-lying and adjacent clouds; of the west wind and of the budding fruit-trees; and he debated the significance of these things, and he went astray to gather violets, while I walked in the trodden path.

“He babbled of genial wine and of the alert lips of women, of swinging censers and of pale-mouthed priests, and his heart was troubled by a world profuse in beauty. And he leapt a stile to share



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

SO THESE TWO RODE EVER SOUTHWARD

his allotted provision with a dying dog, and afterward, being hungry, a wall to pilfer apples, what while I walked in the trodden path.

"He babbled of Autumn's bankruptcy and of the age-long lying promises of Spring; and of his own desire to be at rest; and of running waters and of decaying leaves. He babbled of the far-off stars; and he debated whether they were the eyes of God or gases that burned, and he demonstrated, very clearly, that neither existed; and at times he stumbled as he stared about him and munched his apples, so that he was all bemired, but I walked in the trodden path.

"And the path led to the gateway of a citadel and through the gateway. 'Let us not enter,' he said, 'for the citadel is vacant, and, moreover, I am in profound terror, and, besides, as yet I have not eaten all my apples.' And he wept aloud, but I was not afraid, for I had walked in the trodden path."

Again there was a silence. "You paint a dreary world, my Prince."

"Nay, my little Miguel, I do but paint the world as the Eternal Father made it. The laws of the place are written large so that all may read them; and we know that every path, whether it be my trodden one or some byway through your gayer meadows, yet leads in the end to God. We have our choice—or to come to Him as a laborer comes at evening for the day's wages fairly earned, or to come as some roisterer haled before the magistrate."

"I consider you to be in the right," the boy said, after a lengthy interval, "although I decline—and emphatically—to believe you."

The Prince laughed. "There spoke Youth," he said, and he sighed as though he were a patriarch, "but we have sung, we two, the eternal Tenson of God's will and of man's desires. And I claim the prize, my little Miguel."

Suddenly the page kissed one huge hand. "You have conquered, my very dull and very glorious Prince. Concerning that Hawise—" but Miguel de Rueda choked. "Oh, I understand! in part I understand!" the page wailed, and now it was Prince Edward who comforted Miguel de Rueda.

For he laid one hand upon his page's

hair, and smiled in the darkness to note how soft it was, since the man was less a fool than at first view you might have taken him to be, and said:

"One must play the game, my lad. We are no little people, she and I, the children of many kings, of God's regents here on earth; and it was never reasonable, my Miguel, that gentlefolk should cog at dice."

The same night Miguel de Rueda sobbed through the prayer which St. Theophilus made long ago to the Mother of God:

Dame, je n'ose,
Flors d'aiglentier et lis et rose,
En qui li filz Diex se repose,—

and so on. Or, in other wording: "Hearken, O gracious Lady! thou that art more fair than any flower of the eglantine, more comely than the blossoming of the rose or of the lily! thou to whom was confided the very Son of God! Hearken, for I am afraid! afford counsel to me that am ensnared by Satan and know not what to do! Never will I make an end of praying. O Virgin debonaire! O honored Lady! Thou that wast once a woman—!"

You would have said the boy was dying; and in sober verity a deal of Miguel de Rueda died upon this night of clearer vision.

It was on the following day, near Bazas, that they encountered Adam de Gourdon, a Provençal knight, with whom the Prince fought for a long while, without either contestant giving way; and in consequence a rendezvous was fixed for the November of that year, and afterward the Prince and de Gourdon parted, highly pleased with one another.

Thus the Prince and his attendant came, in late September, to Mauléon, on the Castilian frontier, and dined there at the Fir Cone. Three or four lackeys were about—some exalted person's retinue? Prince Edward hazarded to the swart little landlord as the Prince and Miguel lingered over the remnants of their meal.

Yes, the fellow informed him: the Prince de Gâtinais had lodged there for a whole week, watching the north road as circumspect of all passage as a cat over a mouse-hole. Eh, monseigneur ex-

pected some one, doubtless—a lady, it might be,—the gentlefolk had their escapades like every one else. He babbled vaguely, for on a sudden he was very much afraid of his gigantic patron.

"You will show me to his room," Prince Edward said, with a politeness that was ingratiating.

The host shuddered and obeyed.

Miguel de Rueda, left alone, sat quite silent, his finger-tips drumming upon the table. He rose suddenly and flung back his shoulders, all resolution to the tiny heels. On the stairway he passed the black little landlord.

"I think," the little landlord considered, "that St. Michael must have been of similar appearance when he went to meet the Evil One. Ho, messire, will there be bloodshed?"

But Miguel de Rueda had passed the room above. The door was ajar. He paused there.

De Gâtinais had risen from his dinner and stood facing the door. He, too, was a blond man and the comeliest of his day. And at sight of him awoke in the woman's heart all of the old tenderness; handsome and brave and witty she knew him to be, past reason, as indeed the whole world knew him to be distinguished by every namable grace; and the innate weakness of de Gâtinais, which she alone suspected, made him now seem doubly dear. Fiercely she wanted to shield him, less from carnal injury than from that self-degradation she cloudily apprehended to be at hand; the test was come, and Etienne would fail. This much she knew with a sick, illimitable surety, and she loved de Gâtinais with a passion that dwarfed comprehension.

"O Madame the Virgin!" prayed Miguel de Rueda, "thou that wast once a woman, even as I am now a woman! grant that the man may slay him quickly! grant that he may slay Etienne very quickly, honored Lady, so that my Etienne may die unshamed!"

"I must question, messire," de Gâtinais was saying, "whether you have been well inspired. Yes, quite frankly, I do await the arrival of her who is your nominal wife; and your intervention at this late stage, I take it, can have no outcome save to render you absurd. Nay, rather be advised by me, messire—"

Prince Edward said, "I am not here to talk."

"—for, messire, I grant you that in ordinary disputation the cutting of one gentleman's throat by another gentleman is well enough, since the argument is unanswerable. Yet in this case we have each of us too much to live for; you to govern your reconquered England, and I—you perceive that I am candid—to achieve in turn the kingship of another realm. And to secure this, possession of the Lady Elinor is to me essential; to you she is nothing."

"She is a woman whom I have deeply wronged," Prince Edward said, "and to whom, God willing, I mean to make atonement. Ten years ago they wedded us, willy-nilly, to avert the impending war 'twixt Spain and England; to-day El Sabio intends to purchase all Germany, with her body as the price, you to get Sicily as her husband. Mort de Dieu! is a woman thus to be bought and sold like hog's flesh! We have other and cleaner customs, we of England."

"Eh, and who purchased the woman first?" de Gâtinais spat at him, and viciously, for the Frenchman now saw his air-castle shaken to the corner-stone.

"They wedded me to the child that a great war might be averted. I acquiesced, since it appeared preferable that two people suffer rather than many thousands be slain. And still this is my view of the matter. Yet afterward I failed her. Love had no clause in our agreement; but I owed her more protection than I have afforded. England has long been no place for women. I thought she would comprehend that much. But I know very little of women. Battle and death are more wholesome companions, I now perceive, than such folk as you and Alphonso. Woman is the weaker vessel—the negligence was mine—I may not blame her." The big and simple man was in an agony of repentance.

On a sudden he strode forward, his sword now shifted to his left hand and his right hand outstretched. "One and all, we are but weaklings in the net of circumstance. Shall one herring, then, blame his fellow if his fellow jostle him? We walk as in a mist of error, and Belial is fertile in allurements; yet always it is granted us to behold that sin



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

IN AN INSTANT THE PLACE RESOUNDED LIKE A SMITHY

is sin. I have perhaps sinned through anger, Messire de Gâtinais, more deeply than you have planned to sin through luxury and through ambition. Let us then cry quits, Messire de Gâtinais, and afterward part in peace, and in mutual repentance, if you so elect."

"And yield you Elinor?" de Gâtinais said. "Nay, messire, I reply to you with Arnaud de Marveil, that marvellous singer of eld: 'They may bear her from my presence, but they can never untie the knot which unites my heart to her; for that heart, so tender and so constant, God alone divides with my lady, and the portion which God possesses He holds but as a part of her domain, and as her vassal.'"

"This is blasphemy," Prince Edward now retorted, "and for such observations alone you merit death. Will you always talk and talk and talk? I perceive that the devil is far more subtle than you, messire, and leads you like a pig with a ring in his nose toward gross sin. Messire, I tell you that for your soul's health I doubly mean to kill you now. So let us make an end of this."

De Gâtinais turned and took up his sword. "Since you will have it," he rather regretfully said; "yet I reiterate that you play an absurd part. Your wife has deserted you, has fled in abhorrence of you. For three weeks she has been tramping God knows whither or in what company—"

He was here interrupted. "What the Lady Elinor has done," Prince Edward crisply said, "was at my request. We were wedded at Burgos; it was most natural that we should desire our reunion to take place at Burgos; and she came to Burgos with an escort which I provided."

De Gâtinais sneered. "So that is the tale you will deliver to the world?"

"When I have slain you," the Prince said,—"yes. Yes, since she is a woman, and woman is the weaker vessel."

"The reservation is wise. For once I am dead, Messire Edward, there will be none to know that you risk all for a drained goblet, for an orange already squeezed—quite dry, messire."

"Face of God!" the Prince said.

But de Gâtinais flung back both arms in a great gesture, so that he knocked a flask of claret from the table at his

rear. "I am candid, my Prince. I would not see any brave gentleman slain in a cause so foolish. And in consequence I kiss and tell. In effect, I was eloquent, I was magnificent—so that in the end her reserve was shattered like the wooden flask yonder at our feet. Is it worth while, think you, that our blood flow like its contents?"

"Liar!" Prince Edward said, very softly. "O hideous liar! already your eyes shift!" He drew near and struck the Frenchman. "Talk and talk and talk! and lying talk! I am ashamed while I share the world with a thing so base as you."

De Gâtinais hurled upon him, cursing, sobbing in an abandoned fury. In an instant the place resounded like a smithy, for there were no better swordsmen living than these two. The eavesdropper could see nothing clearly. Round and round they veered in a whirl of turmoil. Presently Prince Edward trod upon the broken flask, smashing it. His foot slipped in the spilth of wine, and the huge body went down like an oak, the head of it striking one leg of the table.

"A candle!" de Gâtinais cried, and he panted now—"a hundred candles to the Virgin of Beaujolais!" He shortened his sword to stab the Prince of England.

And now the eavesdropper understood. She flung open the door and fell upon Prince Edward, embracing him. The sword dug deep into her shoulder, so that she shrieked once with the cold pain of it. Then she rose, all ashen.

"Liar!" she said. "Oh, I am shamed while I share the world with a thing so base as you!"

In silence de Gâtinais regarded her. There was a long interval before he said, "Elinor!" and then again, "Elinor!" like a man bewildered.

"*'I was eloquent, I was magnificent,'*" she said, "*'so that in the end her reserve was shattered.'*" Certainly, messire, it is not your death that I desire, since a man dies so very, very quickly. I desire for you—I know not what I desire for you!" the girl wailed.

"You desire that I should endure this present moment," de Gâtinais said; "for as God reigns I love you, and now am I shamed past death."

She said: "And I, too, loved you. It is strange to think of that."

"I was afraid. Never in my life have I been afraid before. But I was afraid of that terrible and fair and righteous man. I saw all hope of you vanish, all hope of Sicily—in effect, I lied as a cornered beast spits out his venom," de Gâtinais said.

"I know," she answered. "Give me water, Etienne." She washed and bound the Prince's head with a vinegar-soaked napkin. Elinor sat upon the floor, the big man's head upon her knee. "He will not die of this, for he is of strong person. Look you, Messire de Gâtinais, you and I are not. We are so fashioned that we can enjoy only the pleasant things of life. But this man can enjoy—enjoy, mark you—the commission of any act, however distasteful, if he think it to be his duty. There is the difference. I cannot fathom him. But it is now necessary that I become all that he loves—since he loves it—and that I be in thought and deed all which he desires. For I have heard the Tenson through."

"You love him!" said de Gâtinais.

She glanced upward with a pitiable smile. "Nay, it is you that I love, my Etienne. You cannot understand—can you?—how at this very moment every fibre of me—heart, soul, and body—may be longing just to comfort you and to give you all which you may desire, my Etienne, and to make you happy, my handsome Etienne, at however dear a cost. No; you will never understand that. And since you may not understand, I merely bid you go and leave me with my husband."

And then there fell between these two an infinite silence.

"Listen," de Gâtinais said: "grant me some little credit for what I do. You are alone; the man is powerless. My fellows are within call. A word secures the Prince's death; a word gets me you and Sicily. And I do not speak that word, for you are my lady as well as his."

But there was no mercy in the girl, no more for him than for herself. The big head lay upon her breast what time she caressed the gross hair of it ever so lightly. "These are tinsel oaths," she crooned, as rapt with incurious content; "these are but the protestations of a jongleur. A word get you my body? a word get you, in effect, all that you are capable of desiring? Then why do you not speak that word?"

De Gâtinais raised clenched hands. "I am shamed," he said; and more lately, "It is just."

He left the room and presently rode away with his men. I say that he had done a knightly deed, but she thought little of it, never raised her head as the troop clattered from Mauléon, with a lessening beat that lapsed now into the blunders of an aging fly who doddered about the pane yonder.

She sat thus for a long period, her meditations adrift in the future; and that which she fore-read left her nor all sorry nor profoundly glad, for living seemed by this, though scarcely the merry and colorful business which she had esteemed it, yet immeasurably the more worth while.

The Clue

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

"SCARCE seen, the all desired, the hope profound,
Love floats, a cloud, a vision, and a dream—
The fragrance of a flower never found,
The sound of a forever hidden stream."

So spake a sage from his austere abode.

But one gainsaid him with a timid phrase:

"Prithee, hast thou in patience sought the road?
He findeth not who seeketh not Love's ways."

Editor's Easy Chair

WHAT the Greeks did not know may be said, with an excess which the Greeks would have forborne, not to have been worth knowing, except in some such minor matters as ethics and physics. They knew above all things how not to expect too much, either from themselves or from others, how not to exact too much from conduct. Save that they were ridiculously unscientific, and worshipped some of the most immoral deities that ever were, in lives patterned very much upon the divine traditions, they made existence on the earth here a fine art; and not troubling greatly about existence anywhere else, they were able to evolve an ideal of happiness which has never been equalled, if we are to believe people who pretend to know about them. Possibly we are not to believe those people; but without entire reliance upon them we may plausibly conceive of the Greek ideal as an ideal of moderation, of temperance, of limitation, such as contented them with the little pleasures, and yet left them adequate to the great ones, if these ever came. A crust of bread, a cup of wine, rather inky or resinous in flavor, a bit of goat's-milk cheese, a comb of honey, in a beechen shade, sufficed for the wisely enjoying Greek; not quite the Greek of the Periclean age, perhaps, but of some idyllic period preceding it. We must not be too exigent as to times and places, and when we say Greek, we certainly do not mean the sophisticated Greek of the decadence when the brutal Romans easily prevailed over the Achaians. Allow that the sort of Greek we mean was largely a Greek of the mind, still he was imagined by real Greeks, and an advantage of his detachment from specific actualities is that you can have him anywhere and at any time. You can have him, for example, at the end of a New England summer, when the air is beginning to thrill, and the sun to pale

with the first premonition of autumn; at the moment, in fact, when we are ourselves seeking to sum up the impressions of the season, that they may come months hence to the reader beside his radiator in the soft glow of his evening bulb.

Retrospectively, retroactively, we can have had this sort of Greek with us through the lengthening and the shortening days the whole year round; we can have been this sort of Greek ourselves, if we have exercised self-denial in the great delights, and freely indulged in the little. Almost any one, from the store of his experience, can match us in the simple things which we shall not allege in detail for illustration. The child lying in bed and letting the long rays of the lamp slant into his sleepy eyes till the lids fall over them, has a foretaste of heavenly joys. Has there been anything in your later life to parallel the pleasure of watching the play of leaf shadows which the sunset once cast on a certain wall opposite your window? What could you have asked more of fate than to sit and see the curtain rise on the first play of the season when you had got back from the country? The play that came after was nothing to this keen ecstasy; and the most exquisite dinner which you remember as an event of the winter following was enjoyed before the soup was finished. What is it you recall from the books you have read? Great swashing incidents or intense prolongations of moral questions? Or is it some light touch of character, some fine insinuation of humor, some breath of bated pathos? The smile which has shed warmth and light over your days, was it divinest when you first caught its gleam, and could not have dreamt that it was to be yours forever, or was it when you began to bask in its perpetual glow? Joy comes by intimations, delight by delicate touches: touches imperceptible to the thick senses which grossly feed

from appetite. Happiness is always an accident, a surprise; it will not be overtaken by trying for it; no manner of preparation can grasp and keep it. Before you know it comes; before you know, and while you are fancying it will abide with you, it is gone.

Practically, if not consciously, our Greek of the mind made these truths his motives, and if he had been going a little journey across, or half across, the State of New Hampshire in the early part of last August, he would have been perfectly satisfied with the slightest experiences of travel. He would not have asked any wilder adventure than being kept a half-hour beyond the time at a junction where, while he waited, he could have the advantage of many summer types coming and going in the trains that crossed the tracks before his, or shuffled up and down beside it. He would have noted with philosophic interest how these types, in the changing conditions of modern travel, had reverted to the older and simpler kind of Americans. There were no Pullmans on the trains at this country junction, and the Pullman class of travel was therefore absent. Very likely that sort of travel was in large part motoring, and making its way afar from trains in its own cars. But in its place were nice-looking native varieties, mostly girls and women, of course, but also local lawyers, with green bags, and now and then a Catholic priest, and numbers of work-people, off on their brief holidays, or back from them. There would have been a half-grown boy, charming and dear, as half-grown boys often are in their trust of life, going to visit his grandmother at a distant hill-farm, and anxious not to be overtaken by the dark before he made ten miles to her house from the station on his bicycle: if the Greek showed the interest he must, the boy would have offered to share with him the different kinds of candy he had in his different pockets, and how delightful that would have been! There would have been two young Canadians in the seat back of him, who talked, in the ordered and artistic Latin manner, passing lightly from French to English and English to French, as the psychical impulse took them, or some fineness of expression re-

quired. It was wonderful to overhear them, and that Greek of the mind must have been moved to curious speculation concerning the future of a people so conglomerate as ours. In the large manufacturing town beyond the junction he would have still more food—in fact, a surfeit of food—for thought in the mixture of races and tongues in the thronged Saturday night streets. There he would have met fellow Greeks, not so much perhaps Greeks of the mind, in abundance, and Assyrians, and Arabs, and Poles and Irish and Germans, and Canadians, and Italians, all dwelling there in a common beginning of American citizenship, each no less and no more at home in the alien conditions than another.

But at the junction, which we should be loth to have him leave prematurely, he might see something more of the surviving and still dominant native types, in whose character, with his Greek subtlety, he would find a keen relish. He would require no more of them for the drama he witnessed than that one should be standing with his hand on the railing of his car steps, a blithe young fellow, while there advanced toward him beside a heavily laden baggage-truck a stout man in middle life, wearing the silk cap and the oily overalls of a railroad employee; probably a baggage-master with a baggage-slave to push the ponderous truck for him. As he approached the blithe young fellow, with no sign of acquaintance between them, the blithe young fellow rang out with ironic irrelevance,

“Everybody works but father,”

and the stout baggage-master kept on till they were quite abreast. Then he slanted up under the peak of his silk cap a humorous eye, and said, “*You* seem to be feelin’ pretty good,” and the other burst into an appreciative cackle of joy, and mounted into his train, which was by this time beginning to move. The Greek of the mind would then divine that they were affectionate friends, and that this little passage of fun between them was the blossom of their kindness for each other into which it rarely but preciously flowered.

If he was that Greek of the mind we like to fancy him, he would have been

happy also in the sight of the group of girls who had come down in hay-wagons and the like to the station from a neighboring camping-ground to welcome the friends that his train was bringing them after it left the junction. He would have found them as fair as so many shepherdesses of Arcady, and probably much brighter, and he would have liked the innocent boisterousness with which they and their friends kissed and embraced, and mounted to their hay-wagons and drove away through the dim, damp evening to their unseen sylvan retreat.

Then, in the thronged Saturday night streets of the great manufacturing town, which he strayed out into after supper, he would have found ample play for the sympathies through which a Greek of the mind would find most of his pleasure. He would not care that the sidewalks were so crowded that at times he could hardly get by the prettily dressed pretty factory girls, speaking their several jargons with free American laughter, and looking like princesses of the Homeric conditions. Neither would he be sorry to feel the pathos of certain eager and anxious shapes, past prettiness and pretty clothes, that made their way with the help of their baskets toward the provision-shops, in search of Saturday night bargains. Or would his sympathetic throe be a pleasure too modern for a Greek even of the mind? He could perhaps no more enjoy it than he could enjoy the pathos of the soldiers' monument that the Sunday morning sun would show him in the grassy grove which cities of that size like to call a park. That, indeed, may be a transport reserved for the native breast, which alone could realize the power halting so far behind the will in most of our public endeavors for the beautiful. Perhaps the sight of such a monument, with its literal artillerymen, cavalrymen, foot-soldiers and sailors standing at its several corners, and whatever genius or deity is atop, would only hurt such a Greek, and he might not be consoled even if he found a brother Greek lolling in the shade near by and reading a Romaic newspaper.

It is our nature and our human nature in which we Americans excel, and the spare beauty of these is what a Greek of the mind ought to be able to

relish. We are sure that if he visited, by one of the several chances that might take him there, one of the pretty villages not far from that manufacturing town, he could not help feeling its unpremeditated charm, as it lounged beside the windings of a clear brown river, and glassed the arches of its bridge in the dam gathering force to turn the mills of its modest prosperity. Surely nowhere else in the world are there homes of sweeter-looking quiet, whether cottage or mansion, with gardens of brighter flowers, and the summer yielding pensively to the autumn. Aging houses, behind elms as old, line the village streets and fray away into the farmsteads that follow the velvety roads deeper and deeper into the country, and mount with them into the breezy hills, where the wild grapes net the stone walls in unbroken meshes, and the chestnuts spread their belated blossoms in spiky tufts of pale yellow, and the golden-rod powders the rocky pastures thick, and the red apples of the orchards burn like red coals. The Greek has doubtless heard of the abandoned farms of New England, and here he would have a chance to confute a too prevalent superstition from his own witness of the contrary. The farms are so far from abandoned that not only every house is populous with the native life, but under the shade of verandas and the barnyard and door-yard trees there are children playing and women reading or talking whose attire betrays the city they have escaped from for certain glad days of the country. On the highest upland a tasteful and shapely hotel overlooks the landscape, where, if the Greek will ask for rooms, he will find that there is not a nook to be had before the first of September. But he will return without a regret to his own inn on the village street, where his hospitable landlord smokes on the porch, and welcomes him back in a tradition of the elderly kindness between host and guest which we too rashly fancy gone out of our workaday world everywhere. If he is hungry for supper, he may satisfy more than a modest Greek appetite at the table temptingly spread and prettily served. Then if he is for a stroll through the village again, there is the

elm - shaded public square, with the band-stand, but the band not presently playing, and a triangle of attractive shops, which he will find after he has passed the new high-school building, shapely and tasteful, and by two or three times fitly the largest edifice in the place. Would such a Greek disdain the idyllic strain of a walk from the station through the orchards and gardens of the kind old houses which privilege the hotel with a passage of their grounds? Not if he is the Greek we think him, and we are sure that if he stopped for dinner at the junction where the train leaves you to take your boat for the tour of the loveliest of the New England lakes, he would like its clean and wholesome sufficiency, and if he told the smiling landlord so, he would have the same quality of liking for the landlord's half-jocose invitation to stay and take all his meals there. Such amenities, as that Greek might well allow, would do much to muffle the bells and whistles of the locomotives backing and filling under the dining-room windows, and leave a gentle regret in the bosom of the parting guest. When his boat began to move over the still inland sea, he could not, however complaisant, pretend that our New Hampshire hills had the grandeur of his native tops, but he could not help feeling the soft loveliness of their rhythmic lines. In such drama as his fellow voyagers could offer him there would be little to distract him from that beauty, and yet perhaps that little would have the quality of nothing in overplus which, as a Greek, would most appeal to him. There would be that simple pastoral of the two young lovers, more or less embraced on two of the three chairs in front of him, and the friend of either or both or neither, who sat next the lover in the third chair, and absently played a variety of tunes on a mouth-organ while they wooingly whispered, wooingly laughed, and now and then took up some strain he played, and hummed snatches of it. The Greek would like to ask himself who and what they were, and just what were the conditions which cast them loose upon the tide of youth, to float them whither it would, unchaperoned and uncompanioned save by that mournful mouth-organist,

breathing his inattentive soul mostly in ragtime through the plaintive reeds. If watching the young girl in profile, he thought her almost a Greek type of beauty, he would know a subtle pang when she turned full face, and he saw that her mouth was silly. But this pang would itself be of the nature of an ultimate pleasure, and there would be compensation, if it were needed, in the presence of that mother and daughter who were no less American in their quiet high breeding than these children of the soil, or the factory, or the counter, whichever they were, off on their infrequent holiday. In accent, in dress, and in manner those ladies were as nearly perfect as the quietest ideal could render them. They talked low, but not mumblingly, as our civilization sometimes does when it wishes to be very select, and they laughed together like good comrades, though they were of different generations. The daughter was already overtaking the mother in gray hairs if not in years, yet she had a young cheerfulness of temperament which would keep her youth long beyond middle life. The mother tended to be some sort of invalid, and had the gentle whimsicality which sometimes goes with imperfect health. With their delicate charm, the Greek might have decided that the sight of them, he could not call it knowledge, was the most refined and perfectly balanced satisfaction of his New England journey. At the end of the boat's brief voyage they went ashore, and lost themselves on the landing as completely as if they had vanished into the air.

The air was darkening just then, for the thunder-storm which presently broke over the lake and the outdated little watering-place by the shore. There, in a friendly hotel, which tried to remember the former summer resort, the Greek could have sat on the upper veranda and watched the play of the lightning, and the falling rain, and the automobiles scurrying in for the shelter of the hotel garage. At the moment, these things would have formed the last touches of an experience which he would have found of an exquisite adequacy; and now, if he takes up the record of them in the antiquity to which he has withdrawn, we hope he will not think it too slight or trivial a story.



Editor's Study

THE attitude of the writer of fiction toward life, while it does not indicate the degree of his native power or the excellence of his art, determines the strength and scope of his appeal. Art, in the academic sense—that is, the farthest from Shakespeare's—seems to demand detachment from life, and the best art certainly enough detachment to relieve it from the entanglements and perversions of self-consciousness. Genius has sometimes—more often, it is true, in poetry than in fiction—created a world of its own quite different from our living human world, and so remote from all the concerns of our life that it has no appeal to the human heart, however it may haunt or enchant the imagination; but it has done its best for us, and its own best, when, foregoing such alien creations and the remoteness of allegory and masquerade, it has stood at our side, the Paraclete, speaking for us. The development of insight and sympathy is an essential part of the culture of genius.

The attitude of an observer is not sufficient. The writer must feel the realness of human experience down to the springs of action and passion in the human heart.

He must have joy in his work, both in the quest of truth and in its embodiment. Joyous work is eager and zestful. But it is work, however spontaneous it may seem. If the lilies of the field toil not, yet they are the product of an immense energy. The sum of human toil since the beginning of history is as nothing compared with the expenditure of force necessary to the growth of a single harvest.

We see laborious effort put forth by writers, resulting in worthless productions, just as in life conscious good resolutions fail to produce beautiful characters. Unless our conscious activities spring from and express our being—that which we essentially are—they are a vain exhibition and fruitless. In terms

of real work they represent an infinitesimal value as compared with that of a single spiritual moment of action or sensibility.

The writer waits upon imagination, and that is like waiting upon any native growth, as in a garden which we may deliberately cultivate, though no amount of deliberation will bring a single flower to blossom. We can supply the conditions of growth. We depend, too, for such conditions of imaginative creation very much upon society—especially upon the kind of education it provides for each new generation. But after all is done that can be done through conscious effort, individually or collectively, the issues themselves of genius in imaginative literature spring from hidden sources which lie beneath the field of consciousness and arbitrary volition; they are bound up with racial mysteries of instinct and destiny and with the occult currents of hereditary determination.

The most frequent defect in fiction submitted for magazine use, and, we might add, in most of the fiction that somehow gets published in book form, is its lack of spontaneity in construction and expression. The writer of this manufactured fiction has a certain pre-calculated effect in view, with reference to which he ambitiously contrives every incident and situation of his story. The harder he tries the more surely he fails of any genuine appeal to his readers. If he disguises his labor by a facile mastery of dramatic material and expression, he may succeed in reaching crude sensibilities and, because of his lower aim, may outsell his betters. The multitude is easily captivated by splendid artifice, which, in exceptional instances, has compelled the admiration of even the judicious. We shall find, however, upon close examination, that in such instances the writer has not by his strenuous effort wholly closed the door against all spontaneity. Poe came very near to the ex-

clusion, in his short stories, of such genius as was in him; but because he was by temperament a poet, a lover therefore of haunting melody and easily the creator of pregnant atmospheres, he could not completely shut himself out of his fiction. In our day polite literature must appeal to human sympathies, and the writer's fertility of invention is of little service.

The demand upon the writer of fiction, then, is upon his very life as a part of the common life of humanity and in harmony with all things natural. He creates because the life in him is creative. His communication with his readers, like the communication of life and nature with him, is creative. He is sure of being understood because he understands, sure of sympathy because he is comprehendingly sympathetic.

The writer of fiction who has not life in its quickness and its eager awareness, in its buoyant uplifting and delight, may as well lay his pen aside. If the wood, the meadow, the flowers, and the songs of the birds, and the laughter of children have no compelling charm for him; if he is not thrilled by the beauty of women and the supple strength of youth; if he does not drink deeply of the wine of life and is not deeply moved by its pathos, his imagination is stagnant at its fountain. The joy and pain of the heart are the mothers of all the graces and dignities of life and literature.

The writer of fiction is not, first of all, a preacher or a teacher, yet, without any defection of his art, his story may be an uplifting sermon or a beautiful lesson. His work is as natural as living is; and the best life is that which is inspired with truth, beauty, and goodness in every impulse and act, without calculation of consequences, and with no conscious reference to set goals. Whatever incidental purpose the novelist may serve, it is because he must, not because he wills.

No effort can furnish a substitute for the living current of thought and feeling; and, if this current is strong and full, it determines its own course and its limitations—its reserves and its graces. The writer of vital fiction must, for all that is positive in his work, trust this current. Yet the imagination does not at once reach its full stature, but

through years of nutrition. The very material for its outward embodiments is the result of its eager and vast assimilation. During the whole period of its growth it not only is nourished, but it is stimulated by the environment upon which it reacts: nature, society, books, and works of art.

What the nutriment and stimulation have been to the imagination of a writer depends upon its appetite more than upon the pasture afforded it, upon its power to react more than upon the elements encountered. It is in the degrees of this scale of appetite and power of reaction that writers are differentiated, as in business and pleasure and in all the affairs of life men are differentiated by the degrees of the passion which animates them. Through the psychical hunger and thirst of the imagination the writer lives into the world of nature and humanity and realizes his kinship therewith, and thus a divine kinship also. By a kind of osmosis that which "rolls through all things" is current in him.

The old mastery was that of genius detached from the intimacies of life in man or nature, wearing masks of typical significance, and availing altogether of commonly recognized symbols. The response, compelled rather than won, to the outward and impressive embodiments of a literature so objective, was very different from that accorded to the fiction of our time in which all masks and all symbols, save the words themselves, are thrown aside, and in which the writer and reader are in direct and familiar intercourse. Indeed, in the older time, though the drama flourished, such fiction was impossible.

The dramatic mask has survived every other—and it has imposed itself upon modern fiction to a considerable extent—especially upon that of Dickens. The tendency of the best fiction is away from the typical portrayal of life—where the mask serves—and toward wholly individual embodiments. The writer must be dramatic in situation and characterization, but the mask is unnecessary, and, in the use of it, he detaches himself, and his effects are better suited to stage representation than to fiction. A good short story may be like a play, because it culminates in a dramatic surprise, and

may yet be spontaneous and humanly real. So, too, there are plays which are impressive and charming, without availing of the dramatic mask. But usually the playwright's method betrays artifice and, at its best, a masterful handling which excludes the simple and natural manifestation of human character. Exaggeration seems to have the excuse of necessity. But in fiction there is no such excuse.

The short-story writer, it must be admitted, has more justification than the novelist has for masterful contrivance, on the plea that he has so little space for the natural development of character. At any rate he often yields to the temptation to substitute forced and striking phenomena for those which are simple and convincing. His expression, too, is likely to suffer the same strain. The temptation is so strong that the writer who resists it and who succeeds in making suggestion give the effect of amplitude wins a rare and well-merited distinction.

For some time—indeed, ever since we began to talk about spontaneity—we have seemed to hear protesting voices which now fairly clamor for a hearing. These are the voices of expert writers of fiction, expert in various kinds, who certainly ought to know more about this art than the editor, who does not write stories, but only reads them. They are well pleased with that word, "spontaneity," which puts upon their work the stamp of creative genius; yet they object to be driven altogether out of the Garden of Merit even into wild Eden.

"This work of ours," they say, "is not all subliminal. There is a point where the spontaneous current, which goes on of itself, like all things in the course of nature, comes under conscious control and is subject to our selection and to those determinations which constitute art. Our work, so far as we have part in it, goes on wholly in the field of consciousness, which is also the ground of our communication with readers.

"You may well say that thinking goes on of itself, independently of our volition; but it has a tentative aspect, is subject to arrest, and may come to a full stop in calm contemplation. Its current is broken, as if under our hand, when we

write; it seems to halt and wait for us, of its own grace if not at our command. We at least choose which of its many devious courses we will follow in our special work. The nucleus of an imaginative piece of work seems to emerge of itself, but that which might easily pass with no special notice in other minds is seized upon by us for its worth, its imaginative value, the appreciation of which and of its possibilities is peculiar to our habit and training.

"To a certain extent we must stand aside from our work; we must drive, or at least guide, the horses of our chariot lest our course be erratic and meaningless. We do not put meanings into things, but we do select elements of experience with reference to the meanings in them. We must keep wide awake, with keen awareness of the relation of things. This wakeful attitude would be prompted by our sympathetic interest in life, which you say is so essential, but, as artists, we keep our vigils, in rigid sentry upon ourselves, to shut out intruders and tramps and every element hostile to our art—to its organic form, economy, and perspective.

"We feel the necessity of laying stress upon this wakefulness, so long as it does not exclude or check the free movement of the imagination. If we close our eyes, or if we sleep, the movement still goes on and its freedom is absolute. There are authors, of native genius, who write poems and stories with almost this absolute freedom, and charm the world by the *naïveté* of expression and of their impressions. Perhaps they have won the secret of 'dreaming true.' But no sustained work of fiction is possible to such writers until they open their eyes—until the study of life and of the world gives them other stuff than that their dreams are made of for imaginative embodiment and interpretation.

"It is true that we must commit ourselves to vital currents, or we are lost in the sterile region of notional phantoms; but the mere vitality of fiction does not secure for it form or meaning or any distinct artistic value. We may go further and venture the assertion that one may, as you say, live into nature and the human world with all his heart and mind—and we admit that unless we have this cul-

ture we are failures—and yet lack that distinctive type and quality of imagination which is essential to mastery in the art of fiction. He may write profound, graceful, and effective essays, and may even present these in the guise of fiction, and yet be unable to produce a great novel. Even the study which we give to the material and form of the art, while indispensable, is the negative, not the positive condition of mastery in it.

“We hardly know what it would be wise on our part to say about ‘masterful contrivance,’ which you think characteristic of only the old masters, in other arts as well as our own—especially in stagecraft. We have thrown off the old masks which would be only in our way and given up that kind of masterful handling which disguises human realities in Victor Hugo and Dickens and to a marked degree in George Meredith—at least we hope that we have; but we instinctively cling to the dramatic masque. You see, we spell it differently to distinguish it from the old repellent thing which would make us appear to be like showmen in the marketplace. Ours is a very harmless affair, a transparency, and truly we cannot get on without it. It is a magic veil, a web of enchantment, cast about and including our whole creation, which would come to confusion if a single jagged edge of the web should be visible. The whole affair is a conjurer’s trick—as if Prospero were at work—and all our little tricks are brought into a consistent harmony, so that we escape detection.

“It all seems so easy! But if you should draw aside the veil while we are at work you would lay bare numberless little ingenious contrivances which in the complete arrangement seem but ingenuous and pleasing tropes of speech and fancy. It is almost as if you were to surprise a poet in the very act of working out a sonnet, detecting every tentative reach of his conscious struggle toward deftness of structure and tone which will not come wholly of itself. Not quite like that, for we are at least free of the artifices of metre and rhyme. But we are apt to have a touch of that extravagance which is the besetting artifice of the

stage, and you will probably surprise us in a struggle to resist this tendency, to which a dramatic humorist or a disciple of Dickens, like Bret Harte, would yield, unabashed. It is we ourselves, as you will admit, who have of our own wills and by a kind of instinct in accord with the cultivated sensibility of readers, set ourselves against all unreality and against everything which gives the effect of it.

“But here again we avail of our advantages. The characters we create must have a spontaneous emergence, and they must have a life and movement of themselves as real living men and women, and, as far as possible, circumstance and situation must grow out of the characters themselves. But we find ourselves doing many things, arbitrarily, to make the story interesting. These elements, introduced into our drama do not begin to be so queer as those we encounter in every-day life. We are driven into a corner. We do not dare to be as melodramatic as that every-day life is, or to let our lovers behave and express themselves as they really do; and, being forced off the beaten track, so full of incidents and situations wonderfully strange and interesting—but which in our pages would seem bizarre and implausible—we are compelled to contrive compensatory excitements. This is expected of us, and we delight in the play it offers us; besides it gives to fiction the superior distinction which art has over nature.

“Even in the matter of expression we have this supreme advantage, that, being so near to life, we can speak its own language and do not need to resort to artifice in our style. An individual style is as inevitable as an individual manner, but cleverness of expression, punctuated by epigram, is out of place in real fiction. The nearer we get to life the nearer we get to nature, at least in our expression; indeed, the more inclined we are to divest ourselves of all tricks and devices—excepting always those of the conjurer.”

That all seems authoritative, and in so far as it is a modification of anything the editor had been saying before this interpellation, he accepts the amendment.

Beverly's Circulating Cattery

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"FROM what I have already told you about my friend Beverly, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "you are aware that as an inventor his name

will stand out from the records of the ages with a glittering prominence. The facts which I now am about to set before you will demonstrate that through the oncoming eras equally will his name glitter as a promotor, and with a like obtrusiveness. In projecting his Circulating Cattery—"

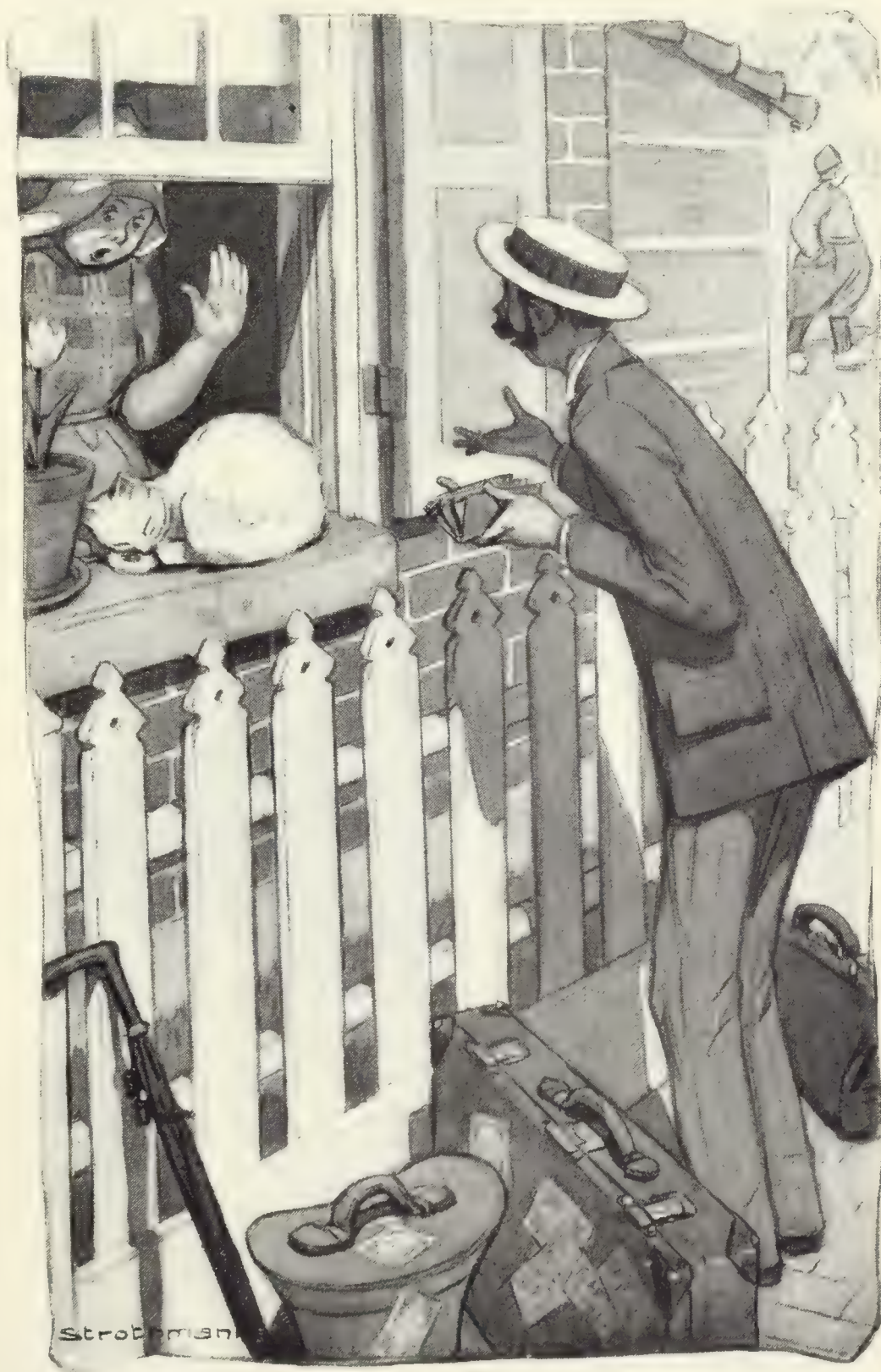
"What the dickens is a circulating cattery?" asked the Doctor.

"Gently! Gently! my dear Doctor," put in the Bishop. "Saint James, you will remember, refers to the tongue—usually the phrase is misquoted—as 'an unruly evil.' The form of your question borders all too closely upon profanity. I beg that you will have care! Pardon, Colonel, my interpolation of this word in season—my cloth, you know, imposes duties upon me—and pray proceed."

"It is conceivable, Doctor," the Colonel resumed, with a perceptible touch of sarcasm in his tone, "that a mind of average intelligence might infer from my words that the subject about which you request information is precisely the subject about which I am in the act of giving it. I will, however, adapt my method to what I venture to term the eccentricity of your apprehension. You know, I presume, that a circulating library is a repository for the storage and dissemination of books? Well, a circulating cattery is a repository for the storage and dissemination of cats."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Who wants cats disseminated?"

"According to the view of the matter taken by my friend Beverly," the Colonel



"PEOPLE WHO HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF CATS ARE INDISPOSED TO LEND THEM"

answered, "a great many people eagerly desire the dissemination of those interesting and pleasing animals. Beverly himself was quite devoted to cats, and it was his own unsatisfied longing for their agreeable companionship that prompted him to develop his admirable and benevolent scheme.

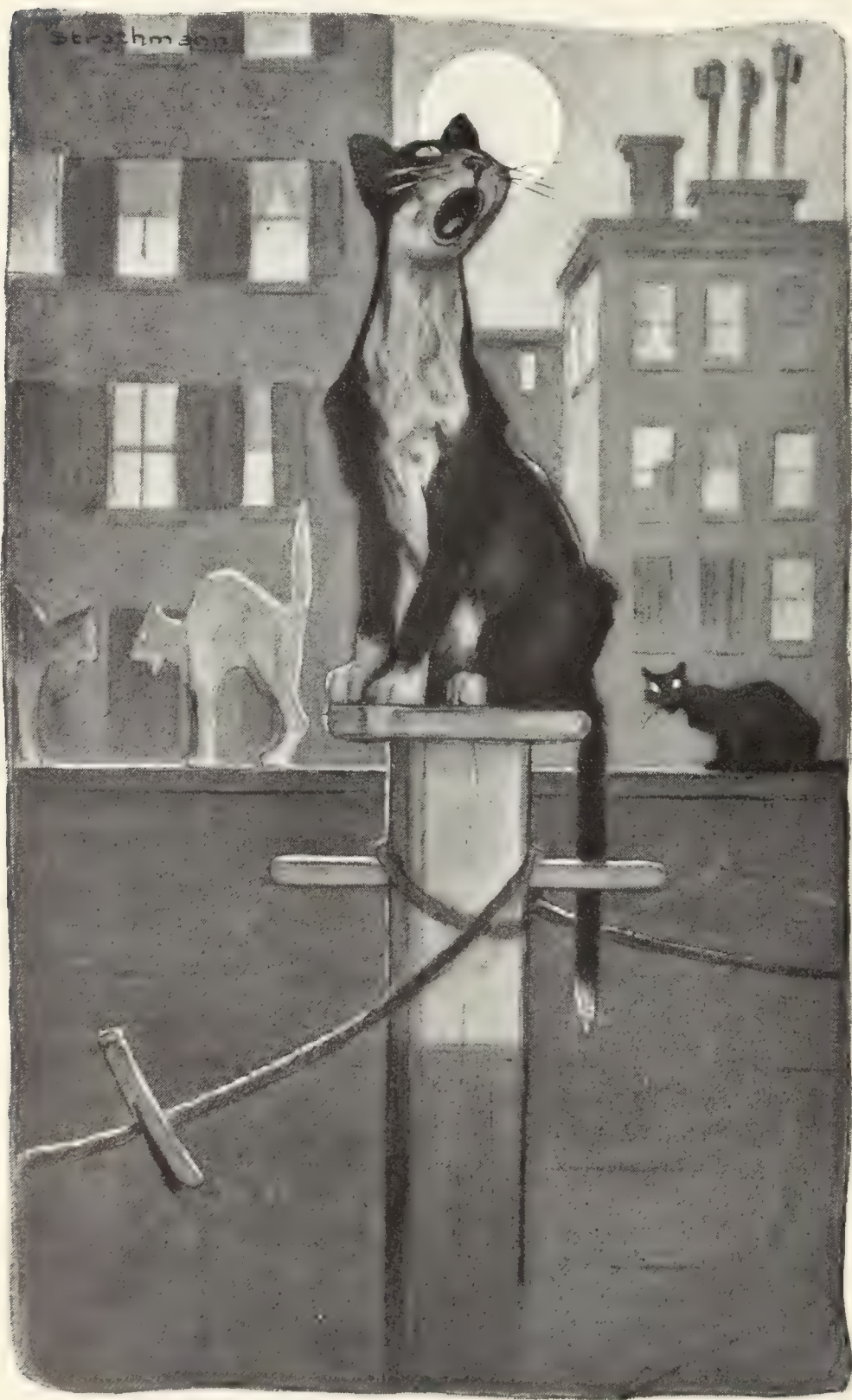
"As you doubtless remember, my friend was made a widower by the regrettable explosion of one of his most ingenious inventions—a pneumatic carpet-sweeper that he had brought almost to perfection when the catastrophe occurred—and that, along with Mrs. Beverly, two housemaids and the family cat were involved in the fatal wreck. You also will remember that the silver lining of that sombre household cloud was his invention of the Beverly Crematory and, a little later, of the clockwork cat—known as the 'Household Rat-ridder'—which now is in very general practical use throughout the world.

"But to a man of Beverly's affectionate nature a clockwork cat could not take the heart-filling place of a real cat—that would purr when you scratched its ears, and rub against your legs, and jump over an umbrella, and give you its paw. That was the sort of cat he wanted; but after Mrs. Beverly's explosive decease his life became so nomadic that the gratification of his longing was impossible. Sometimes for days together he would be travelling by rail. Frequently he made voyages to and from the ports of Europe. Even when he was what he called settled down, his settling rarely lasted for more than a month or two and always was in a lodging-house or a hotel. Under such transitory conditions, keeping a cat—at least, keeping the same cat—was quite out of the question. Usually, when his stay anywhere was to exceed a week, he tried to borrow or to hire a cat; but people who have the right

kind of cats are indisposed to lend them, and a little experience in hiring cats convinced him that only the wrong kind could be hired.

"It was out of that, to him, painful situation that his Circulating Cattery project was evolved. His primary purpose was that he himself might have a nice cat to pet wherever he wanted one and for as long a time as suited his convenience. But beyond this—Beverly was no visionary schemer—he had an eye to the substantial profit which he perceived would accrue from a cat-loan company run on business lines. With these two ends in view, he set about organizing with a characteristically energetic enthusiasm his Circulating Cattery Co., Limited: which he intended should be the nucleus, and the parent corporation, of a system of such institutions to be extended gradually into all the countries of the civilized world.

"As at first projected, his scheme went no farther than the establishment of depositories for cat circulation—framed on the plan of circulating libraries—in the principal cities of America and Europe. Each depository was to be a building of liberal size divided into liberally proportioned cubicles—his original notion of shelves and cages was discarded as too cramping to the cats—provided with a roof garden, plentifully planted with catnip, where the animals in



"MR. BEVERLY'S SCHEME DID NOT INCLUDE THE DISSEMINATION OF CATS OF THAT SORT"

assorted companies could take the air. Proceeding on library lines, access to the collections was facilitated by card catalogues: each card giving a specific cat's number (its name, during the hiring period, very properly being left to the individual fancy of its temporary possessor) and a description of its personal appearance and moral characteristics. To this information was appended the price to be paid for the cat as taken out by the month, week, or day—the rate varying, of course, with the animal's qualities or accomplishments: a good trick-cat, or an amiable lap-cat with a rich purr, naturally coming higher than a stolid rug-cat useful merely as a decorative adjunct to an open fire."

"What did he charge for a back-fence cat with a yowl warranted to carry two miles?" asked the Doctor.

"Mr. Beverly's scheme did not include the dissemination of cats of that sort," the Colonel answered, coldly. "Be good enough to observe, gentlemen, that the facts which I am presenting to you relate to a serious business enterprise seriously conceived in a spirit of philanthropy. Beverly was confident that a handsome financial return was to be expected from his somewhat unusual undertaking, but that was not the phase of the matter that most appealed to him. His strongest impelling motive in establishing his circulating catteries was his benevolent desire to enlarge the sum of human happiness by bringing cats to the catless; to enable cat-lovers—temporarily or permanently uncatted—everywhere to have opportunity, at a reasonably graduated cost, to cuddle little soft furry bodies, to stroke little round furry heads, to clasp fondly little furry paws!"

The Colonel spoke with emotion. After a moment of silence, he continued: "It was a just perception of the fact that his scheme did not really cover the whole field that led Mr. Beverly ingeniously to enlarge it: by providing for the cat-needs not merely of travellers temporarily sojourning in strange cities, but of travellers actually in transit by boat or rail. His plan was an adaptation of that by which, on European railways, rugs and pillows are rented for the night, and, on transatlantic steamers, deck chairs are rented for the voyage. At all terminal railway stations, and on steamer-



"HE ACQUIRED CATS IN SUFFICIENT QUANTITIES FOR HIS PERSONAL SATISFACTION"

docks on sailing-days, he proposed to establish dépôts of cats from which travellers could make their selections; and to provide for passengers who came late, or who neglected to avail themselves of their cat opportunities before starting, a small assortment of cats for circulation was to be carried on transatlantic steamers and on transcontinental trains. At the end of the run, or the voyage, authorized Cattery agents were to be on hand to collect the Company's property, and to receipt for its return in good condition; and such agents also were to be in attendance at important way-stations on the railway lines—to whom people who got tired of their cats, or who for any other reason wished to be rid of them, could turn them in. The charges for this transit service were somewhat in excess of ordinary circulation charges; and the cat-tickets had a contract clause printed on their backs by which the hirer was

bound to make good their value—inserted in a blank left for that purpose—in case they bolted out of the car window, or tumbled overboard, or otherwise were lost. For the convenience of habitual travellers, thousand-mile cat-tickets were provided—to be punched in one of four columns, according to the class of the cat, and also to be punched for the miles of cat used. In a smaller way, family ten-trip cat-tickets—

"Pardon me, Colonel," said the Judge, "for intruding at this point an observation based upon my personal feelings. Frankly, if my own attitude toward cats is in the least degree representative, your friend Beverly's cat-circulating scheme could end only in disastrous failure. Now we have at home, much against my will, a cat named Ginger—and I may say, briefly, that she lives up to her name. Indeed, she lives beyond it—for when that cat settles down to business she can make things hotter for the entire household than all the ginger that ever grew! Why, the other day—"

"My dear Judge," interrupted the Bishop, "you generalize over-hastily. Pray bear in mind that malevolence is very far from being a prevailing feline characteristic. Your Ginger may not be what she ought to be—but you just ought to know our Timothy! Really, he is one of the very nicest cats that ever lived! You will be amused, I am sure, when I tell you that we named him—the name being appropriate to his sex—in playfully derisive memory of that schismatic Monophysite of Egypt who, in the fifth century, usurped the Patriarchate and was known contemptuously as 'Timothy the Cat.' Conceivably, gentlemen, you have not given more than passing attention to the exceedingly curious episode in Patristic history in which that extraordinary man played so strange and so sinister a part. A word or two about the matter I am persuaded will be of interest to you. Firstly, I shall speak briefly of Timothy himself. I quote, initially, from Gregory, who—after lucidly reviewing the action taken in the premises by the General Council of Chalcedon, to which I shall refer later—lays bare before us the character of the usurping Patriarch in these terse but pregnant words: 'Ad captandum vulgus—'

"Great Scott, Bishop!" broke in the Doctor. "Cheese it on your Latin—and let the Colonel have a chance! Patriarchs who knocked around in the fifth century are cold storage of the worst sort. What

the Colonel's giving us isn't much better; but, anyway, it's more or less alive."

"I had hoped, but as I now perceive vainly," said the Bishop with dignity, "that my momentary obligation to a topic of serious interest would be well received. My cloth, of course, forbids me to show resentment at being thus abruptly checked in an utterance not unworthy, I think, of considerate attention. I shall say no more than that in the present instance, as in regrettably numerous previous instances, my zeal to impart useful knowledge has made me oblivious to the uselessness of such well-meant effort in my present surroundings. I beg, my dear Colonel, that you will pardon my too-obviously ill-timed interruption and that you will proceed."

"Yes, go right ahead, Colonel," added the Doctor, "and tell us how Beverly's circulating cats circulated. I never happened to meet any of 'em myself. Did the thing fall through?"

"We await with interest, Colonel," said the Judge, suavely, but a little drowsily, "the conclusion of your interesting narrative. What I was going to say about our cat can wait till another time."

"I have no desire," the Colonel replied, with a biting severity, "to emulate the other members of this company in their disposition to interruption. When the Judge has quite finished his exposition of disagreeable facts concerning his cat Mustard—"

"Ginger," corrected the Judge.

"Pardon me, Ginger. When he has quite finished, I say, all that he has to tell about Ginger; and when the Bishop has concluded his eulogy of his cat Timothy, and with it his side-essay on Egyptian Patriarchs, I shall feel myself at liberty to add the very few words necessary to bring my little account of Mr. Beverly's Circulating Cattery project to an end. That is, of course, Doctor, unless you should see fit to intervene on your own account with some appositely inopportune remarks."

"Oh come off, Colonel. Let's have the rest of it. Even if the Judge is half asleep, and the Bishop has half his Early Christian back up, I'm listening all right—and I don't deserve to be jumped on. It's really a good enough cat-story—as such things go. How did it end?"

"It ended," the Colonel replied icily, "in Mr. Beverly's second marriage. Having once more a settled home, he acquired cats in sufficient quantities for his personal satisfaction and abandoned his larger scheme."

An Inherited Failing

THE caller who "drops in for half a minute" had exceeded the time-limit by about four hours, and there was no prospect of immediate relief, when the small boy of the house came in for the third time during the afternoon and stopped in amazement at seeing the visitor.

"Ain't you gone yet?" he asked frankly. "'Bout time for you to be goin', ain't it?"

"Hush, Freddie," cried his mother, in distress. "You mustn't mind what he says, Mrs. Jones; children don't seem to know any better than to blurt the truth right out sometimes, do they?"

Whereupon the caller gathered up her dignity and departed.



The Original Side-Show

Just the Same

THE American in England affords matter for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen. One of these was being shown an old church wherein hundreds of people were buried. "A great many people sleep beneath this roof," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a wave of his hand.

"So!" exclaimed the American. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

Just Struck Him

"COOL as a cucumber" is an old man at a certain pleasure resort, and it is a question whether an earthquake would startle him. The other day, using his oar as a punt-pole, he was just pushing off with a boat-load of people, when a rather timid young woman remarked that she hoped there was no danger.

"No, miss," returned the boatman. "There ain't no danger to be feared while I'm aboard. Twenty-odd year I've sailed this boat, and I never had but one accident, and that wasn't serious. Ye see, I wor just shoving off in this very boat, when the oar broke, and I lost it. Five year ago that wor, and I've never seen that oar again from that day to—"

At this very moment the oar he was using slipped to the bottom of the boat, and the boatman, losing his balance, fell overboard with a splash. When he scrambled into the

boat again, he was the coolest individual on board.

"It just struck me," he said, quite calmly, "to have a look for that theer oar I wor talkin' about, but I doan't see nowt on it!"

Amended Gems from Shakespeare

"Troilus and Cressida," Act IV., Scene 5.

"*'TIS he, I ken the manner of his gait.*"
He always walks like that when out too late.

"Hamlet," Act I., Scene 2.

"*A little more than kin, and less than kind,*"
Is not so well adjusted to my mind
As a little more than kind, and less of kin.
(But breathe it not. Such heresy were sin!)

"As You Like It," Act IV., Scene 1.

"*Men are April when they woo, December when they wed,*"
And then become less August and assertive, it is said,
And have to March like soldiers till they're dead, dead, dead!

"King Richard III," Act III., Scene 1.

"*God keep me from false friends*"
And send me one who lends.

"Love's Labour's Lost," Act V., Scene 2.

"*Past cure is still past care.*"
How true that is of vanished hair!

Hot and Cold

THE question of water-supply was puzzling five-year-old Dorothy. "Mother," she asked, as she stood before the stationary wash-stand in the bath-room during the process of hair-curling, "where does the water come from before it gets into the pipes?"

"It comes from the rivers, my dear," replied her mother. "There are two rivers that flow by Philadelphia—the Delaware and the Schuylkill—and we get water from both."

"Oh, I see," said Dorothy, after some study. "One river is hot and the other is cold, and that's why we get hot water out of one spigot and cold water out of the other."

An Engagement

ONE day recently a young textile-worker in a certain cloth-mill called at the office of the overseer and asked permission to remain out a few days. Being short of help, the overseer asked him if he wanted to stay out for anything particular.

The operative, who was a Frenchman, replied: "Yaasir, I'm going to git married, un I'd lik' be there—that all."



UNCLE HENRY. "I'll bet ten cents, mother, that dress is made fer a dime-museum curiosity. Ain't nobody got arms short ez that 'nless they're a freak."

Incompetent

IN a lawsuit in Pennsylvania not long ago the question was put to a miner on the witness-stand:

"Were you ever hurt in the mines?"

"Indade I was," responded the man; "I was half kilt once."

"Now tell the court whether you were injured at any other time," continued the cross-examiner.

"Yes. I was half kilt in another accident shortly after that."

"Your honor," smilingly interjected counsel for the other side, "I object to this man's testimony."

"Upon what ground?" asked the judge.

"On the ground that, having been half killed twice, he is a dead man and therefore incompetent as a witness."

Helpful

AN Altoona woman, living in an apartment-house, was one morning obliged to order a piece of ice from her butcher, the iceman having failed to appear at the regular hour.

The boy from the butcher's shop, a German, brought the ice, which he placed on the dumb-waiter in the basement to be hoisted up several stories.

The housewife pulled at the waiter-cord with all her strength. "Gracious!" she exclaimed, "how heavy this is! The butcher must have given me good weight."

Continuing her great exertions, she succeeded after a while in getting the dumb-waiter up. What was her astonishment to find the butcher's boy seated on the ice! With what breath she had left, the good woman demanded angrily:

"What on earth do you mean by this?"

"I dought maybe der ice it was for you too heafy to lifd," humbly explained the boy, "so I come up mineself you to help vid it."

A Rainy Day

WHEN I woke up and saw the rain

In blurs upon the window-pane,

I said I hated such a day

Because I couldn't run and play

Out in the sunshine and the grass.

It's queer how such a day can pass

So soon before I know it 'most;

Now while I eat my milk and toast

Before I go to bed—I think

I never had a day so *pink*

And bright when sun could make the shine—

This whole day long has been just mine

And Mother's in the fireplace glow—

Because it rained—it made it so.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

Informal

A PROMINENT lawyer hailing from New England tells of a justice of the peace in a town of Vermont, known as "Square" Thomas. The "Square" was noted for the shortness of his memory. He carried about with him a slip of paper on which was written the brief marriage form that he used when called upon to unite a pair in the bonds of matrimony. Thomas never trusted himself to begin the ceremony without reference to this document.

It appears that one day, at a county fair, Thomas was approached by an elderly couple who expressed their wish to be married then and there. The "Square" agreed to perform the ceremony; and the three, with witnesses, repaired to a convenient horse-shed.

There Thomas began a fruitless search for the important paper, growing more and more perturbed as each succeeding pocket failed to disclose it. At last he abandoned the search.

"Are you willing to marry this woman?" asked he of the man, who replied with a prompt "Yes."

"Are you willing to marry this man?" asked the justice, turning to the bride.

"I am."

"Then," concluded the "Square," in his most impressive tone, "I hereby pronounce you married according to the memorandum left at home in my other trousers pocket."

Too Literal

A GEORGIA man tells of an old-fashioned home near Macon where, at dinner, the company once fell to discussing the woman question.

One of the men guests, after hearing all the arguments *pro* and *con*, facetiously remarked that two clergymen in his county were threshing over the same problem and they both agreed that it portended evil, "women being responsible for most of the evil in the world—in fact, women were worse than men."

Whereupon one of the women present indignantly retorted: "Indeed they are not! Women are the salt of the earth!"

"Dat's so, honey," put in the old darky cook from the kitchen. "dat's de Bible truf for shore. Jest think of Lot's wife!"



After you, my dear Mr. Stork

A Little Declaration of Independence

IT was quarter to four of a sleepy, sultry Friday afternoon, and the singing lesson at Carter's Crossing dragged lamely on. Johnny Burbank, in the last seat back but one, was staring sulkily out of the open window.

"Johnny," Miss Murray rapped the desk sharply, "why aren't you singing with the rest of the boys?"

"Don't wanter."

Miss Murray lifted an inquiring eyebrow. "Don't you ever do anything you 'don't wanter?'"

"Naw—not unless I wanter," was the dogged rejoinder.

Washout

A FORMER Speaker of the House once telegraphed a fellow politician to meet him in Pittsburg, and the recipient, wishing to escape what he feared might be an unpleasant interview, took advantage of interrupted communication due to heavy rains and replied:

"Sorry I cannot get to Pittsburg. Wash-out on line."

The Speaker wired back:

"Don't mind a little thing like that. Buy a new shirt and come on."

The politician kept the appointment.



MR. HIPPO. "This bath-tub won't do for me; as soon as I get in, the water goes out."

The Elocutionist's Curfew

BY W. D. NESBIT

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting—(Raise your right hand to your brow),
 Filling all the land with beauty—(Wear a gaze of rapture now);
 And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair
 (With a movement slow and graceful you may now push back your hair);
 He with sad, bowed head—(A drooping of your head will be all right,
 Till you hoarsely, sadly whisper) "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered—(Try here to resemble Bess,
 Though of course you know she'd never worn quite such a charming dress),
 "I've a lover in that prison"—(Don't forget to roll your r's
 And to shiver as though gazing through the iron prison bars).
 "Cromwell will not come till sunset"—(Speak each word as though you'd bite
 Every syllable to pieces)—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—(Here extend your velvet palm,
 Let it tremble like the sexton's as though striving to be calm).
 "Long, long y'ars I've rung the curfew"—(Don't forget to make it y'ars
 With a pitiful inflection that a world of sorrow bears),
 "I have done my duty ever"—(Draw yourself up to your height,
 For you're speaking as the sexton)—"Gyurl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Out she swung, far out—(Now here is where you've got to do your best;
 Let your head be twisted backward, let great sobs heave up your chest,
 Swing your right foot through an arc of ninety lineal degrees,
 Then come down and swing your left foot, and be sure don't bend your knees;
 Keep this up for fifteen minutes till your face is worn and white,
 Then gaze at your mangled fingers)—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell—(Right hand to the brow once more;
 Let your eyes look down the distance, say above the entrance door)
 At his foot she told her story—(Lift your hands as though they hurt)
 And her sweet young face so haggard—(Now your pathos you assert,
 Then you straighten up as Cromwell, and be sure you get it right;
 Don't say "Go, your liver loves!")—well: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

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